

THE
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SPORTING MAGAZINE

AND
BENGAL REGISTER.

FOR THE YEAR 1833.

CONDUCTED BY J. H. STOCQUER,.

EDITOR OF THE

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The Bengal Sporting Magazine.

SOMETHING PREFATORY.

“For us and for our country
Here sleeping to your clemency,” &c.

“Quadrupedante putran somno quatit ungula campum.”

“Poor Domitian! he certainly was very much to be pitied,” said we (the Editor to wit) as we succeeded in giving the *coup de grace* to a most pertinacious fly that buzzed buzzed across our face in a very annoying manner. “Poor Domitian!” “That reminds me,” said a friend that was present, “of Lord North and the pigs.” In the first clause of the remark there was something not unpleasant to one’s vanity. We appeal to thee, good Reader, if there is not an agreeable kind of all overishness experienced by a person on being compared to a Lord? Heaven knows, Lord North was no beauty—but then he was a *wit*. Comparisons are universally allowed to be odoriferous; accordingly, whatever self elation the mention of Lord North might have occasioned, it was by no means very satisfactorily counterbalanced by the allusion to the pigs. It, in a manner, excited a doubt whether the aristocratic, or the porcine moiety of the observation was considered by the comparer as most *apropos*. “Lord North and the pigs—a hem! I do not exactly comprehend.” “Pooh, ’tis an old Joe—but your exclamation about *poor Domitian* did remind me of a *bon mot* attributed to his Lordship, who, walking out with a friend or two, was attracted to the place where the pigs were kept, by hearing an uproar issuing therefrom; which was apparently caused by their grunting surprise over a silver spoon that, through the carelessness of a servant, had been cast into the place. “No wonder,” said his Lordship—“No wonder that they should make such a noise—poor things they have only got *our* silver spoon amongst them!” Now, gentle reader (for gentle every reader is, albeit as ferocious as a wounded rhinoceros,) for the life of us, we could not see the applicability of our friend’s anecdote, and it is very probable that *you* don’t take *our* allusion to “poor Domitian.” What Domitian? you perhaps somewhat impatiently, not to say snappishly, enquire. We mean, good Sir, Titus Flavius Domitianus. And

what then? We doubt not but that you are somewhat startled by this perhaps odd opening---but, most excellent Reader, we put it to yourself if a *Sporting Magazine* should commence in a hum-drum, common place manner, with a flourish perhaps about "friends and the public," like one of Tulloh and Co.'s advertisements, informing all whom it may concern that Mr. so and so's splendid (bazar) and elegant (shabby) furniture and palankeen carriage are at the hammer? No no--a *Sporting Magazine* ought to start at once with a view hollow, without any Editorial creeping, coaxing, or craning. The Reader should, as it were, be struck,---but let us not be misunderstood: we do not mean that he should be assaulted and battered---but that he should be gently electrified, or roused with a friendly slap on the shoulder: and surely our commencement about Domitian, Lord North, and the pigs, is not ill calculated to produce such an effect.

But the *relevancy* of the allusion to Domitian? you ask. We don't like that word 'relevancy' it smells so confoundedly of the Supreme Court---but no matter. Well then, as to Domitian, Suetonius states-- '*quotidie secretum sibi horarium sumere solebat nec quidquam amplius quam muscas capere, ac stylo præacuto configere: ut cuidam interroganti, esset ne quis intus cum Cesare, non absurde responsum sit a Vibio Crispo, ne musca quidem.*' What a vivid idea of solitude this gives! *Not even a fly* with the Emperor! Well may we exclaim with Lord Byron,

"This--this is to be *alone*, this indeed is solitude!"

But, O Reader of our Maga--think what a fine sporting genius was here lost to the world! Turn not up thy lip with scorn O lucky reader, at the private amusement of an Emperor of the world; but thank thy stars that thou, in thy desolation, art not reduced to such wretched quarry as flies. Accustomed to spear the hog, to *spifflicate* the tiger, to wing the florikan, or haply even to pop at a crow; thou, forsooth, mayest spurn the bodkin and the *muckie*, but it is not charitable. No. Domitian, poor fellow (it makes one's heart bleed) was reduced to extremity; but at any rate he did what is always manly and becoming, *he availed himself of his resources*. To make the best of one's position, is surely a sign of greatness. Besides, my good Sir, recollect if you are left alone in a room, that you have in all likelihood the *Bengal Hurkaru*, the *India Gazette*, and last, not least, the *Sporting Magazine* to amuse yourself

with. Not so Domitian. *You* too, simpleton, would put up with the liberties of these abominable creatures, flies. Not so Domitian. He, an Emperor, is not disposed to bear indignity from man or beast. He'll none of it. With an air of grand determination he shuts the door, draws his bodkin---and you know the rest. But it is not as an Emperor and a Sportsman merely that we are to view him,---but as an Utilitarian. The sovereign of the Roman Empire might justly boast on the day that he happened to make free use of his bodkin, 'I have done the state *some* service.' But *sport* is relative. *Your* sport may not be *my* sport. Domitian, killing his flies might have been every jot as much amused as the late king of Naples in spearing a hog---at which they say he was most expert. "What you call the amusement, Sir, is the same," said an humorist, on some one observing that he was pulling away at an unlighted tobacco pipe of right ancient longitude. Is there not analogy to•in insect amusement? Shakespeare makes Queen Mab's waggoner "a small grey coated gnat." The Chinese amuse themselves with pitched battles between grasshoppers---and we have heard of a person who managed to harness a couple of ingenious and docile fleas in a tiny phaeton, fit for Queen Mab herself. Little did Horace deem, what a strange application his verse would, in progress of time, receive---*sunt quos curriculo pulverem olympicum collegisse juvat*. Think, O reader, of the fleas delighting in kicking up a dust (olympic dust too) upon your table? But then, there are two creatures I defy you to tame, and these are, a fly and a crocodile---even though the latter has been sometimes seen by Irish observers, to put his hands into his breeches pockets; so that, one's doing so, like a crocodile is now proverbial. No---they are *fera nature*, and must be slaughtered accordingly;---ergo Domitian, as an Emperor, a Sportsman, and an Utilitarian, was right.

We hold it to be of most importance to the welfare and happiness of a people, that they should be surrounded by a sporting country and sporting capabilities. Had Rome been more favourably situated in that respect, we should have heard less of the fly catching of Domitian, or of the gladiatorial combats of the arena. The latter, in fact, were only an improvement upon the fly-catching---a change of excitement. Good Heavens, you do not, reader, in reason expect, that an Emperor is always to be content with pincking flies? It would be absurd to think of

such a thing. Variety is charming—now a fly—now a gladiator moriens, 'tis all one to Domitian. The Romans had neither Joe Mantons,—nor packs of Hounds, and in these two wants is contained, the Shibboleth and mystery of their savagism and cruel amusements. If you would civilize a country, give the people a taste for genuine sport. Think of this, O Governor General in Council! think of this, O President of the Board of Control! and O think of this most seriously, ye unwieldy Baboos, that go larding the lean earth—and whom I would fain see spanking away of a morning, after a Calcutta pack, over the stiff country of Gurriahauth, &c. Until ye acquire nerve and *taste* enough to follow the hounds well up, and to be in at the death, ye are as nothing; ye but flounder in the slough of despond of a low civilization, contenting yourselves, as the *summuu bonum* of sport, with angling in a muddy tank, for a *rooce mutchee*, or rolling heavily on the course and strand of an evening, in a trowsy landaulet. “O reform it altogether.”

Having thus endeavoured, most worthy reader, to persuade thee, that Sporting has its advantages, let us entreat thy kind offices for this our undertaking. A Sporting Magazine is to the Sportsman, what the Gazette is to the soldier, after the battle; the record of his prowess, the register of his guerdon, and the temple of his fame! Nor is it in prose alone, that our pages are to give to immortality many a feat of flood and field. The muse shall also have her Heliconian bullock on our domains, and not one Tyrtæus alone, do we hope, will start up to excite our sporting dare-devils, to deeds of heroism, to the formidable bound, and the perilous leap.

Without some such indispensable organ, the best cause must languish. “What will they say to this in England?” is a sentiment that even from the lips of a hero would not have produced the well known and splendid effect it did, had there been no Press to echo it. It is not the cause of literature, science, and politics only, which that powerful, that irresistible engine gives an impetus to—but that of Sporting all over the world.

Varied as the rainbow, diversified as the hues and figures of the kaleidoscope, are the sources of enjoyment, that sporting opens to man. Art thou sedentary and philosophical? go aagle. Art thou nervous and timid on horseback? go play at golf or shoot sparrows. Art thou full

of blood? take a hard run after a jackall. Art giddy with the conceit of thy riding? go a hog hunting. Art thou anxious for the sublime of excitement in the physical nerve? set a Tiger at bay! Of sport, in short, it may be said most truly, that "nothing can stale its infinite variety." It would be a curious parallel were we to follow it, between different wines, &c. and sport. Thus, jackall hunting is Port, partridge is Claret, buffalo hunting is strong Ale, snipe shooting is Champagne, florikin ditto; while Tiger hunting again is pure Brandy---for when a man takes to it, he never leaves off and never relishes any thing less *prime*. As for shooting at bats, kites, crows, all this is dreadful, it is blue ruin and the dounce, and as for him who would take a shot at an Adjutant---we hold him to be a murderer.

But mercy on us---here are we writing a preface when just bothering our brains *how* to commence it. "*Dulce est desipere in loco*," but, to write a *preface*, good, kind and most exquisite Reader, is no joke.

The manuscript is all in type, the paper wetted, the devils stand prepared for action, the peons are girding up their loins for the distribution of the Magazine. What stays them then? Dispatch---dispatch, 'tis the first of March, and all the world are on the *qui vive* for our maiden essay. "Beg pardon, sir," (Printer *loquitor*, "we can't go to press without a preface." No! why not? "It is not usual, sir,---never heard of such a thing, sir,---mustn't depart from custom, sir,---the wisdom of our ancestors sir---as my Lord Eldon says, &c.---and all that." Right, right.

Then it seems we really must "begin at the beginning" though we would give a month's salary to plunge at once in *medias res*. We abominate and detest all kinds of *proemia*, first because they involve pledges which it is ten to one the writers do not redeem, and secondly because, after a vast deal of labour in their preparation, it is Government house to a Native hut against their being read. Who---alas for the interests of the country!--attaches any value to a King's speech?--who listens to that gentleman in black tights and white gloves delivering the prologue of the new play?--who cuts open the leaves of an "INTRODUCTION" to any book, when Jedediah Cleishbotham has no hand in its concoction? Nobody, nobody. Who then will read our prosy preamble? Surely, we may answer in like manner, no one; and yet, as

Popolino says in the play, we "*must write*"—there's no compulsion in the case—only we must :—so here goes.

What style shall we adopt ? The didactic, the explanatory, the apologetic, the metaphorical ? Not the first, it is alien to the subject matter of our periodical. Not the second, for the prospectus of the publishers has explained enough. We want contributions on all sporting subjects, for we are not gifted with the faculty of ubiquity and are utterly unable in our editorial retreat to *divine* what passes in the sporting world. We wield no deadlier weapon than a well nibbed quill—We stride no fleetest courser that a four legged stool,—our eye rests on no vaster mead, no richer lawn, than the green baize of our narrow desk :—the only game *we* pursue are the errors and vices of the Rulers,—the only race we ride, a race with our contemporaries for public opinion. This is all we can say in the way of explanation. Then shall our preface be apologetical ? In truth we know not what offence we have committed to warrant such a style—unless it be in keeping back several valuable papers which have reached us, in order that this first number might merely contain *foundations* for future papers. The didactic, the explanatory and the apologetic, are thus ill suited to our *entrée*. Let us then try the metaphorical,—aye, *there* we are at home !

Gentle readers, and readers ungentle, liken us, if you please, to mounted jockeys. We are equipped for a start, and our prize is to be your smiles. Our antagonist is a four year old, bred at Bombay, and the odds have hitherto been in his favour. But we have youth and mettle, and good grooming on our side. Our jacket is of green, the color of Hope, our spurs are of the *best tempered* steel, our whip !—nay—we trust we need no lash.

But hark the bugle sounds to saddle.

" See the course throng'd with gazers, the sports have begun !

What confusion, but hear, I'll bet you sir—done !"

Our courser arches his proud neck, paws the ground and snuffs the air. " See—the ground is clear ;—yon yelping cur creeps under the ropes to escape the Secretary's thong,—yon straggling coolie flies before the indignant police peon's rattan. The Judge's stand is full—the stopwatches are out!—steady!—the bugle sounds to start—our knees are in—our elbows close—our heart beats high—Now for it—all ready ? Aye, sirs, aye,—Off !!!

THE CALCUTTA HOUNDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR, —It is no less singular than true that History for the last hundred years (i. e. since the year A. D. 1733, the date of the appointment of the first Governor General), has been most unaccountably silent upon a subject of such vast importance to posterity, as the existence of an Establishment of Foxhounds in British India: neither have we any certain clue wherewith to discover the name of the ship, &c. on which the first Foxhound took his departure from his "Father Land" to follow his fortunes and *les rose* over the burning strands of the East. We are equally left in the dark as to the fact of the existence of leather small clothes and boots in the wardrobes of Colonel Clive in 1759, or of Warren Hastings in 1772: —the absence of all information upon these interesting subjects is deeply to be deplored, but how much more will the "gentle reader" be astonished when we inform him that up to the year A. D. 1806 we are left in uncertainty as to the formation of any establishment of the kind alluded to, and that since then, until a very much later date, owing to malis or mismanagement, no records have survived. —About the year 1806, however, we have ascertained that a pack of hounds, consisting, I believe, of from 10 to 20 couples, were established by sundry individuals, nearly all of whose names were to be met with in the list of the Bengal Civil Service for that year, and a great many of whom were bachelors of the College of Fort William: —of these some (and I fear the major part of them) have long ere this passed from the scene, —others still exist to enjoy, under a more reformed, if not a more perfect, system, the pleasures of that sport, which they had promoted and encouraged nearly 30 years before. In those days the price of hounds was of course very high, —1000 or 1200 rupees a couple, being constantly demanded and obtained. —This circumstance, with the more melancholy one of climate, made it a no easy matter to continue the pack in a state of constant efficiency; at intervals, however, it was continued until about the year 1812 and 1814, when Hounds were commissioned from England and when a more extended list of subscribers placed it upon a more certain footing. — Since that date, I believe, with the exception of an interregnum of a year or so, a Calcutta subscription pack has been in full operation yearly. — Should I hereafter be able to procure any more certain data from which

to gather a history of the first introduction of hounds into India, and the first formation of a pack, and by whom, such shall form matter for a paper in a future number of your Magazine, which I hope and trust may flourish like a young bay tree. There is delicacy about publishing names of individuals without their consent, and I would assuredly record those of the prime movers in the earlier days of hunting in India, some of whom still continue to assist in directing and managing the present establishment. It is somewhat extraordinary that, from its first formation until a late date, we learn nothing of the existence of any rules - or of codes being drawn up. - No society (which is an allowed fact) can exist without rules - but if there is *one*, more than another, likely to thrive without such things, it would be a society of sportsmen - there being (as it has been often remarked) a free masonry among Fox-hunters not often to be met with elsewhere: - however, it was latterly considered expedient to frame a set of rules for the guidance of the Club, and for the settling the amount of subscription, &c. which was done at the commencement of the year 1829, at which time it may be presumed that the list of members of the Calcutta Hunt Club amounted to nearly 200 - those only of course resident in Calcutta bearing any share in the expenses and costs of the establishment. Of this latter number the average of late years has been from between 20 to 30 resident subscribing members, paying according to the following rules which you will be doing the Hunt a service by making Public.

At a meeting held on 16th April 1829, it was unanimously resolved,

1st. That the Hunt Club be continued

2d. That a committee of three members, of whom the Huntsman or one of them shall be one, be appointed to manage the Hounds, and that such committee be elected annually and be dissolved on 1st November, in every year on which day future elections shall take place.

3rd. The authority acknowledged to belong to the Huntsman both in the kennel and the field shall continue undisturbed.

4th. In the absence of any one of the three members of the committee, the remaining two be authorised to associate any member of the Club, whom they may select, to supply temporarily the place of such absentee.

5th. That hereafter 30 couple of Hounds, be considered a full and complete pack, and that the committee do always exert themselves to the utmost in fulfilling the duty of keeping the number as nearly as possible up to that mark.

6th. That the monthly subscription be 25 rupees

At a subsequent meeting held on Friday, November 13, 1829, - the following Rules, with regard to admission and subscription &c of members, were unanimously adopted.

Resolved first, that there shall in future be three classes of subscribers to be termed

1st. Resident proprietary members of the Calcutta Hunt Club.

2nd. Non-proprietary members of the Calcutta Hunt.

3rd. Non resident field subscribers.

Secondly. That the following rules shall be adopted from this date, for the admission of the three classes of subscribers above mentioned

Resident proprietary Members of the Calcutta Hunt Club.

Any gentleman holding an office or appointment at the Presidency to be considered as eligible, and to enter the Club by Ballot, two black balls to exclude under the following rules.

Rule 1st—Any gentleman entering the Club after this date, shall pay an entrance, as follows.

From the 1st of March to the 31st of August 80 Rupees.

From the 1st of September to the last day in February 160 rupees.

A monthly subscription of 25 rupees.

And his proportion of any general contribution which may be required during the period that he remains a member.

Rule 2d—Any member leaving the Club will do so on the following terms.

If he resigns between the 1st of December and 1st of January, he will pay a fine to the Club of 100 rupees.

If he resigns at any other period of the year, he shall pay a fine of 250 rupees, the amount of his monthly subscription, being paid up to the end of the month in which the tender of his resignation is received by the committee.

Rule 3d—A subscriber shall not be considered a field member, until any demand on account of Hounds, added to the pack, subsequently to the date on which the tender of his resignation is received by the committee.

Rule 4th—A retired member wishing to rejoin the Club will do so on the terms applicable to the admission of a new subscriber.

Rule 5th—A resident member being compelled to leave Calcutta by sickness or duty, on account of business, for a period exceeding two months, shall not be liable to any charge or reparation during the time of his absence. For any period short of two months the charge shall go on as if he was present.

• *Non-proprietary Members of the Calcutta Hunt to be admitted without Ballot.*

Rule 6th—Any resident gentleman may become a field member of the Calcutta Hunt on the payment of advance of five hundred and fifty rupees in a sum which shall be a full and complete payment of the whole of the foregoing rules, but not be entitled to perse or vote or to have any share in the deliberation of the Club, nor any proprietary right in case he were to contribute any share of the proceeds in the event of the Hounds being sold off, which belongs to the Hunt.

Rule 7th—The year subscribed for by a field member shall commence from the date of payment.

Non-resident Field Subscribers to be admitted without Ballot.

Rule 8th—Gentlemen residing at a greater distance than twenty miles from Calcutta, and who may be desirous of becoming temporary subscribers to the Calcutta Hounds, shall contribute monthly per month for any number of months they may choose to subscribe 10 rupees, or for the season 120 rupees.

Present Members of the Hunt Club.

Rule 9th—The present members not to be held to any of the above rules which are not in accordance with the rules now in force, but to remain subject to the same.

Additional rule passed by the Club, under date the 7th of January, 1831.

Non-Permanent Resident Field Subscriber to be admitted without Ballot.

Rule 10th—Gentlemen who may be desirous to become a field member whose term of residence may be limited to more than one holiday among appointments, and who may be desirous of becoming temporary subscribers to the Calcutta Hounds, shall be admitted on their agreeing to pay monthly the sum of seven rupees for during the whole term of their remaining in Calcutta, should they be ordered from Calcutta, on duty, their Subscription will cease at the end of the current month, but in the event of their residence reaching to the full period of twelve months, they shall then make up the difference of seven rupees 70 between the sum they shall have paid viz. seven rupees 180 and seven rupees 50, the amount upon which Non-Proprietary Members of the Calcutta Hunt are admitted. Should they wish to resign within the twelve months, without being necessitated to quit Calcutta on duty, they must pay a fine equal to the difference between the sum they may have paid and seven rupees 50.

Hounds are procured by commission from England, and are purchased at the rate of seven rupees 300 per couple; two mounted native whippers-in are entertained; but the assistance and aid of any

amateur in that department, is always gratefully acknowledged. The places of meeting are *Dum-Dum*, an Artillery cantonment about 7 miles from Calcutta—*Cox's Bungalow*, about the same distance, upon the road to Barrackpore—*Gurrah Hunt*, to the southward of Calcutta—and Budge-Budge.

Of these, the former has been always considered the best country, from the absence of any great extent of jungle, and from the breadth and height of its banks and ditches, which give it a more extended consideration in the eyes of Sportsmen, than can be easily understood by mortals of a more tranquil temperament. After January the ground begins gradually to become baked and iron bound, and the way-worn wanderer, in the dusty desert, looks not more eagerly, or prays not more fervently, for the spring or the well, than the Nimrod of the east, for a north-wester, which generally ensures a good day's sport, and *reveltizes*, (new word!) in a slight degree, the soul. Perhaps I may be allowed to quote from a former letter to a correspondent in England, upon this subject:—"The Calcutta Kennel is generally kept up to 30 couple, which is no more than are absolutely necessary for hunting more than twice a week in this country. In some months the ground is unusually hard, and the number of hounds lamed, considerable. In March too, the sun is somewhat of the hottest, after 9 A. M., and after long runs late in the morning, Hounds cannot be got home without a little grilling and its consequences. In the last year, 1832, fewer deaths occurred than usual; in 1831, sickness got into the Kennel, and carried them off by twos and threes, and sometimes more per diem.—a most truly melancholy sight it was, to witness in this country, where hounds are not quickly replaced. The disease was in every case accompanied by a violent palpitation of the heart. However, if I were to attempt to explain *all* the appearances of the disorder, the supposed causes, the advised remedies, and the various and sage opinions delivered, I should fill your Magazine, instead of a few pages only of it, and excite no interest. I will merely hint, that none of us know much about it, and that hounds will continue to die, and the climate continue to be abused, and every sort of food and physic continue to be reprobated, without our growing a jot the wiser. If we must hunt, (and we **MUST AND WILL**.) we must pay for it; and grown up hounds, coming from a country like England, are not prepared to relish a country like India, and consequently take themselves off to that "undiscovered country," more congenial to them, where climate is good, troughs are full, and whip cord scarce. The uniform of the Hunt is scarlet, with light blue collar,—the field generally consists of from 30 to 60 well mounted Sportsmen—and the runs occasionally not to be despised. Accounts of some of them will, I trust, now and then find their way into your columns, where, when I next appear, I hope to be less prolix and more amusing.

If the wish that you may meet with all success in your very commendable project for establishing a much wanted, and long wished for, *Sporting Miscellany*, in this side of India. I am, &c.

January, 1833.

NIM. EAST.

CALCUTTA RACES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Yesterday concluded a most flat, stale, and unprofitable meeting. Seldom more than two races of a morning, with inferior running throughout. The attendance at the stand, scanty from the first, dwindled to about a score of persons at the last; the betting was almost exclusively confined to the members of the Jockey Club; and the ordinaries, which, erstwhile, held at the Town Hall, used to enlist 30 or 40 congenial spirits in their support, could scarcely muster half a dozen at the Chop-House in Rada-bazar. “Oh! what a falling off is here!” Mr. White,—whose intention of retiring is, I observe, publicly announced,—and some others did what they could to inspire life and interest, but in vain: times and circumstances were against them. I do not refer chiefly to the preceding commercial disasters, which had not, I think, much to do with it; for during the training season, and therefore previously to the first stoppage of payments by Alexander and Co. the general impression was that the meeting would fail. Causes, similar in some measure—*parva componere equis*.—to what so materially affected the mercantile, had been in operation against the success of the sporting community. Over speculation, unlimited indeed last year—a deficiency of funds to carry on, many losers being unable to meet the demands upon them, and a consequent loss of credit. Why, sir, an L. O. U. was not this year admissible to a lottery or sweepstakes; nothing but cash, hard cash. These circumstances, added to Mr. Grant’s absence, and the extension of subscription to quarters not perhaps originally contemplated, were, I suspect, the causes of such a “beggarly account.” They manage these things better in the upper provinces—but let us hope for a speedy reaction here, and a renewal of the Trave’s and Gilbert’s times.

Monday, 7th January.—The Races commenced, as usual, with the Riddelsworth, Gilbert Mile, which was won in 2-2 by Mr. Pundit’s *Napoleon*, an excessively fine colt, beating Mr. Robert’s *Gumbalitch* filly.

Five out of seven nominations started for the Great Walter, which Mr. Rose’s *Sam*, owing to his having run, as was said, a never-so-good-before trial, was expected to win. *Edwy*, the Madras horse, and *Godolphin*, however, had their friends. *Greybeard*, and *Ransom*, who might just as well have been left in his stable, made the quartetto. All started well together, *Edwy* leading, with *Greybeard* at his girth, to the jail, and I think the little horse, could, and should, have won it. *Godolphin*’s rider, however, thought otherwise, and proved it too, by passing *Edwy* at the distance post, and winning by a couple of lengths in 3-40. Excellent time, equal indeed to Esterhazy’s and Champion’s. *Sam* made a good struggle for it, but with the weights (11st. 7lb. each) it was not in him.

For the G. Mile sweepstakes *Harry Scurry* had to carry 10lb. extra, against *Rhodomontade*, which would have made a good race, if he

had been all right, but, *au contraire*, he was all wrong, and consequently came in many lengths in *Rhod's* rear; nor was he able to appear again during the meeting. To close the day, Mr. Agnew's *Black Swan* ran round the course some few lengths before the Sheikh's *Admiral*, and reached the post actually in 3 52 from the moment of starting, by which his owner pocketed 50 gold mohurs.

Wednesday 9th January.—We had two heats between a couple of country breeds for the plate of 50 G. M. which, unexpectedly was carried off by Mr. Robert's *Sophy*, who had reached a steady age, 5 years, and luckily ran, as directed; while the *Forsaken*, 3 years, running altogether "askew" the first heat, thought fit in the second to forsake her companion outright, and made straight for the city. Between the heats, *Sam*, *Edwy* and *Godolphin*, had an excellent contest for the 25 G. M. Sweepstakes, R. C. which *Sam*, leading throughout, won cleverly in 3 31 (thanks chiefly to his rider (Parker) and something to the 7lbs. he received for not having started before December 1832) —*Edwy* second, beating *Godolphin* with tolerable ease, 8st. 7lb. each.

Wednesday, 16th January.—Introduced us to the little Welter, R. C. gentlemen riders, which, and the Cup on Friday to boot, were, in the opinion of *Sam's* stable already decided in his favor. "Even on him against each of the others all round, and 5 to 20 on the two events," resounded from his backers. It was elsewhere thought, however, that *Godolphin* had a chance, even with 11st. 3lb. against *Edwy* 10st. 7lb. *Sam* and the *Gleaner* carrying 10st. each. Why the latter horse was brought to the post at all, I cannot guess, except with the hope of reducing by the gallop, some pounds of his superfluous flesh. *Sam* took the lead at a rattling pace, his rider evidently recollecting *how* he won the sweepstakes; but two stone will make a difference in some horses, and so it did here, and he was beaten, in consequence, from the Jail, *Edwy* and *Godolphin* rated it neck and neck from the corner, both at the whip, *Edwy* winning with some difficulty in 3 37.

Friday, 18th January.—Commenced with the Turf Cup, one three mile heat. *Edwy* 9-4, receiving 9lb. from *Rhodomontade*, and giving 10lb. to *Sam*, took the lead, and maintained it without difficulty from first to last. *Rhodomontade*, who had so far kept company with *Sam* made a push for it from the Gilbert mile, but in vain, the weight told. *Sam* was last by many lengths. His stable has too high an opinion of him. Gash rode the winner—time 6-16. After the Cup, we had the pleasure of seeing the winner of last year's Welter *Jassem*, who gave 1st. 12lb. to *Forsaken*, R. C. but, as before, the Filly would not run kindly; though, even if she had, the result, I think, would have been the same. Round the course is generally too long a distance for a young country filly against a good old Arab, like *Jassem*. Mr. White's *Sir Francis*, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Grant's the Major 8st. R. C.

Monday, 22nd January.—Mr. Villier's chose to run his Cape horse "Tumbler" 11st! 3 miles!! and heats!!! without being trained, it was said, and so the horse looked, against *Godolphin* 8st. 5lb. and *Greybeard* 8st. and was, as he deserved to be, beaten. Had *Tumbler* been trained, many think he would have won, even with that weight upon him;

as it was, and very badly ridden to boot, he gave *Codolphin*, who had trained on, some difficult work, and beat *Gryb*, and the first half mile of the 2nd heat in 54 sec. The time however of both heats, 6-36 and 6-31, was very bad; *Edwy*, had he started, would have been an easy winner.

Friday, 26th January.—We had an extra day, and two matches, *Edwy* 9st. (Gash) beat *Codolphin* 8st. 7lb. R.C. and a distance; a very good race, and 3. 52 is not bad time. And *Jassem* beat the country filly *Sophy*, as easily as he did the *Forsaken*.

Monday, 1st February.—"Barrackpore meeting." Instead of 19 days as last year at *Puttah*, we had one day here. For the *Riddlesworth Napoleon* was beat by *Gundalchitch* (Gash) more easily than he beat her in the Calcutta meeting; at which unforward and unexpected event, his owner I suspect will have been not a little disgusted. A very interesting and well-contested handicap was afterwards run between *Edwy* (Gash) 9st. 8lb. the *Griff* 7st. and *Paul Clifford* 18st. 7lb. R.C. and a distance. *Edwy* made place from the post, and was only once headed by *Paul Clifford* near the Gilbert mile, where the pace became too good for *Paul*, who was soon left in the Rear. *Edwy* and the *Griff* rated it well together from the jail, and if whipping could have done the thing, the *Griff* would not have been, as he was, second by a couple of lengths. But *Edwy* is a first rate runner and I beg to congratulate Mr. White on his successful performances, who indeed deserves no less from all friends of the turf for the support he gave the meeting. It was not through any want of exertion on his part that it so sadly differed from the Meetings of preceding years.

February 5, 1833.

OBSERVATOR.

[§ 5] Our correspondent, we observe, has omitted to notice the running on two of the earliest days of the Races, and they are likewise wanting in the Calendar which we have compiled from the papers. Will the Secretary to the Jockey Club, or any other Sporting friend, supply the deficiency?—Ed.

SPORTING ADVENTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RENAISSANCE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR.—In the early part of February, 1832, being on a sporting excursion with my friend ———, at the foot of the ——— Hills; after unsuccessfully beating the fields of sugar-cane, for wild hogs, we were about to return to the tents, to breakfast, when a man came to us with a message from Alwunt Singh, (a Rajpoot zamendar, and one of the best native Sportsmen in that part of the country,) saying, "he had shot a tiger, and if we had no objection to a walk through the jungle, and over the hills, we might see the animal dying." At first we could not comprehend the actual meaning of this message—but thought, he might merely have wounded the tiger, sufficiently to prevent its escape, and required the assistance of our party, to kill it. This conclusion proved nearly correct, for after a walk of about three miles, over a steep ghaut, (mountain pass,) and through some of the wildest, and most beautiful mountain, and jungle scenery, I had ever seen, we found

our Sportsman seated on a "mechan," in a large tree, and apparently afraid to leave this place of security, before our arrival. The tree, in which we found him, hung over a beautiful spring of water, which, after filling a basin in the solid rock, fell gently over an almost perpendicular descent, of about thirty feet; apparently in the rainy season, this formed the bed of a torrent, but at this time there was no water but what arose from the spring, which was nearly absorbed in the earth, or exhaled in the burning atmosphere, almost immediately after it had left the rocky basin I have mentioned. This, therefore, becomes the favourite resort of wild animals to drink, and cool themselves during the summer months, when those who fear not to venture to it, may always expect sport. But the road laying through jungle so thick, and so infested (or, as a Sportsman, I should rather say, so well stocked) with tigers; few of the natives like to expose themselves to such risk. Alwant Singh descended from his place of security, pointed out the blood of the tiger, on the rocks where he had fallen, and we picked up a flat stone, more than half an inch thick, which apparently had been bitten in half, by the voracious brute, in his agony and rage, when wounded; the stone had a mark, as of one of his canine teeth, through the centre, and being fresh broken, we concluded it could have been done in no other way. This, with the quantity of blood, led us to conclude, he must be severely, if not mortally wounded—so we followed the traces of his blood for three or four hundred yards, along the dry bed of a torrent. After this, the blood tracks turned off up another narrow ravine, overhung with thick jungle, and high reedy grass, almost impenetrable to the sight. It was determined to be too dangerous, venturing in such a pass, where the wounded tiger might be in the grass, within two or three feet of us, entirely hidden from our sight.

A council of war was called, when it was proposed, and carried against but one dissentient voice, for the gunner, spearmen, and all who carried arms, to make a circuit, and get higher up the hill, in an open space, over which the tiger, if alive, must pass, while others remained to set fire to the jungle. This was done, and the jungle consisting of bamboos and reeds, being quite dry, burnt famously. All waited with breathless anxiety, some seated in trees, others at the foot of trees, ready to scramble up out of the tiger's reach, in case he should appear, while a few seemed to trust implicitly to their weapons, for offence and defence.

All the thick jungle had been burnt, without the tiger being seen or heard, and we began to think, he must have escaped over the mountains; some searched for traces of him, but without success, and the fire fast approaching, it was becoming necessary that we should retreat. We had already begun, when one of the burkundazes called our attention to something moving in the long grass; without seeing the animal, several guns were fired at the same instant;—we were answered by a tremendous roar, the grass waved violently to and fro, but as it continued in one, we thought the enemy disabled. Approaching nearer, we found this to be the case, and two balls well applied through his side, soon put an end to his existence.

By this time, the fire was so near, that we were obliged to retreat in double quick time, not even having time to skin our game, and he was too heavy to be carried under present circumstances.

Guided by Alwunt Singh, we set off, and being nearly surrounded by fire, carrying loaded guns, and powder horns in our pockets, our situation became rather dangerous. We reached safely the place where the tiger had been first wounded, and here we found the fire had entirely surrounded us. Behind, it was approaching close on our heels; before, the grass and small jungle had already been consumed, but the bamboos and larger jungle were still burning. There was no choice but to pass forward; so, wrapping cloth round the locks of our guns and our powder flasks, on we went, and escaped through the burning jungle, without any further injury than being slightly grilled,—an operation to which Sportsmen in this country are tolerably inured.

JUNGLES.

THE ARAB TO HIS HORSE.

1.

Bound o'er the desert my good steed
The grey rock casts its longest shade,
Swift as my arrow, speed, oh speed!
And bear me to my Arab maid.
Beside her father's tent she stands,
And watches for the evening star,
For then upon the silent sands,
She'll hear thy hoof beat from afar.

2.

Bound on, my steed; our tribe can trace
A thousand years thy lineage bright,
Unmatched in Yemen is thy race,
Then prove thy blood, my horse, ere night:
And thou shalt drink the gushing spring,
A diamond amidst emeralds laid,
For thee the fresh cool dates I'll bring,
While wreathes thy mane my Arab maid.

3.

Bound on, my steed, I've seen thee cope
With the scared ostrich, as he fled;
I've seen thee match the antelope,
As light, as fleet, the desert tread:
I envy not the Sheikh, whose word
Is by a thousand horse obeyed,
Be mine the Arab spear and sword,
My Arab steed, and Arab maid.

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4.

Bound on, my steed,—she waits to deck
 With silver bells, thy glorious mane,
 To hang sweet flowers round thy neck—
 Gifts that might make an Emir vain:
 Bound on! The far off palms I see,
 Where all our toils will be repaid,
 Unbridled thou shalt wander free,
 And I shall clasp my Arab maid.

H. M. P.

 CRICKET AT CUTTACK.

(From a Correspondent.)

On the 26th January, a meeting of the Cuttack Cricket Club, and gentlemen of the station and vicinity, took place on the Chowlagunge plain for the purpose of deciding a match which had been previously arranged; accompanying is a list of the players on both sides, and the result of this-day's sport. Tents were pitched on the ground for the accommodation of spectators, and all the beauty and fashion of the station were invited to grace the scene of sport with their presence. But alas! we were sadly disappointed, and every day's experience teaches us the folly of being too sanguine in calculations of any kind, and that disappointment too often lurks behind with the malicious purpose of crushing our most fondly cherished hopes.

A little after ten the Wickets were pitched, and play commenced, and continued with great spirit till between twelve and one o'clock, when the noble and manly game was for a time abandoned, and active preparations were made for that most agreeable of all meals in India, tiffin. The liberal hospitality of a gentleman, the general favourite of the station, furnished forth the baked meats for the tiffin table, and, for a time, the rival Cricketers vied busily with each other in doing justice to the many good things, with which the board was garnished. After tiffin we had another innings, and from the spirited play of some of the parties, it was pretty apparent that the much admired Pale Ale had added nerve to the arm and vigour to the system. The game broke up between five and six. Our Club *properly* speaking is numerically small, on which account we were obliged to make up the sides the best way we could: we have however some *staunch* players amongst us, men who have played in the Kentish, Surry and Hampshire, as well as other Cricket Clubs, and if a meeting could possibly be arranged, we would willingly measure our strength with any Club in the Lower Provinces, except the Calcutta. The evening was passed with great hilarity at the mansion of a Member of the Club. The ladies shone forth in the complete panoply of their charms, acting charades, dan-

cing and music, while the smiling fair enlivened the festive scene, and added wings to the flight of old time. In fact, to be brief, we passed a very agreeable day. The tone of life in India is commonly so monotonous, and so little turns up in the shape of amusement to beguile the tedium of a residence in the Mofussil, that every jovial meeting, such as a Cricket match, a fiffin or a ball, is considered important by us, who live retired from the blaze, the din and bustle of Calcutta. I am sure I may safely say, that all who shared in the amusements of the 26th, in comparing that day with others of their lives, will affix to it the Cretan mask, "cressâ ne caveat pulchra dies notâ."

N. B.—The station side had to regret the unavoidable absence of two good players.

Station and Vicinity—1st Innings

	Matches
Walker,	Bowled by Wilkinson, .. 9
Colvin,	Knocked Wicket down, .. 11
Austin,	Caught by Hollings, .. 1
Francis,	Bowled by Wilkinson, .. 0
Pott,	Do to by Hollings, .. 0
Silver,	Do to by Wilkinson, .. 1
Hunter senior, ..	Do to by Do to, .. 0
Hunter junior, ..	Knocked Wicket down, .. 0
Brown,	Bowled by Wilkinson, .. 0
Moorhead,	Do to by Do to, .. 6
Milikin,	Caught by Ewart, .. 5
Bye Balls,	1
	39
	49

2nd Innings

Walker,	Caught by Hollings, .. 2
Colvin,	Not out, .. 11
Austin,	Bowled by Hollings, .. 6
Francis,	Do to by Taylor, .. 0
Pott,	Do to by Do to, .. 1
Silver,	Do to by Hollings, .. 0
Hunter senior, ..	Do to by Do to, .. 11
Hunter junior, ..	Do to by Taylor, .. 18
Brown,	Do to by Do to, .. 6
Moorhead,	Do to by Hollings, .. 0
Milikin,	Stumped by Do, .. 0
Bye Balls,	2
	64
	66

Cuttack Club—1st Innings

Taylor,	Knocked Wicket down, .. 51
Baker,	Bowled by Austin, .. 0
Repton,	Do to by Do to, .. 7
Hobart,	Stumped by Francis, .. 21
Wilkinson,	Bowled by Austin, .. 0
Ewart,	Do to by Do to, .. 2
Daniel,	Not out, .. 15
Goswami,	Bowled by Austin, .. 0
Waller,	Do to by Do to, .. 0
Lacvus,	Do to by Do to, .. 1
Launch,	Caught by Walker, .. 2
	99
Byes,	4
	103

2nd Innings

Taylor,	Not Out, .. 6
Baker,	Run Out, .. 3
Repton,	
Hollings,	
Wilkinson,	
Ewart,	
Daniel,	
Goswami,	
Waller,	
Lacvus,	
Launch,	

In favour of Cuttack Club by 6 notches, .. 0
And 9 Wickets to go down.

RETURN MATCH.

Cuttack Club—1st Innings

Hollings,	Bowled by Francis, .. 8
Austin,	Do to by Do to, .. 13
Wilkinson,	Do to by Paton, .. 0
Walker,	Do to by Do to, .. 1
Hunter, junior, ..	Do to by Do to, .. 1
Pott,	Not out, .. 1
Moorhead, senior, ..	Bowled by Paton, .. 0
Mallard, junior, ..	Do to by Do to, .. 4
Messier,	Do to by Do to, .. 0
Chapman,	Do to by Francis, .. 0
Field,	Do to by Do to, .. 0
Notches,	28

Station and Vicinity—1st Innings

Brown,	Bowled by Austin, .. 13
Sergeant,	Caught by Hollings, .. 3
Hunter, senior, ..	Bowled by Austin, .. 0
Ewart,	Do to by Hollings, .. 0
Paton,	Do to by Austin, .. 10
Francis,	Do to by Wilkinson, .. 22
Vincent,	Do to by Hollings, .. 3
Wallace,	Do to by Do to, .. 2
Morrison,	Do to by Hunter, junior, .. 1
Groom,	Not out, .. 0
Goddard,	Bowled by Francis, .. 0
Notches,	34

2nd Innings			2nd Innings.		
Hollings,	Not out,	103	Brown,	Bowled by Austin,	2
T. Austin,	Bowled by Paton,	36	Sergeant,	Caught by Walker,	0
Wilkinson,	Doitto by Francis,	2	Hunter senior,	Bowled by Austin,	6
Walker,	Doitto by Ditto,	2	Ewart,	Caught by Ditto,	3
Hunter, junior,	Doitto by Paton,	2	Paton,	Bowled by Hollings,	19
Pott,	Doitto by Ditto,	0	Francis,	Doitto by Hunter, junior,	41
Mallard, senior,	Doitto by Ditto,	1	Vincent,	Doitto by Hollings,	0
Mallard, junior,	Doitto by Francis,	0	Wallace,	Doitto by Ditto,	1
Messiter,	Doitto by Ditto,	0	Morgan,	Doitto by Ditto,	0
Chapman,	Doitto by Ditto,	0	Groom,	Doitto by Austin,	0
Field,	Not out,	0	Goddard,	Not out,	0
Notches,		116	In favor of the Club, 45 Notches,		Notches, 75

This Match began on the afternoon of the 6th, and was finished on the 9th instant.

THE CHOWRINGHEE THEATRE.

Sport is but another word for amusement. Custom has, it is true, confined its use to affairs of the field and the forest,—but, it is not, on that account, the less susceptible of extensive application. The 'old dowager, who spends half her nights at live shilling whist, or the simpering miss, who *terpsichorizes* at Almack's to Weippert's last set or the new German gallopade, are as much sporting characters as the covey who clears a fifteen feet ditch, in pursuit of sly reynard—or him, who sports his guineas on the favorite for the Derby, and backs Gaynor at heavy odds, for the Wimbledon Mill. Moreover, Johnson, in his voluminous Lexicon, gives a variety of definitions of the term 'Sport,' all tending to establish, that it is synonymous with "merriment," and therefore applicable to every thing that produces merriment, pleasure, or diversion. This being the case, need we apologise for introducing into these pages, a notice of the Calcutta Drury, and other public entertainments? We trust not. They are the sole sports of one branch of our Calcutta readers—the sole subjects, on which, from personal observation, *we* shall ever be able to indulge in a little bit of eloquence.

Having said thus much, by way of preface, we shall proceed *sans facon*, to notice the dramatic doings of the City of Palaces, for the past month.

Be it known then, that the Chowringhee Theatre opened on the 4th of February, notwithstanding all that had been said regarding the melancholy state of its affairs, both in the amateur and pecuniary department; and, what is more strange, opened with a variety of novelties, all of which agreeably surprised the nearly desponding public. *The Weathercock* introduced an Old Fickle, and a Tristram Fickle, to a Calcutta audience both of whom promise to become general favorites;—*Don Giovanni* proved, that there is in Calcutta sufficient vocal talent to accomplish, and sufficient taste to appreciate, the exquisite and difficult music of the sublime Mozart;—*Amateurs*, an (ah) original farce established, that there is much merriment to be derived from a contem-

plation of human miseries, and that the manager of an Amateur Theatre, even admitting the picture presented to us to be a little overcharged, does not always repose on a bed of roses.

A second performance took place on the 19th of last month. It consisted of *Bon Ton*, or *High Life above Stairs*, and *Blue Beard*. The first piece was written by Garrick, as a satire upon the vices of the *beau monde*, and appears to us to be altogether a failure.—A satire to be effectual should be piquant; vices should be scourged, or held up to excessive ridicule, not represented with the “batefulmien” they possess:—the *vraisemblance* distresses and disgusts the spectator, but works no change in the parties whom it is intended to chastise. *High Life below Stairs*, bad as it is, is a far better farce. The whole comic force of the Theatre was concentrated in *Bon Ton*, but to very little purpose; the most splendid talents would not redeem its insipidity.

Blue Beard was very magnificently got up. The scenery was pretty, the dresses gorgeous and appropriate, the processions well regulated, the horses beautifully caparisoned and admirably trained and ridden. One of them, bestrode by Mr. Horner, the clever riding master, curvetted in a theatrical style, worthy of Astley’s celebrated Amphitheatre. We need say but little regarding the music—for it is so well known; or the acting—for there is but small scope for it in a mere spectacle. Mr. Hamerton, as *Schim*, executed his part of the opening duet with great taste, and Mrs. Leech, as Fatima, looked, sang and played deliciously throughout. In Miss Pickett, who played *Irene*, we discovered encreasing confidence, and knowledge of stage business, and we have no doubt, that, in a little time, she will acquire as much vivacity and *savoir faire*, as her clever sister.

The house was well attended on both occasions.

MUSIC.

What we have said above in justification of the admission of theatrical affairs, into the *Sporting Magazine*, applies with equal force, to musical entertainments. We therefore offer no apology for noticing Signor Masoni’s Concert, which took place at the Town Hall, on the 8th of February.

Signor Masoni is a man of genius, a devotee in music, and a modest, unaffected individual; three circumstances that strongly dispose people to support his undertakings. But Signor Masoni cannot impart talent to his neighbours, nor can he always make such selections for his Concerts, as are dictated by good taste, and the reputation of certain composers; in plain words, he must cut his coat according to his cloth, and, when he does this, the garment, seeing that the cloth is rather scarce, must be somewhat scanty. In saying this, we beg not to be understood, as casting the least reflection on the instrumental department of the Concerts: there unquestionably the talent, though centered in Amateurs, is extensive, and invariably affords satisfaction;—but the vocal branch is meagre indeed. Only one accomplished female—but she, indeed, is a host in herself—graced the last Concert

with her vocal aid; while the gentlemen concerned, confined themselves to glees, or assisted in duos:—a good tenor singer not being to be had in Calcutta, for love or money! The lady alluded to, gave on the evening in question, the Aria, "*Miri cari Veglì*," in the chaste, and unaffected, yet splendid style, peculiar to her, and was equally enchanting in the Duo from Rossini's *Il Segreto*; but beyond this, the singing was, to our untaught ears, at least, unsatisfactory. Masoni attempted a *Concerto* on one string, (the fourth) and the attempt was clever enough. We do not, however, greatly admire these achievements. Political economists may possibly think them worthy of encouragement, on the ground that they will diminish the cost of fiddles, and check the growth of cats,—but the true lover of music will repudiate such attempts to scrape melody out of a purposely disabled crenoma, while delicious harmony may be extracted from the combination of four strings. Paganini's extraordinary success, if the people in England would be candid enough to confess it, has arisen from a multitude of circumstances accessory to his single stringed efforts. The strange stories which preceded his appearance in England:—his remarkable figure—wild and eccentric manner—singular gestures and forbidding address—were circumstances that threw a halo—a charm—over his performances, in the eyes of the wonder-loving cocknies, and induced the toleration,—nay the enthusiastic applause, of what would not probably have met with striking success in other hands. Now, Masoni is perfectly devoid of grimace, and abominates attitudinizing; his efforts appeal solely to the judgment of his hearers. Paganini addresses the imagination; and in proportion as it is in the nature of the reflective to form less favorable conclusions than the imaginative, so is the prevailing opinion regarding Masoni less flattering to his talents than the sentiments respecting Paganini complimentary to him.—Another circumstance which militated against Masoni's success on the occasion we allude to was the delicate state of his health and consequent physical feebleness. On a subsequent occasion, in private, he is said to have witched the assembled company with his skill, and justified all the expectations entertained of him. We do not, however, think it could be judicious on any future occasions to make the experiment publicly. Masoni's power to perform it is universally admitted, but the pleasure derivable from its effects is any thing but intense.

THE BENGAL ARCHERS.

"Draw, Archers, draw your arrows to the head!"

Pierce Egan, in his "*Book of Sports and Mirror of Life*," asserted, at the commencement of the last year, that "Archery Meetings" were a national peculiarity; that British Horse Racing had been imitated in Germany, France, America, and even in India—but that, Archery or "Bow Meetings, as they are sometimes called, had been imitated nowhere."

Had this indefatigable chronicler of sport, in all its varieties, owned the gift of ubiquity—or, had he, unlike his co-mates of the press, ever cast his eyes towards this part of the world, he would have learnt, that while he was penning his insolent libel on our sporting condition, a company of Archers was actually forming “*even in India*,” and, moreover, that so far from this being the first attempt of the kind, in this hemisphere, two other corps had long since sprung into existence, under the titles of the *Hovrah Rangers* and *Rhotas Foresters*!

We have no records of the rise and fall of the last named bodies, but we have been obligingly furnished with complete details regarding the existing company of Calcutta Bowmen, and imagine, we shall in some degree promote a taste for the *innocent, healthful, and elegant* recreation of Archery, by giving them a place in our first number.

It seems then, that several gentlemen interested in the pleasing pastime, called a meeting on 1st of January, 1832, of all those who wished to join in its revival. The call was answered, and the meeting at once proceeded to adopt rules* for the guidance of the company, and to elect its officers. The Earl of Dalhousie, Captain General of the Royal Scottish Archers, at the request of the company, tendered through a number of gentlemen deputed for the purpose, accepted the same office with them. C. K. Robison, Esq., was elected Captain—J. C. Wilson, Esq., Lieutenant—and three other gentlemen, Deacons of the company—J. C. Stewart, Esq., undertaking the duties of Secretary.

A few days afterwards, Captain Robison, with a view to encourage the sport, and to increase the number of competitors, liberally presented the company with a SILVER ARROW, to be shot for, annually, under certain rules and conditions; and a fortnight subsequently, the Secretary stepped forward with a gift of a SILVER BOWL, to be contended for under separate regulations.

The uniform agreed upon, and now worn by the company, is “a short frock of green cloth, with yellow buttons, and a gold arrow embroidered on the collar—green cloth cap, with black velvet border and argus-pheasant feather—belt of yellow leather, with brass buckle.” The seal of the company is—“A cupid in the act of shooting; motto—*Meo Auspicio, atque Ductu*,”—underneath, ‘Bengal Archers MDCCCXXXII.’”

The first field day was held on the 11th February, 1832, when a contest took place amongst six of the Archers, for the SILVER ARROW, which was won by Captain Robison, the Donor.

On the 3d of March, of the same year, the contest for the silver bowl commenced, and was renewed at different times, until the 24th of the same month, when J. C. Wilson, Esq., the Lieutenant, having gained the fifth, sixth, and seventh ends, he was declared the winner.

No further shooting took place during the past year. At the commencement of the present year, however, the sport was renewed, and

* These rules will be published in our next.

after considerable competition, the two prizes were singularly enough returned by the former winners.

We have thus briefly noticed the progress of the Bengal Company of Archers. We heartily wish *long life* and prosperity to the corps, and shall feel extremely glad, if it is in our power, in any way, to promote them. In the mean time, '*pour encourager les autres*,' we offer a sketch of Archery in general, derived from a popular publication, trusting that it may have the effect of encreasing the number of the Bengal competitors:—

"Archery was so much approved of as a bodily exercise by *Bishop Latimer*, that he even preached a sermon in favor of it before Edward VI. After the Restoration, ARCHERY became the general amusement; CHARLES II, himself took such delight in it, that he even knighted a man for excelling an excellent shot * whose portrait is in the possession of the Toxophilite Society. After the death of Charles, it again began to decline, and was confined in practice to a few counties only, till about thirty years ago, when it was revived with increased splendor throughout every part of England, as will appear by the number of societies that were instituted; many of which exist and continue their yearly and monthly meetings to this day.

It is seldom in this stern and strife-ful world that an instrument of destruction becomes altogether converted into an instrument of harmless gratification, and yet such is the case with the *arrow*, if we except its use by a few hordes of savages that are still without the pale of civilization. From the earliest period to which the pages of history lead us, to the time when a restless monk, instead of counting his beads, amused himself in compounding saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, it has been the principal missile weapon in war, and through it hath many a momentous day been lost and won. Had some benevolent philosopher or old been told, that such a change would happen in the employment of the mortal shaft, he might have supposed that it would come when Bellona had been driven from the earth. But alas! he would have given too much credit to future ages; the arrow and the javelin have been abandoned by the soldier, merely that deadlier weapons might supply their place.

This is especially an interesting subject to us, as never was the arrow in more able hands than when in the grasp of the English archer. They who have attentively perused the accounts of our earlier battles must be well aware of this historical fact. Talking about English archery also brings to our recollection the well-known tale, so fascinating to our boyhood, of the unequalled outlaw, Robin Hood, and his merry men; but those days are gone, and live only in ancient lays and legends. Sherwood's goodly tree have disappeared—and the stout earls of the North no longer "drive the deer with hound and horn" lead their "bowmen bold" to the debateable coverts of Chevy Chase.

The Archery Meetings, or Bow Meetings, as they are variously called, at present established in this country, are, so far as our knowledge extends, a national peculiarity. In these days of refinement, when the recreations of the wealthier orders are too often luxurious and enervating, and when their semi-foreign habits of life have too much estranged them from the interchange of domestic hospitalities, we hail with pleasure a rural and elegant amusement, having a strong tendency to correct both these evils. It

* Sir William Wood.

is a curious, but well-ascertained fact, that these meetings are in some degree merely a revival of the customs of former times. Our forefathers made a law, and an admirable one it was, that in every parish, or hundred, as might be convenient, a certain portion of ground should be set apart for the practice of archery, and a butt and target erected at the public expense. It accorded well with the manly and warlike character of the people, and old chroniclers tell us, that it was a favorite pastime among the young and active peasantry on holydays, or on a summer's evening, when their hours of labour were past. Does not this circumstance let us into one grand secret of the superiority of British bowmen over all their competitors?

It is so in some measure accounts for the wonderful rapidity with which *effective* armies were raised and brought into the field during the wars of York and Lancaster, and other periods of trouble in England. When the spirit of a proud people is aroused by a call upon their honor, or even by a favorite war-cry, it is not difficult to bring them *en masse* into action; but no such armies could have been raised in such a space of time, had not the arts of military life been much cultivated throughout the land.

However, in what we have hitherto written, as in the *gooseches* of old Nestor, it may be observed that too much has been said about the past, and too little about the present. To those who may have never chanced to witness such a thing, a brief description of a modern Archery Meeting may not be uninteresting. There may be various institutions and observances in the many established throughout England but, in the leading and most essential points, they are nearly alike. A sufficient number of members having first been elected, the meetings occur at stated intervals, during the season of the year favorable to such amusements.

Non cuius homini contingit tadio Corinthum, says the proverb, and it is not every one that can conveniently give an Archery Meeting. Two things are indispensable—a fortune able to bear the expense, and a park, or other grounds, favorable to the purpose; and such members as are without these advantages are not expected to give one. A uniform is appointed, which is always (to our knowledge) green, but may vary in minor points according to the caprice of fashion or of taste; and those members who do not appear in it are fined. It is this costume that chiefly imparts the characteristic and beautiful appearance to the scene, which it must be allowed to possess, especially if laid in some wild and romantic park. It is then and there that the lover of antiquity might muse on ancestral times, and fancy that they were again about to return.

Prizes, proportionate to the funds of the society, and as appropriate as the good taste of the directing party can make them, are prepared for the occasion; there being different ones, of course, for the male and female archers. Of themselves alone they are not of any great value, but, by the glory attached to them, they become, like the monarch's glove to Fluehlin, doubly and trebly enhanced in the estimation of those who obtain them.

Every thing being prepared, they who have the direction of affairs give the signal to commence; and we may say with the poet—

Protinus Æneas celeri certare sagittâ
Invitat, qui torte velint, et præmia ponit:

The distance at which the gentlemen shoot is one hundred yards—that of the ladies sixty; and the skill with which the latter frequently acquit themselves shows that Queen Bess was not the only Englishwoman who could “draw a long bow.” Sometimes, during the pastime, the company are enlivened by the music of an attending band. When the sports are ended, the judges declare aloud the names of the winners of the prizes, who

receive them on the field, according to the true principles of chivalry. To prevent any mistake, the arrows of every one should bear some particular mark or motto, that they may be distinguished when in the target; else it would be very difficult, if not sometimes impossible, to declare the victors. The evening is generally concluded by a ball, which need only be mentioned as differing from other balls with respect to the costume of the assembled party; but that circumstance gives to it a very unique and pleasing appearance.

Such are the leading features of a modern Bow meeting. Of course, as in all such out-of-door amusements, much depends upon the weather; but, when that is favorable, it may easily be conceived to be a scene of much pleasure and examination. It moreover possesses the advantage of being one of those morning amusements, of which the gentler sex can partake, without in the slightest degree intruding upon the rules of elegance and strict propriety. Though admirers of the chase ourselves, we quite agree with the poet when he counsels the British fair against—

The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.

But the female archer does not come under the lash of such satire. The ancient Greeks, who well knew what arts of life accorded best with feminine grace and purity, disclaimed not to paint Diana with the quiver upon her shoulder, and the bow in her hand; and Virgil, when describing the magnificence with which Queen Dido was attired for the hunt, tells us that she wore a golden quiver. Indeed, the very act of discharging the arrow from the bow, to be done *properly*, must be done *gracefully*.

The chief natural requisites for shooting well, we should describe to be a quick and steady eye, and a quick and steady hand. The proper position in which the bow should be held and its string drawn back, which cannot well be shown upon paper, having been acquired, art and experience have to instruct the archer, first to point the arrow in a direct line; and secondly, to elevate it according to the distance of the mark, and the strength of the bow. One thing should be most particularly attended to—that the strength of the bow be well adapted to the strength of the arm that has to bend it. It is also essential that the arrow should be drawn to its head with a *steady hand*, which is not likely to be the case if the bow require more strength than the arm can conveniently give; and the consequence of which is, that the shaft is apt to swerve from the direct line and fly unsteadily. On the other hand, if a bow of great power is not beyond the strength of the archer, it is the most effective, as the arrow may then be shot horizontally to a great distance, and is, consequently, sicker to hit the target than when it requires to be much elevated.

Archery, however, is an art, and, like all other arts, requires practice to reach perfection; and thus, while surprise and admiration are often raised by some of the most expert, laughter frequently follows the attempts of the unskilful, who are generally new hands, and who, like the suitors of Penelope, sometimes make sad failures. Let the novice bear in mind the saying of Xenophon—that it was “downright impiety for such as had never learned to ride, to supplicate the Gods for victory in engagements of horse; or for such as had never learned the use of the bow, to ask the superiority at that weapon over those who understood it.”

Of course, the point of an arrow formed merely for amusement, is very differently constructed from such as were used in warfare, but the effect even of the former, when well shot, is such as few unacquainted with it

would be likely to imagine. We remember to have seen one, that, having missed the target, and struck against a strong tin quiver lying near, drove its point right through. Due precautions against accident are therefore needful, but the arrangements are generally so good, that we never heard of the slightest unpleasant circumstance of the kind. Those who are sceptical about the force of an arrow, and we have heard some who are, might soon be undeceived by witnessing it. The effeminate courtier, in the play, may tell Harry Percy that

"but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier—"

We much doubt, however, whether the man who would shrink from the sound of cannon, would have felt at all comfortable had he been controuted by the merry bowmen of old England.

During the last few years these meetings have been much upon the increase. We look upon it as a good omen. Any innocent recreation, tending to encourage good fellowship in a neighbourhood, is beneficial in many respects, but is in none more so than in the opposing influence which it possesses with the gay and inconsiderate, against the fascinations of a continental residence. We would rather see our youth, beauty and chivalry, enjoying themselves upon their native green sward, or shaded by the wide-spreading foliage of the aboriginal oak, than reveling in Parisian saloons, or amidst the midnight carnivals of Italy. Let those who choose decay, as did the partisans of Cromwell, the unoffending amusements of the different orders of society, as immoral and ungodly. We are not of that class, but rather agree with Mr. Burke, when he says that "to make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely," and are unphilosophical enough to believe that those amusements, especially if hallowed by time, are esteemed at a higher rate by the people, and have a happier tendency on the general mind, than sophists, or political economists, may write down in their tablets.

WOLF HUNTING.

(From the *John Bull*.)

BENARES, JAN. 25.—On Friday the 10th instant a pack belonging to the 73d Regt. N. I. met near this station to hunt a bagged wolf. A ball the preceding evening and a review on the same morning had the effect of making the field thinner than usual, however, ten well mounted straight forward riders, "lads of the true, the genuine sort, whose heart and soul are in the sport," appeared at the "Fixture" all sanguine in expectation of sport. Twelve minutes law having been allowed which (considering the length of leg and untiring gallop of a wolf) was by all deemed sufficient, the dogs were laid on and went away with a burning scent, heads up and stems down, at a killing pace for upwards of thirty minutes, when a check, caused by a drove of cattle crossing a dusty road in our front, afforded a moment's breathing space for men and horses. A judicious cast forwards soon set matters right and "hark to Javelin and Doxey," was again the word. It now became pretty evident that the sheep stealer knew his country, and that his point was the ravines of the Ganges still some ten miles distant. The opinions

of the field were various, some supposing we had seen the last of our friends, --others that the honesty of the dogs would carry them up to him before he reached home; these last proved correct, the wolf was viewed while crossing a plain of considerable extent, and at last fell from mere exhaustion when within 300 yards of the tremendous ravines for which he had from the first been making, and when the leading dog was within three yards of his brush. The pack too much blown to kill the varmint (who, tho' prostrate, menaced his pursuers by the show of a very magnificent set of grinders) were whipped off, and preparations made for binding him with the lashes of our hunting whips. The more easily to effect this, a stout gentleman present volunteered to confine the brute's head by placing a foot on his neck, which uncivil attack was resented by a gentle squeeze, having the double effect of spoiling a pair of Begbie and Naim's best boots, and the symmetry of my friend's well turned great toe. The capture being at length effected, and a charpoy procured from a neighbouring village the wolf was sent back to his kennel, and the heads of our tired horses were turned towards home, now 14 miles distant. Our watches showed us, that we had been running one hour and forty minutes, and all agreed in computing the distance as at least 16 miles. On Friday the 21st, the same wolf was again turned down, and ended a bursting run of 50 minutes, by jumping into a well about 10 feet in depth; a deposit of soft mud at the bottom fortunately saved his bones, and a light weight among us, gallantly volunteering for the service, was let down by a rope, and passed a noose over the head of the wolf, by which he was drawn up and secured. He had received no injury from the fall, and still lives to afford further sport; in the interim every care is taken for his comfort; lodged in a roomy kennel he is well fed and no delicacy denied him excepting young children, for which he has a decided penchant, but these, at this uncivilized station, we find it difficult to procure. For the credit of our little pack let me add there is no thorough-bred hound among them, and though, in the first of the runs mentioned, their efforts were assisted by an imported dog belonging to a gentleman present, his honesty, great as it was, only brought him in third, two-half bred dogs leading to the finish. On the last occasion sixteen horsemen appeared in the field, all of whom, tho' the pace was killing and the country in some parts stiff and difficult to get across, were well placed at the end in both runs; some smashing falls were received but no bones broken and up and go it again was the order of the day.

CRICKET MATCH.

The *Indian Register* of 5th February contains an account of a match at Cricket, played on the 2^d, between the Parental and Verulam boys. In the first Innings, the Parental boys beat the opposite party, by 46; the latter being only 24, to the former's 70. In the second Innings, the Parental club were 32, to the Verulam's 29. The game was played by both parties with a great degree of spirit. The play commenced at 3 in the evening, and did not terminate till about half past 5.

SUPREME COURT,—THURSDAY, FEB. 7TH, 1883

WARRANTY OF A HORSE

SHAIK IBRAHIM v. J. G. W. CURTIS.

There was an action to recover Sa. Rs. 600—an amount due for a horse purchased of the plaintiff by the defendant in October last.

The *Advocate General* stated the case for the plaintiff. This was an action to recover Sa. Rs. 600 for a horse sold by plaintiff to Mr. Curtis in October last. The plaintiff was an Arab Merchant in the habit of purchasing horses in the interior and bringing them from time to time, to Calcutta for disposal. The defendant was in the military service, and on the 2nd of October last he went to the stables of Cook and Co., where the plaintiff kept his horses, and selected one he thought would suit his purpose; it was a brown Arab, defendant appeared pleased with the horse, had him walked to and fro to see what were his paces, tried him with a man's saddle, and not being certain for what purpose he might use him, he lent the horse tried with a lady's saddle. On the whole he seemed pleased with the animal and the only point of dispute was the price. The plaintiff asked Sa. Rs. 700, and the defendant offering Sa. Rs. 600. After some little time spent in discussing the matter as to price, the parties agreed to go into Mr. Patton's office and decide by the majority of the decision the defendant should pay Sa. Rs. 700 or Sa. Rs. 600—the lot fell in favour of the defendant. Mr. Curtis then said he should like to have a trial of the horse. The plaintiff very liberally consented. The conditions were that the defendant should have the horse for three days, and if not sent back before the expiration of that period he should be considered the purchaser. The horse was sent to Mr. Curtis at Alipore, and one of Mr. Cook's syces, accompanied with him there for six days, he returned after that time and another syc was put in his room. At the expiration of fourteen days the horse was returned to Calcutta and sent to the military stable where he still remains. The court would perceive there was no deal put on in giving the warranty, no stipulation with regard to the price, and no dispute as to whether the horse was or was not sent to the defendant. Unless there was something in the case which had been concealed from him, he, the *Advocate General* was quite at a loss to know how his friends intended to defend it.

Mr. Joseph Pether, sworn in and called by the *Advocate General* I am a clerk in the service of Mr. John Cook. I recollect the purchase of the horse from plaintiff by defendant. The dealing was conditional, three were thrown whether defendant should pay six hundred or even hundred. I suppose defendant won. The horse was sent to Mr. Curtis's house. I produce the receipt for it, the books in Mr. Skeavington's hand writing, the initials of the signature are the defendant's. Mr. Skeavington was at that time a partner of the firm of Cook and Co. I have not seen the horse since. It was a conditional sale and three days trial allowed.

Cross examined by Mr. Gwyon. Shaik Ibrahim was the seller of the horse. Mr. Skeavington was present at the sale and shewed the horse to the defendant. The sale was not absolute but conditional, three days being allowed for trial. I am not aware of any warranty being given by Mr. Skeavington, no warranty appears in the books. I am not aware of any verbal warranty having been given by Mr. Skeavington. I have sent to inform Mr. Skeavington of this trial coming on to day, but he is not here. Commissions are sometimes charged, and that horse might have been sold on commission. I cannot state on my knowledge that this horse was previously sold to Lieut. Masters. I have heard so. Mr. Skeavington's conduct in that transaction was one of the causes of the dissolution of partnership between him and Mr. Cook. I have heard that Mr. Skeavington bled a horse to death which belonged to Lieut. Masters and that he substituted that horse for this one. There is a horse missing in the yard but I cannot speak of these circumstances on my own knowledge.

Re-examined by Mr. Prinsep. Shaik Ibrahim effected the sale and threw the dice. The sale of a horse to Lieut. Masters has been cancelled in the books of Cook and Co. I do not know that this same horse was sent to Lieut. Masters. I have nothing to do with transactions in the yard, I am in the literary department of the establishment. (laughter.)

Shaik Faze. This witness deposed that he was a syc in the service of Cook and Co and that he delivered the horse to the defendant and remained at the stable with it six days, during which Mr. Curtis rode the horse.

Mr. George Skeavington was called on his subpoena, but did not answer.

Mr. Andrew Wight, attorney for the plaintiff, deposed that Mr. Skeavington had been subpoenaed and was in attendance at the court on the first day that this trial was expected.

to be heard. He had also sent a letter informing him that the trial would come on this day, and that if he did not attend he would be called on his subpoena.

George Skeave proved the delivery of the letter mentioned by Mr. Wight to Mr. Skeavington.

Examined by Mr. Turtton I am in the employ of Mr. Cook. The same horse sold Mr. Curtis had been previously sold to Lieut. Masters, but another horse was substituted and sent to that gentleman. I have heard the substituted horse was bled to death by Mr. Skeavington. Mr. Cook was absent during these transactions. The horse had been sold about a fortnight before to Lieut. Masters.

By the Court This horse was never sent to Lieut. Masters.

Re-examined by Mr. Prinsep It is not usual for the seller of an unsound horse to allow the purchaser three days' trial.

Shak Jessa sworn, examined by Mr. Prinsep I am a horse dealer and was present at the sale of this horse. Defendant did not purchase the horse from Cook and Co. but from the plaintiff. The conditions were three days' trial, and if not approved to return him to the plaintiff; if not returned during that period defendant was the purchaser. The plaintiff did not warrant the horse. I never knew him to warrant a horse he was about to sell. The defendant had looked at the horse on two previous occasions. Cook and Co. received a commission on the sale when it is entered in their books.

Cross examined by Mr. Dirksen I was not present the whole of the time the parties were dealing.

John Cook examined by Mr. Prinsep I was absent when this transaction took place. I never gave a warranty with a horse, when the sale is left to myself I allow the purchaser to satisfy himself. Entries of warranty were not made in the book by Mr. Skeavington; if he examined a horse and gave a warranty he entered for it. A commission was charged in the books for the sale of this horse, but afterwards struck out.

Cross examined by Mr. Turtton The entry was struck out because the plaintiff effected the sale of the horse. I cannot swear that it was done because Skeavington wished to get rid of all responsibility. I believe the entry was struck out by Skeavington's orders. The horse is an unsound horse, putting the hide and shoes out of the question he is not worth one farthing. I might purchase him but it would be for an auction speculation. Horse dealers are not accustomed to tell the truth when they are selling horses; if the horse had three legs to go on it would be a sound horse in Shink Ibrahim's estimation. (Loud I am here.) This horse is not a sound horse, he never was sound since I have seen him. Skeavington must have been aware of his unsoundness. If I had been selling the horse I should have been silent on the subject of his excellencies, and let the purchaser indulge his fancy as he thought proper, but, if questioned on the subject, I should have represented the horse as a sound one.

Re-examined by Mr. Prinsep The plaintiff would consider the horse sound if it had three legs to stand upon. I never knew him to warrant a horse. Forty-eight hours is considered a sufficient time for trial. I think the defendant is sufficiently competent to discover the horse's unsoundness. I was not present at the time the horse was sold to Lieut. Masters; Skeavington and myself disagreed in consequence of that and other transactions.

Mr. Turtton for the Defendant. The learned counsel for the plaintiff had stated that there might be some thing in this case of which he was not aware, and the Court would shortly perceive there was, and that it was one of the most fraudulent transactions ever known even in the annals of horse dealing. In this case the defendant went to the stables of Cook and Co. for the purpose of purchasing a horse, and saw what he conceived a very fine one standing in the stable amongst other horses. Mr. Curtis agreed for the purchase of the horse but had no idea that he was dealing with Shak Ibrahim, as Mr. Skeavington was the person who showed the horse, who described him, who distinctly stated that the horse was unsound, and who spoke of him as being unsound. The horse was to be a sound horse, in which warranty Shak Ibrahim, who was standing near, acquiesced. This would be proved beyond all doubt, and what was still more singular the Court would hear from several assistants in Mr. Cook's stables that this identical horse had been purchased early in the month of October by Lieut. Masters of the cavalry, and might at the time of the second sale have been claimed by him. The horse, however, was never sent to Lieut. Masters, another horse having been substituted by Mr. Skeavington which broke Lieut. Master's buggy and violently was injured, in fact Mr. Skeavington had bled the substituted horse to death for the express purpose of concealing this trans-

action. Thus, the horse, at the time of the transaction with the defendant, was not the plaintiff's property, and consequently he had no right to bring this action. But, without dwelling on this part of the defence, the court would look at the conditions of the sale. Mr. Curtis agreed to take the horse home and try him for some days, at the same time he was warranted to be sound in every respect by Mr. Skewington. On the 27th of October the defendant wrote to the latter person a letter which contained some expressions with reference to the warranty of soundness. He said he had ridden the horse and it appeared rather thick in the wind, and that he had not yet had an opportunity to give him a bushing gallop, but, the latter concluded that still he was of no real service, as you would not him sound. It was pretended by the defendant that the horse's soundness was not one of the conditions of sale, it was Skewington's duty, on the receipt of this letter to have informed the defendant that he did not warrant the soundness. But, being a side all question of the warranty, the court would perceive that there was a point of duty resting on common honesty, as when a party sells a horse, it is sound then, at the same time, knowing it to be unsound it was a palpable gross fraud, consequently the party had no right to do so. The court had heard that truth was not considered necessary in the sale of horses, any one of the witnesses had stated it as his custom, when the horse was unsound to continue himself to silence, but the court would hear that Shalk Ibrahim was a contented witness standing near Mr. Skewington but a further question in that person's warranty. The learned counsel Mr. Pons, put a question whether Mr. Curtis was a competent judge of horses he, Mr. Telford, thought the purchase of an unsound horse was not a proof of judgment, and that the answer given by Mr. Cook was a commendation, such as usually given by that person to a fellow man inquiring his stable, rather than intended as evidence of defendant's knowledge, but whether he was a judge or not was not a material point as in his letter to Skewington he had stated he had not had a proper opportunity for trying the horse. The Court would be of the opinion that it was not an absolute sale but subject to final approval by Mr. Curtis. The horse had not been approved or answered the description of Skewington and that person was the agent to the plaintiff and had not discovered the warranty which defendant could not detect his suspicious, the latter was entitled to a verdict.

Jurat Isak's sworn, examined by Mr. Telford.—I went with the defendant to Cook's stables and he agreed to deliver a brown Arab horse. Mr. Skewington and Shalk Ibrahim were present. The four horses were examined and given their opinion of the soundness of the horse he examined at once very minutely and gave their opinion of the soundness of the horse in every respect. He then ordered a bill of sale to be made out. Mr. Curtis objected and said that he was to have the horse mounted for a few days. Mr. Curtis told Skewington that he never bought a horse without it being warranted by the latter person, perfectly right too. Some conversation passed on the horse sale between Shalk Ibrahim and Mr. Curtis, also between Mr. Skewington and Shalk Ibrahim.

Cross examined by the Advocate General.—It is usual to give a small sum to the person who gives the warranty. If the horse had been examined by Mr. Hughes ten guineas would have been paid.

Mr. Joseph Patton recalled and examined by Mr. Telford.—I was first asked to call of the sale by Mr. Skewington and afterwards by Mr. Cook. I am now able to say whether it was before or after the letter was received from the defendant.

Mr. Joseph Nicholson sworn, examined by Mr. Telford.—I am a Veterinary Surgeon and examined the horse which is the subject of the present action. He is a good; he has two bones spayed, has contracted feet, and is unsound in his work; he is a wind sucker and a high blower. No person who had that horse in their stable could be an aware of his unsoundness. I saw the horse three days after Mr. Curtis had him. I should think he had been spayed six months previous to that period.

Cross examined by the Advocate General.—I told Mr. Curtis that the horse was unsound.

Mr. John Hughes sworn, examined by Mr. Dickens.—The horse was sent to me at the Body Guard stables for examination on the 8th of November, I saw him on the 9th, he had spavins and contracted feet. The spavins must have existed for upwards of three months. If the horse was examined on the 23rd of October the veterinary surgeon must have been aware that he was unsound.

Cross examined by Mr. Prinsep. Cannot say if defendant is a judge of horses. The horse's defects might have been discovered in three days. In all cases the best plan is to employ a veterinary surgeon. (Laughter.)

William Bruce sworn, examined by Mr. Dickens.—I am employed in the stables of Cook and Co. The brown Arab horse had been in the stables for some time previous to the sale. I saw Mr. Skeavington examine him.

Mr. Edward Temple sworn, examined by Mr. Turton. I saw the horse on the 9th of October last. He was spavined. A horse dealer must have discovered it.

The Advocate General replied. After the great variety of matter the court had heard it might be of some importance to call to their recollection the real circumstances of this case and who are the parties in it. Notwithstanding the amusing tale of a previous sale to Lieut. Masters, which sale was unfortunately cancelled before this sale took place, — amusing as that tale was, the court would dismiss it from their recollection and in ascertaining the simple facts would see that Shaik Ibrahim and Mr. Curtis were the only parties concerned. It would appear that Mr. Curtis attended more than once at the livery stables of Mr. Cook and was shown the Arab horse by Shaik Jussen who appeared desirous to sell him. The plaintiff showed the animal and Mr. Curtis examined him himself; he (the Advocate General) should have imagined that a gentleman like Mr. Curtis, being in the army, might have discovered the defects without the aid of a veterinary surgeon. Much had been urged regarding who the plaintiff thought he was dealing with; it was of little importance whether the bargain was effected by Shaik Ibrahim or Mr. Skeavington, but it was sworn by all parties, except Lieut. Isaacs, that the bargain was made between Shaik Ibrahim and Mr. Curtis, the latter confirming it by casting lots whether the price should be £600 or 700. Lieut. Isaacs stated that the horse was pronounced sound by Skeavington, on that point it might be as well to say a few words. Skeavington might, or he might not have received the usual ten rupees for the warranty, and he (the Advocate General) did assert with the greatest confidence that Skeavington's declaration could not possibly affect the plaintiff in the present case; there was no evidence to show that the plaintiff said anything whatever respecting the soundness or unsoundness of the horse. The present action rested entirely on Skeavington, and he (the Advocate General) was not going to deny that the horse had been warranted by that person; but the action did not rest merely on the fact that Skeavington gave a warranty but whether he gave it in the character of an agent for the plaintiff, or in his own capacity of a veterinary surgeon. The court had been told that Mr. Skeavington was treated with as the principal, and that the commission was entered in the books of Cook and Co.; he (the Advocate General) could not for such a circumstance, as it was shewn such a sale and entry could be repudiated by Cook and Co. when they heard that the transaction was likely to come before the court. Lieut. Isaacs further stated that the defendant informed Skeavington that he never purchased horses without a warranty, on which the latter replied 'quite right' — doubtless then the court would infer that Skeavington proceeded to examine the horse by Mr. Curtis's direction, and that as the usual fee of ten rupees was not included in the bill of sale, and that the latter was made out for Sa. Rs 600 only, Skeavington had been employed and been paid for examining the horse by the defendant. That Mr. Curtis so considered appeared sufficiently clear from his subsequent conduct. At the expiration of the three days he had the horse examined by a veterinary surgeon who informed him that the horse was unsound in a variety of ways and yet he did not attempt to return him to the plaintiff. The reason was evident; — he knew he could not return him; he knew that his agreement was at an end; he knew that he had the warranty of a veterinary surgeon for the horse's soundness, that he must pursue that individual, and that he had no remedy from the plaintiff by sending back the horse. The idea of purchasing a horse with an understanding that three day's trial was allowed and returning the animal at the end of fourteen days appeared so postposterous that he would no longer argue on the subject.

The Court in giving judgement for the defendant, observed that the facts proved are as follow; that Skeavington was the agent for the plaintiff; that the horse was unsound at the time of sale, and that Skeavington and the plaintiff were aware of his unsoundness. The plaintiff ought to be bound by all that Skeavington said or did at the time of sale; even the period of time limited for trial would not excuse the plaintiff but on the contrary shew his intention to limit his liability. Defendant was bound to return the horse within a reasonable time. The two questions for consideration are what is a reasonable time, and whether there had been any specific time fixed? The court would give a verdict for the defendant with leave for counsel to move to enter verdict for the plaintiff or for a new trial as advised.

THE ENTALLY SUBSCRIPTION PACK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—You say you will be happy to receive communications on every subject connected with certain interesting divisions of sport, such as the Chase, the Turt, &c. &c. If, therefore, the following be considered worthy of insertion in your Magazine, pray do me the favor to afford it space. You are aware, that the Calcutta Hounds threw off this morning, at Dum-Dum, and you may conclude it is of this gallant pack I am about to speak; but, Sir, you are mistaken. It is to record the performance of another pack, which, I understand, occasionally hunts the home country, that I am induced to trespass on your time and patience. Taking my canter across the open plain towards the Racket Court, where the “out and outers” are more in the habit of drawing long yards than large covers, I heard, as I thought, to the southward of me, a pack of hounds in full cry. Being, in my younger days, fond of the sport, though no great performer in the field, I could not resist the temptation of joining. So, giving the reins to my willing steed, I was carried across the country with astonishing rapidity: I was too late, however, to witness the first run, the gallant fox having been killed near the Fort gate, after a distressing hunt of some minutes. The state of both men and dogs bore sufficient testimony to the severity of the pace, and I heard from one of the Sportsmen, that the “Entally Subscription Pack” had not experienced such a run this season. The early part of the morning, it appears, had been unpropitious; the celebrated drams in the Durumtollah, had been tried without success, and a blank day was, I believe, expected. On reaching the fine turri country, however, to the westward of the Jam Bazar, a challenge from Tinker conveyed the information, that the game was on foot, and at a rate, I understand, that left all but the “good ones,” far behind. After trying in vain to reach the heavy enclosures near the Post Office, Reynard turned short towards the Cocked Hat, where, finding no shelter, (the leading hounds pressing hard,) he went away in a southern direction, and was run into, as I have before observed, near the Fort gate,—the Huntsman and five others, who cleared in gallant style the stone balustrade on the drive, being the only Sportsmen in at the death. While drawing again, I had ample time to cast my eye over 10 or 12 couples of, to my mind, unexceptionable dogs,—not like the Calcutta pack, all of one size and similar countenances—none of your “Wellingtons” and “Hannibals,” as like as two peas. No! here were “Whimper” and “Tinker”—“Slash” and “Dash”—“Lion” and “Tiger,” of all shapes, sizes, and varieties, each possessing such distinctive marks and strange faces, as to preclude the possibility of mistaking or forgetting names. Had such arrangements been attended to, in the Calcutta Hunt, I should, at this moment, have held the situation of Amateur Whipper-in, for which I was, after long trial, pronounced

by the Committee to be totally unfitted, from my inability to distinguish one hound from another, or recollect the name of any excepting "Comedy." I had soon an opportunity of witnessing the way in which these dogs went to work, and I bring it to the notice of the Huntsman of the Calcutta Hounds, with a strong recommendation to him, to train his pack after the same admirable model. On nearing the Ochterlony monument, a favorite throw off I understand, away went Reynard, amidst astounding shouts from the Sportsmen, and away went Lion and Tiger:—away went the pack—not as the Calcutta go, close together, so that a table cloth might cover them, but one after the other, like race horses, taking a sweat—for, as a General of Division would say, in Indian file,—a bitch called Fly leading, and the tail brought up by a marvellously ill-favoured cur, with a sinister expression of countenance, called Sly,—a great favorite with the principal members of the Hunt, from his surprising readiness in taking certain advantages and making short angular cuts, whenever the chase was turned by the leading hound. In this way, Sir, without taking many desperate leaps, and having a nice turf country to cross, was I in at the death of a brace of dog foxes. Hear this, ye "break a neck"—"ride at all" blue collars! From the surprising condition of the pack, I am induced to think highly of the internal management of the Kennel, and I have no hesitation in saying, if the Huntsman shows a continuation of such sport as I witnessed this morning, the Envally Hounds bid fair to surpass the exploits of the Calcutta Pack, even in its most brilliant era.

I remain, Sir, faithfully yours,

Saturday, 23d Feb. 1833.

AN OLD FOX HUNTER.

RULES OF THE COMPANY OF BENGAL ARCHERS.

GENERAL LAWS.

I. and II.—The Company is unlimited in point of numbers, and under the auspices of a Captain-General.

III.—A Council of Management is elected annually on New Year's Day: consisting of a Captain, a Lieutenant, and three Archers with the title of Deacons. The Council elect from their own number a Secretary. Any three Members form a quorum.

IV.—The Captain is absolute in the Field: he is umpire in all disputed cases, and appoints Field-Days and places of Meeting. In conjunction with the Council he is empowered to confer commissions and manage the pecuniary affairs of the Company, rendering an account of the same at the expiration of his command.

V.—In the Captain's absence, the Lieutenant exercises all the authority, and discharges all the duties of his office. In the absence of both from the Field, the senior Archer present takes command.

VI.—The claims of all candidates for admission to be submitted to the Council; but no person is eligible who is not proposed by two members. In granting commissions the Council must be unanimous.

VII.—The Commissions are signed by the Captain-General (if present), the Captain and the Secretary; and bear the seal of the Company. Honorary Commissions are granted to Gentlemen not permanent residents in Calcutta, by the Captain alone, at the written request of two Archers.

VIII.—On Field days, no Archer is permitted to practise who does not appear in costume as fixed by the Council. It is the Secretary's duty to keep musters of the full equipment for general reference.

IX.—Each Archer, on entrance, pays a fee of one Gold mohur for his Commission, and a Gold-mohur half-yearly towards the expenses of the Field.

RULES OF ARCHERY.

AT ROVERS.

I.—Each Archer must shoot with two arrows at each end; and in taking his ground, must enter from the left of the target, and after quitting his arrow, go off by the right, walking round behind the target in coming to his position to shoot his second arrow.

II.—In shooting parties, sides are determined by drawing arrows, the odds to shoot against the evens. In shooting for prizes, the order for shooting is determined in the same manner; and in either case, the shooting is in pairs. When the number on the field is odd, the three last drawn shoot together; and in such case, the last shooter of the even party shoots an extra arrow.

III.—Each Archer, in shooting, may stand in three bow-lengths and a half in front of the target.

IV.—The party whose arrow or arrows shall be nearest the centre of the target (not being *in* the target) counts *one* for each arrow that is nearer than any one of their opponents. And if the one party shall have an arrow or arrows in the target at the same end, each arrow so in the target, he counts *two*. If both parties have an arrow or arrows in the target, the party whose arrow or arrows are nearest the centre or Bull's-eye, count *one* for each that may be so nearest. In shooting for prizes determinable by points, each arrow that hits the target counts *two*.

V.—Every arrow that breaks the front of the canvass is counted a *clout*, whether it has passed through the target or not; and every arrow not a *clout* is measured from its nearest part and is entitled to count, though it may not have stuck in the ground.

VI.—The number of points in a party is five; and at the end of each party, a new one is drawn for, in the manner above provided unless all the shooters agree to the contrary.

AT BUTTS.

I.—The distance is thirty yards, and the mark a circular paste-board card, fixed with a wire or pin bearing a small circular knob, on the top, into close compressed hay, laid in tiers, and cut flat and smooth at the exposed ends. The mark is about four inches in diameter, with a Bull's-eye in the centre, about one inch in diameter.

II.—Each archer shoots with two arrows, and sides and the order of shooting are determined in the same manner as at Rovers.

III.—Each archer in shooting stands immediately in front of the mark, taking his position from the left, and leaving it by the right.

IV.—The party whose arrow or arrows is or are nearest the centre of the card (not being *in* it) counts *one* for each arrow that is more than any of the arrows of the other party. Arrows in the card count precisely as those hitting the target at Rovers; each arrow counting *two* points, if there be more in it of the opposite party; and the nearest arrow or arrows of a side, counting *one* each only, if there be a competing arrow or arrows of the other party.

V.—In shooting for prizes each arrow in the card counts *two*.

VI.—The card must be broken, not merely indented, to entitle an arrow to count or be marked in that class.

VII.—The number of points in a party is five, and at the end of each a new one is drawn for, unless otherwise agreed to by all the shooters.

AT HUNDRED YARDS' PRACTICE.

I.—Each archer shoots with two arrows, and takes his position in the same manner as at Rovers.

II.—Parties also are chosen and the order of shooting determined as at Rovers.

III.—No arrow counts, unless it hit and remain in the bass. Each arrow that hits or breaks the gold circle counts *five*; the red, *four*; the inner white, *three*; the black, *two*; and the outer white and green border, *one*.

IV.—The number of points in a party is *seven*; and in shooting parties, the aggregate number made at one end by the one party is deducted from the number made by the other; the party having the greatest number of points, counting towards the game the points only that he is in excess of the other.

V.—In shooting for prizes, each archer counts according to the points made by him at each end, without deducting those made by the other competitors, as when shooting parties.

VI.—Each archer in shooting must stand immediately in front of the bass, and is not entitled to take *in* or shorten distance as at Rovers.

AT TWO HUNDRED YARDS' PRACTICE.

* The rules are precisely the same as those at Rovers, with the exception of the third rule, which is not allowed at this distance.

PRIZES.

RULES FOR SHOOTING FOR THE SILVER ARROW.

I.—Not less than five archers can compete for this prize.

II.—The distance is the roving distance fixed by the Council.

III.—The number of ends, is eleven, two arrows each end.

IV.—All arrows in the target count two, whether first or second.

V.—The shooter who has the greatest number of points in the eleven ends, wins the arrow.

VI.—The winner is entitled to possession of the arrow, from the day of winning it till the morning of the same day, in the following year, provided he give security for its due restitution to the satisfaction of the Council.

VII.—The winner of the arrow receives two gold mohurs from the funds, to enable him to attach a gold medal to it, bearing his name, crest, motto, and date of winning.

VIII.—If the winner neglect to have the arrow with a medal attached to it restored to the Secretary on the morning of the day appointed for the next competition, he forfeits one gold mohur to the funds.

IX.—The winner of the arrow is not to be at liberty to remove it from Calcutta; but in case of his own departure from the presidency, must restore it to the Secretary. The Company is entitled to the use of the prize on all public occasions of meeting, the Secretary replacing it in possession of the winner, next day.

X.—The ownership of this prize vests in the Company, the right of the winner being but temporary. But if it should cease to be contested for agreeably to the above conditions, during an entire twelve month, the prize with the medals attached to it reverts to the original donor, his heirs, or executors."

RULES FOR SHOOTING FOR THE SILVER BOWL.

Calcutta, 18th January, 1832. This day a Silver Bowl was presented to the Company of Bengal Archers, by James Calder Stewart, Esquire, Agent, Calcutta--to be shot for annually under the following conditions and rules viz:

I.—Not less than five archers can compete for this prize.

II.—The distance is the roving distance fixed by the Council.

III.—The number of ends is eleven, two arrows each end.

IV.—The winner must have four successive ends on the first day's shooting of each year.

V.—On the subsequent days, three successive ends carry the prize.

VI.—The last end or ends of each day, when the prize is not won, lie on record for the next day's shooting.

VII.—If the Bowl is not won by successive ends before the last Saturday of May in any year, it is on that day shot for and gained by points in the same manner as prescribed for the arrow, and the mode of winning stated on the medal.

VIII.—The winner is entitled to possession of the Bowl till the next annual day of shooting for it, provided he gives security for its due restitution to the satisfaction of the Council.

IX.—The winner receives two gold mohurs from the funds, to enable him to attach a gold medal to the Bowl, bearing his name, crest, and motto, and the day and manner of winning it.

X.—The winner must again place the Bowl with the medal attached to it, in the hands of the Secretary before noon of the annual day of shooting for it, under a forfeit of one gold mohur.

XI.—The Bowl was first shot for on the last Saturday of February, and gained. The first day of competition for the following season is to be the last Saturday of November, which is to be the first day of competition for this prize annually in all time thereafter.

XII.—The winner of this prize is not at liberty to remove it from Calcutta; but in case of his own departure from the presidency, must restore it to the Secretary. The Company is entitled to the use of the Bowl on all public occasions of meeting, the Secretary replacing it in the winner's possession next day.

XIII.—The ownership of this prize vests in the Company, the right of the winner being but temporary; but if it should cease to be contested for agreeably to the above conditions, during an entire twelve-month, the prize with the medals attached to it to revert to the original donor, his heirs, or executors.

THE HIGHLAND FOX-HUNTER.

In the summer of 1826, I availed myself of the opportunity, afforded by a vacation at College, to make a tour to the Western Hebrides. My papers contain memoranda of men and things, which I collected on that interesting excursion, and among these I find an etchy sketch of a Highland Fox-Hunter, which I shall endeavour to embody into something worthy of insertion in the *Sporting Magazine*.

I had been resident in the island of ———, for upwards of a month, it was August, and I had joined in the sports of the country on Moor and Flood; grouse shooting and salmon fishing were to be had in abundance, and I had also tried deer stalking with some success. I had, too, been to visit the most interesting places on the island; had penetrated into the wonderful and beautiful labyrinth of Macallisters' cave; had gazed in stricken wonder, on the grand scenery of Cornisk ground, made classical and immortal, by the poet's pen,—and I was, to say truth, beginning to sigh for war and novel excitement, when the subject of the present sketch came to offer it. The sun was sinking behind the Coolin mountains, and each fantastic peak was gilded by his rays. The valleys and low land were already in shade, though it was yet far from nightfall: I was strolling listlessly by the sea shore, in front of my host's dwelling, and in the company of his son, the friend whom I had accompanied to these wild regions; the waters were

still now, and brilliant as a mirror, save where the salmon leapt sportively, on their surface, or where the cormorant disappeared in search of his prey.* There came on the scene, one of the chief characters of a Highland community, next to the Laird, the Munster, and the Schoolmaster—the Brochkar or Fox-hunter.

Ewen Dhu (Black Ewen) was a sturdy little Highlander, whose thews and sinews gave every indication of an ability to undergo fatigue, and to perform feats of activity: there was an elasticity in his step, like the spring of machinery. He was in height, about five feet eight inches, with an eye as sharp as an eagle's; the symmetry of his limbs was conspicuous, for he was dressed in the Highland garb, his being one of the few occupations, for which that dress is admissible among the islands. The kilt, or phulabeg, was of a coarse home made tartan pattern: but the jacket was of the common kilt web, universally worn in that country; across it, was slung a shot belt and powder flask, and over all, a grey shepherd's plaid, such as is worn in the South of Scotland, and such as only a Highlander, could arrange into tasteful drapery. He carried a long single barrell'd gun, with all the grace and ease that usage gives to our most common actions. Such was the outward man of Ewen Dhu, the fox-hunter. A string of dogs, of all sizes and descriptions, followed at his heels; this was the pack of fox hounds. My friend addressed Ewen in the vernacular, and Ewen doffed his blue bonnet with an independent respect, which I have only seen in that country. After a short conversation, that would have broken the jaws of a civilized linguist, I was admitted to the confabulation, and learnt, that Ewen's visit was a professional one. He had a fox housed in a cairn not many miles distant, and having left a guard over it, had come down from the hill side, according to usage, for food for himself and his hungry pack. After some enquiries into the nature of the sport, I proposed, that we should join Ewen upon the hill, which, having been resolved upon, after Ewen took his dram, and had got his rations for himself and his dogs, we set forth to the encounter. The fox's cairn or den, lay several miles up the face of a mountain, called Bhein Nà Cailleach, and we now set a stout heart to a steep brae, to get to the rendezvous. Ewen's agility was here conspicuous, with his gun under one arm and a bag of meal for himself and his dogs, slung across his other shoulder, he absolutely ran up the mountain; we, though in good training of late, were not so expert as our friend the fox-hunter—and panted and blew at a great rate, in our anxiety to reach the spot ere nightfall, the dusk of evening being the most likely time for the fox to break from his hiding place.

At length, we reached the ground, and now commenced the real business of the evening. The place where Reynard had intrenched himself, was indeed a fine Military position. We had got in there that morning, after having been chased by the hounds, and it was only after an abortive attempt to force him from his position, with terriers,

* In keeping with the scene around us, were our passions and feelings, but alas! like that scene too, again and often to be fearfully agitated.

that Ewen had descended to the plains, resolved to besiege him in his strong hold. The mantle of evening was now falling upon hill and low land; and ere I relate what followed at the fox burst, I would fain attempt to describe the grand scenery that our eyes rested upon: ranges of stupendous mountains reared their heads in every direction around us, their tops here and there enveloped in a dim grey cloud, the beautiful bay on which the house we had left, was situated, being apparently at our feet,—its bosom, still and tranquil as a virgin's dream, was studded with hundreds of boats engaged in the herring fishery and now being the hour for throwing their nets, they were moving in busy confusion, appearing as mere specks on the surface of the water. Immediately around us, the scene was a mass of barren desolation. Not a leaf of vegetation was to be seen. Huge masses of rock being piled upon one another, resting in beds of sand on the face of the mountain. These beds were here and there traversed by deep ravines cut by the mountain torrents. Although the scene below was so calm and still, in our eagle's nest flitting and loud gusts of wind swept along at short intervals. But it is true that I should return to my real story. Ewen's first proceeding, on gaining the ground, was to put each of us in a position, where either might get a good shot at the fox, in his anticipated attempt to escape. He then set the small fry of his pack to their work, among the rocky intricacies of the den. They instantly challenged, and the noise and uproar that followed, baffles description. We were, of course, watching intently for an opportunity to get a shot. Ewen flew from crag to crag as the fox changed his position. At last all was silent, and what appeared to us a bad omen, struck our friend in another light, for at that same moment, he made a fearful bound from a point of rock to where his trench-boy was with the large hounds, in leash; on the instant, he freed two or three couples, and had scarcely done so, when we saw him put his gun to his shoulder. It flashed in the pan. The hounds rushed on in full cry, after their enemy; but they had only been let loose on the chance of Ewen's shot taking effect. They sped on, and their music's echo singing among the mountains, was wofth coming so far to hear. We followed the chase, as fast as our legs could carry us, but Ewen outsped us far and soon, we could only hear a distant bay, as a hound challenged, and then Ewen's shrill whistle, calling his dogs from the useless pursuit.

Ewen came back, by times cursing his gun most fervently; but he made sure of getting another chance of shooting his friend, ere the morning broke, for it was ascertained by the person who had watched the cairn during the day, and had stopped up its principal exits, during Ewen's absence, that there was a litter of cubs in the den. We had previously made up our minds to pass the night on the mountain, and to make the most of a pleasant situation, we now sat down over a bottle of whiskey and some bread and cheese, and Ewen's song cheered the hours of night, in their course. It is in such hours and in such scenes, that the heart throbs to its dearest sympathies. I thought of one that was all the world to me, as I lay with my head pillowed on the

hard rock—but my thoughts were sweet, for I knew that she loved me. They have been bitter since on beds of down, and in scenes of comfort; for the oil that lit the lamp of my existence, has melted away.

I was roused from my pleasing reveries, by a twinge from Ewen's sinewy grasp. The morning was breaking in the East; but Ewen's business was not with the beauties that morning was to disclose to us, but to post me where I might get a shot at the enemy ere that morning came. This is the hour, when the fox will usually make his appearance near his cairn. I had not been long in the position, where Ewen had placed me, ere I heard a peculiar kind of bark, on the side of the hill above me. Looking intensely, I could just see an object move between me and the light—I raised my gun and fired. Nought was heard for an instant, but the peals of the echo vibrating from mountain to mountain. Then came the bay of the hounds, with Ewen's voice, urging them forward in pursuit. He passed me like the sweep of the wind; but he had not far to go this time, for the fox, a very large female, was found dead on the shoulder of the hill. We were again set to watch, in case the male fox should make his appearance, but he had not the affectionate feelings of his mate, and we saw him not then.

When the morning fairly broke, we jumped from our watching places, and the pack was uncoupled. We ascended the mountain, till we reached its very summit, and I shall never, while I live, forget the prospect that lay before us. This being the highest mountain of the range, the whole island lay under us, and we could see over it in every direction. To the South, the expanse of the wide ocean lay open to our view, studded as far as the eye could reach, with numerous islands. To the West, we could just see the spread of her bosom over the tops of the mountains. North of us, the landscape in the grasping of land and water, was singularly picturesque—bold headlands, islands, lakes, kyles, and bays, all mingled in beautiful, but natural confusion. To the Eastward, and almost under our feet, lay the peaceful mansion we had quitted the preceding evening. The beautiful bay was still studded with fishing boats, engaged in raising their netts—and the sun was rising over the hills of Lochalsp, spreading his beams of glory over the scene of which I have attempted so feeble a description.

On the very summit of Bhein Na Cailleach, (Anglice, the old woman's mountain,) there is a huge pile of stones raised some six or eight feet. By this pile, of course, there hangs a tale, but we must brush after our fox hunt. What would a Meltonian say, to a hound's challenge, in a situation like this?—but so it was, one of Ewen's hounds did open, and off they went, falling down the hill, on the opposite side that we had ascended; Ewen, quick as lightning, bounded down the other, and we stood to watch the progress of this, singular fox hunt. The hounds were at first considerably at fault, picking their way slowly, losing the scent, now and then recovering it. After this, threading their way for some time, they began, in sporting phrase, to lay to the scent, and they were presently, to use another, going it breast high.

They coursed along the side of the mountain, gradually ascending. At length, we saw the fox before them, and the speed of the pursuing pack was doubled in eagerness. Sweeping the mountain side, they were soon out of our sight, which gave us time to direct our attention to Ewen, for a moment, whom we could barely discern among the mases of grey rock, lurking behind a ledge. Anon the noise of the chase was heard on his side of the mountain, and we saw him ensconce himself more closely in his lurking place. We could now see the fox pushing with every effort, for the goal of fancied safety, with the pack yelling and crashing at his heels. Just as we thought, he might gain his haven, a flash was seen, and the fox, at the same instant, went tumbling over the stones. Almost as soon as the report of Ewen's gun reached us, he was in the jaws of the destroyers. Thus is told, the story of a highland fox hunt. We parted for that morning, with Ewen, whose further business it was, to destroy the cubs, which he succeeded in doing, for they were forced by hunger to appear, and shot in detail.

This was not, however, my last meeting with the active fox hunter. We became sworn friends during the remaining part of my stay on the island, and were often fellow-labourers in the sporting vineyard. Ewen had all the vices and virtues of men of the same pursuits, in other countries, but there was a manly independence about the fellow, mingled with a proper respect for his superiors, that quite won my regard. He was, truth compels me to state, a rake in every sense of the word, the destroyer of the land's game, a whiskey bibber, the robber of woman's fair fame. But these things, bad as they are, most fortunately, carry not their influence so strongly in rural, as in city life, and this is, no doubt, the reason why the dwellers in cities are reputed more wicked than the country folk.

It is not my object, however, to encroach upon the province of Malthus and Sadler, *et hoc genus omne*, by enlightening your readers on the science of political economy, illustrating my arguments by Ewen Dhu. Let me conclude by giving the following extract of a letter received some months ago, from my friends, so often alluded to in the above sketch:—

"My Dear —.—Your friend and favorite Ewen Dhu has sobered down to a very sedate man, but perhaps this change, like most others in human character, is more the effect of chance than of principle. He broke his leg, and thus broke his habit. He is now living on my farm, with a large legally begotten family around him, of children, greyhounds, lurchers, terriers, &c. He often enquires after you, and as a puppy of each breed, human and canine, called by your name."

SKY SCRAPER.

PIERCE EGAN'S BOOK OF SPORTS, AND MIRROR OF LIFE.

Pierce Egan is the very Coryphæus of sport,—at all, at every thing, as Sir Archy says,—a perfect Crichton,—nothing is too lofty for his grasp, nothing too low for his notice. He is not, like ourselves, the mere chronicler of other men's deeds of "high emprise",—the mere parrot of other men's thoughts. He is a *bona fide* member of the worshipful fraternity of sportsmen and "shows how fields were won" because he had ocular demonstration of the achievement, and shared the struggle with the stoutest. Is Tom Rounding in at the death? Pierce Egan is next "in the throng." Does Chisney win the St. Leger? Pierce Egan only loses by a nose. Does Osbaldeston do his trotting match against time?—Barclay accomplish his thousand miles with twenty minutes to spare?—or Field Nicholson give every one the go by in a steeple chase?—Pierce Egan has backed them all at heavy odds. Is Bill Chivers the dragsman of the defiance? Pierce Egan tools the Eclipse. In short there is not a single branch of sport, from the chase of the deer "with hound and horn" to a farthing go at thimble pea, at which our hero does not prove an out and outer. Let a man, however, possess the greatest possible versatility of talent, and the most exquisite and varied taste, there will always be one subject, for which he will have a peculiar *penchant*, and in the practice of which he will always excel. So is it with our brother scribe, Pierce Egan. Spruce as he is in the field, indomitable in the ring, and formidable on the turf, he is not decidedly in his element till he doffs his working day toggery, gets out of his boots and into his slippers, and seizing the grey goose quill or one of Perry's patents, proceeds to record the spirit stirring adventures of the brotherhood by flood and field. Then is Pierce enveloped in a halo of glory, whose refulgence illumines alike the palace and the pot house, the crib of the Suffolk Nimrod, and the attic of the leery cove "vot opens the coach doors." Flinging aside the trammels of Johnsonian verbiage, and disdaining the phraseology of the *sermum pecus*, our hero lexicographizes for himself, and employs a "*patter*" caviare to the uninitiated, but neither inelegant nor inexpressive. His first effort in this line was a work termed "*Boxiana*" in which the rules of the ring and the prowess of Pugilists were fully discussed, and the young idea was taught how to plant *rum uns* between the *chaffer* and the *sneezer*,—*fib* a *chaffing box*, or *dig* the *mauleys* into a *bread basket*. The book, as might be expected from a work treating of the noble art of self defence, took amazingly, and Pierce at once assumed high ground in the sporting world. His second essay "*A Picture of the Fancy*" added to his fame; his third, "*Sporting Anecdotes*," displayed an unrivalled spirit of research; his fourth "*a Revised Edition of Grose's Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar tongue*" diffused a wonderful quantity of knowledge in the *slang* department throughout England; but it was reserved for his fifth production to stamp him the prime Corinthian of the age:—LIFE IN LONDON burst upon the astonished multitude in the summer of 1821, and formed by its *eclat* and benign influence on society a new era in

the history of mankind. Until that glorious epoch MAN had vainly imagined that to eat, to drink, to sleep, to fulfil certain social obligations, to exercise the understanding and employ beneficially the advantages of education, was to *live*, and to live to a good and useful purpose. Vain delusion ! Miserable casuistry ! Execrable imbecility ! Such a state of existence turned out to be mere *vegetation*, and that to *LIVE* in the true sense of the word was to be, *fly—wide awake,—up to snuff—to* know, in short, every move upon the moral and immoral board—to be equally at home in the palace and the *ken*, with “the first gentleman in the realm,” and with Dusty Bob. It is not within the compass of our limits to trace the effects of this extraordinary production on the whole frame of society. Suffice it to say, that from the moment it appeared a large majority of British youth adopted its sound principles and doctrines, and the result has been,—the extinction of the race of Charlies !

“What great events from trifling causes spring !”

After this splendid hit Pierce Egan came out as “one of us”—an Editor,—and laid the foundation for those sporting journals, which now enjoy so enormous a sale in England,—“*Bell's Life in London*” and the “*Weekly Dispatch*.” Since then, we believe he has had a few difficulties to contend with, and has occasionally “turned a corner” to avoid the grab of the bum traps. Nevertheless he has still contrived to hold a place in the literary republic, and during the past year has taken his stand on the “*Book of Sports*,” which heads this article. To attempt to give any particular description of this work would be perfect labor in vain ;—it contains, in fact, every thing past and present in the remotest degree connected with sport, and is embellished with a variety of elaborate wood engravings, striking, humorous and characteristic. To us, the volume is invaluable, is sacred; as necessary indeed to our literary existence as is Coke upon Lyttleton to the Lawyer, the articles of War to the Soldier, or the Sporting Magazine to men of taste and spirit. It,—but why do we talk ? the back of the book gives a summary of its contents unrivalled in comprehensiveness,—unequalled in modesty,—unparalleled in style, *Ex. gr.*

PIERCE EGAN'S
BOOK OF SPORTS
 AND
MIRROR OF LIFE;
 CONTAINING
LOTS
 OF INTERESTING SUBJECTS CALCULATED TO PLEASE
 ALL RANKS IN SOCIETY,
 FROM THE
 SPLENDID MANSION
 DOWN TO THE
 HUMBLE COT.

A BIT OF GOOD TRUTH AND

NO MISTAKE!*Not only a crack book in the market, but nothing like it as to*. **CHEAPNESS!!**

and then follows a dedication to Osbaldeston, the *Atlas of the Sporting World*, and an opening address, which is really a right good "start." The following lines occur in an early page,—we give them as a finisher to this sketch, heartily concurring in the opinion expressed in the last lines.

TO ALL SPORTING COVES. NORTH, EAST, AND SOUTH;

BY ONE FROM THE WEST.

PIERCE EGAN, on the course again,

Another race begins;

And, mounted well, with spur and rein,

Declares that ev'ry nerve he'll strain,

Until the *whip* he wins!

The race he runs is not alone

For *profit*, but for *fame*;

Since, if *each rider had his own*,

To *all the world* would soon be known,

The worth of EGAN'S name!

Some say he rides a *slander* nag,

Whose points and pace bespeak,

That he who *backs* him should not brag

Much of his *speed*—but *much* their *may*—

He'll run them *week* by *week*.

'Tis true his mettle will be tried,

With *prads* high bred and bold,

But, *h!*—their *skins* are scarified,

With *cuts*, so close, no skill can hide

How *dull* they are, and *old*!

Whilst EGAN'S COLT is from a stud

Unrivall'd yet, for strength;

And, let his rivals chew the cud,

In spite of FEEDING, BONE, and BLOOD,

He'll beat them by a *length*.

CRICKET MATCH.

The Cricketing season at the Presidency concluded on the last day in February, with a single Wicket Match between five Members of the Calcutta, and a similar number of the Union Club. The Clubs had, in the previous month, played two games at double Wicket, in both of which, the Calcutta proved victorious; indeed, this Club has not lost a Match since its institution, and with the best eleven it could muster on an emergency, it would prove a formidable antagonist to many clubs in the mother country, always, of course, barring the Marylebone and the professional players. On the present occasion, it fully sustained its reputation, winning by eighty-one runs, a very uncommon score at single Wicket, with five men in the field. The Unionites bowled and fielded as well as their opponents, but were inferior in force of hitting; they had a good safe defence to their Wickets, but seldom ventured to hit away; even, though tempted by an easy ball, they generally appeared content to keep the stumps up without playing for a run.

The following is a statement of the game:—

CALCUTTA CLUB.

<i>First Innings.</i>		<i>Second Innings.</i>	
Waddington,.....	Bowled by Phillips,..... 0	Bowled by Masters,.....	49
J P Grant,.....	Caught by ditto,..... 7	Bowled by Phillips,.....	8
W Judge,.....	Bowled by ditto,..... 8	Caught by Fitzpatrick,.....	7
J. Judge,.....	Caught by ditto,..... 0	Bowled by Phillips,.....	14
J. W Alexander,.....	Bowled by ditto,..... 7	Bowled by Fitzpatrick,.....	3
	<hr/> 29		<hr/> 80
			<hr/> 22
		Total,.....	<hr/> 102

UNION CLUB.

<i>First Innings</i>		<i>Second Innings</i>	
Woolaston,.....	Bowled by Alexander,..... 0	Bowled by Grant,.....	0
Masters,.....	Ditto by ditto,..... 0	Ditto by Alexander,.....	0
Fitzpatrick,.....	Ditto by ditto,..... 0	Ditto by ditto,.....	3
Cooke,.....	Ditto by ditto,..... 6	Ditto by Grant,.....	0
Phillips,.....	Ditto by Waddington,..... 12	Caught by Waddington,.....	0
	<hr/> 18		<hr/> 3
			<hr/> 18
		Total,.....	<hr/> 21

A QUERE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Can you kindly inform a Subscriber whose memory is not of the best, and whose copy of the Racing Calendar has mysteriously disappeared from his library, who won the Derby and Great St. Leger, in 1830? A friend bets, that Priam won the Derby only,—I say he won both.

TURFITE.

TURFITE is wrong—Priam won the Derby, but was second only for the St. Leger, which was carried off by Mr. Beardsworth's Birmingham.—ED.

RURAL SPORTS.

[The following letter appeared in the Calcutta *John Bull* of the 9th January, but is worth transferring to our columns on account of the useful hints it contains.—]

——— *Manet sub Jove fragido*
Venator, tenerum conjugis immo mor ;
Sen visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Sen rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas. HOR.

The Huntsman oft, in sylvan strife,
Endures the cold, forgets his wife,
Whether his hounds with stag in sight,
Strain each nerve to stop its flight ;
Or Marsian Boar encircling snares
Breaks—and at bay enraged appears,
Or Dog sagacious, ranging high,
Draws, foots,—and stands with speaking Eye !

SIR,—Having been from my boyhood remarkably partial to dogs—being also an ardent admirer of Field Sports,—and being further mainly indebted for what share of health I now enjoy, to my elephant, my zaboo, my gun and my dogs,—I am induced to offer the following hints,* the result of seven years constant experience, to my companions of the Trigger, the Cash, and mayhap to those of the Chase ; in the hope, that they will prove beneficial to their delight, and to their pockets, particularly in a climate like this,—and to the comfort, health, and length of life of our faithful and sagacious associates of the canine species.

During the first nine years of my sojourn in these climes, I never was fortunate in preserving my dogs, above a year or two. Ten years ago I was obliged to bend my course to old England, in search of the first of blessings—Health. I owed my restoration principally to the muirs, my gun and my dogs. When I returned therefore three years afterwards, I brought with me several of my four-footed companions : and I commenced the new system of Diet which I offer, and have found it answer perfectly.

I have now eight and a half brace in my Kennel ; principally pointers, and grey hounds ; and I have had seldom less than Ten Brace altogether. All are in fine health, sleek, and fit for work. My system is—I feed twice in the 24 hours, morning and evening, on rice and milk, boiled separately, from six to eight chattacks of each daily, mixed together, and given, half at each meal, to every dog separate in a wooden platter, or bowl : The milk and rice are boiled for each meal, and not the whole quantity at once in the morning, and half left for the evening. I have built a roomy and airy kennel, which is floored, as is a stable, and the dogs are chained two and two to a wooden platform about a foot high from the floor, on which they sleep. I give no straw, unless when a dog is unwell. The dogs are exercised morning and evening, and washed once a week with soap and warm water, carefully dried, and well brushed ; and I look after them assiduously, *myself*. Once a month or so, they get half an ounce of sulphur, pounded and washed, made into a ball with butter. If off their food,

they get a dessert spoonful of common table salt, in a wine glass of warm water, which acts instantaneously as an emetic, and next morning an ounce and a half of castor oil; which I prefer much to aloes, or other purgative, as being incomparably less *irritating*: a point deserving much consideration in the management of dogs, in this country.

When I hunt my dogs,—which I do very severely, six and eight hours in the day, during the months of Nov. 'Dec. Jan. and first half of Feb. I always carry a good supply of cold meat and bread cut up, and give to those ranging, every hour or two hours. The bread or cake, is made of coarse flour, aniseed, and a few eggs; and thus forms a nourishing and stimulating food, highly grateful to the stomach. Before I adopted this plan, my dogs frequently fell down in fits, so severe, that a person, who had not witnessed them often, would have feared for the life of his dog. Bleeding and Physic are almost useless in these cases. The best plan, I *know* from *experience*, is to pour water on the *head*, and a small quantity of brandy and water down the *throat*! The stimulus is what is wanted. I have had two, three, and four, in a fit at once. I think it is Blaine, who notes that the highest bred, are most subject to these fits; and I have observed this to be true. All my dogs recovered, and were fit for use the next day, or at furthest the day after, having had a little castor oil in case of a very severe attack. However, since I have adopted the plan of the meat and bread, I have had none attacked, when properly supplied. I am therefore convinced the attack is occasioned by faintness, from sun, fatigue, and anxiety.

I may hereafter offer a new course of treatment for that baneful disease, the distemper; also a recipe for the mange; and one for a disease, which I have never seen properly described, or its treatment prescribed; though Blaine makes some mention of an illness, something similar to it, which he calls a species of Rheumatism. It consists of an enormous swelling on the neck, immediately behind one of the ears. It baffled all my attempts at first; but I have been completely successful in some recent instances.

Though not a follower of *Hounds* myself, a friend,* a first-rate Sportsman in every line, has assured me of the success of the above system of diet, which he adopted for his pack, after seeing the state of my kennel; substituting, however, bread for the rice, when the dogs were at work: which corresponds to my additional fare of cake and meat, while hunting.

I must not longer trespass on your indulgence now. Although, as I said before, no follower of hounds myself, I am willing, like my Master of the Leash, and particularly of the Trigger, the author of "Field Diversions," to yield to the former the chair of honor. There may they be safely seated, and happy, and tend through wood lands the "resound of hound fleet and horn." I must however be permitted to stand up for my own order, the staunch companions of the Trigger. Their diversion will make, if skilfully pursued, as good a report for health, pleasure, and the *Table*, as any Rural Sport.

Jungle Bhoom, Dec. 21, 1832.

KUNOPHILUS.

THE BARRACKPORE HOUNDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,—As you have requested contributions in the shape of sporting intelligence, I have the pleasure of sending for insertion the following account of a small pack of dogs lately established by one of the corps at Barrackpore. It consists at present of only six couple of imported dogs, but these few during the last three months made several fine runs and afforded some capital sport to those who had the good fortune to be following them.

The country near Barrackpore is not considered, I believe, of the *best description* for Hunting, as the jungles where the Jackalls principally lie are in general very heavy, and enclosed with “*disagreeable banks and unpalatable ditches*,” and good cover is only to be met with at some distance from cantonments. Blank days are therefore not unfrequent, and although none of the runs we have had this year have been such as deserve a detailed account, yet the dogs, when they have been fortunate enough to find, have generally done their work well, and at a pace, which I am afraid would have quickly floored our Half Batta nags, had the dogs not soon run into the varmint.

Our place of meet is frequently at Neelgunge, where the country, I think, is the best in the neighbourhood, and Jackalls are easily found; but the distance from cantonments is rather great, it being almost too far to ride the same horse home you have been hunting all the morning, and few of us can sport a couple.

We sometimes try the open country about Kyrapore Factory, and now and then come on the scent of a stray fellow. Some time ago we had a capital run in that direction with a very large dog Jackall, and had the pleasure of carrying home his Brush. We had tried some small jungle, close to the factory, and were trotting the dogs towards the nullah, when they hit on a scent and went off in full cry; they skirted the nullah for some distance and then turned towards the open country on the left. After about three or three and a half miles smart riding, we sighted the animal with a second Jackall running parallel to him at a few yards’ distance; the latter shortly afterwards took to the right and two couple of the dogs struck off his scent, but by the exertions of the huntsman they were quickly flogged back to the first one, who continued to keep the open, and at a pace which appeared to keep our horses at racing speed.

One of the field, in leaping a bank, unfortunately *lost his cap*, but the pace was too good even to think of it. We were now nearing the Butts when the Jackall finding himself rather pressed, or perhaps not liking to *stand fire*, turned to the right and made for some large sugar cane kates near the front of the Parades, still at a slapping pace, but it would not do, for before he had got half way to the *sugar*, the dogs ran into him, much to the annoyance of his wife (or other relation,) who

kept at a short distance from us, howling in a most piteous way. We would certainly have disputed the right of possession of his or her Brush too; but our field was small, the votes against us, and our friend without the hat was beginning to feel the sun rather hot upon his caput, so we allowed the chief mourner to depart in peace.

As the *Soda Water* season is now approaching, we must, I fancy, confine ourselves to the rearing of ppps, but next cold weather we shall be most glad to see you, Mr. Editor, and any of your Devils at the cover side, should we not at that time be "Ape Hunting"* with the Dutch in Java.

Your's

Barrackpore, March 12, 1833.

SODA WATER.

DISEASES OF THE HORSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—As a well wisher for the success of your spirited publication, allow me to suggest, that it would be rendering a great service to your subscribers, if you could contrive to enlist, as contributors to the *Bengal Sporting Magazine*, certain practitioners of the veterinary art, who would occasionally condescend to favor us with the results of their experience in the treatment of diseases of the Horse, Cattle, &c.

There is, now, no excuse for withholding the valuable information, which is capable of being derived from this source; for, I conclude, the pages of your journal will always be open to such matters of scientific import, as are entitled to investigation and enquiry, provided they are connected with the subjects, to which I am anxious to awaken the attention of those who have the means of enlightening us.

Facts are the most valuable contributions we could have, provided they are derived from practical experience. The nature of epidemic diseases, which occasionally prevail with more or less virulence, in this country, amongst Horses, may be considered a subject of the first importance. I will mention a circumstance which fell within my own knowledge, to show that the treatment of these is but little understood. I happened to be in Calcutta a few months ago, when something like an epidemic broke out, which committed great ravages amongst the horses during the period it prevailed; the symptoms under which the animals laboured, were, for the most part, the same, (only of a generally milder character) as those characterizing the ordinary epidemic attacks which I have occasionally witnessed amongst horses, in the upper provinces. Now, Sir, up the country, we have generally considered the disease to be one of debility, and treated it accordingly,—but in Calcutta, its main feature, was supposed to be the *inflammatory* *acute*, and was, consequently, treated as an inflammation of the first order.

* Vide Hamilton's Gazetteer, "Java."

I will not pretend to determine which the correct view of the subject is, but this I may add, that in the upper provinces, we rarely have occasion to regard it as a serious malady, and beyond this circumstance of the animals being thrown out of condition, no inconvenience results. In Calcutta, however, the deaths were numerous, though, as far as my own observation enabled me to judge, the primary symptoms of the attack were less severe. Some horses, indeed, made their exit so speedily, that the suspicions of many were excited as to the probability of poison (such as croton seeds, *Indigo grass*, &c. &c. &c.) being purposely mixed with their food. Perhaps, the circumstance which I have here briefly related, is sufficient to prove the importance, of collecting all the information we can, on the subject of veterinary medicine. And when it is considered that there are many practitioners in Calcutta, and in various parts of the country, who have the most ample means of witnessing the various diseases to which horses and cattle are subject, it is not unreasonable to hope (having now a channel of communication in the *Bengal Sporting Magazine*) that they will occasionally give to the public the results of their observation, and experience. By so doing, a multitude of valuable facts would eventually be thrown together, from which the most beneficial results might be anticipated, for, as our knowledge improves, as regards the nature of diseases, so does it follow, of necessity, that we acquire a more successful method of treating them.

There are of course, Sir, many other diseases, which particularly demand enquiry. Some of these are peculiar to this country, and with the exception of a few casual notices by some veterinary professors in England, no mention has ever been made of them. Amongst these may be named Kumri, Bursauttee, Worm in the eye of the Horse, &c. &c. &c.

A comparison between the English Farrier and native Nalbund, would furnish ample matter for interesting enquiry, and this might conduct us to a consideration of the comparative prevalence of diseases of the hoof, between this country and England. Many other subjects might be mentioned, but I trust the hints I have already thrown out, will elicit some information, from those of your subscribers who have the means of supplying it.

I remain, your's,

M.

QUOITS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE*.

SIR,—Having on more than one occasion witnessed disputes respecting some of the points in the Game of Quoits, such as how much do you score on Ringing, and how much on striking the Pins? &c. perhaps some of your correspondents can furnish you with the requisite information, or the rules and regulations in full; the publication of which will oblige

Yours,

March 14th, 1833.

D^ysc.

TAPLIN ABRIDGED.

[We offer this abbreviated Lexicon, for the benefit of Novices. If any veteran sportsmen can add the few technicals peculiar to this country, with their explanation, we shall hold ourselves obliged.]

ACCLOYED.—Is almost obsolete, and will be buried in oblivion with the last **FARRIER** of the *old school*. It has been formerly used to signify an injury sustained in the foot by shoeing; as when a nail had swerved from its proper direction, and punctured (or pressed too close upon) the membranous mass so as to occasion lameness, the horse was then said to be “accloyed;” but no well-founded derivation is to be discovered for a term of so much ambiguity.

ACRIMONY.—Is a state of the blood disposed to only *certain* degrees of disease, by the quantity of serum becoming too great for the proportion of crassamentum, with which, in its state of *active fluidity*, it is combined for the purpose of regular circulation, so invariably necessary to the standard of health. **BLOOD**, thus divested of its adhesive property, soon displays in **HORSES** a tendency to what are termed *acrimonious* diseases, originating in, and dependent upon, the impoverished state to which it is reduced. Hence arises a train of trouble and disquietude more vexatious than alarming, more troublesome than expensive; as *cracked heels*; *cutaneous eruptions* of the *dry* and *scurfy* kind; a dingy variegated, *unhealthy* hue of the *coat*; and frequently a seemingly *half-starved* contraction of the **CHEST**. These palpable effects of acrimony in the blood, are produced much more by the penury and indifference of the master, (or the *neglect* of his servant,) than any disposition to disease in the horse. Experience has sufficiently proved, that a sufficient quantity of proper and healthy food is so indispensably requisite for the support of the frame, and every office of the animal economy, that a want of such due supply must be productive of acrimony in a greater or a less degree; to obtund which, and counteract its effects, recourse must be had to alimentary invigorants and antimonial alteratives.

ACTION.—Is a word in constant use with the **SPORTING** world, and horse-dealing fraternity, to express the peculiar property of a horse by his *good* or *bad* action: speaking of him as a subject possessing superior powers, he is called “a horse of exceeding fine action;” meaning it to be understood, he is not to be found fault with; that he is calculated to make a very valuable roadster, “as he trots within himself (that is, with ease to himself) *fourteen* or *fifteen* miles an *hour*,” implying an unequivocal proof of his speed in that pace: that he goes in *high* style, “well above his ground;” meaning, that he lifts his legs light, quick, and freely, without dwelling or *tripping*, so as to be entitled to the degrading appellation of “a daisy cutter,” by going too near, and of course always liable to fall.

AGE.—The age is generally a leading question respecting any horse offered for sale; and this is at all times to be ascertained with more certainty by the state of the **TEETH** than any other means whatever.

When a horse is more than six years old, he is then termed an *aged* horse ; from which time till *seven*, the cavities in his teeth fill up ; and from *seven* to *eight* years old, (varying a little in different subjects) the mark is entirely obliterated, by which his age can no longer be perfectly known. Deprived of this criterion, general observations must be resorted to, upon which only a tolerable (though sometimes an uncertain) opinion may be formed. If the teeth are very long and discoloured, ragged at the edges, with either the upper or lower projecting beyond the other ; the fleshy ridges (called bars) of the upper jaw become smooth and contracted ; the tongue lean and wrinkled at the sides ; the eyes receding from their former prominence, and a hollow and ghastly indentation above the orb ; the knees projecting beyond the shank-bone, and overhanging the fetlock, as well as a knuckling or bending forward of the lower joints behind ; little time need be lost in looking for farther proofs ; old age is approaching very fast. For age by the teeth, see COLT.

ÆGYPTIACUM—Is a well known and long established external application in veterinary practice, and is thus prepared.

Take of verdigrease, finely powdered, five ounces ; honey, fourteen ounces ; the best white wine vinegar, seven ounces ; mix and boil them over a gentle fire to the consistence of treacle or honey.

This article, which has so long passed under the denomination of an ointment, and was so called in the London Dispensatory of the College of Physicians, produces, without any additional process, (but merely by standing, and depositing its sediment,) another name for a part of the same preparation in this way : the grosser parts subsiding, constitute a more substantial consistence at the *bottom*, which is the article termed **ÆGYPTIACUM** : the fluid or thinner part, floating upon the surface, is the mildest in its effect, and called, by medicinal practitioners, **MEL ÆGYPTIACUM**. The property of both (one being a degree stronger than the other, and may be used separately, or shaken together, according to the effect required) is to assist in cleansing inveterate, and long-standing ulcers ; to keep down fungous flesh ; and to promote the sloughing off of such foul and unhealthy parts of the surface, as prevent new granulations from arising to constitute the incarnation necessary to a sound and permanent restoration of parts. They are articles of acknowledged utility, in the hands of judicious and experienced practitioners ; but the furor of folly has sometimes rendered them *medicines of mischief* with those who have never heard, or do not condescend to recollect, the trite but expressive adage, that “ the shoemaker should never go beyond his last.” This is the case when the lower classes of *farriers, smiths, coachmen* and *grooms*, attempt to cure the grease, cracked heels, &c. with the articles described, constituting to a certainty, “ the remedy worse than the disease.”

ALTERATIVES.—Medicines are so called which constitute an effect upon the system, or an alteration in the property of the blood, without any sensible internal or visible external operation.

Of all the classes of medicines, none can be more proper or applicable than alteratives, to those who cannot make it convenient to let their horses undergo a regular routine of purgation at the accustomed seasons; as during the administration of alteratives (mercurials excepted) a horse may go through the same occasional work, and diurnal discipline, as if he was under no course of medicine whatever. The alteratives most deservedly esteemed, are antimony, sulphur, nitre, (in small quantities,) cream of tartar, *Æthiop's* mineral, and Taplin's antimonial alterative powders.

AMBURY, or *Anbury*,—is a complicated excrescence, bearing the appearance of a *warty* wen. Various have been the modes of cure; to prevent an unnecessary enumeration of which, will be to observe, that they may be safely extirpated, and completely cured, by carefully moistening the surface, once in every three or four days, with the *butter* of *antimony*, till they are obliterated, and this will certainly be effected, whatever may be their size or magnitude.

APERTURE;—a term in farriery, applied to the orifice or opening of a tumour or abscess, whether made by Nature, or by perforation with the instrument of the operator: in either case the principal consideration must be, to have it sufficiently large for the transpiration of the offending matter for which the effort was made, if in that respect it is deficient, relief must be obtained from the hand of the VETERINARIAN.

APOPLEXY,—in horses, a paralytic affection of the brain, from too great or sudden flux of blood to the part, too powerful exertions of strength in drawing substances over heavy ground, or some pre-disposing tendency to inflammation.

ARM—of a horse, is so called (though it is properly the fore-thigh) from the elbow immediately under the chest, downwards to the junction at the knee: this should be uniformly strong and muscular, being wide at top, and narrowing proportionally to the bottom: if it is not so, but mostly of a size, it is an evident proof of weakness.

WHAMPOA REGATTA.

We are glad to find that our friends in the Whampoa fleet are keeping up their sports with great spirit. The following account of some recent Races has been handed to us.—We fear, however, that our correspondent must have been, in one of the instances at least, on the losing side; and thus perhaps, not quite an impartial reporter. We hear that some further matches are talked of.

An attempt was made, not long since, to get up a Pigeon match on Danes' Island; but it seems the birds were "up to trap" and not by any means willing to be "made game of" for the amusement of their admiring friends. After a few unsuccessful attempts to poke the birds up with a stick, the match was adjourned *sine die*.

To the Editor.

SIR,—Having read in the *Canton Register*, a very humorous account of the Boat Races, which took place at Whampoa, on the 26th and 27th of last month, perhaps for the further information and amusement of your sporting readers, you will be kind enough to give insertion to the following account, of several matches which arose out of the Races of those two days, and have since been pulled; by doing so oblige,

Sir, Your obedient Servant,

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Saturday, the 3rd November.

A match took place for Sp. Drs. 100, between a boat belonging to the Country Ship "Pascoa," and the "Brown Bess" of the "H. C. Ship Marquis Camden, which terminated in favour of the "Brown Bess," and was won easily. The interest in this race was considerably increased, in consequence of the "Pascoa's" boat having been excluded from the races on the 26th and 27th, by a regulation, "that none but boats, the bona fide property of Company's ships, should be allowed to pull at the Regatta"; and from the circumstance of the "Pascoa's" boat having been lent to the "Lord Lowther", which ship pulled her against her own "Black Joke", (the winning boat of the boom-cutters) whilst training her crew, and pronouncing her to be *no joke*, as she could (it was said) row round the black one with ease. Such an account of her capability, and prowess, no doubt led Captain Morgan to place great dependence on her, who readily offered her as an opponent, and found one in Captain Larkins, and the result of the contest must have been as gratifying to the one, as it was disappointing to the other. The "Pascoa's" boat was manned from the H. C. S. "Lord Lowther", and a very interesting feature in the race, was the way in which the "Brown Bess" was pulled: her crew amounting to 18 in number, rowed with the Chinese oars, and her coxswain was seated in the bow.

Monday, the 5th November.

Two matches were pulled on this day; the first between the "Brown Bess", and the Asia's "Challenger", and from the success of the former on Saturday, and the character the latter gained at the Regatta, great expectations were raised on both sides, and a good race looked for; and so it proved. The course was from the lower part of Junk River, to two launches anchored abreast of each other, a mile and a half nearer Canton. The start was excellent, and throughout every inch of ground(?) was gone over at speed, and contested with the utmost determination on either side, not to give the slightest advantage, or a moment's breathing time to his adversary. It ended in the "Challenger" coming in two, or three lengths ahead. Many dollars are said to have changed owners, but the match we hear was only for Sp. Drs. 100. This race was a fair trial of the speed of the boats, for they were under no restrictions, or limitation, as to the number of oars, or any contrivance which could add to it. The "Brown Bess" used her Chinese oars, which be it understood in a double banked boat are formidable tools,

but reduced her crew to 16, and removed the coxswain aft ; the " Challenger" increased her crew to 16, by adding the two Chinese oars forward.

2nd Match, the 5th November.

The Berwickshire's 4 oared gig " Perseverance" against the Edinburgh's 6 oared " Little Bess." This match was said to have been quite a private one, so that few bets were made. At the starting post however, the knowing ones offered odds freely on the " Bess," but found few takers, and it had been better that the match had been *quite* private, or pulled in the dark, for a more unequal contest never was exhibited. The " Bess" took the lead on starting, and continued throughout increasing her distance from the " Perseverance."

Saturday, the 9th November.

A match between the Orwell's 6 oared gig " Comedy," and the Asia's " Harlequin," manned by Captain Larkins, which was won by the latter in consequence, it was said, of the crew of the former tossing their oars too soon ; thus, to use the phraseology of a dramatic friend of mine, " turning" " Comedy's" chance of winning into " farce," at which " Harlequin" being at home, he took instant advantage of and came in three lengths ahead. The race was an admirable one, the boats being neck to neck, at the moment the " Comedy" tossed her oars, and which they had been throughout.

Monday the 11th November.

In consequence of the " Comedy's" untoward mistake on Saturday, the " Comedy" and " Harlequin" pulled a new race this day, and " Comedy" was the winner by two or three lengths ; other particulars are not known.

A match was also pulled this day, which had been much talked about between the Edinburgh's " Annetté", and the Asia's " Challenger", which ended in the " Annetté" coming in half a length a head. This race has excited a lively interest, and it is said considerable bets were pending, it was made up in consequence of the " Annetté's" supporters saying, that with twelve oars she could beat her former successful antagonist with the same number ; and so it turned out in the above instance ; but the " Annetté" has stripped no laurel from the brows of her rival, nor added to her own credit, for she gained the race by a decided trick. The understanding on the part of the " Challenger" was, that the boats were to pull twelve oars, double-banked, in fact, as they pulled the day of the Regatta. Instead of which, the " Annetté" came to the ground, rowing two single after oars ; thus altering her character as a double-banked 12-oared boat, and acquiring a decided advantage. The single oars were objected to on the part of the " Challenger," but the objection was over-ruled ; and so after a severe struggle, she lost the race by less than half a length.

It has been said, that " Challenger" immediately offered to row again, 11-oars double-bank'd, for Sp. Drs. 100, but the " Annetté" declined ; and has since offered 120 to 100. We know not whether the latter tempting offer has been accepted.

BOMBAY REGATTA.

On Saturday last, at 4 P.M., six small Boats started for the Sweepstakes, the *Bonny Kate* taking the lead, closely followed by the *Haggis* and *Shamrock*; at the red flag a change took place, the *Shamrock* retiring from the contest, and the *Wildfire* taking her place; at the 2nd round, the contest lay between the *Wild fire* and *Kate*, the *Haggis* giving place to the little *Ellen*. The race was won in 1 hr. 29 minutes by the *Bonny Kate*. The *Wild fire* being 2nd, and the *Ellen* 3rd.

At 4 h. 20 m. the larger fleet started, but the *Whiz* having been withdrawn, the *Luxmee* had it all her own way: she led round and won the race without a competitor, the *Hindoo* was the 2nd boat, closely followed by the *Queen Mab* as 3rd.

We understand that a Match between the *Whiz* and a *Fishing Boat* is in contemplation for the next race day: if so, good sport may be expected, one being the crack English Boat, and the other the élite of the native fishing craft.

During the last 2 Races, there has been, unfortunately, very little wind, and in consequence the sport has not been so interesting as it might be, but, as it is intended to continue these races every fortnight, we hope the next time it may be more so. Among so many Yachts belonging to this Harbour, we are surprized none of them join in these aquatic sports; the only one that has entered has been fortunate enough to carry off two prizes, and should any other be inclined to try it's luck we can assure it a "fair field and no favour."—*Gaz. Feb. 6.*

CRICKET AT BAREILLY.

Account of a Cricket Match played at Bareilly, on the 29th January and 1st February, between the Civilians and 3d Local Horse, with Mr. Elliott, of the Moradabad Division, on the one side, and the Station on the other, which was decided in favor of the former by 15 notches, after capital play on both sides.

To make up the 11, two Natives fielded on both sides.

1st Innings.		1st Innings.	
Elliott, 0 bowled Oldfield,.....	0	Wemyss, 3 caught Elliott,.....	3
Kinloch, 1-1 3 bowled Wemyss,.....	5	Beck, 4112111121111124131511121 bowled	42
Meade, 2311212 bowled ditto,.....	12	Kinloch,.....	5
Williams, 111113 bowled Oldfield,.....	8	Oldfield, 31141131344313,.....	33
Forster, 1111311 not out,.....	9	Price, 21211111 caught Kinloch,.....	10
Hunter, 1-1 bowled Wemyss,.....	2	Cade, 311 caught Kinloch,.....	5
D. Timins, 0 caught Humfrey,.....	0	Wade, 212131 bowled Kinloch,.....	10
W. Timins, 0 bowled Wemyss,.....	0	Brittridge, 51 bowled Williams,.....	6
Blair, 0 run out,.....	0	Mainwaring, 0 not out,.....	0
Byes, 14141111.....	14	Humfrey, 1 caught Kinloch,.....	1
	50	Byes, 2-3.....	5
	==		115

2nd Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Elliot, 531211541 bowled Oldfield,.....	23	Wemyss, 2332111131111 bowled Elliot,.....	21
Kinloch, 321413131541521112242253135216....	77	Beck, 1111 bowled Kinloch,.....	4
Moade, 213 bowled Oldfield,.....	6	Oldfield, 1511.....	9
Williams, 0 bowled Wemyss,.....	0	Price, 11211221 caught Club Bearer,.....	11
Forster, 113111341 caught Wemyss,.....	10	Cade, 13 bowled Elliot,.....	4
Hunter, 1-1 not out,.....	2	Wade, 31213211111 not out,.....	20
W. Timms, 0 bowled Oldfield,.....	0	Brittridge, 11 bowled Elliot,.....	2
D. Timms, 4113 bowled ditto,.....	12	Mamwaring, 1 stumped Elliot,.....	1
Blair, 2 caught Cade,.....	2	Humphrey, 111 caught Kinloch,.....	3
Byes, 12121111321.....	16	Byes, none,.....	0
	154		74
	50		115
	154		74
Total,.....	254	Total,.....	189
		The Station losing by 15 notches.	
		[Mer. Obs.]	

CHOWRINGHEE THEATRE.

[As circumstances prevented our being present amongst the audience at the last performance we have trusted to a sporting friend for the following account of the deeds of the Chowringhee Amateurs, which appears to us to be conceived in a proper spirit of indulgence, and to display much critical acumen.]

A crowded and fashionable audience assembled at the doors of the Theatre on the evening of the 11th March to witness the performance of Mr. William Shakspeare's Comedy of *Julius Cæsar*.— On the doors being opened a tremendous rush took place, but owing to the judicious arrangement of the new Deputy Stage manager not more than seven persons were seriously hurt. One of the superintending surgeons was stationed in the Orchestra and with the help of eight cases of surgical instruments contrived to save the lives of three ladies who were pitched over their heads from the back of the boxes to the front seat of the Pit. The tortoise shell comb of one of the fair sufferers was severely fractured, and much damage was done to an elegant set of false curls, which could not have cost less than four rupees and a half.

Deprecating, as we do from the crown of our castors to the sole of our understandings, the infamous practice in vogue amongst the Calcutta Press-gang of severely criticising the humble efforts of obliging Amateurs, we did purpose to restrict our comments to the general character of the performance the other evening, but we feel we should be doing gross injustice to modest merit if we did not notice at some length the manner in which a few of the principal parts were got through and a few of the principal characters delivered.

Brutus, Cassius, Antony, Calpurnia and Cæsar were played much in the usual style of Messrs. Grimstone, Muggins, Hogsflesh, Longshanks, and Sheepbottom, and were deservedly hissed from beginning, to end.

Muggins sported a "Bandanny vipe" the whole evening, to the infinite consternation of the critic of the *India Gazette*, but Caius Cassius, or some one for him, has defended the abuse on the ground of the Romans being accustomed to sport sweat-napkins or *sudaria*. The critic denies the plea put in to justify the use or abuse of the rag, and the case has accordingly been referred to the *Sudor-Adawlut*. We shall report results.

But this is a digression. The curtain rose at eight and Casca entered according to the stage directions bullying the Political Union of Old Rome. We are radicals—regular rads,—we confess it, and we glory in the "soft impeachment." But were we matchless Hunt himself—did we enjoy as high a reputation as O'Connell, or loved the "greasy rascals" as dearly and fondly as Will Cobbett does, we could not have owned any fellowship with the varmint crew which made holiday the other night to "see great Cæsar and rejoice in his triumph." Such a set of breechless rascallions! such a crew of unwashed artisans! such "blocks, such stones, such worse than senseless things!" We thank our stars we were not behind the scenes with a tail to our coat, and a pocket handkerchief (a *sudarium* to wit) within it. The carpenter had the air of what immortal George Cruikshank has dubbed "a gentleman intended for the bar"—the cobbler—but let us not be personal. We repeat,—thank the Fates, our *sheep's head* and *plu k*, our *fogles* and *sneezing coffin*, were beyond the *grab* of that Roman particular "swell mob."

Dismissing the abomination of the earlier part of the play let us direct our critical glim to the part where Cæsar—accompanied by the timid dreamer Calphurnia,—the "master and the reveller"—"the envious"—"the lean and hungry"—"good Trebonius"—"tu Brute" passes on to the course. The fasces, duly borne by the *licked-tars* (as the officers of the *Magicienne* call them) came first, followed by men bearing gilt figures of Jack-asses and poll parrots, and poles with S. P. Q. R. inscribed on them. Asking a friend the meaning of the latter initials, we were informed that they were intended as *cues* for the actors, who, on looking at them, "r to observe their r's and q's if they do not wish to get s'd." Another friend said the letters were prompter's *loca tenentes* and were abridgments of "*speak you are!*" We did not exactly catch the latter idea, as Mathews says, so let it pass;—sufficit, the pageant was magnificent; the music—breathing forth classical airs not unlike "Wer'e a noddin" and "There's nae a luck"—came over our ears like the sweet south upon a bank of radishes. Cæsar halts,—he gives his directions to his better half to touch Anthony during the run for the Prætor sweepstakes, in order that she may secure a little son and heir*;—he then orders them to "set on, and leave no ceremony out." At this moment, a voice from the crowd, called out "seize her!" Julius started and stopped short, and Calphurnia lifted up her garments lest poor puss, who it was supposed was pursued by a pack of terriers, might take refuge where there was best cover. But no feline animal appeared,—no terrier's yell

* A Roman superstition.

disturbed the dignity of the scene. Again, however, the cry issued from the crowd—"seize her!"—when Decius Brutus (admirably played by Smuggleton Popkins) stepped forward, and praying exemption from punishment, suggested that the voice was that of a *pundit* calling out "Cæsar!"—Cæsar smiled, admitted the justice of the observation and desired the humorist to "come from the crowd." A dead silence ensued,—you might have heard the wax drop from the chandeliers over the stage doors (if they had been lighted) you might (for *we* did) have heard the snoring of the bearers without the Theatre walls:—all *hands* compressed their *lips*,—hearts beat with redoubled force,—women fanned themselves with ten fold vehemence. It *was* an anxious moment. At length, the crowd opened, and forth came, with slow and solemn step, a grave, venerable, white bearded, respectably dressed, never-to-be-sufficiently admired, smug little comfortable old gentleman. (On being asked his business he replied with a becoming degree of modesty, and in a tone of solicitude that marked his affection for immortal Julius,— "Cæsar, beware the ides of March"—"the ides of March are come."— Cæsar appeared to disregard the injunction: but with us it was different, for at that moment we remembered the hounds were to throw off at Dum-Dum the following morning and that we had promised to sup with NIM EASR, on the road at nine that very night. We therefore left the Theatre at this interesting juncture and sprung into our drag, so that we are compelled to leave to other and less able pens the conclusion of a critique which must have gone far to establish the fame of the Sporting Magazine.

THE GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES.

[We give the following as the best account that has appeared of the extraordinary race for the Great St. Leger. A good deal of discussion has arisen out of the mischief created by the Ludlow transaction, but we have no room for it in the present number.]

St. Leger Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h ft, for three year olds; colts, 8st 6lb; and fillies, 8st 3lb; St. Leger Course; 72 subs.

Mr. Gully's ch c Margrave, by Muley..... 1

Sir R. Bulkley's b c Birdcatcher, by St. Patrick 2

• The following also started, but were not placed:—

Mr. Powlett's gr f, by Figaro (J. Holmes)

Mr. Skipsey's b c Physician (H Edwards)

Mr. Edmundson's ch c Richmond (R. Johnson)

Lord Kelburne's b c Retainer (G. Nelson)

Lord Siigo's ch c Daxon (Pavis)

Mr. Houldsworth's b c David (Darling)

• Lord Cleveland's ch c Trustee (J. Day)

Mr. Ridsdale's b c Brother to Maria (W. Scott)

PORTRAIT OF MARGRAVE.

WINNER OF THE GREAT ST. LEGER OF 1832.

The annexed outline portrait of the winner of the Great Doncaster St. Leger of 1832 appeared in *Bell's Life in London* of the 23d September, having been taken with Mr. Gully's consent expressly by HERRING the celebrated Animal Painter. Our engraver has made a very accurate copy of the original, and we have no doubt that it will be prized by many of our readers, curious in horse flesh and interested in the affairs of the Turf. It is said by the Editor of *Bell's Life* to give a perfect idea of the "ugly features" of Margrave. He is a remarkably plain horse, with an ugly head, but wearing all the looks of one that can stand wear and tear, and is likely to prove an awkward customer even when pitted against the finest clippers of the day.

PEDIGREE.

Bred in 1829, at Underley, by Mr. Nowell. Got by Muley, dam by Election, out of Fair Helen, by Hambletonian—Helen, by Delpini—Rosalind, by Phenomenon. The dam was bred in the Royal Stud, at Hampton Court, in 1815.

PERFORMANCES.

1831—Won a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft, seven subs, at Stockbridge, beating Eleanor, Revealer, and Nannette; even on Eleanor, and 2 to 1 agst Margrave.—Walked over for a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs each, h ft, four subs. at Winchester.—At Newmarket Second October Meeting, ran second to Emiliana for the Clearwell Stakes.—In the Houghton Meeting, won the Criterion Stakes of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, thirty-six subs, beating Archibald, Kate, Typhon, Landgravine, Kittums, Count Ivon, Scuffle, and filly by Sultan, out of Antiope; 2 to 1 agst Margrave, 5 to 2 agst Archibald, and 3 to 1 agst Fate.

MARGRAVE.



Mr. Richardson's b c Fang (Conelly)
 Mr. S. Fox's br c Julius (Templeman)
 Lord Exeter's b c Byzantium (Arnull)
 Mr. W. Scott's b c Carlton (Garbut)
 Mr. Watt's b f Nitocris (Nicholson)
 Lord Langford's b c Roué (Pavis)
 Mr. Bond's br c Ludlow (Wright).

Betting 5 to 2 agst Retainer, 9 to 2 agst Fang, 8 to 1 agst Brother to Maria, 8 to 1 agst Margrave, 10 to 1 agst Birdcatcher, 10 to 1 agst Byzantium, 15 to 1 agst Physician, 16 to 1 agst Trustec, 15 to 1 agst Nitocris, 20 to 1 agst Julius, and 20 to 1 agst Ludlow. When the jockeys were assembled in the weighing room to receive the customary instructions from Mr. Lockwood, it was discovered that two had weighed for that mischief-making horse, Ludlow—viz, G. Boast, by order of Mr. Bond, and E. Wright, on account of Flintoff, Mr. Beardsworth's trainer, who had retained the horse in his stable, being reported to have backed him, and was determined to have a jockey he could rely upon. An attempt by the other party to shift the jockey was promptly repulsed. After the horses had taken the usual gallop before the Stand, they met at the starting post, and at the word "go," all went off except Ludlow, Physician, and Fang; the second attempt was successful, and was admirably managed. Roué made first running, Mr. Powlett's filly lying second, Carlton third, and Birdcatcher fourth. Trustec, Fang, Retainer, Margrave, Brother to Maria, and Julius lying in a cluster behind. They observed this order of running to the Red House, where some shifting of places and an increase of speed were perceptible. Roué dropped off and Mr. Powlett's filly went "to the fore"—Birdcatcher became second—Julius showed in front for a moment only—Margrave, from about eighth, advanced to the fourth position—and Physician got amongst the leading horses. In a fast-run race the tailing generally begins at the Red House, but the pace was so bad, that none were beaten off till half way between there and the rails, where Ludlow was the first to cry *peccavi*. The crack Newmarket nag, Byzantium, was the next to give up, then Carlton, and Fang immediately after. To return to the Red House—Mr. Powlett's filly kept the lead to the rails where Birdcatcher went up, ran a few strides with her, and beat her at the distance; in the mean time Margrave, who was ridden with extraordinary talent by James Robinson, had been stealing upon them, and no sooner had Birdcatcher shaken off the mare than he discovered a new and more dangerous opponent at his side. Callaway was shaking his horse, while Robinson was gently moving his, till he got up with Birdcatcher. This took place near the Grand Stand, and now the superiority of jockeyship was decisive. Margrave continued to improve his advantage, and won cleverly by about three quarters of a length; Mr. Powlett's filly and Physician came in close together, the filly being third by not more than a head; Richmond was fifth, Retainer, sixth, and Julius seventh. Except a burst at go-

ing off the pace was wretched till after the Red-house, when it increased, and at the rail was very strong. Value of the stakes, 2,205*l*.

The Settling.—The Betting-rooms were crowded on the Wednesday morning for some hours, for the purpose of settling the bets on the Great St. Leger; and we are happy to say, that notwithstanding the unpleasant occurrences that preceded the race, every thing went off smoothly; indeed, a more quiet settling has not been known—there were no wrangles, and not any defaulters. The balances, generally, were trifling, many having, for reasons that may be guessed, made their books as square as possible, to prevent accidents. There are few heavy losers, and a still smaller number of winners, for Margrave's reported lameness last week induced those who had backed him to hedge; the accident alluded to occurred in a trial, in which he hit his leg, and cut it, fortunately without doing serious mischief; it was judged prudent to keep him in the stable for a day or two, and there is little doubt that his being thus kept short of work had a beneficial effect. He is a remarkably plain horse, with an ugly head, but has all the looks of one that can stand wear and tear, and is likely to prove an awkward customer at Newmarket. In point of appearance, Fang and Birdcatcher, eclipsed all the field. The Fang party are stated to be heavy losers. We should add, that Fang completely disappointed the general expectation: he was a long way behind Retainer, and two thirds of a distance from the winning horse at the finish. Mr. Gully, who had supported his horse throughout in a spirited and sportsmanlike manner, is a great winner. Mr. Bland is reported to lose 7,000*l*.

The Doncaster Stakes of 10 sovs each, and 20 sovs added; 3 yrs, 6st 10lb; 4 yrs. 8st; 5 yrs. 8st 9lb; 6 yrs and aged, 9st—two miles, 10 subs.

Lord Cleveland's b h, Emancipation 5 yrs (Lye) 1

Mr. Beardsworth's b c Colwick, 4 yrs 2

Mr. Houldsworth's br c Contest 4 yrs 3

Two to one on Emancipation, who made nearly all the running, and won cleverly by half a length.—*Life in London, Sept. 23.*

RACES TO COME.

HADJEEPORE RACE MEETING 1833.

1st Day ; November.

Plate of 20 G. M. for Maiden Arabs, heats $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile 8st. 7lbs. each entrance 5 G. M. To this plate is joined a sweepstakes of 20 G. M. *h. f.* or 5 G. M. if declared to the Secretary by the 1st October by subscribers in Nov. 1832. If the plate is won by a non-subscriber at 2 heats, the preference of the horse for the stakes, is decided by the place he gets in the 2nd. heat. If at 3 heats by the horse that beats the others twice out of three times.—A subscriber paying forfeit does not pay the 5 G. M. to the plate until he enters as in ordinary cases.—5 Subscribers.

Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. *h. f.* or 5 if declared by the 1st Oct., to close 1st Sept. : for all country bred horses $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 2 years old a feather, 3 years old 7st., 4 years old 8st., 5 years old 8-7, 6 years old 8-11, aged 9st. The owner of the 2nd horse who shall subscribe in Nov. 1832, to receive the 5 G. M. forfeits ; the horse of such subscriber shall be deemed 2nd, even if placed after a horse, not being the property of a subscriber in Nov. 1832. If there be no 2nd horse so entitled and the winner be a subscriber in Nov. 1832 he is to receive the 5 G. M. forfeits, even if he walks over, otherwise the 5 G. M. to go to the race fund.—3 Subscribers.

Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. if declared on or before the 1st of October 1833, for all Arabs, weight for inches,—14 hands to carry 9st.;—2 miles, to close 1st Dec.—3 Subscribers.

Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. with 20 added by the Fund, 15 G. M. forfeit or 5 if declared by the 1st Oct.;—to close 1st Sept. ; for all maiden country bred horses ; $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. 2 years old a feather, 3 years old 7st.-4 years old, 8st., 5 years old, 8-7-6 years old, 8-11, aged 9st. the owner of the second horse who shall subscribe in Nov. 1832, to receive the 5 G. M. forfeits. If there be no 2nd horse so entitled, the 5 G. M. forfeits to go to the fund. If there be one or more subscribers in November the full 20 G. M. will be given, if walked over by a horse of such subscriber ; But no public money will be given to a horse walking over,—the owner of which, did not subscribe to the stakes in November, 1832. 5 Subscribers.

• 2nd Day ; November.

Plate of 20 G. M. for all country bred and Arab horses 14 hands to carry 8-7, give and take,—maidens allowed 5lbs. heats $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, entrance 3 G. M. To this plate is joined a sweepstakes of 20 G. M. upon the same term ; as that to the maiden Arab plate the 1st day. 5 Subscribers.

Ladies and Bachelor's purse for all country bred and Arab horses $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, entrance 5 G. M. Arabs allowed 7lbs. The winner of either the 30 G. M. or 25 G. M. stakes to carry 3lbs. extra, of both 5lbs. 2 years old, a feather, 3 years old, 7-4, 4 years old, 8-4. 5 years old, 8-11, 6 years old 9-1, aged 9-3.

Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. *h. f.* or 5 if declared by the 1st Oct. to close 1st Sept. for all Arabs 8-10 each $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, maidens allowed 7lbs.

the 5 G. M. forfeits subject to the same terms as the 30 G. M. stakes on the 1st day. 5 Subscribers.

Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. *h. f.* with 15 G. M. added, 1 mile, for all colts and fillies purchased of the Honorable Company between 1st June 1832 and 1st Nov. 1833, to be certified by a stud Officer.—Not exceeding 14 hands at the time of purchase 7-12, not exceeding 14 1.—8-2, above 14-1, 8-7. To close the day before the meeting.

3rd Day; November.

Plate of 40 G. M. for all country-bred and Arab horses heats 1½ mile, Maidens allowed 5lbs. Arabs 7lb.—a winner during the meeting not entitled to the 5lbs.—2 years old, a feather, 3 years old, 7-5, 4 years old 8-9, 5 years old, 9-3, 6 years old, 9 7, aged 9-10. The winner with his engagements to be sold for 1500 Rs. if demanded, etc.

Plate of 25 G. M. for all Arab 8-7 each, Maidens allowed 7lbs. 3 miles. To close the day before the meeting—Entrance 10 G. M. *h. f.*

Plate of 10 G. M. for all ponies 1½ mile give and take, 13 hands to carry 8st. entrance 3 G. M. Maidens allowed 5lbs.

Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. with 15 added, 10 G. M. forfeit or 5 if declared by the 1st October to close 1st Sept. for maidens out of mares attached to the Central Stud, whether purchased of the Company or their assignees, 1½ mile, 2 years old, a feather, 3 years old, 7-7, 4 years old, 8-4, 5 years old, 8-11, 6 years old, 9st. *undersized* at the time of purchase from the Company allowed 7lbs. to be certified by a stud Officer. The 5 G. M. forfeits and the 15 G. M. added, subject to the same terms as the 25 G. M. stakes the 1st day. 5 Subscribers.

4th Day; November.

Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. P. P. for all Arabs *bonâ fide* the property of subscribers, 9st. each, maidens allowed 7lbs. two miles; to close 1st Sept. The owner of the 2nd horse who shall subscribe Nov. 1832 to receive 15 G. M. If there be no 2nd horse so entitled the winner to receive all the money. 2 Subscribers.

Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. *h. f.* and 5 if declared on or before the 1st Oct. for all maiden Arabs *bonâ fide* the property of subscribers or their confederates, two miles 8-7 each to close 1st Dec. 5 Subscribers.

Plate of 20 G. M. for all horses that have started during the meeting and have not won, 1½ mile heats to be handicapp'd by the stewards—Gentlemen who name for this plate to pay 1 G. M. for each horse, with 2 G. M. extra for the horse they start.

Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. P. P. for all Arabs *bonâ fide* the property of subscribers, 2 miles give and take, 14 hands to carry 9st, to close 1st Sept. the owner of the 2nd horse, who shall subscribe in Nov. 1832 to receive 15 G. M. if there be no 2nd horse so entitled the winner to receive all the money. 5 Subscribers

Jumping plate of G. M. for all horses—Gentlemen riders about 1 mile, 8 jumps 3 G. M. entrance, under 14 hands 10-7, under 14-2, 11st. under 15 hands 11-7 above 15 hands 12st, half the entrance money to go to the 2nd horse. If 4 or 5 start the last horse to pay the entrance of the 3rd horse, and if more than 5 start the last to pay the entrance of the 3rd and 4th, English horses 1st extra, Cape, and new South Wales, 7lbs.*

E. GWATKIN—Secretary.

SIR WALTER SCOTT—A SPORTSMAN.

“Hush’d is the harp—the Minstrel gone!”

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

“Ἦδε ἡ τελευταῖη, ὧ Ἐχέκραλεις, τῇ εταίρῳ ἡμῶν ἐγενέτο, ἀνδρὸς, ὡς ἡμεῖς φαίμεν ἂν, τῶν τότε ὧν ἐπεῖρα θημεν ἀρίστῃ, καὶ ἄλλως φρονιμώτατῃ καὶ δικαιοτάτῃ.

Plato.

Alas! the “Harp of the North” again hangs mouldering, ‘on the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan’s spring’—for the right hand that erst awoke its mighty chords has forgot its cunning, and the heart whose kindling powers fostered a genius that could fascinate millions by its spell, is cold for ever! What do we not all owe to the great and good man, that has thus, to our irreparable loss, been removed from us! How many of us has he not comforted; into how many care-worn bosoms, has he not poured the healing balm. Well may each of us say in his own beautiful language,

“Much have I owed thy strains on life’s long way
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawn’d wearier day
And bitterer was the grief devour’d alone—
That I outlive such woes, Enchanter! is thine own.”

It is now many years ago, that, walking along the fine promenade of Prince’s street Edinburgh, in company with a friend, the writer of this notice observed a figure *looming* down the street, that, in a way he could not account to himself for, averted his attention. The person alluded to was a tall, stout, broad-shouldered man, apparently bordering on forty, and very lame. On account of this lameness his gait was very remarkable. Imagine a stately ship in a heavy swell, now almost on her beam ends, and now again erect, and you may form some idea of his carriage. As he advanced, I saw almost every person that passed him, touching his hat. My friend took off his, as he made him a bow that might be termed reverential. “Who is that?” I enquired. “Walter Scott!” answered my friend. *Walter Scott!* I never more forcibly felt the electric power of “the magic of a name.” He was even then his country’s pride—even then when “Waverley,” had but begun (as they say in the North) to raise a *sough* as to *who* the author could be; a point by the way respecting which there never was any mistake in Edinburgh “his ain romantic town.” About that time, however, he was most generally known as “the Author of *the Lady of the Lake*.” From that circumstance alone, I am borne out, I conceive, in asserting that it is much the most popular of his poetical works. “Marmion” is grand and spirit stirring—the “*Lay*” is rife with poetry,—“Rokeby” teems with beautiful description and romantic situation—so does “The Lord of the Isles;”—but speaking of popularity in that which is its true sense, and its comprehensive and largest sense,

a feeling and a sympathy that extends from the peasant's cot, to the farmer's steading*, the aristocratic villa, the Baronial castle and the Royal palace, aye extends to each, and affects all alike—with a power and a pathos that go like lightning to the heart, and makes all feel that they are members of one great but kindly family:—in this sense the "*Lady of the Lake*", at the time I write of, was by far the most popular, I believe, of Walter Scott's works.

"Yes," said my friend, putting on his hat, and looking back at his retreating figure, "that is the author of the "*Lady of the Lake*." And I too, looking back through the postern of time long elapsed, may say with a kindred genius to his;

"The beings of the mind are not of clay
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence."——

Here was not only a creator of beings of the mind, but he himself, I might say, had become a being of the mind "essentially immortal." I turned fairly round, and for ten minutes seemed entranced, until my friend at length became impatient and dragged me away. The face and figure of the *Magician* made an impression upon me which I have never forgotten, and I believe never shall until I have shaken off this mortal coil. I cannot define the feeling under which I laboured. To many the appearance of Walter Scott, would give a shock to the *beau idéal*. His dress was common place or rather not remarkable, his person was much the same, but his lameness was not so. In the street *that* first caught the eye, the countenance disappointed you. It was not what you had been prepared to expect in the author of "*Marmion*" and the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*." You looked again—and there was something about the eye—that blue eye that from beneath its shaggy overhanging *mystic* brows spoke volumes—and fixed you like the glittering orbs of the wandering Mariner in Coleridge's sublime, "*Rime*." There was, I say, a something about the eye and the mouth that gave you, as it were, a *coup de soleil* of genius and that haunted you ever after. This may appear extravagant and absurd, but remember that I am only recording my *own* personal and individual impressions, which as they respect one whose "like we ne'er shall look upon again," may not be uninteresting to the readers of "the *Sporting Magazine*."

The next time I beheld the author of "*Waverley*," was within the walls of Parliament House, as the Supreme Court of Judicature of Scotland is called. It was a criminal trial, and I had sauntered idly in among the crowd of spectators. A stalwart figure wearing a flowing black gown, stood up in that area immediately under the bench and leaned over the bar to speak to a friend. It was the same never to be forgotten face! In those days the author of "*Waverley*" was a man of large, and strong, and muscular figure. I now had a full and fair view of his countenance, which ~~was~~ that, in the *en passant* glance of him which I formerly had, rendered impossible. His face in repose had a

* *Scottie*, a farm house and offices.

character of fixed gravity, which to the superficial observer might even appear heaviness. There was a something, however, about the corners of the mouth, and the eyes, that gave a flat contradiction to such an impression, and even fascinated the spectator so that he looked again and again, at the man; and the more he looked, the more irresistible and mysterious came the conviction, that *that* was no common man. Let me endeavour to be a little more definite. I think what struck me most about the great man I have endeavoured thus imperfectly to describe, was a grand simplicity of appearance and manner that gave an impress of decided power. A polished crystal, is a beautiful object, but the vast grey cliff towering over the valley or the sea affects you in a very different way. The one is all angles, and polish, and glitter, and hardness; the other dazzles not, but fills the mind wholly with a lofty and a solemn feeling. You behold the eyrie of the eagle, and the beacon that is seen from afar lifting his beneficent front over the murmuring ocean. No, I never saw such another face. It was indeed the countenance of the Wizard whose spell will continue to be powerful, even, when this generation has been gathered to the dust of their sires. That immense towering forehead, with its (*then*) dark locks combed carelessly and simply down—that vast intellectual field, and those bushy overhanging shaggy brows—and those eloquent eyes; and that kindly, somewhat yeoman-like, countenance,—who can describe it all? Now was it grave—anon, it lighted up, and never was there such a change—but its pervading characteristic was rich, brilliant and joyous humour. His eyes laughed and spoke in a most extraordinary manner, and the spectator, in spite of himself felt inclined to laugh outright, he knew not why, and cared not wherefore. It was the sheer force and irradiation of high and benignant genius, that thus in spite of himself overmastered him. As for me, I forgot every thing but the “Last Minstrel.” At length some one touched his elbow,—some busy body of a writer, such as perhaps may be found pictured in his works,—and his face instantly assumed a plodding, kind of mastiff-like doggedness and common business expression. He was now no longer the “Last Minstrel,” but *Mister* Walter Scott, “clerk of Session” for such was his official designation in that temple of the legal Baal.

The next time I saw Walter Scott, was at the Edinburgh Theatre, which was in those days under the management of as bright an ornament of human nature as of the stage; I mean, Henry Siddons, for whom the Bard of Scotia ever entertained the highest regard. I forget the play, but the after-piece I never, for various reasons, can cease to remember. It was “*The Lady of the Lake*” its first appearance for the season.

The House was not a very full one but became very much so at half price, or more properly speaking at that hour of the evening when the most fashionable had finished their claret. The overture to this pleasing melodrama, consisting of a delightful (at least to the natives) mélange of Scottish airs and tunes,—had nearly ceased, when the door of the box next the stage, on the left hand, opened, and in stepped,

in his own peculiarly unobtrusive manner, the author of "*Waverley*." The house greeted his appearance with a rapturous peal of applause. I never saw a man so taken aback. He was quietly beating time to the music with his hand and nodding his head, when the applause commenced; and he looked up to see what was the occasion of the noise. Every eye in the house was turned upon him, and a friend who was with him in the box, whispered to him. At length a cheering murmur ran through the house, "*Walter Scott*!" "*Bravo for the author of the *Lady of the Lake*!*" The moment that he understood himself to be the object of the sensation throughout the good humoured audience, he came forward to the front seat, and bowed gratefully all round. Again and again in the course of the evening he had to acknowledge a similar compliment, and the mode in which he did so, was simple, and dignified. I have never since seen the *Lady of the Lake* so well got up as respects music, scenery, dresses, decorations, and characters. The scenery was painted from sketches taken on the spot, so that it was like bringing the Arcadian landscape of the Trossachs of Perthshire, by some stroke of enchantment, before the audience. Mrs. H. Siddons, was the Ellen of the evening, and the author in her appeared to view the lovely impersonation of his own poetic dream, and applauded her with enthusiasm. There was a real glow of delight in his face at her admirable performance. Her brother (a man of genius and a most accomplished gentleman) appeared to afford him no less pleasure in the character of red Murdoch. *That* by the way, was one of the best things I ever saw. Murray threw a shade of highland implacability into the character that made you shudder; and his fall from the Alpine bridge over the torrent, when mortally wounded by Fitzjames, was superb—and occasioned at first a deep thrill of silence, as if of terror,—and many fair faces looked unutterable things—after which came peals upon peals of applause. I can scarcely give an idea of the way in which Murray did it, but it was very fine, and he fell backwards towards the audience, from a height into the apparently foaming bed of the cataract, in a way that made your flesh creep.

But why revert to those evanescent glimpses of yore—why recall the days when that genial luminary shed his intellectual rays far and wide, since his disk has disappeared in the dark ocean of Eternity! It is however a consolation to think with Shelley—that:

"The splendors of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not,
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil."

As 'coming events cast their shadows before' so it may be said that there were forebodings of the fall of a mighty one in the land—and that the Swan of our times sang his own requiem: who can *now* look back to that most touching farewell (for so it has—alas and woe!—turned out) which the author of "*Waverley*" took of his readers in the preface to his last work—*Count Robert of Paris*—and not feel a pang of grief? Look again, Reader, at that apologetic preface of a great mind waning

in its power—consider that the hand of the Enchanter trembled as it held the pen—recollect that he was about to flee from the land of his love and of his pride, in search of that which it pleased the great Master of us all he should never recover again,—health and strength: remember all this and the many hours and days of innocent and instructive entertainment that the author of “Waverley”—has given thee; aye, and the care worn thoughts that he has blighted to thee, and the sadness of which he has beguiled thee. Think of this—and if it bring not moisture into thine eyes why then thou art a greater philosopher than I can boast of being. From the moment I read that work and its preface, I feared for our Wizard. There was something equally pathetic and prophetic in the tone of that valedictory appeal. It reminded me strongly of the closing lines of Byron’s immortal pilgrimage, an ominous closing of a strain that never was resumed.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
Has died into an echo—it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ.—
Would it were worthier! but I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and low.

Oh what a master spirit has been called from this sphere to another where virtue and goodness like his have their reward!—Great and beneficial was the example he has left in the history of his own conduct and career to men of genius. Too often has it been matter of reproach that men of genius have abused their extraordinary gifts. It was not so with Sir Walter Scott. He ever used his talent as one who knew well that he had to account for it. The tendency of his works is ever beneficent,—the moral always impressive and just. We know of no works of imagination that we would sooner see in the hands of the young, or from the perusal of which they are more likely to rise wiser and better men. What service has not Sir Walter Scott conferred on mankind!—for to say nothing of those weary and desolate ones to whom his works were like a star in the dark night, —and those thoughtless ones whom he has made pause to reflect that vice and crime assuredly meet their reward even in this terrestrial state—and “that there is another and a better world”: how many there have been, and are, to whom his genius has been as a mine of wealth and his works an Emporium of ever active and remunerative labour? Let us never hear again then of the presumptuous cant of political Economists who class authors among the non productive classes! But what is peculiarly the glory of Sir Walter Scott is the good feeling that distinguished him as an author. Who that has ever engaged in the vexing and thorny pursuits of literature or passed through the fiery furnace of authorship, has emerged from either so unscathed, so whole, and so sweet in all the charities and amenities of life as Sir Walter Scott?

But we are not called upon here to enlarge upon his merits as a general author, nor are we vain enough to presume that we are fitted for

such a task. No—no—to do justice to the Northern Shakespeare and Ariosto (for he was an amalgamation of both) would require powers that we cannot bring to the subject, even if its introduction in such a large point of view were suited to our pages, which it certainly is not. Separating ourselves entirely then from Sir Walter's general literary and poetical character, we beg only and that in a very desultory and sportsman-like (not *sportive*, for that would not be suitable,) manner, to refer to him as a *Sportsman*—a character more prominent throughout his works than the cursory reader may be aware of. Sir Walter as a poet, a patriot, a politician, a polemic, an author, a novelist, we leave to others—but Sir Walter as a *Sportsman* we hold to be our peculiar property, and ~~second~~ not even to the illustrious deer-stalker to overtake whom “panting time toils after him in vain.”

His works teem with the feeling of the sportsman, and with fine descriptive snatches of sport. Take for instance this one from the introduction to the second Canto of Marmion, where an old Thorn tree is supposed to relate how days of yore sped in the “woods and wilds” about him.

“Here in my shade,” methinks he’d say
 “The mighty stag at noontide lay.
 The wolf I’ve seen, a fiercer game
 (The neighbouring dingle bears his name)
 With *lurching* step around me prowled,
 And stop against the moon to howl;
 The mountain bear, on battle set,
 His *tusks upon my stem would whet*;
 While doe and roe, and red deer good
 Have bounded by through gay green wood
 Then oft from Newark’s ivy tower,
 Saluted a Scottish monarch’s power
 A thousand vassals mustered round,
 With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound:
 And I might see the youth intent,
 Guard every pass with cross-bow bent;
 And through the brake the rangers stalk,
 And falconers hold the ready hawk;
 And foresters in green wood trim
 Lead in the leash the gaze-hounds grim.
 Attentive, as the bratchets* bay
 From the dark covert drove the prey,
 To slip them as he broke away.
 The startled quarry bounds amain,
 As fast the gallant grey-hounds strain:
Whistles the arrow from the bow,
Answers the harquebus below;
While all the rocking hills reply,
To hoof-clang, hound, and hunters cry
And bugles ringing lightsomely.”

If ever words were echo to the sense, it is in these concluding lines, where the ear, as it were, catches the sylvan chorus of clattering hoof-clang, baying hounds, the huntsmen shouting and the ringing of horns. The Poet then passes on to his own and his friend’s humbler sport.

* Slow Hound.

"Though small our pomp, and mean our game,
 Our mirth, dear Marriot, was the same.
 Remember'st thou my grey-hounds true ?
 O'erholt, or hill, there never flew,
 From slip, or leash, there never sprung
 More fleet of foot, and sure of fang,
 Nor dull between each merry chase
 Passed by the intermitted space
 For we had fair resource in store,
 In Classic, and in Gothic lore :

We dwell the more on these because they are personal to the man—who but a sportsman too would give the following character to a winter's day ?

When dark December glooms the day,
 And takes our *Autumn joys* away ;
 When short and scant the sun-beam throws,
 Upon the weary waste of snows,
 A cold and profitless reward,
 Like patron on a needy bard,
 When *sylvan occupations* done,
 And *o'er the chimney rests the gun*,
 And hang in idle trophy, near,
 The *game pouch*, fishing rod and spear
 When *wing* *terrier* rough and grim,
 And grey hound with his length of limb,
 And pointer, now employed no more ;
Cumber *our parlour's narrow floor*.*

The last line is very characteristic. Mark reader—the poor dogs are not condemned to the kennel all day, or to the care of some unceling manial, but you behold the author of *Waverley* with his dumb friends around him on the parlour floor. But even in alluding to a Christmas feast of the olden time, the sportsman, as it were, unconsciously betrays himself.

"Then was brought in the lusty brawn
 By old blue-coated serving man ;
 Then the grun boar's-head frowned on high,
 Crested with bays and rosemary.
 Well can the green-garbed ranger tell
 How, when, and where, the monster fell ;
 What days before his death he tore
 And all the baiting of the boar."

Independent of various allusions to sport in all its varieties throughout Scott's works, we have an animated and fine description of no less than four grand hunts, viz. a stag hunt,† a fox hunt,§ a boar hunt|| and a whale hunt.¶ What can be finer than the description of the chase in the *Lady of the Lake*,—what more spirited or graphic ? You behold the wild Trossachs stretched out before you,—the glens and fells, the lakes and mountains,—you hear the rushing of the deer in the greenwood,—you have a glimpse first at the beautiful animal drinking "where danced the moon on Monan's rill"—and now he makes his lair "in lone Glenartney's hazel shade :—" but list to the 'clanging hoof and horn'!—you however are not the only listner that take a deep interest in the sound. Beheld you not—

* *Marmion* Int. to Canto V.

† *Marmion* Int. to Canto VI.

‡ In *Waverley*.

§ In *Guy Mannering*.

|| In *Quentin Durward*.

¶ In *The Pirate*.

*“The antler’d monarch of the waste
 Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
 But ere his fleet career he took
 The dew drops from his flanks he shook ;
 Like crested leader proud and high
 Tossed his beamed frontet to the sky
 A moment gaz’d adown the dale
 A moment snuff’d the taint’d gale
 A moment listened to the cry,
 That thickened as the chace drew nigh ;
 Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
 With one brave bound the copse he cleared
 And stretching forward, free and far,
 Sought the wild heath’s of Uam Var.*

The whole chace is beautifully described in all its stages ;—at length, as ever happens, many tighten their reins in despair, and one cavalier only holds stoutly on determined to be in at the death.

Alone, but with unabated zeal
 That horseman plied the scourge and steel
 For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
 While every gasp with sobs he drew
 The labouring stag strained toll in view.
 Two dogs of black Saint Hubert’s breed
 Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
 Fast on his flying traces came, &c.

Neither can we forbear to extract a no less admirable description of a stag hunting in prose ;—we mean that in “ Waverley,” which cannot fail to remind the reader of an East Indian *Hankwah*.

“ At length, the period fixed for the grand hunting arrived, and Waverley and the Chieftain departed for the place of rendezvous. Fergus was attended on this occasion by about three hundred of his clan, well armed and accoutred in their best fashion.”

This and the rest of the description will suit the latitude of Ramghur as well as that of Glenmaquoich --and the identity of the *Trachel* with the Indian *Hankwah* is another link in the chain of proofs that the Celts had an oriental origin.

“ They found on the spot appointed, several powerful Chiefs, to all of whom Waverley was formally presented, and by all cordially received. Then vassals and clansmen a part of whose feudal duty it was to attend upon such parties, appeared in such numbers as amounted to a small army. These active assistants spread through the entry far and near, forming a circle, technically called the *trachel* which gradually closing, drove the deer in herds together towards the glen where the Chiefs and principal sportsmen lay in wait for them.

At length signals of the approach of the game were descried and heard. Distant shouts resounded from valley to valley, as the various parties of Highlanders, climbing rocks, struggling through coppes, wading brooks, and traversing thickets approached more and more near to each other, and compelled the astonished deer with the other wild animals that fled before them, into a narrower circuit. Every now and then the report of muskets was heard, repeated by a thousand echoes. The baying of the dogs was soon added to the chorus, which grew ever louder and more loud. At length the advanced

But now the main body of the deer appeared at the head of the glen, compelled into a very narrow compass, and presenting such a formidable phalanx, that their antlers appeared at a distance over the ridge of the steep pass like a leafless grove. Their number was very great, and from the desperate stand which they made, with the tallest on the red-deer stag, arranged in front, in a sort of battle array, gazing on the group which barred their passage down the glen, the more experienced sportsmen began to augur danger. The work of destruction, however, now commenced on all sides. Dogs and hunters were at

work, and muskets and fuses resounded from every quarter. The deer, driven to desperation, made at length a fearful charge right upon the spot where the more distinguished sportsmen had taken their stand.

We had intended to have given extracts from the other hunting scenes but find that we have already trenched on the limits of our subject. Not only does Sir Walter in his works, refer to sport in all its varieties but sundry little traits are observable of the genuine Sportsman—and none more beautiful than those that relate to horses and dogs. What exquisite creatures they become in his hands! He has done more for the suppression of cruelty to animals than Mr. Martin's act—and not only is it a favorite axiom with him, but one evidently on which he conscientiously acted, that *the merciful man is merciful to his beast.*

The meanest brute has rights to plead
Which wrong'd by cruelty or pride
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head.*

What, for instance, can be more natural than the knight of Snow-doun's feelings over his dying steed.

"Then touched with pity and remorse
He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse
"Noble thought when first thy rein
I slack'd upon the banks of Seine,
That light and eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs my gallant steed,
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day
That costs thy life my gallant grey!"

With what an interest does he invest Sir Kenneth's hound in his 'Tales of the Crusaders'! But to dilate upon this point is superfluous. Every reader will recall passages, that strongly demonstrate the kindly and comparisonable sympathies that a good man holds with all nature's creatures, on which he looks as brother denizens of this lower world, acquiring their love and confidence; in the spirit of which he becomes a *true* interpreter of their looks, their movements and actions, elevating them in the scale of the all bountiful creator, and also exalting his mind while thus softening their hearts, and proving that the strongest link between the rational and irrational world (if the latter be not an improper term coined by man in his pride) is love and kindness!

To all that lived and breathed the breath of life, Sir Walter Scott was kindness itself. When ever existed a man having such high intellectual pretensions with less *pretence*,—of such unlimited influence in the intellectual world, who bore his faculties so meekly, so inoffensively, and yet so sociably, so neighbourly, so frankly, and with such true dignity! Again must we be indebted to his own muse for fitting words to serve as his epitaph,

"Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound,
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below*."

Truly has it been observed, that he requires no monument. The mountains, and the valleys, and the bays, and the streams of his native land will henceforth be his monument, for he has rendered them celebrated and glorious, and associated his name so entirely with them, that the one will be renowned as long as these stand upon the visible foundations of time. His works will be his monument in every country where they are appreciated which comprises all where the European languages are spoken and understood, for his is an European reputation. Shall *we*, however, who wander far from the sacred spot, that holds his dust—shall we shew ourselves such recreants to the sublime claims of genius, and to gratitude for the never to be forgotten boons conferred by it?—shall we shew ourselves insensible to the obligations, that we owe to that mighty and philanthropic intellect? shall we add no stone to his cairn? shall we not honour ourselves by proving, that we venerate the divinity of mind in its most exquisite emanations? shall we in short be solitary in casting no garland on his hearse, in consecrating nothing to his honored, revered, and beloved name? We cannot believe it! The times are unpropitious, but nevertheless we will prove to the world, that the good which men do is not always interred with their bones, and that *we* at least have not forgotten how great a debt we owe to the author of *Waverley*.

In the last production of the pen of Robert Burns addressed to his friend Mrs. Dunlop the dying bard observes:

“Your friendship, with which for many years you honoured me, was a friendship dearest to my soul. Your conversation, and especially your correspondence were highly entertaining and instructive. With what pleasure did I use to break up the seal! The remembrance yet adds one pulse more to my poor palpitating heart. Farewell!”

Do not our readers anticipate us and apply this passage to him whom erst we delighted to honour as the *Great Unknown*? As sure as the half year, or the year came round, we considered it as our *right* to receive a new novel from his hand, each more delightful if possible than its precursor;—nor were we disappointed. With what pleasure indeed did we use to cut the leaves! With what cordial sincerity, as we finished each masterly production of that singularly gifted man, were we wont to aspirate “God bless him—and grant him long life!” Alas! alas! that is now past praying for—

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer dried fountain
When our need was the sorest.
The first re-appearing
From the rain drops shall borrow
But to us comes no cheering
To *him* comes no morrow!

And yet he died not old, for though his ‘grey hairs were as a crown of righteousness’—yet fell he not—‘like a shock of corn in his season’ toil—toil—toil, such was his doom to the last, and shall we ‘the sons of little men’—murmur because, forsooth, our insignificant lives are clogged with the universal condition from which even the most gifted

are not exempt, to earn our bread with the sweat of our brow? No, no, he who exerts his energies actively and beneficently through life fulfils the end of his being, and he who dies at his post dies gloriously.

"Vita, si scias uti, longa est. In vero soli uti sciunt, qui sapientiae vacant. Vivere hominum non est, sed bene vivere. Itaque non, ut diu vivamus, curandum est, sed bene. Longa est vita si plena est. Quid hominem jurant octoginta anni per mercedem exacti? sapienter et fortiter tactis metimur cuiusque Vitam, non tempore. Laudamus et in numero felicium reponamus eum cui quantulumcunque temporis contigit bene collocatum est.

[Seneca.]

ALBINUS HATHERBY.

Chowringhee, March 20, 1833.

MAIDEN EFFORTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Hearing that you are rather hard up in the Poetry Line, I send you a few of what I call my "Effusions" which I am certain you will admire. They tell me that the only two things necessary to make 'bang up' poetry are *Rhyme* and *Reason*; now if they 'ant gloriously jammed together here, my name is not Figgins—that's all. I am going a journey up to the top of Parnassus but have only got a little way up as yet.

Your's,

PHOSOPHORÆO FIGGINS.

SORRY SONNETS.

NO. I.—TO MY CIGAR.

Scene—Room on first floor Barracks, Fort William.

British Ensign of Native Infantry Jaquiter—Oh! Doctor, I've been all I dont know how for a confounded long time, send me some Pills will you?

Assistant Surgeon Native Infantry—I tell you what it is young man, if you dont give up Cheroots, you'll give up the ghost, they'll be the death of you.

—————"How soon the smoke
Of (Backy?) shall pull them in a deeper cloak?"
Don Juan, Canto VII, Sta LXXXVI.

My poor Cigar! and art thou fallen so low?
No blustering medicos thy powers revile
Swear that to health, thou art a deep sworn foe.
That thou incitest headaches, stir'st up bile
And play'st the very devil with the nerves? oh! no,
It must not, shall not, cannot sure be thou—
Solace of sorrow,—sharer of my woe
Who didst when cares sat heavy on my brow,
Smother in smoke reflections vain, and sad,—
If "written troubles from the brain you'd root
Out," (and Brandy is not to be had)
There's naught beneath the sun like a cheroot,
Havannah, Chimsurah, or Manilla—still
Tobacco is the cure for every ill.

SONNET II.

*Recite.—Tiffin ! Tiffin !—&c**Macbeth—Act III—Scene I.**Khudnutgar—Khodavund . tiffin tiffin—**Life in Chivren hie*

Oh Bass ! Oh Alsop ! and oh Hudson ! Oh !
 When midday's joyous chimes have struck at last
 And Beefsteak, hash, or stew, or haricot
 Or fowls, or ducks, small patties and pies vast
 Are smiling, smoking 'neath our ardent gaze,—
 When Breakfast, like great deeds long done and past,
 Is matter now, and food, for History—oh !
 Enliven with thy genial warmth and rays
 Thou Sunshine of the Stomach ! us who kneel
 In speechless praise of thy enchanting pow'r
 Acknowledging the reverence we feel
 (Always provided that thou art not sour.)
 Trimmings of the cellar even combined ye are
 The sweetest solace to a Life in India.*

SONNET III.

*"Is that a (red coat) that I see before me?"—Macbeth—or Melton.**Hark, follow Hark, follow Hark, follow Hark, &c.—Der Freischütz.*

Pink of excellence ! as on thee I gaze
 Each *stain* upon thee serves me to recall
 Some *muddy spot* in memory's waste which is
Ridiculous of steeds, Browns, Greys and Bays
 Of horn, hound, halloo, whop, spur, boots and breeches
 And 'members me of many a *collegiate* hall
 Which my poor *limbs sustained* on yest' days
 In many a gallant chase as on we sped
 Fearless of Fate, ditch destiny, mudwall, —
 Thus for our motto, 'frankly m'lt' hide !'
 I e'er stop to look if ditch or *mudwall* wide is
 But 'shove 'em along' *accounted in a c'at red*
 With light blue collar and adown the front
 Some few gilt butt ms, stamped, *Ca. Cutta Hunt* !

PHOSCOPHORNIO FIGGINS.

JOOMKU-KEL ALIAS HARE POACHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Sir,—Having been lately on a sporting excursion among the Chunar Hills, I was there initiated in a very novel and somewhat ludicrous method of shooting by surprise, at the dead of night, poor unfortunate puss.—I will attempt a description of the process. It strikes me as having at least novelty to recommend it, for altho' I have wandered over most parts of our Provinces in India with my gun, I never recollect having heard of it before.

The Natives term it Joomku-kêl, which is as follows:—A Tattie about 5 by 4 feet, well smeared with mud is suspended near the top or the centre of a pole—on one end of the pole in front is a Ghurra, broken at the mouth, and enlarged to hold a blazing fire of wood or

* Cosknice, we presume, "Indiar"—Ed.

charcoal. At the other end of the pole is a basket containing wood as provender for the fire. The whole is carried on the shoulders of a man. Another man on his right, with his left arm thrown over his comrade's shoulder, so as to keep close and in shade of the Tattie, carries in his right hand two large non fluted rings, on which ten or a dozen smaller rings run up and down and cause a jingling noise. The sportsmen (or rather poachers) with their guns ready for service bring up the rear, taking care to keep well in the shade of the Tattie. Thus, they all proceed to the ploughed fields of wheat, &c. in which the Hares graze at night, the fire being well fed, which illuminates the ground in front to the extent of 20 or 30 yards, and the moment the Natives observe a Hare, they immediately accelerate their pace to the double quick ;—jingle, jingle go the rings at a furious rate, the light is thrown strongly on poor puss, which, with the jingling noise, perfectly distracts the poor animal, and almost verifies the current report of the rattlesnake's powers of fascination over all animals in its vicinity, for the Hare is seen endeavouring to sneak off, and yet appearing to observe the strange phenomenon approaching it, by which its pace is so slow, that you get a splendid shot.

But it must be well borne in mind never to get out of the shade of the Tattie. The moment you expose yourself, the Hare becomes aware of her danger and takes to her full speed, which of course carries her instantly out of view. Therefore, when you see the men start off at the double pace, which they do, without breathing a syllable you must follow at the same rate, keeping your position (as they wind to the right, or left according to the Hare's course, striving to throw the light full on it) well in the shade of the Tattie, and even should you have to run 50 or 100 yards in this way you must not be eager nor expose yourself, and you will certainly be rewarded by a fair shot, and will have but to reproach yourself, should you fail in flooring puss.

It is needless to mention that not a syllable should be spoken when engaged in these excursions or sports, the Hare being naturally so timorous as to take instant alarm at any noise, particularly at such usually silent hours :—one, or at most two sportsmen or poachers are sufficient, as a greater number necessarily adds to the noise and trampling of feet. When I was out, our party consisted of 4 or 5 gentlemen and occasionally a laugh or jest transpired, as some one of us bruised our toes against a large clod of earth, thereby nearly causing a somersel, and on one occasion actually effecting it, yet notwithstanding these disadvantages we killed 3 Hares that night.

It was suggested by one of our party that our common hand bells would be a good substitute for the rings, in which I am disposed to concur.

A LOVER OF SPORT IN ANY SHAPE.

THE EDITOR'S TABLETS.

SPORTING PUBLICATIONS.—We are strangely bothered to determine whether the encrease of sporting publications is a proof of the decline or advance of a taste for sport generally. In war time, when our countrymen were exchanging “bloody noses and cracked crowns” with their ancient enemies and modern allies, Military publications were scarcely ever seen, excepting in the laconic and official style of a General’s dispatch; and the reason given for this blank in the National Annals was that men’s hands could not hold pens at the same moment that they were grasping sabres. Directly Peace was proclaimed however, and the tired warrior was dismissed to the *otium sine dignitate* of half pay and pension, the sword was sheathed and hung up to rust, while the pen, steeped in liquid ebony, told of “sallies and retires, trenches, palisadoes and the like.” Now, it might be concluded *a fortiori* that whips, caps and spurs, gloves and cricket bats, had all been forsaken, because, where there was once a single English Sporting Magazine, there are now three, and similar publications are starting up wherever Englishmen have planted their feet or game is to be had. (We have not yet seen the Swan River Sportsman’s Manual, but we suppose it is in the press). The reverse, however, must be the fact. A Sporting Magazine cannot subsist upon Reminiscences—it must be a monthly record of monthly deeds, and the natural inference from the encrease of the former is the multiplication of the latter. But have the “deeds” multiplied really and in fact? Ask the Pugilist,—and he will tell you that the ring is out of favor—that the genius of Moulsey Hurst sighs after the departed spirits of Gully and Molyneux, and that the daisies on Wimbledon flourish untrod by the trotters of a Cribb. Ask the Fox Hunter,—and he will answer with a groan, “the dogs have had their day.” Question the Turfite,—and he grunts, and talks to you of the days when FUM THE FOURTH and “S’elp me Bob” YORK, sported their blunt at Ascot and Newmarket, and *Eclipse* and *Childers* filled the mouths of the multitude. In short, we can trace the encrease of sporting publications to no rational cause, unless that in the present race for bread it has been thought as well to try the by paths of literature, and chronicle more a reply that it was the fashion to do, when younger sons found employment in the wars, and men who could wield a pen were *rareæ aves*. Be the cause, however, what it may, there never was a time when sporting publications were more exuberant, or sporting pictures more popular. We have now on our table a multitude of both descriptions, besides our pet, Pierce Egan’s Book, which we have noticed in a foregoing page. Let us take a glance at a few of them.

The Sporting Magazine.—Candor compels us to avow that our veteran cotemporary waxeth infirm. There is rust upon his spurs, and his steed has become a foul feeder. The spirit of NIMROD no longer diffuses its wholesome influence over the pages of the Maga: the cor-

respondents are old twaddlers or young chaffers,—the life, the vigour of the “*ould un*” is extinct.

The New Sporting Magazine.—A regular clipper—full of health—sinewy—buoyant—elastic. NIMROD—the great Nimrod is in the saddle, and leaves all competitors “no where.” The November number is a double number, and glows with originality and entertainment. Shall we republish “A list of all the Fox Hounds in Great Britain with the names of the masters and the countries they hunt?”

The Sportsman's Cabinet and Town and Country Magazine; Edited and conducted by T. B. Johnson, author of the *Sportsman's Cyclopaedia*, *Shooter's Companion*, &c.—A sad piece of humbug we suspect. The first number has not yet reached us, but we pronounce upon the concern on the strength of the prospectus. Mr. Johnson sneers at the “semi-slang and disinterested motives” of other Magaziners, and professes to make his bantling an affair of “characteristic and philosophical originality.” The philosophy of a *mill*! This will be original at any rate. *Nous verrons*.

St. Alban's Grand Steeple Chase; in a series of six plates.—Next to the sound of the horn there is not a finer summons to the saddle than your sporting picture. We cannot contemplate a vigorous sketch of a race without powerful emotions. Our sinews stiffen, the blood mounts to our heart, and already, in idea, we are flying over hill and dale,—away, away! and clearing fence, ditch, hedge, brook, gates,—yoicks! This is a pleasant series. It is not quite so fresh and inspiring as Alken's Leicestershire Steeple Chase, but still it is cleverly executed and has the merit of great accuracy. No. 1, presents us with the exterior of the Turf Hotel, St. Albans, the starting place. There is a goodly crowd of inhabitants about the Hotel door, and in the foreground are all the competitors. We can guess who is to be the winner at a single glance. Look at him—*Moonraker*, champing the bit and arching his neck,—his “*soul* in arms and eager for the fray.” What a haunch! what bone! what an eye! and what a gentle spiriting pervades the sweet creature! Mr. Seffert holds hard and soothes him, for he knows that when once ‘let slip’ *Moonraker* will not ‘call back.’ No. 2, shews us the field in full. Twenty horses are hard at it and now take their first leap, — a small ditch, skirted by a low hedge, and dividing a meadow from a ploughed field. Eight of them have cleared the ditch, and are working through the heavy ground, *Lucifer* leading. It is awful work, and the pace is greatly slackened by the labor. *Moonraker* is yet in the meadow. His rider knows this is but child's play, and that he who intend to win must lay by for the rough ground.—No. 3, brings the “field” to an angle, and there is a small difference of opinion as to the best road now to be taken. Mr. Bean, on *Hotspur*, a chesnut gelding, here gets a heavy spill, his bridle slipping and his “chance” disappearing. *Leperello's* nose and his knees are now on intimate terms with the dust, and he too resigns his hopes. *Moonraker* still all right in the rear,—and no mistake as to *his* road.—No. 4. We now get to an awkward bank skirting a forest of firs, from which the

party is just emerging. Here's coaxing, and craning, and variety of disaster! Sir W. Geary's *Arab*—as pretty a creature as any Shaik Ibrahim ever imported—has come through in good style and leads on level ground, closely waited on by Mr. Lelly's *Bounce*. *Redstart* goes down the bank head foremost, *preceded* by his rider. We predict a case of compound fracture. *Napoleon* (Mr. Crommelin up) steals gingerly down the desperate impediment, and will clearly do the trick without a spill;—but it is a sad loss of time and his chance looks queer, *Lucifer* is down on his haunches, and though Cape Horne has "the tongue of persuasion" it is plain that the evil one has not the "ears of profiting." His attitude seems to say "I'm *blowed*, if I get up." And where is *Moonraker*? There!—springing upon the level like a fiery Pegasus. That bound *must* carry him past *Bloomfield*, and then he has only two to lick. The scenery in this plate is very well executed. The trees have all the bare and cold exterior peculiar to the month of March, and the forest birds flutter on their summits, or wing their way through the dense copse, scared by the intruding equestrians.—No. 5. We approach the goal. The field gets thin, and out of twenty who started we can count but eleven absolutely on their legs. We exclude *Moonraker*—for he is in the air!—clearing, at a spring, a *chevaux de frise* of hedge, and seven yards of the heaviest earth. *Bloomfield* and *Peacock* repose in chalk pits—another brace of cases for the faculty,—and the rest are invisible.—No. 6. "Last scene of all"—the winning post. *Moonraker*—wins by half a neck! We never beheld a more desperate contest—*Grimaldi*—all blood and dirt—makes a glorious push and has his nose beyond the winner's chest, while *Corinthian Kate*, closely followed by *Grimaldi* loses only by a length. The horses appear distressed, excepting *Moonraker* who is still held hard! There is an immense crowd to view the finale, and we suspect a good many losers among them, for there is a precious lot of blank faces, and very little cheering. Some of the noses of the party are positively out of joint—but this, we suspect, is the effect of the painter's daubing. Altogether the series have proved a great treat, and—but we must positively keep them no longer. "Here, *Qui hi!* take these back to Thacker and Co. with the Editor's best compliments."

PATENT, HUMANE, SAFETY ARAB WHIP.—Monteith, the most sporting bootmaker &c. in Calcutta, has sent us a new fashioned riding *chabuk*, bearing this agreeable title. It really is a pretty looking concern, and will no doubt be found useful in whisking away flies in warm weather during a quiet canter; but it seems more calculated for the fair sex, the loungeur, or the amateur of gentle *constitutional*s than your dare-devil fox hunter. The maker has obtained a patent for the invention at the small charge of £105, and deserves encouragement for the humane spirit which has prompted his exertions. The article may be thus described:—it consists of a whalebone-covered whip, with a hollow in the handle which contains a short tail of horse hair that is drawn into the handle by means of a check string, and drawn out by a tuft of the hair protruding a little beyond the end of the handle. The check string is tied round the whip handle at one end, while the other is cou-

nected, within the tube, with the aforesaid tail. A more particular description of this "humane flagellator," with a drawing, may be found in the Repertory of Patent Inventions for October.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Nimrod*.—The "mighty hunter" who we have alluded to above, appears to admire "plurality" of office—To be sure the man is a decided Tory, and an ardent admirer of the powers that *were*; but, in the present case, plurality of office, is accompanied by plurality of labor, and in that respect differs from the sinecural arrangements for which past Governments were celebrated. *Nimrod* is not only the great gun of the new S. M. but likewise does business for our friend, the Editor of the *Town*.—a new Sunday Paper, which judiciously devotes two pages a week to the consideration of Sporting matters. *Nimrod's* last production turns upon the breeding of Race Horses: he is, however, eloquent on all subjects, and we do not think we can do better than sometimes give our readers a "touch of his quality." Yes—it shall be done next month.

Returns of Sport.—In Sweden it is the custom for the Government to receive regular reports of the head of game killed every year by all the Sportsmen in the kingdom. They are not very particular about the quality of the game, for we find "bears and foxes" numbered with "gluttons and horned owls:"—but let that pass. We only notice the matter to express how lucky we should consider ourselves if we could obtain for record in this periodical occasional returns of *some* of the game killed by our up-country friends, to say nothing of the proceedings in the neighbouring marshes against the community of snipes, whistlers, pipers and white bellies. Will our entertaining chronicler of the deeds of the "Entally Pack" help us out in the latter particular?

Pugilism.—The London papers mention that Young Dutch Sam is about to have a shy at Phil Sampson, for a hundred pounds a side, and that ten pounds a side had been deposited on account of the mill.

Wild Ducks.—A Mr. Cartwright, who lived long in a desolate region, computed the rate at which certain wild ducks flew to be ninety miles an hour. The celebrated Spallanzani found, by experiment, that a swallow flew from Bologna to Modena, a distance of twenty miles, in thirteen minutes; and he affirms that the common swift can fly sixty miles in half an hour.

Wild Sports of the West, with Legendary Tales and Local Sketches.—One of the most amusing and soul-stirring works—to the sportsman, at least—has just been published under this title. It is from the pen of the author of "Stories of Waterloo," and is full of "accidents by flood and field," and of instructive and pleasing anecdote, collected in a tour through parts of Ireland, visited only by those capable of incurring all hazards in pursuit of a sportsman's joys. We have not time at present to make further allusion to this magazine of good things, but shall draw largely on its contents hereafter.

Selections.

THE HUNTSMAN AND WHIPPER-IN.

It is no uncommon practice, among our young 'squires, to take, the first wide-throated attendant that offers his service, and make him his huntsman; imagining the colour of his coat will qualify him for the office: but certainly no one is fit for it who is not born with a natural cast and readiness of mind, and has not improved those talents by long study, observation, and experience.

Peter Beckford, Esq., in his *Thoughts on Hunting*, makes it appear that a good huntsman must be an amiable, as well as an accomplished character.—“A good huntsman,” says he, “should be young, strong, active, bold, and enterprising; fond of the diversion and indefatigable in the pursuit of it; he should be sensible and good tempered; he ought also to be sober: he should be exact, civil, and cleanly; he should be a good horseman, and a good groom; his voice should be strong and clear, and he should have an eye so quick as to perceive which of his hounds carries the scent when all are running; and should have so excellent an ear as always to distinguish the foremost hounds when he does not see them. He should be quiet, patient, and without conceit. Such are the excellencies which constitute a good huntsman; he should not, however, be too fond of displaying them till necessity calls them forth. He should let his hounds alone whilst they can hunt, and he should have genius to assist them when they cannot.”

It is well known that the conquest of a hare, like that of an enemy, does not attend on vigorous attacks or pursuits, but there are a hundred accidents to which the success of the field is obnoxious, and which ought always to be in the head of the huntsman, if he would come off with glory.

A huntsman must not forget that a hare has her particular play; that, however, that play is occasioned or changed according to the variation of wind and weather, the weight of the air, the nature of the ground, and the degrees of eagerness with which she is pursued. Nor is he to be unmindful of the numerous accidents she may meet with in her way, to turn her out of her course—to cover her flight—to quicken her speed, or to furnish her with an opportunity of new devices. It is not enough to have a general knowledge of these things before the game is started; but in the heat of action, when most tempted to be in raptures with the melody of the cry, and the expectation of success; at every step he should calmly observe the alterations of the soil—the position of the wind—the time of the year; and no less take notice with what speed she is driven—how far she is likely to keep on forward—or to turn short behind; whether she has not been met by passengers—frightened by curs—intercepted by sheep; whether an approaching

storm—a rising wind—a sudden blast of the sun—the going off of the frost—the reputation of soiled ground—the decay of her own strength, or any other probable turn of affairs.

Other things are equally necessary to be remembered by the huntsman, as the particular quality and character of each dog; whether the present leaders are not apt to overrun it; which are most inclined to stand upon the double; which are to be depended on in the highway, on the ploughed ground, or a bare turf, in an uncertain scent, in the crossing of fresh game, through a flock of sheep, upon the soil or stole-back. The size and strength of the hare will also make a difference; nor must the hounds themselves be followed so closely, or so loudly cherished when fresh and vigorous, as after they have run off their speed and mettle, and begin to be tired.

A young huntsman, when the scent lies well, should always keep himself pretty far behind. At such a time, especially if it be against the wind, it is impossible for the poor hare to hold it forward; nor has she any trick or refuge for her life, but to stop short by the way, and, when all are passed, to steal immediately back, which frequently occasions an irrecoverable fault in the midst of the warmest sport and expectations, and is the best trick the poor hare has for life in scenting weather; whereas, if the huntsman were not too forward, he would have the advantage of seeing her steal off and turning her aside, or more probably the pleasure of the dogs, returning and thrusting her up in view.

It often happens that the fleet dog is the favorite, though it would be much better if he were hanged or exchanged. Be a dog ever so good, in his own nature, he is not good in that pack which is too slow for him. There is generally work enough for every one of the train, and every one ought to bear his part; but this the heavy ones cannot do if they are out of breath by the unproportioned speed of a light-heeled leader. For it is not enough that they are able to keep up, which a true hound will labour hard for, but he must be able to do it with ease, with retention of breath and spirits, and with his tongue at command. It must never be expected that the indentures of the hare can be well covered, or her doubles struck off (nor is the sport worth a farthing), if the harriers run yelping in a long string, like deer or fox-hounds.

Sportsmen should hang up every liar and chanter, without sparing even those that are silly and trifling, without nose or sagacity. It is common in many kennels to keep some for their music or beauty, but this is extremely wrong. It is a certain maxim that dogs which do no good must certainly do much harm; they serve only to soil the ground and confound the scent; to scamper before and interrupt their betters in the most difficult points. And long experience authorises me to affirm, but four or five couple, all good and trusty hounds, will do more execution than thirty or forty, where a third of them are eager and headstrong, and, like coxcombs among men, noisy in doing nothing.

To join with strangers is an effectual method to spoil and debauch the staunchest hounds, to turn the best-mettled into mad-headed gallop-

pers, liars and chatterers; and to put them on nothing but out-running their rivals and overrunning the scent. The emulation of leading (as well in dogs as their masters) has been the absolute ruin of many a good cry. Nor are strange huntsmen more desirable than strange companions; for, as the skill and existence of these animals consist in use and habit, they should always be accustomed to the same voice, the same notes or hollowing, and the same terms of chiding, cherishing, pressing, or recalling; nor should the country fellows be allowed, in their transports, to extend their throats.

Change of game should be avoided, but many sportsmen would think it a hardship to have nothing to kill when hares are out of season; it is, however, certain, that the best harriers are those which know no other.

Mr. Beckford, speaking on this subject, says, he always thought a huntsman a happy man; his office is so pleasing, and at the same time so flattering; we pay him for that which diverts him, and he is enriched by his greatest pleasure;* nor is a general, after a victory, more proud than a huntsman who returns with his fox's head.

I shall finish my remarks on the necessary qualifications for hunting with an anecdote related by the gentleman above-named:—"I have heard that a certain duke, who allowed no vails to his servants, asked his huntsman what he generally made of his field-money; and gave him what he asked instead of it; this went on very well for some time till at last the huntsman desired an audience;—'Your Grace,' said he 'is very generous, and gives me more than ever I got for field-money in my life; yet I come to beg a favor of your Grace; that you would let me take field-money again, for I have not half the pleasure now in killing a fox that I had before.'"

Permit me, gentlemen; before I conclude this long epistle, to say something on the perfections and duty required of a whipper-in. He should be attentive and obedient to the huntsman; and, as his horse will probably have most to do, the lighter he is the better: but, if he be a good horseman the objection of his weight will be sufficiently overbalanced. He should always maintain to the huntsman's halloo, and stop such hounds as divide from it.

When stopped, he should get forward with them after the huntsman.

He must always be contented to act ad under part, except when circumstances require that he should act otherwise; and, the moment they cease, he must not fail to resume his former station. When the huntsman cannot be up with the hounds, the whipper-in should; in which case it is the business of the huntsman to bring on the tail hounds along with him.

Where there are two whippers-in, the first should be considered as a second huntsman, and should have nearly the same good qualities. When whippers-in are left at liberty to act as they shall think right, they are much less confined than the huntsman, who must follow his hounds; and consequently they have greater scope to exert their genius, if they have any.

* The field money which is collected at the death of the fox.

A WRINKLE FOR JOCKIES.

The duty of a Jockey is to win, and not to do more than win. Half a neck is sufficient where his antagonist is exhausted, and as much judgment is shown in avoiding useless exertion as in making that which is sufficient. The best and most expert jockies, such as Robinson, and Chifney, avoid the use of the whip, if possible. Boys more readily resort to it, and thereby sometimes lose a race, that might otherwise have been won. When a race-horse is in the fullest exercise of his power, and doing his best, the blow of a whip will sometimes make him wince and shrink; he will, as it were, tuck up his flanks to escape from the blow, and raising his legs higher up, lose ground instead of stretching himself forth over a larger surface. In this way considerable space may be lost, when nothing is wanting but a quiet, steady hand, and a forbearance from the use of the whip. A curious example of this occurred a few years ago at Doncaster, in the celebrated race between Matilda and Mameluke. The latter was of a hot and violent temper, and being irritated by several false starts, not only lost considerable ground, but a great deal of his strength, at the outset of the race. Robinson was riding Matilda, and saw Chifney on Mameluke pass every horse in succession, till he came up with Matilda. At that moment he calculated Mameluke's strength with such nicety, that he was convinced he could not maintain the effort he was then making. He permitted Chifney, therefore, to reach him, and even to be a little a head of him, and so far from whipping Matilda, actually gave her a kind of check. That check—that slightest imaginable pull—strengthened Matilda, and by assisting her to draw her breath, enabled her to give those tremendous springs by which she recovered her ground, headed Mameluke, and won the race for her owner, Mr. Petre. It was in this race that a Scotch Gentleman, who had won 17,000*l.* by the issue, went up to Robinson, in the joy of the moment, and gave him 1,000*l.* as a present. Gully, the owner of Mameluke, is said to have lost 40,000*l.* on the occasion, every sixpence of which was punctually and honourably paid.—*Bell's Life in London*, Oct. 14.

ON THE QUALITIES OF THE GREYHOUND.

It appears (observes a well-known Sportsman a few years since) from a Welsh proverb* that a gentleman was known by his hawk, his horse, and his greyhound; and Mr. Pennant† has observed by a law of Canute, a greyhound was not to be kept by any person inferior to a gentleman.

The different perfections of the greyhound, it seems, have been comprised in the following rude and barbarous rhymes:—

* With ei walch, ei farche, a'i filgi, yr adwair bonneddig.—Pennant.

† British Zoogylq, vol. i. p. 53.

The head like a snake;
 The neck like a drake;
 The back like a beam;
 The side like a bream;
 The tail like a rat;
 The foot like a cat.

Ludicrous as this poetical effort may be, the description is still correct; and these different qualities, when united, even now form the model of perfection in the race. On the superior breed of greyhounds there has been a variety of opinions; the blood of the late Lord Orford's was allowed to stand very high, if not the first, in the public estimation. Perhaps there has not been any person who took more pains to arrive at the utmost state of perfection in his object; and it is a circumstance generally believed, that he even had recourse to a cross with the English bull-dog, in order to acquire a courage and resolution till then unknown. After seven descents, it is said, he obtained the object for which he had been so solicitous, without any diminution of speed, or the beauties of shape and symmetry. Lord Rivers's stock is now allowed to be one of the first in England, and its superiority may be owing to a judicious cross of the Dorsetshire and Newmarket blood. Mr. Gurney, of Norwich, has likewise for some years been in possession of a breed in considerable repute. It has the three great requisites, blood, bone, and shape. Snowdrop, a son of Snowball, won the Malton Cup four successive years; and Fly, a grand-daughter of Snowball, a yellow and white bitch, the property of Major Topham, carried it away also in the Malton Spring Meeting of 1810, though she had suffered previously by very severe exercise. Scarcely a greyhound, indeed, of any other blood now appears at the Malton meeting, and it has been so celebrated as to be introduced in almost every county in the kingdom.

There was a circumstance respecting Snowball, peculiar to him in the history of coursing. He served greyhounds for years before his death at three guineas each. The first year had 10; the second 14; the third 11; and the fourth 7. And amongst them two out of Wales, two out of Scotland, one from the Marquis of Townshend, out of Norfolk, and the rest out of counties at some distance. Fifty guineas were given for Young Snowball, who was sold afterwards for one hundred; and Mr. Mellish beat all Newmarket with another son of Snowball.

* In the South, Millar, belonging to Sir H. B. Dudley, has been likewise very famous. The sire of Millar was an Essex dog, Tulip, by a blue Newmarket dog, and he was the produce of a bitch by a Lancashire dog bred by the late Mr. Bamber Gascoyne. Millar was a large deep-chested dog, of a fawn-colour, and whilst young did not discover any pretension to his future reputation. He was afterwards tried in the Essex Marshes, and in a single day he beat no less than five of the first and best dogs in the field. His superiority continued for some years, and he won upwards of seventy

matches. His stock also proved excellent runners, and Miss, one of his daughters, received the Bradwell cup from twelve opponents who had been run down to a brace. Whatever, therefore, may be thought by a few individuals on the subject, it is certain that *blood* has a very striking superiority. Half-bred horses have been sometimes known to exhibit great speed and bottom; but, in general, a thorough-bred horse only can maintain and continue his velocity for miles in succession. The same observation may be made with respect to the greyhound, and it forms the essential difference, which is not often properly attended to, between the greyhound in an open and enclosed country. The coarse, rough-haired, greyhound may discover some prowess in the latter; but in the former, and in long and severe courses, blood, which includes the shape, sets all competition at defiance.

On the propriety of breeding akin, in the sportsman's phrase, or from the same blood, there have been various opinions; but it appears to be a practice neither to be desired nor pursued with advantage. If continued for some litters, a manifest inferiority of size, and a deficiency of bone, will soon be visible, as well as a want of courage and bottom; though the beauty of the form, with the exception of the size, may not be diminished. If we are to believe Varro, there has been an instance, even in the brute creation, of a repugnance to such conjunctions. By a judicious choice, and an attention to the shape, blood and bone of another stock, a cross may always be procured, which will in general meet the sportsman's wishes; being attended with every advantage, without any of the consequences to be feared from a contrary practice, there can be little hesitation in adopting it.

The most favorable season for the production of the young brood, in the opinion of the ancients, was that of the warm months. If dogs are bred in the summer months in Europe, they will also be of the fittest age to be brought into the field the following year.

FOX HUNTING.

(From Tail's Magazine—Septem' er.)

There is not a mood of the mind which cannot find vent and relief in some branch of the chase or another. When we are in a thundering passion, we would take to hunting as the most approved recipe for working it safely off, the best conductor for withdrawing this lightning of the mind from where it can strike mischievously. A pack of beagles will do if nothing better can be had, but we recommend foxhounds in preference. You may sidget and think of your crosses while waiting till Reynard break cover among the tall ferns loaded with moisture, with the long goblin-like arms of the oak stretched over you, as if they were yawning, in the dull grey morning through which the rising breeze is just beginning to creep with faint moanings, and every thing above and around is tinged of a sober grey. But your spirits are aroused as first one hound and then another springs

above the brushwood like a heavy trout on a fine taking morning, looking uncertainly round them, and at times a single tail, like the standard of some subaltern pacha, is seen waving above the fern, testifying by its elevation and fluttering, how busily the nose to which it is appended is puzzling below. One dubious interrogatory yelp is heard at a distant corner of the copsewood, responded to by similar questionings more near at hand. Then follows a *bowf*, and then a *gollar* from some of the juveniles. At last a stanch old veteran, one of your fellows who think twice before he speaks, gives tongue with his deep-chested thunder. One after another the hounds take up the note, and just as you catch a peep of Reynard's brush disappearing over the hill before you, away they go.

What a Babel of tongues! Every note of the gamut is struck at once, and the whole come puddering with thick unintermitting burst upon the ear, a mixture of dissonances and harmonies far before music. Each takes up the tale and multiplies the confusion. Every heart beats quick, and the very day cheers up, the clouds imperceptibly losing themselves in the blue sky. A joyous confusion has thrown us out at the first burst, and the hounds may already be seen like a large sheet of white and liver-colour in the act of being drawn over the summit of the eminence over which we saw Reynard's brush disappear. To dash straight after them is hopeless. Never mind! we turn our horse's shoulder to the wind, well knowing that the fox will head up, and a way we fly along the string of the bow which he will describe. A tall hedge is in our way. Soon as we reach the proper distance, we slightly lift our steed's head by the bridle then leave him free, and bending our body forward, give him a gentle hint with the edge of the heel. As he tops the hedge we fling ourselves back, and taking off our hat in the exuberance of our joy, wave it round our head with a hearty huzza. Puff! one hialf of our ill humour is already given to the winds. We are now riding cross the ridge and furrow, and their brief ups and downs turn our horses' gallop to something like the jolling plunges of a boat in the short sea: when about to miss stays. We are somewhat discomposed, but the sensation is too ludicrous to annoy us, and by clearing the next stone wall, we reach the outfield. Away we skim over heath, through mire, and for miles have no more guess of the whereabouts of the runaways than is afforded by a faint distant babble which the intermitting gale allows to reach our ears. Turning of a hill, we espy them a short way in advance, a trifling additional exertion brings us up, and merrily do we career it along; the whoops and halloos of the experienced huntsman, and the silent keenness of the hounds who are now running hot foot, with their noses breast high, set our blood so tumultuously driving through our veins, that we could almost dance in the saddle. Through moss and over thuir still we hold on, the hills in the distance seeming to run back as we advance. Every steed is glossily drenched and specked with foam, ourselves cling more wearily to the saddle, and our look is grave, and a stupid idealess earnestness benumbs our faculties, as with dogged pertinacity we urge our way on. One after another of

the company gives in. We flag ourselves, and for a moment lose sight of the chase as it sweeps over the brow of a low heathery hillock; but making a last effort we reach its summit, and there, in the centre of a grassy dell, stands the honest huntsman with the object of our pursuit held aloft, as the dogs spring, and bay, and throng around him, holding his hollow palm to his mouth, and shouting till the mountains ring again—whoop-o-o-up! Two or three red-coats only are near him, and we are too much jaded to descend. We lift our cap, wipe our brows, draw a long breath, and feel in charity with all the world."

THE ELEPHANT.

In the early periods of the Mogul empire elephants were armed for battle with preparations somewhat similar to the defences of warriors in the ages of chivalry. Dow, describing the elephants of Akbar, says, "they wear plates of iron upon their foreheads." Vincent le Blanc mentions the elephants of the king of Ternassery as "of the largest size of the east, covered to the ground with beeves' hides, and, over them, with divers trappings. Those hides are fastened underneath the belly with iron chains, and are difficult to be got off." The Ayeen Akbery is more minute. "Five plates of iron, each one cubit long and four fingers broad, are joined together by rings, and fastened round the ears of the elephant by four chains, each an ell in length; and betwixt these another chain passes over the head, and is fastened in the *kellancheh*; and across it are four iron spikes with *katasses* and iron knobs. There are other chains with iron spikes and knobs hung under the *pat* and over the breast, and others fastened to the trunk; these are for ornament, and to frighten horses. *Pakher* is a kind of steel armour that covers the body of the elephant: there are other pieces of it for the head and proboscis. *Geyjhemp* is a covering made of three folds, and is laid over the *pakher*." Dow adds that "a sword is bound to their trunk, and daggers are fastened to their tusks." But the mighty power of the animal in crushing the ranks of an enemy, was principally relied upon. The armour and the swords were to add to the dismay which an immense troop of elephants were of themselves calculated to produce. The emperor Akbar well knew their power in scattering masses of terrified men. On one occasion, when he stormed the fort of Chittar, the garrison retired to the temples. "Akbar, perceiving he must lose a great number of his troops in case of a close attack, ordered a distant fire to be kept up upon the desperate Rajaputs, till he had introduced three hundred elephants of war, which he immediately ordered to advance to tread them to death. The scene became now too shocking to be described. Brave men, rendered more valiant by despair, crowded around the elephants, seized them even by the tusks, and inflicted upon them unavailing wounds. The terrible animals trode the Indians like grasshoppers under their feet, or winding them in their powerful trunks, tossed them aloft into the air, or dashed them against the

walls and pavements. Of the garrison, which consisted of eight thousand soldiers, and of forty thousand inhabitants, thirty thousand were slain, and most of the rest taken prisoners."—In the rapid marches of this victorious prince, the elephants suffered greatly. Purchas, speaking of his progress from Kashmire, in 1597, says, "This country he left when summer was past, and returned to Lahore, losing many elephants and horses in the way, both by famine, then oppressing the country, and the difficulty of the passages: the elephants sometimes in the ascent of hills, helping themselves with their trunks, leaning and staying themselves, being burthened, thereon, as on a staff."—The power of the elephant in battle has fallen before the greater power of artillery and of scientific tactics. But it is little more than three centuries ago that the chief in India who possessed the greatest force of elephants was almost sure of victory. The Emperor Baber, in his *Memoirs*, gives a remarkable illustration of the terror which the animal produced. "The troops who accompanied Alim Khan were dispersed, being busy plundering and pillaging. Sultan Ibrahim's troops perceived that the enemy were not in great force, and immediately moved forward from the station which they had kept, though very few in number, and having only a single elephant; but no sooner had the elephant come up, than Alim Khan's men took to flight, without attempting to keep their ground." Baber himself scarcely employed elephants in war, although descended from Timour, to whom their use was familiar; but he appears to have met their terror with a bold front. His expressions remind us of the quaint language of Bunyan: "I placed my foot in the stirrup of resolution, and my hand on the reins of confidence in God, and marched against Sultan Ibrahim, the son of Sultan Iskander, the son of Sultan Behlul Lodi Afghan, in whose possession the throne of Delhi and the dominions of Hindustan at that time were; whose army in the field were said to amount to a hundred thousand men, and who, including those of his Emirs, had nearly a thousand elephants."

Although from the earliest times ivory was an article of commerce in demand amongst all the people who traded with India, the elephant does not appear to have been employed as an animal of burthen even by the Persians and Assyrians, until a comparatively recent period. The camel was the principal medium of intercourse amongst those nations. Neither is the name of the elephant (a circumstance which shows that he was unknown to the early Jews) to be found in the Hebrew language.

OTTER HUNT.

On 5th October the dogs had another field day ; scene of action, the Glenburn adjoining the mills, part of the beautiful estate of Terregles. Mr. Lomax, his friends the Lords of Nithsdale, and many other gentlemen in the vale of Nith, breakfasted at Blackwood, the seat of William Copeland, Esq. of Collieston, and entered the dogs shortly after. By the way they were met by the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Bath, Mr. Menteth, of Closeburn, and other proprietors, all of whom became deeply smitten with the excitement incident to the sport, and for deeds of daring, and proofs of manhood, lagged little, if any thing, behind the patrons of the pack themselves. Shortly after the hounds "cast off," a terrier "set up a terrible yelping," and pounced, before the lapse of many minutes, on a brace of otters, snugly ensconced in an earthy fastness, and perhaps weening, with Falstaff, that they had a perfect right to take their ease in their inn. From this entrenchment one of them was driven, and a stone rolled against the hole to keep the other in, and prevent all egress in the direction of the Cargen. The hunt then commenced, and was witnessed by at least fifty persons, until the closing scene, when the dogs, as usual, did their work cleverly. The relay otter was then emancipated, and allowed fifteen minutes to escape ; every gentleman present pulled out his watch, and it is but justice to add, that the time was counted as carefully as if by "Shrewsbury clock." But the dogs, as had been predicted by Mr. P. Maxwell, refused to budge a single inch. Coaxing and threatening were alike unavailing ; otter-hounds very properly have a will of their own, and so far as could be judged, their argument seemed to be— "we have already done our duty, been in at the death, are fatigued to boot, and you have no business to ask us to work double tides." In this dilemma fresh dogs were sent for to Terregles-house, and after the lapse of nearly two hours, the hunt recommenced more vigorously than ever ; and the scene which ensued baffles all description. The Cargen, above the Glen Mills, is highly romantic, the bed of it being composed of jutting rocks, fringed with waving woods on both sides ; and, arrived at this point, the slashing and dashing equalled any thing the mind can imagine, or the pen describe. The spectators seemed astonished, and one rustic was heard exclaiming, in reference to Mr. Lomax, "the like 'o that I never saw ; that gentleman thinks as little o' jumping through whins into the water, as I wad thinking o' jumping on a feather bed." The exertion was extreme, the whole field mightily "forfochten," as was proved by the perspiration that poured from them so copiously, that it must have swelled, to some extent, the stream of the Cargen. Repeatedly the quarry took to the woods, and returned to the burn amidst the most furious wurry-scurry imaginable. At one point the animal was caught by the tail, and the captor severely bitten for his pains, and at length the sport closed amidst three cheers, such as never before resounded through the beautifully wooded dell

called the Glen. 13 otters have been caught in the course of a few weeks, six in one small stream, the Cargen alone. The first hunt at Hoddam, was the most valuable of the whole, as regards the natural history of the otter. From the clearness of the water, and the elevated position of many spectators, it was there proved that the animal can swim against very strong currents with all the ease of the salmon itself, and remain several minutes under water. Some say ten or fifteen minutes, but this we cannot readily believe, and suspect when an otter is so long invisible that he contrives to blow under reeds and bushes. Another wonderful property, is his power of eschewing the toils of pursuers when forced into very shallow water, and beset behind, before, and round about. Of this many beautiful instances occurred, and there is perhaps, no animal amphibious or otherwise, that is so alert in "turning a corner, jinking and cheating them yet." The position of an otter's eyes enables him when he dives, to descry every object passing above; and when his prey burrows under stones, he rakes the cavity with his bushy tail, and is ready to seize it when it re-appears.—*Dumfriess Courier*.

A THOROUGH-BRED DOG HATES A BAD SHOT.

A gentleman requested the loan of a pointer dog from a friend, and was informed that the dog would behave well so long as he could kill his birds, but if he frequently missed them he would run home and leave him. The dog was sent, and the following day was fixed for trial; but, unfortunately, his new master was a remarkably bad shot. Bird after bird rose and was fired at, but still pursued its flight untouched by the leaden showers that fell around it, till at last the pointer became careless, and often missed his game; but, as if seemingly willing to give one chance more to his luckless master, he made a dead stand at a fern bush, with his nose pointed downwards, the fore foot bent, and his tail straight and steady. In this masterly position he remained firm till the sportsman was close to his tail, with both barrels cocked; then moving steadily forward for a few paces, he at last stood still near a bunch of heather, the tail expressing the anxiety of the mind by moving regularly backward and forward, when out sprang an old black cock. Bang, bang, went both barrels, but alas! the proud bird of the heath still cooed in the air unhurt. The patience of the dog was now quite exhausted, and, instead of crouching at the feet of his master till he reloaded, he turned boldly round, faced his tail close between his legs, gave one howl, long and loud, and off he set, and stopped not till within sight of the kennel door.

FALCONRY.

The king is about to establish a heronry and restore falconry. Cumberland Lodge is to be the official residence of the Duke of St. Albans, as Grand Falconer. Mews are to be built, and all the paraphernalia to be prepared. The birds of the air tremble; partridges whirr away in alarm, quails, quail, teal steal off, ducks choose a dux and follow him. There is no tree safe enough for the heron to rest her on: she is besieged at siege, and preyed on at prey. From the tercel gentle to the kestrel, all hawks rejoice in the prospect of court favour and promotion; long wings and short wings flutter with joy, leashes and creashes are in requisition, bells for bewits, and rings for varvets ring rejoicingly: Jesses are standing jests; lures allure the attention of all: the air over Windsor is expectant, the spaniels snuff sport, and all is animation.—*Atlas*, Sept. 30.

THE HUNTER.

Of all the sports in the world that of fox-hunting is the finest, and it is the best physic for mending a bad constitution, or preserving a good one. This sport is given up exclusively to the man of fortune; for, as an excellent writer tells us, hunting is a fine recreation, and fit for some great men, but not for every base inferior person, who, while he maintains his hounds and hunters, his wealth runs away with his hounds. The horse that is wanted for this sport ought to be between fifteen and sixteen hands high: he ought to have a light mouth, and legs short enough to double up well under him in the leap; the compact will always beat the leggy horse among hills or in heavy ground. In proportion as the agriculture of the country is improved the speed of the chase is increased; the scent lies better on enclosed than on open barren ground, and there is more running breast high than when the hound has to pick out the scent, carrying his nose almost close to the ground, and consequently going more slowly. The best pace that hounds usually run is about fourteen miles in the hour, but they have been known to go seven miles, from point to point, in less than twenty five minutes: stoutness, therefore, is still necessary for the horse, but the hunter must be at least three quarters bred, if not seven-eighths. In some counties, Sussex for instance (the downs excepted), which is remarkable for heavy ground and stiff fences, the half bred horse may get on well enough, but in all other countries not so situated, the sportsman must be mounted on a very nearly thorough-bred horse. A horse, to be in perfect condition, should carry as much firm elastic muscle as possible, without even a particle of fat, which is to be attained by judicious use of food, physic and exercise. When the work is hard the horse is to be fed plentifully; when it is otherwise, the food should be diminished immediately. A horse may be hunted with safety three times in a fortnight; but if there was any very hard day, the horse should have five or six days' rest after it. It is said that a horse was once hunted seventy-five times in one season: this feat has never been surpassed.

MILLING AT CROYDON FAIR.

FIGHT BETWEEN GIPSEY COOPER AND SAUNDERS, FOR FIVE POUNDS A-SIDE.

A difference having arisen on Wednesday at Croydon fair, between the renowned Gipsy Cooper and one Saunders, "a traveller," the latter challenged the Gipsy to single combat for love, or for 5/. The Gipsy, who loves "the siller," preferred the latter proposition, and 5/. a-side were forthwith staked—with an understanding that they should fight "off hand." There was no time lost in getting their friends together, and a field in the immediate vicinity of the horse-fair having been appointed, thither the belligerents repaired, attended by their respective partizans, the "Travellers" and the Gipsies, male and female, *kids* and parents, mustering in strong force. The ring was soon formed, and the men, having *peeled*, were conducted to the *scratch*. the Gipsy attended by Dick Cartis and Jack Adams, and Saunders by two brother travellers. In point of size the men were well matched, and their persons showed that they had not spent much of their lives in the enervating atmosphere of a drawing-room. Having shaken hands, the Gipsy promising his opponent *pepper* of the most pungent description, "to it" they went "hammer and tongs." It was soon seen the Gipsy had the advantage of science and knowledge, and his *pops* upon Saunderson's left *ogle* at once shut out the day-light. Saunders, however, was a determined and game-fellow, and was not to be shook off so easily—in the closes he proved himself strong and vigorous, and threw Cooper with bursting effect. Cooper finding he had more than "a plaything" to deal with, now became more cautious—shifted his ground, kept at arm's length, and occasionally threw in a few of his slashing hits, making a woeful impression on his antagonist's nob, but at the same time damaging his own knuckles by the severity of their contact with his *os frontis*. In one of the rounds Cooper was thrown on his back into a ditch full of brambles, Saunders falling upon him, and on being extricated, he came up like a half-fledged porcupine, full of prickles and briars, the blood flowing from his scratches as if he had been enjoying a blackberry shower bath. The fight was renewed with unflinching courage by Saunders, but he had the worst of the out-fighting, and although still strong and active, finding the game was against him, he agreed to close his labours, Cooper promising to give him three pounds out of the battle-money, as he only wished to be paid for the trouble of convincing him that he had not a chance. The fight lasted an hour and a half, and Cooper's hands were so much puffed that he could not have done much more mischief, although Saunders was nearly stone blind. Cooper, with the exception of his hands, did not show much punishment.

The zeal of the *bush-tribe* in favour of their champion on this occasion was extraordinary, and men, women, and children were alike on the alert to afford him refreshment and assistance, bringing water and brandy in such abundance, that they nearly killed him with kindness. The "Travellers" were not less busy for their man, and the feeling of strong rivalry was strongly manifested throughout.—*Bell's Life in London*, Oct 7. -

A FOX CHASE—BY MISS MITFORD !!

“ Now, my dearest, I am going to tell you of an exploit of mine, which I longed for you extremely to share. Last Saturday I dined at the house of a friend in the neighbourhood; and was reproached by another friend, a spirited young fox-hunter, with never having gone to see the hounds throw off. I said that I should greatly enjoy the sight, and would certainly go some day or other. The lady of the house replied, that she would drive me; the conversation then turned to other subjects, and I never expected to hear more of the scheme.

“ The next day, however, Sir John calling on my fair friend, the plan was mentioned and settled; and the young gentleman who had originally suggested the expedition, rode over to let me know that at half-past nine the next day, Mrs. S. would call for me.

“ At half past nine, accordingly she arrived in a small limber pony-carriage, drawn by a high-blooded little Arabian, on whom she herself (the daughter and sister of a whole race of fox-hunters) had been accustomed to hunt in Wiltshire, and attended by her husband's hunting-groom, excellently mounted. The weather was all that could be desired, —one of those vapoury, misty autumnal mornings, that break into so bright a noon. I was delighted with the project, and with my charming companion, a most lively and intelligent woman; she, on her part, was pleased to be the cause of so much pleasure, and off we set in the highest possible spirits.

“ It was the first day of the season; the *fixture* (are you sportswoman enough, Emily, to understand that technical phrase?) the fixture was in Bramshill Park, and it was expected to be the most numerous field for many years. Mr. Warde—pshaw! he is too eminent a man to be mistreated! John Warde, the celebrated fox-hunter, the very Nestor of the chase—who, after keeping fox-hounds for fifty-seven years, has, just at seventy-nine, found himself beginning to grow old, and given up his pack—being on a visit at the house, and all the hunt likely to assemble to see this most agreeable person. Very well worth seeing he is, I assure you,—certainly one of the pleasantest men that it has ever been my fortune to foregather with; full of anecdote, and as beautiful as my own father, in a similar style, just such a specimen of bright, vigorous, blooming, healthful, cheerful old age.

“ Well, off we set; got to Bramshill just as breakfast was over; saw the hounds brought out in front of the house to be admired; drove to covert; saw the finding of the fox; heard the first grand burst at his going off; followed him to another covert; and the scent being bad, and the field so numerous, that he was constantly headed back; both he, who finally ran to earth, and another fox found subsequently, kept dodging about from thicket to thicket, in that magnificent demesne (the very perfection of park scenery, hill and dale, and wood and water); and, for above four hours, we, with our spirited little steed, kept up

with the chase, driving over road, and no road, across drains, and through gaps ; often run away with, sometimes almost tossed out, but with a degree of delight and enjoyment such as I never felt before, and never, I verily believe, shall feel again.

“The field (above a hundred horsemen, most of them known to my fair companion) were much pleased with our sportsmanship, which in me (much as I have always as an author cherished country sports) was in my own person unexpected. They showed us the kindest attention, brought me the brush, which I have hung up in my greenhouse ; and when, at three o’clock, we and Mr. Warde, and two or three others, went in to luncheon, whilst the hounds proceeded to Eversley, I really do not think that there was a gentleman present who was not good-naturedly gratified by our gratification.

“Unless you have seen a pack of hounds throw off, you can hardly imagine the animation or the beauty of the scene. The horses *are* most beautiful ; and the dogs, although not pretty separately, are so when collected, and in their own proper scenery, which is exactly the case with the scarlet coats of the fox-hunters. I had seen nothing of the park before, beyond the cricket-ground, and never could have had such a guide to its inmost recesses, the very heart of its sylvan solitudes, as the fox. The house, a superb Gothic structure, built by the last Lord Zouch, and kept in proud repair by the present hospitable possessor, is placed on so commanding an eminence, that it seemed meeting us in every direction, and harmonized completely with the old English feeling of the park and the sport. You must see Bramshill ; it is like nothing hereabouts, but reminds me of the grand old mansions in the North of England. Prince Henry (the eldest son of James the First) is said to have resided here ; whilst Inigo Jones contributed to adorn its terraces, and his great enemy, Ben Jonson, projected masques in its courts. It was in this park also, that Archbishop Abbott accidentally shot a keeper, who bled to death within the hour.

“In short, the place is full of histories. It has a haunted room ; a chapel shut up, and full of armour ; a chest, where, as they say, a bride hid on her wedding-day, and the spring-lock closing, was lost, and perished, and never found until years and years had passed (this story, by the way, is common to old buildings—it used to be told of the great house at Malsanger) ; it swarms with family pictures, has a hall with the dais, much fine tapestry, and is wanting in no point of antique dignity ; the library is full of old books, the furniture as true to the ancient fashion as is compatible with modern notions of comfort ; and I cannot conceive a more perfect specimen of a great nobleman’s residence in the seventeenth century than the splendid mansion of Bramshill. You must come back to us, Emily, if only to see the hounds throw off in the park.”—*From the last volume of “Our Village” recently published.*

Law.

SUPREME COURT,—THURSDAY, MARCH 7.

SHAIK IBRAHIM P. J. G. W. CURTIS.

MR. ADVOCATE-GENERAL now moved for an order nisi for a new trial; and argued, there was no evidence that Skeavington was the agent or servant of plaintiff, but, on the contrary, plaintiff being present and throwing the dice whether the price should be Sa. Rs. 600, or 700, it was plain that the bargain was made without the assistance of Skeavington; and the commission being revoked in the books of Cook and Co. before any dispute took place between the parties in this action, made it appear that Skeavington had nothing to do with the sale, and in giving the warranty he had acted merely in his capacity of a veterinary surgeon. But there was another ground for this application—the agreement to return the horse within three days if not approved; the learned counsel chiefly relied on the evidence of Mr. Patton, which, he argued, made it conclusive that there was such an agreement, and though Lieut. Isaacs could not speak as to any precise period being mentioned, his silence did not impugn the evidence of Mr. Patton.

The COURT.—with respect to the warranty we will not discuss it further; had Skeavington been merely a veterinary surgeon the court might have thought differently, but being a partner in the mart where the horse was sold, it is quite clear he was the authorized agent of the plaintiff. There are two questions open for discussion; first, whether the evidence is not such as to bind the defendant to return the horse within three days; secondly, whether it is not such as to bind him to return the animal within a reasonable period. It is clear defendant was aware of the horse's unsoundness on the fourth day after the purchase, and in *Curtis v. Haanay* 3rd. Espinoss p. 28, to an action for the recovery of the price of a horse, it is held no defence that the warranty was untrue, if the defendant was, after the sale, apprized of the fault of the horse, and did not return him; therefore, under all the circumstances, this order ought to be granted.

TUESDAY, MARCH 14.

MR. TURTON now showed cause against the order nisi granted on the 7th March on Mr. Pearson's application; and argued, first, that there was not sufficient evidence of the condition being for three days' trial, it resting merely on the evidence of Mr. Patton, who acknowledged that he was not present during the whole period the bargain was effecting, whereas Lieut. Isaacs was present during the whole period, and heard no precise time mentioned; but supposing a three days' trial allowed, it was not to try the warranty, but to satisfy the defendant that the horse was in other respects adapted for his purpose. Secondly, there had been no unreasonable laches in returning the animal after his unsoundness was discovered, for though defendant had been informed of the unsoundness by Mr. Moreton, three days after the purchase, he had the warranty of soundness from Mr. Skeavington, and it was but proper that he should not return the horse until the opinions of other veterinary surgeons could be procured. Then supposing the horse had not been returned within a reasonable time; it was stated in evidence that the horse was not worth fifty rupees, consequently, should the order be made absolute, the damages ought not to be greater than that amount. But the learned counsel chiefly relied on the fraudulency of the transaction, which he contended, independently of the questions of time and warranty, vitiated the agreement.

MR. DEBBS followed on the same side, and after briefly recapitulating the arguments of his leader, strongly urged that even supposing an agreement to return the horse in three days, or if it had not been returned within a reasonable time, the sale being originally vicious, could not be made good by the subsequent acts of the defendant.

MR. ADVOCATE GENERAL in supporting the rule, argued that the evidence of Mr. Patton was conclusive that there was an agreement to return the horse within three days if not approved, and it was not impugned by the silence of Lieut. Isaacs, because that gen-

He did not understand the language in which the bargain was effected; and as the contract was binding if the horse was not returned within three days, defendant, though he might bring a cross suit on the ground of untrue warranty, could not rescind the contract after the expiration of that period, and as he could not rescind the whole contract he could rescind a part of it, therefore, he was liable for the whole amount of damages. Secondly, defendant had kept the horse too long a time after he had notice of its unsoundness, in such a case, as the horse's faults were more likely to increase than diminish, and as there was every opportunity for trial, he was bound to give immediate notice of unsoundness to plaintiff. Then with reference to the fraud, there was no evidence to show that Shaik Ibrahim, if in law a party to the warranty, was so in fact, but, on the contrary, there was evidence that he did not understand English, in which language the defendant asked Skeavington of the warranty, and consequently, there was no appearance of fraud.

Mr. PRINSEP followed on the same side; and contended in order to vitiate the contract, a legal fraud was not sufficient but a criminal one must be apparent.

Mr. JUSTICE FRANKS.—The questions before the court are—whether the defendant was bound by the warranty to return the horse in three days if unsound, and, secondly, whether there is such evidence of fraud as ought to make the transaction void. My own impression is, that the warranty was independent of the three days, and that the time was allowed to enable the defendant to judge if the horse was in other respects adapted for his purpose. With reference to the time, it has been held that no lapse of time can alter a contract originally false; besides it must be shown that the defendant acquiesced in the limitation; but we have no evidence of that, and I take it, therefore, that the warranty was a general one and not confined to the three days. Then as to fraud,—it is clear that the horse was unsound and had been so for some time; and there is evidence to show plaintiff was aware of the unsoundness. The case then is independent of the warranty. When an action is brought on a warranty the party is bound at all events by the terms of it, but where he knowingly sells an unsound horse, as sound, he is liable for the fraud; and in *Blackstone's Com.* 2 note 451 it is stated that the purchaser may recover back the price he has paid, provided he can prove the seller knew of the unsoundness or vice at the time of sale; for the concealment of such a material circumstance is a fraud, which vacates the contract. Now, it is said there was unnecessary delay in returning the horse after defendant was aware of the unsoundness—the answer given to that I think is strong. As the warranty of Skeavington accompanied the sale, defendant had confidence, and when he had the opinion of Mr. Moreton it was but the opinion of one veterinary surgeon against another; but when he had Mr. Hughes's opinion he then decided to return the horse. Now, is there any evidence that defendant kept the horse to save the keep of another, or did he act unfairly in the mean time?—I think not: the only reason for the return not being sooner was his desire to satisfy his own mind of the horse's unsoundness.

Mr. Justice RYAN.—I am of the same opinion; and regret that the rule nisi has been granted. It may be true that Shaik Ibrahim does not usually warrant, but if he employs an European to transact business for him he must be bound by all he says and does. Shaik Ibrahim must do this—he must employ an honest agent. I think this was not an honest case; and decide it on the ground of fraud. The rule must be discharged with costs.

SPORTING SCENES IN THE SAUCOR AND NERBUDDA TERRITORIES.

MAHASEAH FISHING AND BEAR SHOOTING.

On the confines of a dense jungle, 20 miles to the South West of Saugor is situated the obscure village of Rangeer, held in rent free tenure from our Government for the purpose of keeping up a police guard of six men at a pass in the hills, amidst the jungle, 3 miles from the village.

By means of this guard, the tigers and other wild beasts are scared away, and the road kept open for travellers. Rangeer is a charming spot, fit either for a sportsman of high or low degree, and can boast of as fine a piece of romantic scenery as is to be found in Central India.

Fishing attracted my friend L. and self to the spot. Here the Duhar winds its devious course along a range of mountain sandstone, and on either side is bounded by perpendicular cliffs between 150 and 200 feet high. The distance between these frightful precipices varies considerably, but it may be stated at an average of 200 yards. The whole space is not occupied by water, but partly by a luxuriant and rank vegetation, which, when viewed from the summit of the cliffs, presents a grand and fearful abyss. It was in a cave at the foot of the precipice in the midst of this deep jungle that a large she-bear had taken up her residence, and was discovered by the villagers to have deposited her young there.

By a winding and slippery path we descended to the bed of the stream and soon began to exercise our art on the noble but wary Mahaseah. The pools abounded with fish, they had never before been disturbed by an European angler, and they sported with the paste bait in all the wonted carelessness of conscious security. The largest we caught did not exceed 8 pounds, but they afforded us delightful sport. At first I was unfortunate—my gut snapt three successive times while playing my fish; but, nothing daunted, I patiently repaired the loss and ere the close of the day had an ample supply. The stream in the month of February is small and our fishing was confined to the deep still waters of the river. Our course to one of the best of these pools took us close by the cave of the she-bear;—a consultation was held,—the servants assented to go, and, placing a brace of leader persuaders in my Parker, we filed, — I was going to add boldly, but, I ought rather to say, cautiously along the path. The lady Bruin did not make her appearance and we reached our fishing ground in safety. We were highly amused throughout the day by gangs of merry roistering devils of grey monkeys who were continually frisking and curvetting from shrub to rock and would perch themselves close by us and look on with a most impertinent indifference.

Having laden our servants with fish we wound up the proceedings of the day by going in pursuit of the Bear. For this purpose the headman of the village and 12 of his people with tulwars and matchlocks proceeded with us along the top of the precipice till we came over the cave at which the beast had been marked in;—we descended the cliff about 30 feet through a fissure and reached a small tree which was growing out from among the rocks. From this, with another man, I lowered myself down about 30 feet more by the roots of shrubs and ledges of the rock, and reached another small tree which overhung the mouth of the cave within 20 yards of it. Here we stopped. The men from above now commenced throwing stones and making a great shout in order to arouse the sable monster from her lair. They did not labor in vain. A few minutes after I had *planted* myself, as before described, I espied something moving in the interior of the dark hole, and presently I perceived it was the face of my friend directed upwards with apparently an enquiring eye as to the cause of such unprecedented annoyance; the look was but a momentary one, for, in the next instant, a ball was safely lodged in her occiput, and she bit the dust. It was judged prudent, ere we ventured down, to lodge a second ball in her carcase lest she might be disposed to shew us before bidding adieu to this transitory world, a too striking *mark* of her *close attachment*. The young ones, from the firing of the first ball, began to cry piteously, and one was mortally wounded by the second ball. All hands now scrambled down to the mouth of the cave for the purpose of getting the bear out, but to our surprise we found the aperture that admitted of egress during life would not admit of it during death: we were, in consequence, as night was closing in, obliged to leave the body where it was, and returned to our tents to enjoy a delicious draught of beer with a good dinner and to resume our labours in the morning.

The cave, I found afterwards, was formed by a deep fissure in the cliff, like what is often seen in the cliffs on the sea coast, and had a large opening within a few feet from where we first descended; but the walls of the cave were so perpendicular that I do not think the bear could have climbed up. It was down through this opening, when we met in the morning; a man descended by a rope and secured the two little bears alive and one dead. The paws of the old one were then lashed together and with great difficulty hoisted out.

Looking into the cave from this top opening I could not distinctly make out the bottom, but I ascertained from the man who descended, that no bedding of any kind had been collected, merely the rough stones apparently scraped away and the fine sand scratched up. The young ones were, according to the villagers, a month old. Two of them were males and one a female. One of the males died of his wound. The two we got out alive are thriving fast on 8 pints of milk per diem. Poor little creatures,—it was fortunate for them perhaps we went to Rangeer, for they are saved a world of misery, for they now revel luxuriously, and will be spared the trouble of seeking their own livelihood. Their poor father, the villagers say, is still wandering about lament-

ing his sad loss, and he would, I have no doubt, could he but be brought to think so, consult his comfort by coming in on similar terms!

Wishing your undertaking may meet with every success.

Believe me, to remain your's,

RAMBLER.

THE RIFLE, AND BALL SHOOTING.

"Vultur mihi is denum vivere et frui annua, qui, aliquo negotio intentus est." *Sallust.*

It appears that idleness is incompatible with happiness; hence, in this country where our wits are so often pushed for something to do, many are induced to take an interest in the Sports of the Field who would otherwise never think of them. For their amusement the following paper on the Rifle and Ball Shooting has been drawn up, and if the subject is found worthy of prosecution,* will be followed by another on the Plover Piece.

There are two kinds of Rifles, one where the indentings or grooves in the barrels are broad, and the other where they are narrow;—these rifles require to be differently loaded, the first with a thin cotton cloth greased, and the second with the ball more loose and covered with thicker cloth or thin leather. I have fancied the first to be the best method, and most good rifles are on this plan.

The most efficient rifle for long distances will be found to be one carrying a musquet ball with 2 drams of powder; but as a gun of this calibre must necessarily weigh 9 or 10 lbs. the weight in this country becomes of consideration, and we must give up certain advantages to obtain a gun of a convenient size. A carbine bore gives a tolerable sized ball, and a gun of this description weighing 7 lbs. may be considered moderate;—the charge of powder for such a rifle is $1\frac{1}{4}$ drams or $34\frac{1}{2}$ grains, but a good idea of the charges of any rifles may be obtained, by filling the mould of the ball with powder, which will be found pretty near the proper quantity, if the gun has a sufficiency of metal.

It appears that little advantage is gained in the greater length of barrels, and from 28 to 32 inches may limit our choice: it may be remarked however, that the longer the barrel is, a more correct aim can be taken, and the eye less apt to be deceived. The best rifle I ever saw was only 28 inches in the barrel, with broad grooves and carbine bore, the barrel weighing 4lb. 6oz. and the whole gun $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

Every rifle ought to have a hair trigger, which gives a great advantage in preserving a steady aim; common triggers are always apt to

* We are perfectly sure our readers will be very thankful for a continuation of the subject.—ED.

cause the gun to swerve to the right in consequence of the heavy fall required, a remark which particularly applies to all light fire arms.

The ball in either sort of rifle ought to fit so as to go down with the pressure of a stout ramrod without the use of a mallet,—at the same time it ought not to be too loose; either defects tend to throw the ball from its proper spiral motion in the barrel; but unless the grooves are correct this will always be the case, and in order to find whether the ball runs properly thro' the grooves charge the gun with $\frac{1}{4}$ the usual quantity of powder and discharge it at 50 paces distance at a butt of soft earth, and afterwards dig out the ball. If it has moved properly the end which was uppermost in the barrel will be found indented by the blow on the butt, and the rifle grooves clearly and distinctly marked on the ball; if, however, it appears that the riflemarks are torn, or that the upper end has not fairly struck the butt, we may be sure there is something wrong either with the size or form of the ball, or with the grooves of the rifle, and no gun can possibly carry a ball correctly with these defects; the latter case is without remedy, but the balls may be altered and the gun tried again.—Some recommend lead at the length of 3 or 4 diameters at the bore to be cast on an iron rod in the mouth of the rifle, and when cool to press it down the barrel, as a proof of the correctness of the grooves; but notwithstanding the condensing of the metal in cooling no rifle will stand a proof of the kind. Some rifles are very delicate, requiring a particular covering for the ball so as to ensure good results: a heavy charge of powder is also likely to create a deviation in the passage of the ball thro' the grooves, and the smaller the charge is the less chance will there be of this accident occurring from any cause.

Percussion rifles have certainly an advantage over flint and steel, and having used one on this principle for a long time I never could perceive that the flight of the ball was affected by the explosion of the powder being more condensed, and stronger at some discharges than others, which would be immediately apparent in a rifle by materially altering the range of the piece, and which operates against an opinion of this nature given by some of the most eminent gun makers in London. As this opinion was founded on experiments made with shot only, I am inclined to think they were deceived into it from the extraordinarily inconsistent results of fowling pieces loaded with small shot which are obtained under any circumstances whether with flint and steel or percussion locks.

• Rifles are generally provided with three sights, the one about $\frac{1}{8}$ th of an inch higher than the other, and calculated to carry 50 yards beyond the range of the preceding one;—the first sight should be so placed as to carry the ball 120 yards, the second sight may therefore carry 170, and the third 220 yards;—beyond this, the effect of shots may with most people be considered problematical, altho' some extraordinary feats are occasionally heard of, but which, if ever they occurred, may be fairly considered as accidents not likely to be often experienced, or probably as seldom as the American shooting eagles when out of sight.

This leads me to remark that the small rifles in America, of the performances of which we have heard so much, are only intended, like our pea rifles, to shoot squirrels or birds on the tops of trees, or in thick woods, where long shots are seldom had, and where destroying the skin of the animals is to be avoided as much as possible.

It requires some time before a person gets accustomed to the use of a rifle, and to judge the distances correctly, for it is evident that if he is out 20 or 30 yards in his estimation, he will most likely miss his object. Standing in a hollow or on an eminence,—water intervening between you and the object,—trees, a ploughed field or jungle,—in fact a thousand things are likely to distract the judgment of the oldest hands, and hence the repeated disappointments with a weapon so calculated for destruction: there will, therefore, as in pigeon shooting, be found a very great difference in the success of marksmen at a target with measured distances, and at game in the field.

The Antelope, so common in some parts of India, is an excellent object for the Rifleman's pursuit, and, with Bustards and Quoolung form the usual game for the rifle in this country, the sights at which, set as directed, will be found the most convenient, and a true sportsman, with a good gun, will be satisfied to get within the reach of his first sight, with which he ought to make certain, without a rest, of an object 9 inches in diameter, and the chances are in his favor that he wounds if not kills his game. It will sometimes however be difficult to get so near, and the marksman must be content with a shot at a longer distance, and consequently less chance of success. (In Deer shooting one shot at 30 or 40 yards may be reckoned equal to 10 shots at 150; many crack shots will be loath to acknowledge the fact, *Experio crede*;) the best plan will be found, to walk boldly, without crouching, and in a circuit, so as gradually to near the game, taking care not to move your arms in walking; and to have no part of your dress flapping about; the aid of a steady horse will be found useful, the Saees should lead him quietly in a circuit, while you walk on the off side from the game, and when as near as you think proper, stand ready, while the Saees passes quietly on with the horse at his usual pace, leaving the object open for your fire.

The Rifle is by no means a useful gun in a Howda on an elephant, in consequence of the difficulty of loading, being besides not calculated for near and quick shooting. Some double rifles have been made for this purpose, but the velocity of a rifle ball being considerably less, than that from a smooth barrel, the latter must have the preference at close quarters at tygers, or other heavy game, altho' they may be useful in Antelope shooting as affording a second shot.

SMOOTH BARRELS.

As the gun-makers of London now bore their barrels, they are not calculated to carry ball well; and few of the modern guns imported into Calcutta will be found capable of throwing a ball 50 yards, with any accuracy. Some of the old barrels of our last makers are famous

for their execution with ball : About 20 years ago a number of very good light double barrelled guns, 24 inches in the barrel, were sent out to this country for using in a howda, and being usually of a musquet bore were called bone-breakers, and were generally loaded with common cartridges ; they were very useful for the purpose, but seem to have disappeared since pigeon shooting came so much in fashion :— they were very plain and cheap, and some of them carried shot remarkably well. A smooth barrel that carries a ball accurately may be considered as valuable in these days to a person who would wish to see his lead within a fathom of the mark at 100 yards distance, and while the common shot guns have been nearly rendered unfit for carrying ball ; yet I doubt if any thing has been gained in strength of shot shooting by the new method of boring the barrels, and I strongly suspect some of the old fashioned 8lb. Mantons will be found to carry as well as those on the new principle.

A smooth barrel for ball shooting ought to have the bore perfectly cylindrical, and the ball should fit so as to go down easily, and if it is required to be tighter, a thin greased cloth may be put over it which will also prevent leading. To give a smooth barrel its proper advantage of strong shooting so useful against tygers, the lead should have the regular proportion of tin in it, cylindrical plugs of the length of a diameter and a half, or two diameters of the bore, may be used at tygers, with great effect ; and the full charge of powder ought also to be used which is much greater than for a rifle of the same size.

I shall close this paper with a hint to young sportsmen shooting in grass at Deer or other animals from a Howda. The grass where large game is found is generally 7 or 8 feet high, and on its first starting, say 10 yards ahead, he cannot possibly see the animal, but must be guided solely by the moving of the grass : he must therefore aim nearly half way between himself and the animal as he is elevated about 15 feet at the time he fires : most Griffs would aim a foot or two below the moving grass and would of course have no chance of touching the object.

RIFLE.

A DAY WITH THE MUSSOOREE FOX HOUNDS.

The place of meeting is up the Delhi road, and along it, you see several buggies and some hacks bearing red coats and green ; one in particular you may notice just arriving at the spot where stand the hounds. You may judge from the manner in which the man in the white great coat (as he stands up in the buggy to take it off) speaks to the whipper in who is with the hounds, that he is used to command ; *this* then is THE HUNTSMAN and with him see the MASTER OF THE PACK, which agreeably to the order just given are walked quietly on nearer to the covers you perceive yonder, and which are sugar canes. The huntsman, with a hint or two to the gents, who arrive *after* him ; at the lateness of their appear-

ance, and an appeal to the master to know if he shall commence drawing,— mounts the little compact bay horse you see there with a hold at his saddle bow, with some such remark as “now for a good jackal Nawaub.” He is no sooner on his back, than hacks and buggies and brandy coortees are exchanged for the hunter and the scarlet; of the latter you see about 20 with some 5 or 6 appearing in green, and the word is “Gentlemen, look sharp, we shall find the instant they’re in;”—and now he joins his hounds, whom, you may perceive, know who has joined them by their immediately leaving the lad and getting to the huntsman. Up he trots ‘um to the cane, each hound watching him for a wave of his hand; and soon they have it with “hark in there, hark!”—and the pack that clustered at his horse’s heels, where are they now?—all in the cane, which shakes and crackles as they press thro’ it—“Yoicks! wind him, good hounds”—sound merrily thro’ the cover, in which you may just see the cap of scarlet, of the huntsman. A hound speaks in a peculiarly light note, “Yoicks! Bluebell, my lass;”—another hound throws his tongue in a full rich note, “hark, Justice, good hound, hark Justice hark!” and now the vocalist of the pack responds, and the cover rings with “hark! Comedy, hark!” There is now no longer need of a cheer, for the whole pack join in chorus, and proclaim him found—“Keep that side open, for God’s sake, gentlemen, one at either end, and your horses noses in the cane.” Mark how willingly the field obey, for well do they know he speaks not without cause— and see! yonder he breaks with his head straight for the best country. “Tallyho!” cries the man at the corner, and crash comes the huntsman thro’ the cane with a halloo, that brings every hound out in a moment—no need of capping—down go their noses, every hound’s bristles erect as merrily they throw their tongues and settle to it. And now two notes on the horn of a “gone awae” that you might hear a mile off gives the huntsman, as Nawaub glides into his place along side of them.—The ground is hard, but the scent lies well and the charge of the field sounds like a regiment of cavalry; there you see the young one, a light weight on a clipper, has passed already the last couple of tail hounds and will soon be in the midst of ‘em, but he is checked with “prayride either to the right or left of ‘em, you can see nothing where you are and will kill some of my hounds;”—his horse is immediately turned. The burst has been sharp for a mile and no fence to stop the horses, but now a thorn bound fence with a ditch appears: so rare are the fences, that “hurra! for a jump” comes from more than one mouth. At it they go, the three leading men clear it handsomely; and now comes the whip at it; crash goes the fence, but the little brown galloway is on the right side and away again, some of the field look “thank ye” but none say so, as their horses appear to turn by instinct for the gap. The scent begins to be flashy and scarce a whimper is heard save from old ‘Tidings;—At last up go the noses and “hold hard” follows—“What a beautiful cast they make!” says one; “How they spread,” cries another “Pray gentlemen dont talk,” says the huntsman, anxiously watching each hound as he lashes his stern still in doubt—“Comedy has it, hark Comedy there!”—the pack join her like lightning and the scent is again owned by all on the road, down which the Jackal has made a short turn:—the scent improves and

the ground *looks* while the air *feels* moist ; they—near the canal. “ Now for a swim John, will you cross ? ” “ I will by——if the pack do,” responds John.... “ always ready for a lark,” but now more so than ever, his chesnut mare having carried him a good second over the fence. The scent improves every yard, the hounds pack so well, you might take the whole with a casting net :—see ! there they turn to the right, each hound disappearing for a moment or two :—they are in the ditch !—yonder they rise again and the scent now lies along the bank of the canal ;—but two men are with the hounds—why stop the rest, and wheel round ? ‘tis a narrow, but deep black looking ditch and the nags like it not. But see that well dressed, rather corpulent man on the little chesnut—at seeing the others wheel round, how he crams him at it !—the grass has here overgrown it, and without even a rise, over they turn, man and horse, a complete summerset in the air ;—game to the bone—he catches him before he is up, and is soon seen in his place again—By this time some have cleared the ditch, others preferring the jungle to the right, but one man you may see much more inclined for a jump than his nag, the horse will not and the man is determined to be over *somehow* :—there ! look ! in go the Latchfords, crack goes the double thong down the shoulder, and down come man and horse, the latter rolling his rider sideways against the bank ; but it matters not, there is more than one son of Æsculapius at hand ;—but where now are the hounds ?—half a mile ahead and the field racing to catch them.

“ Curse that turn,” the hounds wheel to the right, and let in the whole field just as they were beginning to feel distress : the scent is now thro’ a dark jungle, each bush holding it, and each hound snatching at it and pushing for the lead, we near him fast, and cruel is the pace, but hold ! why stops the huntsman ? they are too hard pressed, and have overrun him.—“ Hold hard in time, gentlemen ;—the scent is back ”—the hounds have made nearly a circle and no hound owns to it, “ Hark back to the line of him here,” says the huntsman, as he completes the circle round the horses—“ by heavens she has it, yoicks ! Countess, good bitch, “ and every hound is again at him ”—“ There’s a puppy at lead, Preston,” cries the huntsman—“ ‘tis Trueman, sir,”—responds the whip—The jungle becomes thicker and thicker ; the hounds run short and make many turns, the cry is wondrous : see the man on the Cape horse ! how he pilots the field thro’ the trees, looking joyous as tho’ heaven were opened to him !—But who’s that on the spotted grey wide to the right just seen thro’ the trees high in the stirrups, and craning for a view ?—‘tis William, the best eye in the field ;—“ he views him !—by Jove he tallyho’s him dead beat ahead,” and, as luck will have it, he is forced at this moment to an open part of the jungle ; see the old hound’s bristles how they rise, and there the leading hound catches view—‘tis ‘ Manager,’ with ‘ Banker’ and ‘ Harriet’ close on him, ‘ Manager’ sec turus him and ‘ Banker’ makes his never failing fire. Who-hoop ! my beauties, who-hoop ! every hound is up and every hound helps shake him——“ The time,” “ the time,” cry three or four. Out comes the huntsman’s watch,—“ five-and-forty minutes to a moment,” “ and a good eight miles by Jove,” cry half a dozen at once

To see the joy of the huntsman and whips as they give the whoo-hoop, and the glistening eye of the master and field as they listen to it can be compared to nought in the shape of other joy,—'tis a bliss—the meed of hunters alone.

EXEUNT IN FUMO.

MY FIRST BRUSH WITH A TIGER.

It was on the evening of the —th of February that one of my scouts returned to the camp bringing with him a Gwala, who professed to have some very good information regarding the movements of certain Tigers in our neighbourhood. By his account, more than one of these gentry had taken up his quarters in the numerous swamps which encircle the village of ———: but the one particularly recommended to our notice was the gentleman known by the *soubriquet* of the *Fukcer's tiger*, from a strange partiality he had adopted of visiting the habitation of one of these *holy men*, in a neighbouring tope. Every *Thursday* did he leave his card on this most respectable saint, for although the vulgar report affirms that the two *jinivars* live on terms of the most perfect cordiality, yet, as they were never seen to *shake hands*, it will be more prudent to say, merely, that they live on *visiting terms*, and nothing further. Be this as it may, we considered the *quadruped* to be most worthy of acquaintance, and resolved to beat up his quarters on the following morning. The party consisted only of Captain B— and your humble servant, and as he had only three elephants, our chance of success was slight. We started at day break and soon arrived at the trysting place, but before entering the jungle our guide pointed out the foot mark of a tiger, which he declared was quite fresh, the day before; this was as much as to say, "I have at least some grounds for bringing you here." We were soon in the midst of the swamps, the long potails and grass reaching over the howdahs, whilst the elephants made but tardy progress through the clayey mud. On we went for a weary time, our hopes diminishing with every step, and no symptoms of a living animal! At last my impatience could not be controlled; and I began to hint that a tiger would never choose so uncomfortable a berth. B—, who had the benefit of a little more experience, recommended our trying back by another route, so round we went, and in five minutes more came upon some fresh lairs, embellished with the bones and skull of sundry hog deer. This was quite enough to raise my pulse to 150, and I have since wondered, how at that minute, my mahout escaped death, for, in my anxiety to detect any thing moving in the grass, my body was half out of the howdah, and the muzzle of my Purdey in fearful propinquity to the head of the unfortunate elephant driver:—50 yards further was sufficient to set our doubts at rest. I saw a slight rustling, under my elephant's feet, and fired four barrels without hesitation, though perfectly ignorant what I was blazing at. The elephants expressed no uneasiness, there was no trumpeting;

no shuffling of feet. This was a bad sign, and in the bitterness of my heart, I sang out, "oh, it's only a —— pig." "And there he lies" cried B—, at the same time discharging a brace of barrels. The grass was slightly agitated for a few seconds, as if by the convulsive struggles of some dying animal, and then ceased: we commenced loading, and told the driver of the pad elephant, to pick up the dead animal! Nothing however could be found, and we were again moving on in line, when to our very great surprise, a sudden rush took place, and the next instant, a striped back and a long tail dissolved the mystery. "A tiger by heavens," shouted I, my first impulse being to give a *tallyho*. B—, whose feelings were a little more under restraint, only replied by a volley; this partially restored my senses, and every barrel was speedily emptied. So transient was the view afforded to us that our aim could only be taken by the waving of the long reeds, as the animal plunged into the heavy jungle. But never shall I forget the thrill of excitement, which came across me at that moment, the elders may smile at my enthusiasm, but I will be sworn that every one for the *first time*, in a similar situation, has experienced a similar sensation. It was my *first* interview with a tiger in his native jungle; the feelings I then experienced never visited me before, and it is most likely, will never do so again. But to return to my subject. There was no time for delay—"chull," "chull" was the word, and down went the grass before the feet of our astonished elephants, as we *doured* along at the rate of 15 miles an hour. This was all very well for few hundred yards, but as we had then lost all traces of the chase we began to suspect that we had run over him. Back we went cautiously, and sure enough the wily brute had turned our flank. He now got up close under B—'s elephant (but without giving the least glimpse of his person): B— entertained him with a volley, but that pleasure was denied me. Again did we lose him, and again did we put him up; this time I was in luck, for my elephant nearly crushed him with his feet. Yet, wretched bungler that I was!—yet, was I unable to bring him up; though I fain would "lay the flattering unction to my soul!" that I tickled him with my first barrel, as he answered it with a roar!! It was now pretty evident, that he was a sneaking cowardly beast, for in this way did he tantalize us for upwards of two hours more. It was with the greatest difficulty we could get him to move, and when he, did so, he laid himself down to the ground and *crawled away* in a most disreputable manner. At length our patience became quite exhausted, and we thought that such a cowardly wretch was hardly worth the trouble of killing, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Gwala, (who swore most positively that the animal was *desperately* wounded) returned to our tents in disgust. Our conversation at breakfast as you may suppose, turned on the morning's diversion, and interlarded with many a hearty execration on the animal who displayed so great an aversion to be killed. On comparing notes, we found that 4-5ths of our balls had gone some feet over the animal, though at the same time we endeavoured to make out, that he *must* be wounded. "For else what could make him lie so close?—besides he roared twice, as much as to say

"you have hit me now but I will pay you off when I have an opportunity." "But then, if he was wounded why did he not charge?" "Oh he is such a worthless despicable beast that you might pull his whiskers without extorting any thing beyond a growl!"

Such were our speculations, and such our unprofitable talk, on this *melancholy occasion*, yet we could not conceal our regret that we had given over the chase so precipitately, for there was very little chance of his remaining there after so *pressing a notice to quit*.

PILGRIM.

(*To be continued.*)

BURSAUTEE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR, — Fully agreeing in the opinion of your intelligent correspondent M. as to the importance of veterinary subjects being brought under discussion in your useful and entertaining periodical, I venture to offer you, in the absence of better information, my own sentiments respecting the nature and treatment of that horrid and loathsome disease peculiar to Horses in India! — *Bursautee*.

I have never yet met with a person who could give me any satisfactory information respecting the cause or treatment of this disease. Some have stated their belief that it was infectious; — this, however, I am inclined to think an erroneous idea, strengthened, I must admit, by the circumstance of a horse, previously sound, having broken out with it after standing in the same stable with a Bursautee Horse, but who probably has had the disease imparted to him by INOCULATION by flies conveying a portion of the discharge from the sores on the diseased horse to some slight cut or scratch horses are so liable to about their heels, a place where the disease I think most generally shews itself first. Bad grooming, and improper feeding, producing general relaxation of the system, are no doubt as likely to induce a predisposition to this disease as they do towards many others. As far as I can learn it is peculiar to India, but whether it prevails more in Bengal or the upper provinces I am not aware: — one thing I have remarked and it may be worthy of notice, that country and stud-bred horses appear more subject to it than others, and I can only bring to my recollection having seen *one Arab* affected with it. I may be wrong in this remark, but I speak as regards my own observations.

The appearance of the disease I conceive is too generally known to require any description from me. I will merely state that it invariably exhibits itself soon after the commencement of the rains — (*Bursaut* — whence its name) in the form of Fungous Ulcers which keep up an acrid discharge, rendering the animal in many instances useless until the cold season arrives, when they generally dry up, shewing them-

selves again at each succeeding rainy season. The legs and about the fetlock are the places, as I remarked already, usually first affected.

Whether a decided cure has ever been effected I know not, but trust, should such have occurred, your Magazine will be furnished forthwith with an account of the treatment resorted to. In the mean time I give you a remedy I have tried in one instance and with appearance of success, but I cannot say positively that the disease was eradicated, not being able to keep the horse or having an opportunity of seeing if the rainy season affected him. My patient was a bay stud-bred gelding, aged, (I suppose about 10 years);—he had an extensive sore on one hind leg, on the fetlock joint, and a smaller one on the other, from both of which issued a virulent discharge, and the poor animal appeared to be much reduced both in body and strength, fungus having risen in the larger sore to a considerable height. I, in the first place, applied a hot iron to it, dressing it afterwards with an ointment prepared as follows.

Hog's Lard 4oz.; Bees Wax 1oz; and Venice Turpentine 3oz.

melt these carefully over a slow fire, and then before the liquid has become quite cold, stir well into it

Red precipitate finely powdered 2oz.

Over this dressing, which was changed night and morning, a large poultice of bran was applied. In a short time the eschar caused by the hot iron came away and left a much more healthy looking sore, the fungus in which was kept under with blue vitriol and sometimes lunar caustic, covering it after each application with dry lint and an ointment prepared as before, only substituting 2 oz's of spirits of turpentine for the red precipitate. To the smaller sore, I only applied blue vitriol, dry lint, and the turpentine digestive ointment and it quickly healed.

During the application of these topical remedies I administered first a smart purgative, and after its operation, commenced on a course of tonics and alteratives in the following form:

Tartar Emetic one drachm, Camphor half a drachm, Calomel fifteen grains, Blue Vitriol fifteen grains, Oil of Juniper twenty drops, and Flour two drachms,

with water sufficient to make into one ball. One of these balls was given every morning and evening, and immediately after his drink of water,—a precaution, according to White's Farriery, requisite in administering blue vitriol, or it is apt to produce irritation of the stomach. The animal had regular gentle exercise, was fed on good sound dry hay, and a mixture of gram, oats, and bran, well groomed and littered, and sufficiently clothed to protect him from cold. The dose of calomel and blue vitriol were gradually increased until half a drachm of the former and two scruples of the latter were given in each dose: an occasional purgative was administered suspending the exhibition of the tonics, &c. during its operation, but recommencing as soon as it was over. Considerable amendment was soon visible. The ulcers showed every disposition to heal kindly, the horse's coat became fine, and himself more lively and spirited, exhibiting altogether very general improvement in constitution, and in little more than two months I drove him in a buggy to all appear-

ance a sound Horse,—if nothing more than the want of a little hair on the scars left by the ulcers would admit of the expression; and although I cannot say positively that the disease was destroyed, I feel great confidence in recommending a trial of the remedies here used to any of your readers who may unfortunately possess a Bursantee Horse, and hope they will not fail to make known the result, whether favorable or otherwise, through your valuable Magazine.

I cannot conclude this without making a short extract from a paper by Dr. Playfair, published in the 1st vol. of the Calcutta Med. and Phys. Soc.'s. transs. In speaking of the Medical properties of the Madar Plant, he says "In the horse, it appears effectually to cure the Bursantee, a disease common and destructive in this country, but I am possessed of too little veterinary knowledge to say whether it is a species of Farcy or a disease peculiar to this climate." Should any of your readers feel disposed to try the Madar powder I must refer them to Dr. P.'s papers for further particulars respecting the plant, but they must have recourse to *topical stimulants* in conjunction with it.

I fear you will think me prolix, and shall therefore conclude wishing you every success in your Sporting Magazine.

Your's obdttly.

April 15th, 1833.

S.

A GOOD SHOT.

EDITOR SAHIB,—The fame of your Sporting Magazine has already extended to the Jungle Mehaults, so I send you an account of a shot, that has astonished the weak understandings of us poor natives most amazingly. *

A party of red coats were out "douring" in the jungles, but instead of coming on a *horde* of Boomeegees, they fell in with a *herd* of deer; at a distance of about 150 yards an officer fired *one* barrel, and felled *two* splendid fellows, the ball passing through both shoulders of one into that of the second. I overheard the "Loll Moorgees*" say, it was a lucky hit, for that their "Sahib Loge" were badly off in the victualling department, and that such belly timber was not to be despised, after being on intimate terms with commissariat natives. Wishing you every success in your "Shikaroe" publication, I make my salaam.

CHOOAR.

North side of the Big Doohnah, 108 in the shade.

* Sepoys, called so by the Chooars.

THE TURF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—The turf, like other speculations, appears to have been *overdone* in England, as well as here and elsewhere ; but having read amongst the writings of your correspondents, that the breaking of Agency houses and upsetting of governments and other trifling damages, are merely preparatory to “*a more wholesome state of things*,” I beg to be informed whether there is any hope of sport, in which honest men and true may engage, next cold weather, i. e. without fear of being cleaned out, or if fortunate, being told, “to call again to-morrow?” A reform is wanting here as well as at Newmarket, and if the next races were got up by a few gentlemen, who loved the sport, and who would set their faces against GAMBLING, the “*wholesome state of things*” might, mayhap, arrive before the Millenium.

T. O.

THE RHOTAS FORESTERS.


TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—All Sportsmen hail with pleasure the establishment of your Magazine, in whose pages they trust to see recorded those interesting events connected with the field, and gymnastic exercises in the country, which for want of a chronicler have hitherto been consigned to oblivion. In your first number under the head of Archery, you solicit information regarding the rise, progress, and fall of the Rhotas Foresters; of their rise and progress I am able to give, and will at some other time afford you, ample information, but of their *fall* I can say nothing, and for the same reason that the Governor of Tilbury Fort assigns for not being able to see the Spanish fleet, viz. “because it is not yet in sight.” To speak plainly, the Rhotas Foresters have not fallen at all, but are at this moment existing in full vigour. Take as a proof of their vitality the following circumstance which occurred on the practice ground the other day. The targets were fixed, and the Archers at their morning’s exercise, distance 80 yards. The junior Archer struck the Red with his second arrow; his comrade the Gold with his third arrow; the Captain challenged the Gold, and shot *within* the previous shaft with his fourth arrow, his third having pierced the inner white. On the morning before one of the junior Archers struck the Gold twice at the same distance (80 yards) in the course of very few rounds. Having said enough to prove the existence of the Rhotas Foresters I must inform you that the Parent Society has lately thrown out some very promising off-shoots: the place from whence I date this has produced some excellent recruits, who, as well as the elder bowmen, trust to do their humble best to uphold the honour of the British bow—a noble, graceful, and though most *English* sport,

still one peculiarly adapted to this country, being perhaps the only active amusement which may be indulged in throughout the year without prejudice to the health,—nay, tending to invigorate the frame and serving as an excellent antidote to the sedentary pursuits of many of us Indians and to the confinement to which the climate subjects us all. Should you be desirous of obtaining further information regarding the state of Archery in this part of the country it will be most willingly afforded you by your obedient Servant,


A RHOTAS FORESTER.

Chicnville Forest, April 6, 1833.

 Our respected correspondent cannot write to us too frequently. Not only will his communications on the subject of Archery be acceptable, but any thing he is pleased to send on other sporting themes will receive proper attention.—Ed.

TAPLIN ABRIDGED.

ASCARIDES—are a species of worms, to which horses are frequently subject, from two to three inches long ; they are not larger in circumference than a common knitting needle, have a flat head, and in some degree not unlike the millepedes, at least in respect to their number of legs. They are in general voided with the dung, where they may be seen twirling and twisting about with wonderful rapidity, not unlike a grig, or small-eel, when thrown out of his own element upon the grass. Horses persecuted with these painful and troublesome companions, are generally relaxed in the intestines, and throw off their dung in a *loose state*, affording, by that circumstance alone, sufficient proof how much they irritate internally, as well as why horses affected with *worms*, are not only low in flesh, but rough in coat, and almost every way out of condition.

 **ASTHMATIC**—Horses are considered *asthmatic*, or thick-winded, who have acquired a difficulty of respiration, and a short husky cough, from blood originally dense and sizey having been permitted to become proportionably *viscid*, from a want of *evacuants* and *attenuants* in time to have prevented the obstructions which lay the foundation of this troublesome defect. The viscosity of the blood constituting obstructions in the finer vessels, produce tubercles in the lungs, which, rendering their action partial and imperfect, occasions the difficulty of breathing, and repetition of cough, so constantly observed during the increased circulation of the blood, when the horse is brought into use. Frequent *bleedings*, and a course of alteratives are the best means of alleviation and cure.

ASTRINGENTS—is rather a medical than either a general or sporting term, and implies any article in food or medicine, possessing the property of restraining a too great flux of excrement after physic, or a too lax state of body, (denominated looseness,) proceeding from a previous fulness, or from intestinal acrimony, where the discharges have been a

mere effort of Nature to relieve herself from the load, and not in consequence of any purgative whatever. In such flaccidity of the intestines, proceeding from whatever cause, a cordial ball occasionally, small quantities of liquid laudanum in gruel, and an ounce of gum arabic dissolved, and given night and morning in the water, will soon restore them to their proper state.

ATTRACTION—is positively, in some respects, the best property (if it can be so termed) a horse can possibly possess, at least so far as it is admitted to exceed every other qualification in its effect upon the mind of the owner during the time he is in possession; as well as no inconsiderable gratification of pecuniary expectation when the horse comes to be sold. The great advantage arising from *attraction* in a horse is, that, however vexatious his defects in respect to temper and action may be, he will never hang upon hand, or the owner be long in want of a customer, if external figure and good colour do but afford *attraction* in any tolerable degree. There are always those in pursuit of horses for purchase, who more know what constitutes *figure at first sight*, than what constitutes *good points* after a week's examination. Two good ends (as the dealers term them) *will set on*, and *both up*, go a great way in the fashionable work of attraction; without one or both of which a horse can never become a commanding figure, either before or behind; and, strange as it may be thought by the young or inexperienced, there are numerous instances of horses bearing, in their general appearance, a kind of *attracting uniformity*, that, upon critical investigation, are found not to have any distinguishing point of excellence about them. Those, however, who have the prudence to bear in memory the effect of *attraction*, and to secure it when they *buy*, will never be at much loss when they *sell*: it will be also by no means inapplicable to have it equally “in the mund's eye,” that many horses without attraction are *too dear at nothing*.

BABBLER—is a hound upon whose tongue no firm reliance is to be made, either in *drag*, upon *trail*, or the recovery of a fault during the *chase*; so strictly true is the well known adage, that “a liar is not to be believed although he speaks the truth.”

BACK—of a horse, the very part upon which the central point of beauty principally depends. If he is long in the back, narrow across the loins, flat in the ribs, and light in the carcase, (however well he may be otherways furnished with *good points*,) he will never be considered either a handsome or strong horse. Horses of this description are in general good goers as to *speed*, but very little to be relied on in *hard service*, or *long journies*.

BACKING—is the term used for the first time of mounting a colt (or taking seat upon the saddle) after he has been previously *handled*, *quieted*, *stabled*, and accustomed to the mouthing-bit, the cavezon, martingal, lunging-rein, saddle, and the whole of the apparatus with which he has been led his different paces in *the ring*: all this he should be brought to submit to most quietly, as well as to the being *saddled*, and every part of stable discipline, before any attempt is made to *back*

him; if not, it cannot be termed a systematic completion of the business. As *backing* a *colt* (after every precaution) requires a certain degree of cool and steady fortitude appertaining principally to the *breaker*, whose province it is, (and is but little attempted by others,) a minute description of the means and ceremony could prove but of little utility here, and is of course for that reason dispensed with.

Opinion and practice have very much varied in respect to the age most proper for backing a colt, or even taking him in hand. Not more than half a century past, colts were never touched (upon the score of *handling*) till rising *four*, backed and brought into very gentle use when rising *five*, and never seen in constant work till nearly or *full six years old*. But so wonderfully has fashionable refinement operated upon the human mind, and so constantly is it agitated by the fascinating effusions of novelty and innovation, that we now find colts hauled at *two*, broke (and racing) at *three*, and in constant work at *four*, in every part of the kingdom; in consequence of which impatient and premature *improvement* upon the judgment and practice of our forefathers, we now daily observe horses at five, six, and seven years old, more impaired in their powers, than they formerly were at double that age, to the evident production of strained sinews, swelled legs, splints, sprains, windgalls, and the long list of ills so admirably calculated for the support of the generation of veterinarians.

BACK SINIEWS, - so called in a horse, are the tendons extending from the junction of the knee, at the back of the shank-bone to the fetlock joint, where they are inserted. These parts are so much acted upon, and partake so palpably of the labour in which the animal is constantly engaged, that they are eternally liable to injury from over work, rolling stones, deep ground, or projecting prominences in the pavement of large towns. When injuries of this kind are severe, and threaten, by *swelling* and *inflammation*, some duration, a repetition of work should be by all means avoided. A speedy and permanent cure principally depends upon the first steps taken for relief, to which mild treatment, attention, unremitting care, and rest, will conjunctively contribute. In most cases *too much* is done in *too short* a time, to gratify either the impatience of the owner, or the pecuniary sensations of his medical monitor; burning applications (increasing the original inflammation) of what they term *hot oils*, followed up by *blisters* of extra strength, and lastly, the humane (and frequently ineffectual) operation of the *spring irons*, constitute the routine of professional practice, to the utter rejection of milder means, and the indications of nature, who, with the assistance of rest, would frequently effect her own purpose, and complete a cure.

BACK RAKING—is an operation of which confident grooms, and indolent farriers, are too frequently fond. It is introducing the hand at the sphincter ani, to extract the indurated fæces, or hardened dung, from the rectum, in which the horse must experience considerable pain, that would be better avoided by the more humane and considerate ad-

ministration of a *clyster*. By this a repetition of the more slovenly and less efficacious operation would be rendered unnecessary, as well as the original intent more expeditiously promoted. There can be but little doubt, under the present improved practice, that means of relief so singular and unnatural, will soon give place to, and be totally superseded by, methods of greater neatness and humanity in their operation, and greater certainty in the effect.


HINTS TO TURFITES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In turning over your No. II., I expected to have found the time of the “Benares” running. This is held to be of great consequence by many of your readers, and I hope therefore you have already established interest sufficient with the most liberal of all liberal men (SPORTSMEN) in every quarter of India, to get it for insertion before your next appearance. I am very well aware, that more reliance is placed on the *time* of running, even in these *improved* times (?) than it deserves; but there is a something after all, not very disagreeable, in seeing one’s nag was beaten the mile and a half, in 255½!!!—and a race, although won, if it be in bad time, does not *quite* satisfy the winner. In the “*Dacca Races*,” I looked in vain for the performance of our Calcutta horses, of the stout *Bustle*, and that flea-bitten little blood horse *Penultimate*, and also that of *Blue Beard*. *Penultimate*, (a give and take horse) carrying 9 stone, two miles and winning, looks extraordinary, and calls for some notice, and his opponent too, should have been described, and the time of running recorded. The exact length of every race course should always be placed at the head of the report in the Racing Calendar; for, a few yards more or less must make a wonderful difference, and especially to a man, who buys from an idea, that the horse which has been reported to have ran the two miles in such extraordinary time, actually *did* run *that* distance, and not 10 or 20 yards short of it.

The time of the Madras Spring Meeting is extraordinarily good, and one cannot help wishing to know what sort of nags the maidens, (Bravo, Second, and Paul Jones) are; whether big or little ones, and what like? Also, a slight sketch of Sir *Lancelot Gobble*, and of Strap, who was beaten by the former in two 2 mile heats—the 1st in hand 3-58, the 2d in 3-54½ would be valued by many readers.

P.

 We agree with our correspondent. The points and performances of noted horses, or maiden clippers,—the length of courses and the *time* of races, are three important items of information with which this Magazine ought to be furnished.

RACES TO COME.

NEEMUCH RACE MEETING—DECEMBER 1833.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY 10TH.

1st Race.—The first Neemuch Cup value 1000 Rs. by subscription, added to a Sweepstakes of 200 Rs. H. F. for all Horses that have never started before the 1st of December 1833, 8st. 7lb. each, Arabs allowed 5lb. heats R. C. and a distance—nominations to be received by the Secretary on or before the 1st December 1833, to be opened the day before the Race—none but subscribers of 50 Rs. will be allowed to start a Horse.

2nd Race.—A Purse of 200 Rs. for all Horses 9st. each, Arabs allowed 5lb. and Maidens 5lb. Heats one mile, entrance 50 Rs.

3rd Race.—A Purse of 10 G. M. for all Ponies weight for inches 13 Hands to carry 8st. Heats R. C. entrance 50 Rs.

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY 12TH.

1st Race.—A Purse of 400 Rs. for all Horses give and take, 11 Hands to carry 8st. 7lb. Heats R. C. and a distance, entrance 100 Rs.

2nd Race.—A Welter Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each with 400 Rs. from the Fund for all Horses 11st. 7lb. each, Arabs allowed 7lb. gentlemen riders—one mile and $\frac{1}{2}$.

3rd Race.—A Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each h. f. with 500 Rs. added from the Fund for Maiden Arabs 8st. 7lb. each, the winner of the Cup to carry 3lb. extra, Heats 2 miles, to close on the 20th November.

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY 14TH.

1st Race.—A Purse of 50 G. M. for all Horses, weight for age—2 years old a feather, 3 years 7st. 4lb., 4 years 8st. 4lbs., 5 years 8st. 12lb., 6 years and aged 9st. 2lb., Arabs allowed 5lb. and Maidens 5lb.—Heats 2 miles entrance 200 Rs. h. f.—Horses to be named to the Secretary on or before the 1st December 1833, to be opened the day before the Race.

2nd Race.—A Purse of 300 Rs. for all Horses 10st. 7lb. each, Heats R. C. and a distance, the winner to be sold for 800 Rs. entrance 80 Rs.

3rd Race.—A Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each h. f. for Maiden Arabs 9st. each 2 miles to close on the 20th November.

FOURTH DAY, TUESDAY 17TH.

1st Race.—A Purse of 500 Rs. for Maiden Arabs 8st. 7lb. each, the winner of the Cup first day to carry 3lb. extra, and the winner of the Sweepstakes 2d day 3lb. extra, or of both 5lb. extra, one 3 miles heat, entrance 10 G. M.

2nd Race.—A Purse of 100 Rs. for all untrained Horses 11st. each gentlemen riders, the winner to be sold for 500 Rs. Heats 1 mile entrance 32 Rs.—to name at the ordinary by 9 o'clock the evening before the Race.

3rd Race.—A Purse of 300 Rs. for all Galloways, weight for inches, 14 Hands, carrying 8st. 7lb. Heats 2 miles, entrance 80 Rs.

FIFTH DAY, THURSDAY 19TH.

1st Race.—The Lady's Purse of _____ added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each for which all winners of public money must enter except of the Poney and Hacks, no stable obliged to produce more than one winning Horse to be handicapped by the Stewards. Heats R. C. and a distance.

2nd Race.—A Purse of 300 Rs. from the Fund for all Horses that have started for and have not won public money during the Meeting to be handicapped by the Stewards, Horses not standing the handicap to pay 5 G. M. to go to the 2d Horse. Heats 1 mile and $\frac{1}{2}$.

3rd Race.—A Pair of Ice Pails given by Merwanjee Merchant for all Horses, gentlemen riders, 10st. 7lb. each R. C. and a distance to name at the ordinary by 9 o'clock evening before the Race. Entrance 2 G. M.

NEEMUCH TURF RULES, 1833.

1.—The General Rules as laid down in the Racing Calendar to be applicable to these Races.

2.—The ages of Arabs to be decided by the Stewards.

3.—Horses measuring in shoes allowed $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch.

4.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb. when running for public money or Sweepstakes—for private matches the allowance must be specified to be claimed.

5.—Horses walking over for public money receive only half the amount of the Purse with their entrance. The same Horse cannot walk over twice for public money.

6.—No person to start a Horse who has not paid all subscriptions and entrance money.

7.—No Horse will be allowed to start for public money, the owner of which has not subscribed 50 Rs.

8.—Maidens at the commencement of the meeting to be maidens throughout unless otherwise provided for.

9.—Each winning Horse to pay 16 Rs. for Race Course Repairs—others 8 Rs.

10.—Should there not be sufficient funds to pay all the Purses an equal percentage to be deducted.

11.—Sealed nominations to be sent to the Secretary by 12 o'clock the day before the Race not otherwise provided for—to be opened at one.

12.—All disputes to be settled by the Stewards and two referees to be chosen by the parties concerned if there should be only two Stewards present they are to fix on a third person in lieu of the absent Steward or Stewards.

13. The Stewards have it in their power to alter the date of the Races should they deem it expedient so to do.

14.—The word "off" once given by the Steward to constitute a fair start.

15.—English Imported Horses excluded from running for public money.

16.—Settling day to be on Saturday 21st December.

G. JUMINE.
MAC. GEO. ROSS.
and A. H. WHITEFIELD. } *Stewards.*

GEORGE CRISPIN.
Secy.

PEDESTRIANISM.

On the 29th March Mr. O. a visitor at Madras, started at the 7 Mile Stone on the Mount Road, Madras, to walk 5 Miles within the hour, which he accomplished easily with 3 Minutes to spare. The style of walking was excellent. Each Mile was done as follows:

1	8 Minutes.
2	10 „
3	13 „
4	14 „
5	12 „ — 57 Minutes.

Considering the match was made without any preparation, and the ease with which it was done, the time was very good. Betting at starting 2 to 1 on time, after the 2d Mile even betting, after the 3d Mile, 2 to 1 against time. We hear a good deal of money changed pockets, the Pedestrian being the principal winner. Mr. O. we hear is willing to make a match to walk the same distance in 50 minutes for any sum not exceeding Rupees 5,000. He has walked 7 miles in the hour in England. So we advise the knowing ones to beware. The numbers assembled to witness this novel feat are said to have been very great, but we are happy to learn no accident occurred.

Amongst the company we were glad to see a gallant Officer of Sporting celebrity mounted on his celebrated Cab Tam O Shanter, who was at one time brought to the trot by the superior walking of the Pedestrian, and who after the comfort of a warm bath, and a little cordial, was as fresh as ever and able to start again!

SPORT AT BANGALORE.

It may not be uninteresting to many of your sporting readers to know that preparations have been made for the continuance of the Turf amusements at Bangalore. A sporting dinner took place on the 14th March, which was attended by most of the racing characters and friends to the fun, now present in the place. The Maidens boast of 2 Subscribers to the first and second, and 3 Subscribers to the 3d.—and there is every probability of their being well filled before the day of their closing. Several Sweepstakes were entered into, and a resolution passed that the meeting should commence on the first Tuesday in September. A plan of sport is now being arranged (including the Dragoon Cup, not run for last year) which shall be forwarded to you ere long, for publication. The race dinner was productive also of several Gymnastic Matches. Amongst them a Cricket Match, which came off on Thursday and Friday last, between eleven of H. M. 39th Regiment, and five Members of the Bangalore Club with six of the 13th Dragoons given. The Club is at present so crippled by the departure of most of its best players, that it was impossible to make up a *respectable* side without a little foreign aid. The 39th won the throw for choice of Innings, and put the Club in first.

<i>Club First Innings</i>		<i>39th Regiment First Innings.</i>	
Capt. Thomas, . . .	Caught by Munken, . . . 13	Capt. Walpole, . .	Run out, 4
Lieut. Laidet, . . .	Bowled by Gambler, senior, 0	" Borough, . . .	Caught by Laidet . . 7
" Brice, . . .	Ditto by Crutchley, . . . 2	Westbrook, . . .	Ditto by Thomas . . . 2
" Godfrey, . . .	Run out, 3	Crutchley,	Bowled by Laidet, . . . 2
" Onslow, . . .	Bowled by Gambler, senior, 1	Hann,	Ditto by Ditto, 35
<i>13th Dragoons</i>		Gambler, junior, .	Ditto by Ditto, 0
Barker,	Bowled by Gambler, senior, 4	Hines,	Ditto by Ditto, 0
McJennett,	Ditto by Crutchley, . . . 2	Woolley,	Run out, 3
Welsh,	Ditto by Hann, 17	Gambler, senior, .	Caught by Wybrow, . . . 8
Stamforth,	Ditto by Crutchley, . . . 0	Munhan,	Not out, 7
Figgins,	Not out, 60	Osborne,	Run out, 2
Wybrow,	Caught by Gambler, junior, 3	Bye Balls,	5
Bye Balls,	3		75
	128		
<i>Club Second Innings</i>		<i>39th Regiment Second Innings</i>	
Capt. Thomas, . . .	Struck his own Wicket, . . . 8	Capt. Walpole, . .	Bowled by Laidet, 0
Lieut. Laidet, . . .	Bowled by Gambler, senior, 2	" Borough, . . .	Ditto by Thomas, 19
" Brice,	Ditto by Crutchley, . . . 0	Westbrook, . . .	Run out, 0
" Godfrey,	Ditto by Gambler, senior, 1	Crutchley,	Caught by Brice, 21
" Onslow,	Ditto by Ditto, 0	Hann,	Bowled by Thomas, 6
<i>13th Dragoons</i>		Gambler, junior, .	Ditto by Barker, 2
Barker,	Bowled by Gambler, senior, 19	Hines,	Ditto by Ditto, 3
M. Jenett,	Ditto by Crutchley, . . . 9	Woolley,	Ditto by Thomas, 0
Welsh,	Ditto by Ditto, 8	Gambler, senior, .	Not out, 24
Stamforth,	Not out, 11	Munhan,	Bowled by Barker, 0
Figgins,	Bowled by Gambler, . . . 33	Osborne,	Ditto by Thomas, 3
Wybrow,	Ditto by Crutchley, . . . 2	Bye Balls,	2
Bye Balls,	2		80
	95		
Total in two Innings,	203	Total in two Innings,	155

The Club and the 13th Dragoons winning the match by 48 notches. There was a great deal of interest excited as to the result, and even betting. The ground was thronged with spectators, among whom we

noticed in the early part of the morning, the gallant General of the Division on his prancing steed,—our much respected Adjutant General Colonel Conway, and a few of those favorite fair, who “though so often woo’d have never yet been won.” When the weather becomes cooler, I have no doubt some capital play will take place, of which you shall have due account, as well as of other matters connected with sport at Bangalore, a station at which there is every capability, if there were but the will, for maintaining its long established name in the sporting world, and its character for all species of fun and amusement.

Your’s, Mr. Editor,

Bangalore.

ANTI-SNOB.

WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST.

This is the title of a very pleasant book, which Bentley (formerly the partner of Colburn) has just published. To us, in the East, the term “West” is of so comprehensive a character, that we must confess ourselves to have been a little—or rather not a little—disappointed on finding that the publication before us embraced merely the sports of the modern Celts. We expected a full, true and particular account of the vast range of sport in which our countrymen *at home* delight; a minute description of the cowardly boar hunts and spooney popping of the French, the deer shooting of the Germans—the *beccaria* and *beccacino* slaughters of the Ausonians,—in short, the sport of all manner of men abiding West of the Cape of storms—always excepting the amusements of the bear killers in Sweden, which our friend Lloyd has already so admirably chronicled. There was something, however, unreasonable in this our expectation. We should have remembered, that the man in the West was writing for people who, though West of us, are East of others, and that he could not be expected, while arranging his title in Mr. Bentley’s murky front parlour, to devote much thought to the grilling souls in the precincts of Calcutta. A little reflection on this score would have saved us a world of vexation. Whatever annoyance, however, we may have felt was speedily dissipated by the spirit and humor of the earliest pages of the work. The author is an Irishman, with much of the drollery of his countrymen, and a keen relish for fun in every shape and under every form. The merit of his work does not consist so much in the accuracy, or spirit of his details in regard to sport exclusively, as in the variety, oddity and originality of his observations on things in general and Irish manners in particular. Sport—*bonâ fide* sport—is but the peg on which he hangs his pleasantries:—for every page touching on salmon fishing and deer shooting, we have a chapter on subjects quite alien to these matters, though very entertaining in their way. But let us allow the work to speak for itself. Like all other Reviewers, we are very partial to an opening speech by way of explanation, conciliation, or prepossession, but we feel with Mr.

Turton, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Pearson, and "the rest," that the judges we address are not to be convinced on mere unsupported assertions. No, the evidence—the evidence is the test of truth; so, erier, call *Pages 21 & 253* into court, and let us hear what descriptions they give of the—

"—land of sweet Erin, the land of delight,
Where the men they all swear, and the women all fight."

"I have no talent for statistics, but if my memory serve, the interesting portion of the British empire from which I write, is thus laid down by a modern tourist: "It *lieth*" says this intelligent traveller, "under a dark grey cloud, which is ever more discharging itself on the earth, but like the widow's cruse, is never exhausted. It is bounded on the south and east by Christendom and part of Tipperary, on the north by Donegal and on the west by the *Sall say*. It abounds in bogs, lakes, and other natural curiosities, its soil consists of equal quantities of earth and stone, and its surface is so admirably diversified of trees, shrubs, hedgeries, and ditches that an intelligent backwoods man from Louisiana was heard to declare with rapture, that it was the most perfectly cultivated territory in Europe."

"Further," saith the tourist, "its gentry are a polished and religious race, remarkable for their punctuality in pecuniary transactions, and their freedom from a litigious or quarrelsome disposition. The prevailing mode of belief among the upper classes is *anythingarianism*; that of the people, pure Popery."—Page 21.

Your stupid Englishman retires to bed after his daily labour is decided—your livelier Milesian then only lays himself out for pleasure, and betakes himself to shoot at a Justice of the Peace, or, still better, amuse himself with a *too-roo among the Peelers*. Do you go out to dinner? Calculate on being fired at when returning. Do you require a physician? The odds are, that the honest doctor is qualified for a patient himself before he leaves your town. Do you delight in hunting? You will find the monotonous period of waiting at the cover-side agreeably diversified by the occasional whistle of a musket-bullet from some ambushed *Rockite*; and if you venture to send a horse out to exercise, your groom returns *solus*, to acquaint you that the quadruped is no more, and that the gentleman who dispatched him, sent you his regrets that he was so unlucky as to miss yourself, but, by the assistance of the Blessed Lady—for they are a pious and religious race—he hoped to be more successful on a future opportunity. Are you fond of a quadrille? Ascertain before you attempt your first *chasses*, that the ball room windows are *brisked-up*, and a guard of honor stationed at the door. Are you *unfortunately*, a parson? Insure your life to the utmostmost farthing you can raise—arrange your altars—perfect your will, and if you be curious in posthumous renown, prepare your epitaph; then demand one *thirtieth* of your tithes—you are a dead to a moral; and your heirs, executors, and assigns, secure of opulence within a fortnight.—Page 253.

Stand down, *pages 21 & 253*. Very discreet and accurate witnesses, indeed;—consolatory information that, for the simple tourist. Let us now have your description of a rustic ball in the West of the West:—

"Heaven grant me patience; I was on the very brink of a country ball room and separated only from "the gay throng" by the introduction of a slip of deal board; through the chinks you might have passed the poker, or interchanged a parasol. I raised myself up on my elbow.—What a group was there! a short man, in a claret coloured coat, was paired with a stout gentlewoman in bright scarlet; she must have been descended from "the giant," I would as soon grapple with her in a Waltz as commit myself to the embraces of a boa-constrictor. *Vis-a-vis* was a police officer, in state uniform, with a pale beauty in cerulian blue; and a personage of immense calf in black *tights*, confronted by a skeleton in nauken *unmentionables*. The ladies were gloriously adorned with silver riband, gilt wreathes, and every flower that blows, from a pink to a peony: the lords of the creation sported stiffened cravats and a plurality of waistcoats; and the ball-room emitted, "an ancient and fish like smell"—a miasm of musk, assisted by every abomination in perfumery.

"I was in an intermediate state between frenzy and fever, and turned over in my mind the expediency of setting fire to the bed-curtains and sending myself, the quadrille, and the whole company, to the skies, by igniting ten pounds of Hervey's *treble strong*, which was moved away somewhere in my luggage; did tired nature quiesce for a moment, I was fearfully roused with a tornado of tortuous sounds. "Places gentlemen!"—"Ladies, chair!"—"Now don't dance Patsy, you know you are drunk!"—"Arrah! Charley, are

you stupid?"—" *Dos-a-dos, Miss Rourke*!"—"Up with the Lancers!"—"Aisy Mr. Bolkin, remember, there are ladies here!"—"Waiter, there's porter wanted at the card table!"—"Somnus! deity of my adoration, never expose me to such misery as I endured in the Archiepiscopal town of Tuam."—*Page 27.*

You may abscond. Call the next witness.

READER—(*sitting in judgment.*) What is this witness to prove Mr. Editor?

EDITOR.—My Lad, we now purpose to establish to the satisfaction of your Ladship and the gentlemen of the Jury, that a delicious esculent termed the potatoe is occasionally eaten in Ireland.

READER.—Stuff! what has that to do with sport?

EDITOR.—My Lad, if your Ladship will refer to the fifth of Muggins's reports, in the case of *Patts* versus *Hogshead*, you will find, that it is a principle inherent in the Nature of Man —

READER.—For heaven's sake, do not wander from the point. We want some evidence, that this book of which you speak really treats of sport,—sport!

EDITOR.—Very well, my Lad, you shall have it —*call page 18.*

This witness will give a comparative account of my cousin and a Cockney:—

"What a contrast to the Cockney beetle of a Landowner does our cousin's simple preparation for a morning's sport exhibit! If the wind and clouds are favorable, the red head pointed and spiced is lifted from beneath the cottage eave, where it may lay like a warrior taking his rest" on a continuation of level piers. The gill and pummel are produced by a loose looking mountaineer, whose light formed but snowy limbs are untrammelled by shoe or stocking. Fond of the sport himself, he evinces an ardent interest in your success, on the moor and by the river he is a good-humoured and obliging assistant. Travels some mountains for a day, and lies out on the hill side through the long autumn night to watch the passage of the red deer as they steal down from the mountain top to browse on the lower grounds by moonlight. How different from this wild and cheerful follower are the sporting attendants of the unhappy Cockney: he must consort with "fine-fied knaves," be the companion of some brashy, potter-headed, porter-swollen waterman, who, in sulky silence paddles his employer into some phlegmatic pool, where the disciple of Walton rescues the humbugs, but by no means certain of a sprat."—*Page 18.*

We now offer a description of an otter hunter:—

"I looked after the ancient otter hunter with envy: how lowly would he be estimated in the eyes of a Cheapside fisherman; one, who wears a modest colored jacket, lest a showy garment might annoy the plethora animals he is dabbling for—wears white basket (as constructed of the finest wicker-work with rods and reeds, floats and flies, pates and pates, lines and lqueurs sufficient to load a donkey)—how contemptuously would he look down upon honest Antony! Figure to yourself a little feeble man dressed in a jerkin of coarse blue cloth, with an otter (a fancy of my cousin's) blazoned on his arm; in one hand he holds a fish spear, which assists him when he wrets with rugged ground, in the other a very unpretending angle, jointed rudely with a pen-knife, and secured by waxen threads; a cast of flies are wound about his hat, and his remaining stock, not exceeding half-a-dozen, are contained between the leaves of a tattered song book. In the same depository, he has some silk dyed mohair, a hare's ear, and a few feathers from the cock, brown turkey, and mallard; and these simple materials furnish him with most efficient flies, but he requires a bright day to fabricate them as his sight is indifferent".—*Page 51.*

The next witness describes the luxury and excitement of salmon fishing:—

"I made several unsuccessful casts—"a bad look out friend Julius, Heaven forbid, that the cook has placed any dependance on the angle!" Again I tried the pool, and like

all disappointed fishermen began to prognosticate a change of weather, "I had marked mare's tails in the sky yesterday evening, and there was rain over head, for a hundred." My cousin smiled, my nebulous speculations were interrupted by a deep sluggish roll at the dropper. "Monamondiael," exclaimed *Martin Beg*, as he caught a momentary glance at the broad and fan-like tail. "He is fifteen pound weight"; obedient to the directions of my master, I left the spot the salmon leaped in, and commenced casting a dozen yards below it. Gradually I came over him again. "A light cast, Frank and you have him." I tried and succeeded gallantly: I sent the fly across the water with the lightness of the thistle's down—at the same moment the breeze eddied up the stream and curled the surface deliciously. A long dull ruffle succeeded. Whish, span the wheel; whish, h-h-h, whish, h-h, whish, I have him!

Nothing my dear George, can be more beautiful than the play of a vigorous salmon,—the lubberly struggles of a pond fish are execrable to him who has felt the exquisite pleasure, that attends the conquest of "the monarch of the stream." His bold rushes—his sudden and rapid attempts to liberate himself from the fisher's snail—the energy with which he throws his silver body three or four feet above the surface of the water and the unwearied and incessant opposition he makes until his strength is exhausted by the angler's science. All this must be experienced, to be adequately conceived. In ten minutes, I mustered my beautiful victim; and "*Martin Beg*" gilded and landed a splendid summer fish, which, if the cook's scales be correct, weighed *thirteen pounds and seven ounces.*"—Page 52.

We could now indulge our "potent grave and reverend" judges, if any such there be, with a mighty pretty episode, shewing, on the evidence of page 64, how easy it is for Irishmen to fall in love—and of how little importance are legal oaths to the "finest *psindy* in the world." These subjects, however, are foreign to the purpose, and not any way relating to the matter in hand. We must not travel out of the record.

Our next extracts, therefore, shall include page 81. and the three or four, which follow, because they furnish a picture of Irish deer stalking worthy of the pen of James Bullie Fraser himself.

"There were two passes, through one of which the deer, when roused and driven from the glen, would most likely retreat. The better of these, as post of honour, was more politely than prudently, entrusted to me—my kinsman occupied the other—and then, nessey having enscoured a behind rocks, which prevented our ambush from being discovered, crossed to the other side of the ridge, and I lost sight of him; meanwhile the boy had been dispatched to apprise the drivers, that the deer were in the ravine, and to notify the spot where we were posted, to make them arrange their movements according to our plans.

"I will not pretend to describe the anxious, nay *agonizing* hour that I passed in this highland ambushade. The deep stillness of the waste was not broken by even the twittering of a bird. From the place where I lay concealed, I commanded a view of the defile for the distance of some eighty yards, and my eye turned to the path by which I expected the deer to approach, until to gaze longer pained me. My ear was equally engaged; the smallest noise was instantly detected, and the ticking of my watch appeared sharper and louder than usual. As time wore on, my nervousness increased. Suddenly a few pebbles fell—my heart beat faster—but it was a false alarm. Again I heard a faint sound, as if a light foot presses upon a loose shingle—it was repeated—by Saint Hubert, it is the deer! They have entered the gorge of the pass, and approach the rock, that covers me, in a gentle canter.

"To sink upon one knee and cock both barrels was a moment's work. reckless of danger, the noble animals, in single file, galloped down the narrow pathway. The hut led the way, followed by the doe, and the old stag brought up the rear. As they passed me at the short distance of twenty paces I fired at the leader, and, as I thought, with deadly aim; but the ball passed over his back, and splintered the rock beyond him. The report rang over the waste, and the deer's surprise was evinced by the tremendous rush they made to clear the defile before them. I selected the stag for my second essay; eye and finger, as I imagined—I drew the trigger—a miss by every thing unfortunate!

The bullet merely struck a tine from his antler, and excepting this trifling graze he went off at a thundering pace uninjured.

"Cursing myself, John Manton, and all the world, I threw my luckless gun upon the ground and rushed to the summit of a neighbouring rock, from which the heights and valleys beyond the gorge of the pass were seen distinctly. The deer had separated—the hoot and doe turned suddenly to the right, and were fired at by my cousin, without effect. The stag went right a head; and while I still gazed after him a flash issued from a hollow in the hill, the sharp report of Hennessy's fire succeeded, and the stag sprang full six feet from the ground, and tumbling over and over repeatedly, dropped upon the bent-back with a rifle bullet in his heart.

"I rushed at headlong speed to the spot where the noble animal lay. The eye was open—the nostril expanded, just as life had left him. Throwing his rifle down, Hennessy pulled out a clasp-knife, passed the blade across the deer's throat, and requesting my assistance, raised the carcass by the haunches, in order to assist its bleeding freely.

Having performed the necessary operation, and obtained the assistance of two of our companions from the valley whence they had been driven, the deer we proceeded to transport to the dead stag to the low lands. It was no easy task, but we accomplished it quickly, and perceiving some horses grazing at no great distance, we determined to press one for the occasion. A stout pony was most unceremoniously put in requisition, the deer laid across his back, and after capturing flask and basket, joyously beside a stream of rock water, we turned our faces to the cabin, where the news of our success had already arrived."—*Perry, 81*

This is all in very good style, our readers will say, and sufficiently establishes the claims of the work to general notice. We might, therefore, conscientiously close "our case" here and commit the client to the hands of the Daniel in judgment,—the unerring public.—But there are two or three pages, forming as it were a *pendant* to the foregoing, which, if not absolutely essential to the completion of our evidence, are at least interesting addenda, treating as they do the objects of sport in precisely the way, in reference to their *history*, that we should like some of our correspondents to adopt in writing of the game of Bengal and its dependencies. With these pages, and with this hint, therefore, we conclude our notice of the "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST." If we can find more extractable matter it shall henceforth appear in our selections.

THE RED DEER.

"It is seldom now, that the red deer are seen in herds. Within late years they have diminished sadly, and unless rigorous means are promptly adopted to prevent their destruction by poachers, like their ancient enemy, the rough Irish grey hound, they too will become extinct. My cousin, when a boy, has often met forty deer herded together; but, from their decreased numbers, one rarely sees now more than a few brace. Since the French descent upon this coast in ninety-eight, their destruction has been rapid; unfortunately, many of the firearms, then distributed among the peasantry, remain in their possession, and in the winter months, when the severity of the season forces the deer to leave the hills and seek food and shelter in the valleys, idle ruffians, too well acquainted with the passes of the mountains, take that opportunity to surprise and slaughter them.

There are many circumstances connected with this scarce and beautiful species, that should render their preservation a matter of national interest. They are the last relic of other times. The once tamed stock which tenanted the Irish forests have disappeared, the wolf, the moos-deer, the grey-hound, exist no longer; and this noble creature is the sole remnant of her aboriginal animals, when Ireland was in her wild and independent condition.

Individual exertions to continue the red-deer are found to be of little use. They seldom breed when deprived of liberty, and restricted to the enclosures of a park. If they do, the offspring degenerates, and the produce is very inferior in size to what it would have been, had the animal remained in its state of natural freedom. Even when taken young in the mountains, to rear the fawns is a difficult and uncertain task. My Cousin has for many seasons made the attempt, and generally failed three times for once that he

succeeded. Last year, one young deer that he procured threw well and grew apace until he was sufficiently stout to go out and graze with the cows. Unfortunately a visitor, brought a savage tempered grey-hound to the lodge, the dog attacked the fawn, and it died of the worrying it received, before the grey-hound could be taken off.

It is almost impossible to procure the fawns from the mountains in an uninjured state. They generally receive a blow of a stick or stone from the captor, or undergo such rough usage in conveying them to the low lands, that death commonly ensues. A fine well-grown male was brought to the lodge last week. For a day or two nothing could be more promising than its appearance. It began, however, on the fourth morning to pine away, and soon after died. We opened it to ascertain, if possible, the cause of its death and discovered a gau-greued wound in the side, evidently produced by a blow. The peasant who brought him declared that he was sound and uninjured; and to account for his capture swore lustily that he caught the fawn asleep, but it appeared that the rogue had knocked the poor animal down with a stone, and thus produced the inward bruise, which terminated fatally.

It is strange that a creature of such strength and endurance when arrived at maturity should be so very difficult to bring up. Means were resorted to by my kinsman to have the cow's assimilated to the wild deer's milk, by changing the fawn's nurse to a healthier and poorer pasturage; a lichen, indigenous to the mountains on which the deer principally feeds, was also procured, and intermixed with the cow's hay, and yet this attention and trouble were attended with but indifferent success, when ever, however, the period of infancy is passed, the wild deer is hardy, vigorous, and easily provided for. At different times, many have been located in the neighbouring parks, and lived there to a great age. In the domain of a nobleman in Roscommon, there are several brace; and in the park of Clogher, a stag and hind are confined at present—they are all vigorous and healthy, but have never continued their species.

Many curious anecdotes are recorded of the red deer. Some years since, a hind was domesticated by a neighbouring baronet, it was a fine and playful animal, and gave many proofs of extraordinary sagacity. Like many finer favourites, she was a very troublesome one, and from her cunning and activity a sad torment to the gardener. No fences would exclude her from the shrubberies, and if the garden gates were for a moment insecure the hind was sure to discover the neglect, and avail herself of an opportunity to taste the choicest vegetables. This beautiful but mischievous pet met with some accidental injury, and died to the great regret of her proprietor.

Many years ago, a stag was in the possession of a gentleman of Tyrawly. He grew to be a powerful and a splendid beast, but his propensities and dispositions were very different to those of the playful and innocent hind.

The stag was bold and violent, detested strangers and women, and from his enormous size and strength, was frequently a very dangerous play fellow. He had a particular fancy for horses—resided mostly in the stable, and when the carriage was ordered to the door, if permitted, he would accompany it. A curious anecdote is told of him. He had no objection whatever to allow a gentleman to enter the coach; but to the fair sex he had an unconquerable aversion, and, with his consent, no lady should be inside passenger. The servants were obliged to drive him away, before their mistress could venture to appear; and at last he became so troublesome and unsafe as to render his banishment to an adjoining deer park the necessary punishment of his indocility. He did not survive this disgrace long: he pined away rapidly, avoided the fallow-deer, and died, as my informant declared, of a broken heart.

In killing deer, it is necessary to select the head, or aim directly behind the shoulder. A body wound may eventually destroy the animal, but the chances are, that he will carry off the ball. Many, when severely struck, escape the shooter, and there have been stags killed in these mountains, who bore the marks of severe wounds, from the effects of which they had rarely recovered. The following singular and authenticated instance of a bullet lodging in what is usually considered a mortal place and failing to occasion death is extracted from a scientific periodical. A buck, that was remarkably fat and healthy in condition, in August 1816, was killed in Bradbury Park, and on opening him, it was discovered that at some distant time he had been shot in the heart, a ball being found in a cyst in the substance of that viscus, about two inches from the apex. The surface of the cyst had a bluish appearance; the ball weighs two hundred and ninety two grains, and was quite flat. Mr. Richardson, the park-keeper, who opened the animal, is of opinion the ball had struck some hard substance before entering the body of the deer. That the animal should survive so long after receiving this ball, is endeavoured to be accounted for from

the instance of a soldier, who survived forty nine hours after receiving a bayonet wound in the heart: however, the recovery from a gun shot wound in an animal inferior to man can, in no respect, materially alter the importance of the fact, and of the great extent to which this vital organ may sustain an injury from external violence." Page 158.

There is a voluminous appendix to the work containing extracts from other sporting works, but they are all useful and entertaining.

NAUTICAL TRANSLATION.

"*Auspicio Regis et Senatus Angliæ.*"
Says *Snooks* of the forty-ninth to *Peter Langly*,
A Quarter Master of the *Magicienne*,
A shore on liberty, as they of late
Were gazing at their leisure
Upon the edifice that holds the treasure
Close to the Government House's western gate,
"Now what the dickens, *Peter*, does that mean?"

"Why, *Soger*, don't you know?"
Well, I'll be blowed '
If I have ever seen
A *Soger* that much larning ever know'd
Or a Marine,
But come, my Bo,
I'll 'tarpiet for you, for d'ye see
I was a prisoner once, a precious sprec,
In a Monte Video Convent, and the Monks,
More specially one greasy hunk,
Taught me their Lingo,
And *Snooks*, my Bo, you'll partly guess
That it was neither more nor less
Than crack jaw work, by *Stingo*."

"But larning, *Soger*, is a precious thing,
And so I'll tell you in a brace of shakes
"The English which this Spanish Lingo makes,
Aye, in the winking of a sea gull's wing."

"*Auspicio Regis et Senatus
Angliæ,*" here *Peter* hitched his breeches
Just to fill up a brief hiatus
In the interpretation

I have it—"all the specie and the riches
We've sent to the English nation,"

Well *Soger*, but that's cool eh? what think you?"

"Think! *Peter*,—Why Lod bless you its quite true."

HADGEEPORE RACES—NATIVE LIBERALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In addition to “the races to come” at the next Hadjeeppoor meeting, published in your second number, I have the pleasure to send you the terms of a Cup value 1000 Rs. most liberally given by Rajah Mitherejeh Sing to be run for on the last day.

“For all maiden country bred, and Arab horses, weight for inches, 11 hands to carry 8. 7. heats 1½ miles.—Entrance 10 G. M. to close the 1st September 1833. Horses which have never started before the meeting allowed 5lbs., but winners during the meeting not entitled to this allowance.”

It must be a source of satisfaction to the lovers of the Turf, and I may add the admirers of that noble animal “*The Horse*” to notice how general the patronage of racing by the magnates of the land has become. In 1830, a Purse value 1200 Rs. was given by Nawab Moon-tizam udd Dow ah: At Allyghur last year, a cup was given by the native gentlemen; and at Meerut, this year, her Highness the Begum Sunroo gave a Cup of 1000 Rs. At Madras and Central India these gifts by native gentlemen are constant

Your's,

O. K.

PERFORMANCES OF PAUL PRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—A correspondent in your second number is desirous of learning the performances of “PAUL PRY” the Arab standing for sale in Calcutta; the following is taken from my memoranda.

At the *Guzerat Races*, in *February* 1827, he, being then a three year old, won a Sweepstakes of 300 Rs. for all Arabs that never started, heats 2 miles, beating *Bacchanal*, *Gustavus* and *Pilot*.

At the same meeting he was beat by Harlequin for the 100 G. Cup given by J. Williams, Esq. Resident at the Court of H. H. the Guicowar.

At the *Guzerat Races* of *February* 1828, PAUL PRY, carrying 8. 3. won Mr. Williams' Cup beating *Goblin Grey* 8. 10. heats 2 miles; the 1st heat in 4. 11. 2d heat 4. 14. while at the same meeting, with 7. 12. he was beat by *Goblin Grey* 8. 5. for the Plate, heats 1½ and a distance in 3.17.

In 1829, at *Guzerat*, PAUL PRY beat *Chapeau de Paille* 8. 4. each, 2 miles, a Post match for 2000 Rs.; and *Wildrake* 8. 7. each, 2 miles, in a Post match for 2000 Rs. Time 4. 6. He likewise again won the

Cup of 100 Gs. given by **Mr. Williams**, heats 2 miles, having for competitors, *Ugly Mug* and *Blackfoot*. Time, 1st heat 4 8. 2d heat 4. 6.

He also won the **Baroda Plate** 8 1. each, heats 2 miles, beating *Boxkeeper* and *Minstral*; and the **Guzerat Turf Plate** 8. 5.-- heats 1½ miles, beating *Wilbrake* in a canter in 3. 7.

At the same place he was beat for the **Guzerat Turf Cup**, heats 2 miles, 8. 7. each, by *Boxkeeper*—1st heat 4. 2½, 2d heat 4. 1½.

At Bombay, January 1830, **PAUL PRY** ran 3d for the great Sweepstakes of 100 G. M. P. P. all Arabs, 2 miles 8. 1 each, 8 subs. won in 4. 1. by *Goblin Grey*. At the same time he won the **Bombay Subscription Plate** of £100 from the fund, 100 Rs. each Sub.--heats 2 miles, carrying 8 year old, weights 8. 12 beating the *Dragon* 9st. *Blackfoot* 9st. and two others—1st heat 4. 1. 2d heat 4. 2½. He also ran second to *Goblin Grey* for the **Ladies' Purse**, all Arabs 2½ miles, heats 8. 7. each beating *Giraffe*. 1st heat in 5 m.--2d heat 5. 1. and was second carrying 8. 10. for the **Byculla Stakes** (won by *Goblin Grey* 9st) heats 1½ mile beating *Giovanni* and *Norman*—1st heat 3. 5. 2d heat 3 m.

I have no account of Paul Pry's performances in 1831, but hope you may be able to supply the blank from the Bombay papers or Magazine.

To the present sporting world, and for future reference, it would be a desideratum, if you would undertake to publish an account of "RACING IN INDIA" from its commencement. I would willingly send you all the memoranda I possess, and doubtless other Gentlemen having the means would do the same. These papers would take time to arrange, but might be compiled by the end of the year.

I am, Sir, your well-wisher,

April 9, 1833.

O. K.

NOTE.—To many of our readers it will appear a little mysterious, but O. K. will understand us perfectly when we say that we know so well *from experience* the immense value of his co operation in an undertaking like the *Spotting Magazine* that we had the above communication, and the others he has favored us with, as the corner stones to our prosperity and permanence.

While we thank our obliging and valuable contributor however for the account he has furnished of **PAUL PRY's** performances, which indeed we had looked out from our own memoranda, we have not thought it necessary to add to them, as he suggests, because the horse has been bought by Government and henceforth will cease to possess any interest in the breasts of Sporting men. Yes, the *High Mettled Racer* "starts for the plate" no more. He has been promoted to the more gentlemanly and agreeable occupation of giving practical essays on the multiplication of the species, and his progeny, instead of figuring in the *Racing Calendar* of future ages, are destined we fear to endure the brand of servitude and bear a trooper to the charge instead of a jockey to the goal. "To what vile uses may we come, Horatio!"

The undertaking suggested to us by O. K. is one that we shall very readily enter upon if we get one hundred subscribers, at ten rupees each, and sufficient materials. We, therefore, have called upon the sporting community in a separate advertisement to be "aiding and assisting," but, from what we know of the laziness of Indians, even in matters, like that in question, affecting their health and temporal happiness, we despair of coming to the scratch by the end of the year. However, we'll try for it.—Ed.

MR. WOLFE'S STANZAS TURNED TO FOX-HUNTING PURPOSES,

BY ONE FIGGINS, *MOORE* SHAME TO HIM.

1.

Not a sound was heard, or a foxhound's note,
As to cover we silently hurried—
And nature, artillery, cannon, and shot,
In repose at Dum-Dum lay buried.

2.

'Twas just at the hour, when India's night
Into morning is close upon turning—
And we said, 'we had better be off, ere the light
Of Phoebus's fires be burning ?

3.

And joy began dancing in every breast,
In a sugar-cane field as we found him—
And he went like a pickpocket running his best,
When the shouts of the beakers are round him.

4.

"Hark forward away !" were the words we said,
And we knew no such word as 'sorrow'—
And for ditch, bank, or fence, we had 'never a dread,'
Or for what might befall on the morrow.

5.

And we laughed as we saw, in a ditch for a bed,
With a huge lump of mud for a pillow,
How in collars of blue and their coats of red,
Lay many a mighty good fellow.

6.

And loudly they holloa to friends who are gone,
And abuse very much, and upbraid them—
But nothing they reck, but they let the shout on
From the ditch where their valour had laid them.

7.

Whohoop ! 'tis all over, our chase is now done,
And homeward we now are retiring,
Full of ardor and heat, and the deeds of the run,
And pleasure and pride and perspiring.

8.

And we flung our jackall carelessly down
On the field, all muddy and gory,
With his tongue hanging out and his head on a stone,
Tail-less alone in his glory.

P. P. FIGGINS.

MEERUTT GOLF MEETING.

On Wednesday, the 16th December, the annual meeting took place on the Meerutt Links, where a brilliant assembly of Ladies and Gentlemen witnessed the contest. The Candidates were classed as follows :

First Class allowed 95 strokes.

Lawrenson and Playfair.

Second Class allowed 104.

Martin, Fordyce and Darby.

Third Class allowed 110.

Coulter, Mackintosh, Knox, Andrews and Graham.

Fourth Class allowed 120.

Smith, Jenkins, Hunter, Mackenzie, Kingston, Tweddell and Watson.

The Candidates started in pairs, and the result was as undermentioned :

Lawrenson,	87	Graham,	109
Playfair,	90	Smith,	99
Martin,	91	Jenkins,	108
Fordyce,	96	Hunter,	126
Darby,	113	Mackenzie,	no where
Coulter,	109	Kingston,	103
Mackintosh,	118	Tweddell,	112
Andrews,	no where	Watson,	no where
Knox,	113		

Mr. Lawrenson became entitled to the Gold Medal, being the best player of the day ; Messrs. Smith, Kingston, Martin and Jenkins won the Prizes, having proved the most fortunate players.

The Medal was of the most beautiful workmanship, presented to the Club by its Captain and Patron, Sir Samford Whittingham. The first prize was a beautiful Silver Cup presented by Her Highness the Begum Sumroo ; the other three prizes were given by the Club, and were all remarkably handsome.

A sumptuous tiffin was given by the players to the beauty and fashion of the Station, in tents pitched for the purpose on the ground. The Prizes were presented by Sir Samford Whittingham, with eloquent and appropriate speeches, and his health was drank with much enthusiasm.

A handicap Sweepstakes was afterwards played for, the winner of which was Lieut. Mackenzie.

THESPIC REMINISCENCES.

"*Laetus sessor plausorque theatro.*"

Horace.

"I have been laughing, I have been carousing—

Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!"

Chas. Lamb.

Not *all* gone, I am glad to say, for one or two of the old familiar faces still remain. In commencing these desultory reminiscences, (for such it is my deliberate design they should prove) I may well exclaim, that "all the world's a stage," for many of those with whom I have trod it, have made their final exits, and others are far, far away, scattered to the North, West, and South. There are yet, thank goodness, a few remaining to us, peculiarly endeared to me by the claims of "Auld Lang syne."

Like a traveller pretty well advanced on his journey, I look down from the vantage ground of the present, upon the days that are gone, with a degree of melancholy pleasure, more precious than noisy mirth. Time has been called a destroyer, but Byron more felicitously apostrophises that irresistible personage, as the "adorner of the ruin, comforter." I question, if the most magnificent castle look'd so imposing in the days of its feudal grandeur, frowning on the rock and bidding defiance to the vale; as in our own days, when the Ivy wreathes its roofless walls with evergreen, and lovers by moonlight whisper soft nonsense beneath its delapidated blemments. Time, in a word, touches every scene with mysterious tints. I say mysterious, because there is even in a moss covered ruin, a something of pathetic power that affects the feelings, or the nerves, or what you will, in a way one can scarcely describe. There is an electricity of the mind; and a flower, a sound, a ruin, or a clump, may be its conductor, moving us strangely with "most mysterious organ." The memory is to the invisible, what time is to the visible, "the beautifier of the dead, the adorer of the ruin."—But what has this to do with my reminiscences? Not much, save to illustrate in some measure, after a species of *lucus a non lucendo* fashion—the fact, that the past has touching claims, which the present can never boast of.

On the very threshold of my reminiscences, I am assailed by a doubt—yea, a philological misgiving. Kings, Editors, and Commentators and Critics, usually express themselves in the first person plural. *Why*, my dear reader, you may ask of them to explain—for I cannot. In my case, I think the custom will be more honoured in the breach than in the observance—for I am a person of no importance, save to myself and one or two besides. I mean therefore, to stick to number one, happening to have a leisure half hour. I take up the pen to write the merest gossip, and therefore consider, that the pompous, or, as it were, the *aldiborontiphoscophornio* style, would be quite out of place. Away with *we* then, and enter *Ego*.

I am very partial to the stage, and to all harmless amusements, in moderation; compared with the drama, however, all other kinds of pastime are milk and water, leather and prunello. It is not only a true indicator of civilization, but one of its not least efficient promoters. Many entertain very different notions respecting the drama, and consider it even as fraught with demoralization. Let no man who entertains such scruples, go to the theatre. I, however, have no such misgivings, and I have, accordingly, always gone with pleasure. While the world is a world, people will entertain different opinions respecting things. They should, however, endeavour to tolerate each other, the best way they can. Having myself arrived at a *certain* age, my opinions are pretty well fixed for life. I have my own eyes, and as yet they have not materially deceived me. Much obliged, my dear Sir, your spectacles are of the clearest crystal, and magnify beautifully—but Nature's organ contents me well. Excuse me, my dear Madam, I generally act with an entire reference to my own conscience, and ever strive in what concerns that of others, not to give offence. I do not want to press my opinions dogmatically on you, and I expect the like indulgence in return. Toast and water, my very good Sir, I grant, is an exceedingly wholesome potation in its way—but Providence did not order the Vine to fructify in vain, and I see no harm in a glass of old sherry—albeit our worthy friend Moulvee Mauz ud Deen Hyder, looks so grave upon it.

Where there is a taste for the drama, there is evidence of a mental soil that may be made to bear fair fruit. Shakespeare advises us not to trust a man in whose soul there is no sympathy for harmony. I do not apply this invidiously to those who lack a taste for the drama, but I am free to confess, that I should be apt to expect more liberal and generous views from those who indicate such a taste, than from such as do not. I am, however, referring to true dramatic taste, which is as different from the spurious as a hawk from a hand-saw. I am writing of that perceptive power of the mind, which, acting on the heart, causes it to throb high at generous and ennobling sentiment, to glow at the triumph of virtue, to shrink with greater abhorrence from vice and villany, to yield subdued to the pathos of nature, and to kindle at the inspiring touch of poetry! Taste, in this respect, becomes, if I may be allowed the expression, the conscience of the imagination. There is born with every man, a something that not only whispers when we are right in morality, but another something which informs us when we err against the refinement of the *beau idéal*.

As an engine of civilization, the drama may fall short of the strong light of history and matter of fact—but with what a prepossessing yet true effulgence does it reflect it. These are as the fountains of the great deep of human passion and movement and motive; the drama is the gentle dew that spangles every flower and bough, and stimulates the meadow and the blossom to verdure and fragrance. Where education has moulded and shaped, the drama polishes and refines. Some of our most distinguished men of genius and greatest literary

characters have been friends of the drama, and volunteers sometimes in its ranks. Applying then the last written words of poor Budgel, more appropriately than that accomplished, but unfortunate man, did as an argument for suicide; I may say, "what *Shakespeare* did, and *Addison* approved, cannot be wrong!"

Well, reader, imagine your remembrancer safely landed in Bengal. What struck him most at first, (it is always interesting to learn faithfully recorded first impressions) was the loud chirping of the crickets and grasshoppers, and the sonorous croaking of the exceedingly populous frogs, which spoke Greek like Natives, proving the accuracy of *Aristophanes'* imitations of them.* No other sound was heard, save the hum of the musquitto. It was about the commencement of what I thought was rather facetiously denominated the cold season. It was of a sultry evening in the month of October that I proceeded from Writers' Buildings towards the Theatre in company with three or four friends.

Whether it is that I am dwindled down into the mere laudator temporis acti, I cannot say, but, methinks, there was about the sayings and doings of the young men of that period, a raciness, and yet a polish and a high mindedness, that do not now appear so much to abound. You, Mr. Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*, are well aware, that I have not the good fortune to belong to the civil service. To it however, appertain several whom I do hold as most dear and valued friends. Although then I had no legitimate right to walk slap dash into *Writers' Buildings* and take mine ease there as at an inn: yet *there* it was that as a welcome guest, I found my first home in Calcutta, and my heart yet warms to the place where I was received so kindly, where I have spent many a happy hour, and whence have issued many who do honour to humanity.

In those days there used to be a delightful set at No. 5, and I am thankful to say, several of my messmates there still survive, and long may they live well and happily! Let me see—there is D—e and D—, and W—I drove on the course of an evening generally with H—e and I may here observe that the style of dress, and equipage and cattle—in short the general turn out of people, appeared to be of a higher order than I now see. H— was of a mild, contemplative turn, but possessed of a quiet and pleasant vein of humour. How I used to bother him as we drove slowly up and down, as to the who, which, what, of every carriage that passed! Poor fellow, when I left Calcutta for the Upper Provinces, he complained of slight indisposition: on arrival at my station I found a letter from D—e conveying the melancholy intelligence that our poor friend had gone the way of all flesh. I was in those days a bit of (I dare not say a poet) a versifier. Accordingly the other day looking over some old papers I found a monody I had written upon hearing of H—'s death; I cannot but smile at the palpable marks of young authorship it displays. Goodness knows how sincere was the

* Βρεχκεξ κοξξ κοξξ.

feeling under which I wrote it. I could not help thinking as the saying is, that it was not so bad, but yet a something forbade my publishing it. I felt conscious that, however partially I might consider it myself, it was not exactly the thing. It began by begging of the birds of the grove (where grove was none,) not to sing, and I rebuked the sun in good set terms for shining, and requested he would not do so. According to old dramatic and poetic standards, I was quite correct in all this, but people now a days do not relish these addresses to the sun, and moon, and so forth, as much as was the case of yore,—the more's the pity, for there was something mighty convenient in holding a conversation with these when the current of invention ran low. Perhaps the reader would like to see a specimen of this juvenile production—I accordingly for his gratification give one of the least faulty of the verses.

Thou dreamless sleep ! unbreathing chill repose
How dark the clouds that o'er thy night pervade !
His slumbers now, no waking period knows,
For Nature's debt, the ghastly tribute paid
Far in a foreign grave, he now is laid.
• While passing lonely through the fearful vale
Did he not pitying, earthward turn his head,
'Till borne on Seraph's wing his soul did sail
Beyond the stars, nor heard our bootless wail ?

You see worthy reader that I have got thee fairly by the button, and that *willy nilly* you must hear me out, just exactly as it suits my humour, so do not put thyself into a passion for such trifles, but let us jog on together as agreeably as we can in this *stage* vehicle of ours ;—well as I was saying, with these companions I proceeded towards the Theatre, and we reached *our Drury* for the first time in my life. My first impression was that it looked low and shabby, and that there was a sad want of character about it. We made our way through a flood tide of all sorts of wheeled carriages and palankcens without number. Paying our *twelve* Rupees we were soon ushered within the precincts of the Theatre. Must I confess it, that I looked around me with a feeling of disappointment and dejection ? I was fresh from “ the inviolate island of the sage and free ”—and Covent Garden and Drury Lane flashed across my mind's eye with a pang that I might never see them again, and I looked upon this picture and on that, and the comparison filled me with a momentary melancholy. The hour being early, the house had not filled, The curtain was down, the orchestra empty, and the lamplighter was just calling forth a twinkle here and there, that barely relieved an ill painted edifice, without a gallery, the want of which I thought gave it a baldness. At length twilight deepened into night, the lights burned better, the house rapidly filled 'till it became very full, the foot lights rose, the boxes displayed brilliant circles of beauty and fashion, and the ear caught the dulcet sounds of viols ‘ flutes and soft recorders ’—in a word matters put on in every respect a more pleasing and spirit stirring appearance, than I had anticipated in my first entrance. I turned to the orchestra and there stood, looking now to this side, now to that, with his hawk eye, the veteran Patriarch of the place ; now he taps the music-desk with his bow, to call attention and, crash !

—he swoops down on one of Haydon's Symphonies. Need I mention worthy old D—r? I have always thought him an admirable leader. Quick as lightning and decisive as thunder, his violin confessed itself in the hands of a master. His ear could instantly detect a discord, slur it, or try and gloss it over, as you best might. Woe! to the unlucky wight, who happened to lose a note or sound it falsely. D—'s quick glancing eye spoke an emphatic *sacre!* at him, as plainly as if his tongue had uttered it. With his hair powdered, and worn in a queue, his clothes cut after the olden fashion, and with ruffles at the wrist, &c.; he formed as it were, an interesting representative of a past age. It was not only a pleasure to hear him play, but to see him. He *felt* the music and made his instrument discourse it most eloquently. Long may he reign absolute in that little kingdom, and be hailed as the dictator of the orchestra. I consider worthy respected old D—— so completely a part and parcel of our Thespic system, that his absence from his accustomed place, methinks, *must* mar its harmony, and throw every thing into 'admir'd disorder.' I do heartily love the fine old cock, and he knows it. Of late years he has evinced a disposition to share the sceptre with a younger hand—a true chip of the old block; so hap what may, we need not fear, that we shall miss a D——, in our orchestra *in secula seculorum*.

The overture had just terminated, when the shrill trumpet, the rattling drum, and the clattering hoofs of a party of the body-guard, announced the approach of the Governor General. The orchestra instantly struck up, "God save the King!" and Lord Moira and his suite entered the house. Through an alley of bowing gentlemen, he passed to the well-known front box, amidst peals of welcome from the audience, now crowded almost to an overflow. There was something truly noble and imposing in that chivalric figure,—something very kindly and fascinating in his benignant smile. He struck you at once as a great man. Do what he would, say what he might, move as he listed, there was in every gesture, and in every tone, an indelible dignity. I have seen his late Majesty King George IV., but he did not give me such a complete idea of the perfect gentleman as Lord Moira did. The King was somewhat too stout for the beau ideal of the character, and he wanted the just perceptible martial air of the Bayard of our times. And he sleeps on the rampart of Malta! O disgrace to the age—O shame to the memory of the ungrateful Prince that permitted it; this—the last of the Normans—died in a state of exile and neglect—while an imperious soldier and a selfish demirep swayed the destinies and the patronage of England! Thank Heaven, the day is gone, when the conqueror could hurl his sword into the national scales, and poize them as he listed. Toryism is gone for ever;—fled on wings of darkness into the limbo of exploded errors. Aye, it is no mistake, and shall be no mistake; and liberty and the right of petition are no longer a "*farce!*"

But avast to this, what have we to do with politics? At the name of Moira, however, my feelings will rise—and while writing these

thespic reminiscences, I should be a recreant, were I to forget that magnificent and noble portion of our Drury. He never missed a play when in town, and when he was not present, the house seemed shorn of its beams. He was a princely friend to the Chowringhee Theatre, as his magnificent orders for tickets substantially proved. He was in a word, an ardent admirer of the drama, and in his family there was always sure to be an enthusiastic amateur or two—witness Doyle, and Fitzclarence, and Alsop—*cum multis aliis*. Nay more;—a theatrical taste and capability to fill a part well, formed *ceteris paribus*, a pretty sure passport to favour in high quarters, and “what for no,” if the other capabilities were suitable? There surely was much more fun and gaiety of every kind in Calcutta, aye, and of hospitality and kindness in those days, than we now behold, when there is as much difference between it and what it erst was, as there is between the Venice of poetry and that of reality, when ‘silent rows the songless gondolier,’ and ‘Tasso’s echoes are no more!’

The evening’s bill of fare consisted of *The Waterman* and *The Village Lawyer*. I saw the curtain rise with almost perfect indifference. The figures at first flitted before me without exciting any interest. This will generally be the case, when those on the stage are quite strange to us. I knew not one of them even by sight, and there were no play-bills. Why might we not have printed play-bills with initials, or why not with assumed names, as Fawcett, Bannister, Farren, Kean, and so forth? Add to this apathy of mine, that my memory played truant, and reverted too much to other theatres and other performances far, far away! The whole thing was to me an illustration of Byron’s beautiful lines, and I felt that ‘midst the crowd, the ham, the shock of men,’

‘This is to be alone’—this, this is solitude!

I have said the curtain rose, yes—and the drop scene fell on the first act, and I remember it right well, for we were destined to become well acquainted during a lapse of many years. Others who may read this, no doubt remember it well too, and could describe it better than I can. It represented an interior of Corinthian architecture, with fine mosaic floor. In the foreground there was a full length portrait of Garrick, of life size, represented as leaning against a monument of Shakespeare, and fondly twining his arm round the bust of the immortal poet and dramatist. In the distance through an open portal in the back ground, was a view of St. Paul’s Cathedral. The whole was most beautifully drawn and painted, and was the production of and a present (a valuable one) from the Venerable Home, (a delightful octogenarian, I assure you, reader, for I spent some pleasant hours in his studio some years ago, at Lucknow.) I preferred it infinitely (with submission be it spoken) to the present drop scene—and why? Because it had a character of unity, harmony, repose and classic elegance. I fear I may be here treading on dangerous ground. At any rate I mean not to give offence, when I say that the present drop scene is any thing but a pleasing one to the eye, as such. The effect is garish, glaring, scatterry, unsatisfactory. It looks for all the world like

a caricature of a steam ship exploding—all the figures being hurled higgledy piggledy in every direction, save the schoolmaster like personage who is reclining in the corner. It is excessively tantalizing, and mocks the eye as much, as an orator speaking at an immense distance from you deludes the ear; you can only catch the ghost of a word now and then. If you have a tolerably good eye you *may* make out the outline of a figure in the drop scene—but all expression, and indeed all keeping, is utterly lost. Now, be it borne in mind that I am discussing its merits as a drop scene, for I would urge that as such, it ought to have a greater unity of design and such a breadth and repose as would soothe rather than excite the eye and the imagination. As a picture it is infinitely too far from the spectator to be viewed with gratification, or justice to the conception and execution of it. It is however, notwithstanding all this, full of talent and even of genius. The idea is very good indeed, and would be admirable in a cabinet picture.

Before resuming my notice of the business of the stage let me say a word or two about the audience. Ladies and gentlemen were almost all in full or evening dress, reminding me of an audience at the King's theatre. How many whom I saw there are now mouldering in the dust! Some of the most prominent are still fresh in my memory as if I had but seen them yesterday for the first time—and as if my friend H——e's replies to my frequent questions were still sounding in my ear! "whom do you mean?"—"That tall gentlemanly figure to the left of his Lordship." "Oh! that is Sir C. D——y." "And who is that rather handsome sparkling-eyed, lively-looking military gentleman with whom he is speaking?" "That is Col. D——e, whom you will see one of these nights on the stage if you remain a few months longer at the Presidency." "And who is that gentleman in spectacles behind his Lordship with his mildly expressive countenance?" "That is Mr. A——m private secretary—and that good looking man with bland and cheerful features dressed in green with gold lion buttons, to whom he is making some remark, is Dr. M——r, and that other person in the same costume so tall and thin is Mr. H——t M——, and for all his outward simplicity of appearance that fellow has a deep head. He is the Atlas of the Revenues of India—the Chancellor of the Exchequer. That gentleman now making such a profound bow, in the box on the left of the Lord's, is Mr. Seton, Member of Council. He is one of the old school, a man of a high spirit, and keeps open house. His manners perhaps are a little over courteous for our day, and remind one of the days of Louis XIV. I have heard things of him which indicate a dash of chivalry in his character. Though he now looks so old and wizen'd, he must have been rather a handsome man in his youth, judging from a likeness of him painted by Zoffany which I have seen."—By the way, about this time Mr. Seton was frequently before the public at convivial meetings—and his speeches always commenced with "unaccustomed as it is to hear the sound of my own voice in public." &c. It was a high treat to me once upon a time to hear him expatiate at a bachelor's ball (very spirited affairs they were and there was always a *series* of them in one season; think of that Master Brook!) in praise of the Countess of Loudon who was then in England.

It was all so high flown—it was the very brocade, the cloth of gold of oratory, and yet it was uttered with such a feeling of perfect devotedness of purpose, and so much *bouhommie* that you could not help liking the speaker, altho' you might feel inclined to have your laugh out, taking good care though, that Mr. Seton did not see you laughing, for he was not a man to be trifled with, though one of the kindest and best bred of mortals. It was on this occasion that the bachelors of the city of palaces, and indeed throughout India, got the cognomen of "the lamentables" and its origin was thus. In returning thanks on the Countess's health being drank, Lord Moira assured his kind entertainers that from experience he felt that the best wish he could express for them all was, that they might soon follow his example and that of many worthy friends around him, and cease to be known by their *present lamentable distinction*. Methinks I still hear his Lordship's silver tones that gave elcet to the pleasantry, and the roars of laughers that pealed again and again, within *Moore's Rooms*, which by the way are no longer in existence.

But a truce to digression. "Who" I enquired "is that striking looking elderly gentleman with a certain air of kindly aristocracy about him, and an expression of fine humour and independence in his face?" "That is Sir F—— M——, one of our judges, a *very* high cast man, w whom to know is to admire: mark that portly, keen and yet jovial eyed man to whom he is speaking, and who is just leaning back to have a hearty *griffaw* at something Sir F—— is saying; that is C——r F——, the barrister and the hereditary possessor of the "whistle of worth"—immortalized by Burns. While *he* lives no one has a chance of winning it. That gentleman in the Navy Uniform with an honorable scar on the right cheek, and holding an eye glass in one hand, while he is laughing at some joke of Mr. F——ton of the firm of M—— and Co. is C——e H——s, as kind hearted, honorable and sterling a taras ever stepped between stem and stern—a character whom Smollett would have delighted to pourtray—a compound of the lion and the lamb which he and Dibdin alone could do justice to!" "Who is that Roman nosed gentleman in the Cavalry uniform speaking to that singularly beautiful lady?" "That is Captain Alsop, one of his Lordship's aids-de-camp and one of our best actors. I see you keep a snuff box—just look at Alsop and try if you *can*, to take a pinch as gracefully as he does. Is not the lady he is just chatting with, a lovely creature?" "She is indeed"—I said—"He gave me a short sketch of her history. It was Mrs. R—— one as unfortunate in her after career as she was beautiful to behold. Such a splendid figure, and such sweetly yet innocently voluptuous eyes. Ah! Who that looked upon her that evening, gay and laughing with her quick moving, mirthful or pensive (as the case might be) gazelle eyes could have dreamed of the shuddering crisis—the hour of despair—the poison draught!—but let me not raise the veil. Peace to her shade!"

I cannot for the present proceed with my panoramic glance at the audience of days of yore, the fate of *one* has unhinged me for the task.

"Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes:—"

But I wander too far—and this exordium has extended beyond due limits. Of the characters of the *Waterman*, I remember with distinct-

ness only, *Tag* and *Robin*. The gallant young waterman was by L——ton. In spite of myself he excited interest for the part. He so completely made the character his own, (I saw him in it afterwards again and again) that he has spoilt me for seeing another represent it. There is a mannerism about his dialogue and bearing that you do not like at first, but as is often the case you forget it. His sailor dress too became him remarkably well, and I care not how soon I may see the *Tag* of days gone by, again. To hear and to admire his singing, is one process. The prominent features of his style are a noble simplicity and a beautiful pathos. He never runs after meretricious ornament, nor strains at ambitious or false climaxes,—add to which that his exquisite voice, for so it was in those days, and so I hope to hear it yet, (would that he had robust health, and two or three lakhs of rupees!) brings forth tones that echo the sense, for he never, like Braham for instance, sacrifices poetry and sentiment to sound, no—he marries them together in delightful union and not a word by the *author*;—much less a trace by the composer, is lost. I have heard many good singers of English songs, &c. but I never heard one whose “*And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman?*” and “*Farewell my trim built wherry.*” I should like more to listen to again. The part of *Robin* was by B——r, Secretary to the Theatre. He was a short stumpy rollicking fellow (as the Irish expression goes.) His face was of itself a comedy. You could no more look at B——r’s face and not laugh than you could at Liston’s. And yet his acting was without effort. He walked and talked in what appeared to be simply his natural manner and yet convulsed you with laughter,—I cannot explain how. On such occasions one is puzzled how to describe that which in fact is indescribable. Suffice it that it *was* so. He had a curious habit of turning his knee joint in a most odd and droll way, so that he appeared to twist it as if the rear rank of the limb became the front rank and vice versa. *How* he did it I cannot tell you, but *do* it he did, and that as frequently as unconsciously, and whenever he gave this Grimaldi twist of his knee, there was no resisting the ludicrous effect of it, and of the face together;—such a face as only a Crickshank could catch the matchless drollery of. He sung the song of

“Bid the blossoms ne’er be blighted”

in such a sort, as to make one’s sides ache. Pity he ever left us, but he *would* go!

All I remember of the *Village Lawyer* is *Sheepface*. I never saw a more hang-dog looking villain. It was painfully true to nature, you would swear it was a reckless Yorkshire Poacher brought hard up at last. It was a masterly performance. Much surprised was I to find that it was Alsop, whom a little while before I had seen talking, off hand, amidst the audience. He had indeed an extraordinary facility of making whatever character he took, his own for the time—or rather he was metamorphosed into the character—and in dress, look, tone, accent, manner, all was complete—each character was a *picture*. But for the present I must conclude my rambling recollections. Reader it depends considerably upon yourself—if we are to meet again—for the present adieu!

22d April, 1833.

AN OLD STAGER.

THE EDITOR'S TABLETS.

MR. GULLY.—The electors of Pontefract, availing themselves of the noble privilege conferred by the Reform Bill, have had the good sense to return this celebrated pugilist and perfect gentleman to represent them in Parliament. This is great consolation for the Sporting world;—it proves there is an intimate connection between legislation and the turf,—between canvassing and cocking,—ballotting and boxing. We confess we are in no very great hurry, but we now do really look forward to the day when India—enjoying the privilege of sending members to Parliament—shall select her delegates from the Jockey Club and the genuine Amateurs of Sport, and that the Editor of the Sporting Magazine, amongst the number, will be returned before the Millennium, free of expence, by the worthy and independent electors of Chowringhee, and the Durrumtollah. What a glorious anticipation! Only imagine us franking the Sporting Magazine throughout the British dominions—only fancy us deifying the subordinate officers of the Supreme Court, with their *fi fas and fiery face-ias*! This is the true reward of genuine patriotism,—this is or ought to be the *summum bonum* of every honest man's desires. We have as yet seen no account of Gully's maiden speech; but we predict that it will be both brilliant and characteristic. We can suppose him entering the house attired in a green frock and corduroys—the costume of the good old school—looking about him with the cool, quiet air peculiar to the thorough paced sportsman—tipping the wink to a fellow radical, and applying his thumb to his nose with the accompaniment of a thrust of the tongue into the sinister cheek on encountering the glance of a Tory turfite,—as much as to say “mind your eye!” We can fancy the jolly old cock bowing with the grace of a Brummell as the house rises to welcome the *Lafayette* of the P. R.—We see him take his place just behind Sir Francis Burdett—we hear the sonorous voice of the seventh-time elected Manners Sutton—pronounce “Mr. Gully!”—we behold the conqueror of Gregson and the owner of Mameluke and poor Clotilde, rise to present a petition, signed by a numerous meeting at the Five's Court, on behalf of the interests of the ring. He speaks—and all St. Stephens is silent as Melrose, on the grave. “Unaccustomed as I am” says this genuine out-and-outer “to public speaking, it is not without fawning that I come forward as the champion of the noble art of self-defence. Experience tells me that no horse can win without proper training,—no common gladiator stand up before the scientific members of the P. R. I would therefore pay forfeit and be off, but honor pricks me on and I am determined to try at least one round. (*Hear! hear! go it ould un! Hold up your head and fight low!* from all parts of the house). The Ring, Mr. Speaker, I grieve to say, has of late years declined in public esteem. I hold in my hand a copy of Bell's Life in London shewing that since Simon Byrne's business there has not been one regular good

fight. Chaffers supply the places of varmint bruisers.—Snobs congregate where Corinthians assembled,—Pierce Egan rules where George the Fourth presided (*order, order from the speaker—and hear! from Cobbett.*) I am't out of order and I shan't be put down by none of you—(*here the Honourable Member suddenly alters his manner and doffs his coat.*) If there is to be a mill, blow me if I don't shew you that I have still a little pluck in me (*loud cries of ORDER! Cobbett now approaches, and pats GULLY on the back, whispering "don't flinch! I'll be your Pal."*) I didn't come here to be bullied. Leave me alone, Mr. Speaker, and I'll observe the privileges of the house; but once try to stop me and I peg into you right and left. (*Sir Robert Peel here rises, and begs the Honourable Gentleman may be heard out, Loud cheers. Mr. Gully resumes his coat, and proceeds.*) Ay, now I'll go on—a fair field and no favor is all I want. Well, as I said (*here the Honourable Member gets awfully confused*) the French have evidently jockeyed us at the last Antwerp races, and the present ministry have shewn that they are not up to trap in any of their movements. Let Lord Grey look at his betting book, and I'll lay any odds that if he had not the keys of the Treasury in his pocket he would have levanted ere now as a heavy defaulter! Who are the prime bleeding cullies?—the people! Who are the crack divers of the day the Broughams and Greys! Who. (*Here the uproar becomes tremendous, and the Serjeant at Arms is called in. GULLY, in ecstasy, peels for a decided bustle. Supported by the Oldham member he plants a run in Lord Chandos's claret cellar, tips Lowther a cross-buttock, and floors Cam Hobhouse. Overpowered at length by numbers he is removed from the house and the cause of the ring is deferred to a future evening.*)

This may be a little extravagant, but it is just the kind of picture we anticipate. Notwithstanding the glorious Reform Bill, the House of Commons will still retain enough of the leaven, enough of the old aristocratic temper, to treat good men and true who speak out their sentiments boldly in the uncourteous style here described. Our only hope is, that as there are yet 40 members to be returned the people will see the propriety of electing Aby Belasco, Tom Cribb, Young Dutch Sam, Phil Sampson and others to support Jack Gully in his patriotic endeavors, for though his powers as a claret tapper are unquestionably great, what can "poor old Jack" do against 657 aldermen, country gentlemen and prigs?

SPORTING PARTY.—Accounts have indirectly reached us of the deeds of a party of Sportsmen on the banks of the Mahanuddee, in the course of the last month. The sport is stated to have been excellent, and the slaughter tremendous. We thirst after a minute account of this interesting expedition, and in the mean time give a memorandum of the game killed up to the 8th of April.

Ten tigers, twenty nine buffalos, two hundred and two Hog Deer, ten Red Deer and ninety seven Hogs, making altogether three hundred and forty eight head of game, exclusive of Alligators, Cats, Hares, Par-

tridges, Pea-hens, Quails, &c. &c. We hear the sport was diversified by sundry charges of tigers and buffaloes; but, as we have said, no account of the business has reached us direct. What for no?

SIGNOR MASONI'S ADIEU.—Masoni made his final scrape on the 12th ultimo, preparatory to his flight to lands where musical talent, if not better appreciated, at least reaps better harvests than at Calcutta. The aristocratic part of the house was crammed to excess, and the visitors seemed very much delighted with the Signor's efforts. The whole entertainment was admirably planned, and would have gone off very well had not the elements interposed. There were some delightful duetts and glees admirably sung, in character, and there were some recitations, and comic songs derived from Mathews's Trip to Paris and Mail Coach Adventures, and all these things were diversified by overtures and concertos; but the whole affair was marred by a pelting, pitiless storm which came on at an early part of the evening, first blinding the audience with dust, then drenching them with rain. We were in hopes Masoni would have sacked four thousand rupees at least, but we believe he did not receive above Rs. 2,500, owing to the great reduction of his prices. He is now gone from us, and we shall expect about this day twelve month, to find him mentioned in some of the London journals, as a considerable accession to the musical strength of Babylon, if not as a lion in the best circles.

CHOWRINGHEE THEATRE.—There has been no performance for the last month, owing partly to the heat, and partly to Masoni's Concert. The last performance was, on the whole, very successful, and has completely satisfied us, that as there is nothing better adapted to the talents of Amateurs in a general way, so is there nothing more acceptable to the tastes of an Indian audience, than light farce, short operas, and interesting *melo* dramas, interspersed with music.

MR. JAMES BARWELL.—The demise of this respected member of the Civil Service has been a serious blow to the Calcutta Turf. We had not the pleasure of being personally acquainted with Mr. Barwell; but, from all we hear, he seems to have been one of the warmest patrons of Racing, of which Calcutta has had to boast. Unequaled as a rider—superior as a trainer, Mr. Barwell is reported to have been one of the most honorable of sportsmen. Although he had had several severe falls, while riding races, his presence of mind never forsook him, and his courage was never damped. Many little anecdotes have been related to us connected with his sporting career, but we withhold them until our next, when we hope to present our readers with a complete sketch of Mr. Barwell's character. We have not heard who succeeds him as Secretary to the Jockey Club.

Selections.

AFFECTION OF THE ARABIAN HORSE.

In that admirable and interesting work, ‘The Library of Useful Knowledge,’ the writer states there are three breeds of Arabian horses—the *Attechi*, or inferior breed; the *Kalischî*, literally, horses of an unknown race; and the *Cochlani*, horses whose genealogy, according to the Arab account, is unknown for two thousand years.

We may not, perhaps, believe all that is told us of the Arabian. It has been remarked that there are, on the deserts where this horse traverses, no mile-stones to mark the distance, or watches to calculate the time; and the Bedouin is naturally given to exaggeration, and, most of all, when relating the prowess of the animal which he loves as dearly as his children; yet it cannot be denied that, at the introduction of the Arabian into European stables, there was no other horse comparable to him.

The Arab horse is as celebrated for his docility and good temper, as for his speed and courage. In that delightful book, “Bishop Heber’s Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India,” the following interesting character is given of him. “My morning rides are very pleasant. My horse is a nice, quiet, good tempered little Arab who is so fearless, that he goes, without starting, close to an elephant, and so gentle and docile, that he eats bread out of my hand, and has almost as much attachment and coaxing ways as a dog. This seems the general character of the Arab horses, to judge from what I have seen in this country. It is not the fiery dashing animal I had supposed, but with more rationality about him, and more apparent confidence in his rider, than the majority of English horses.”

The kindness with which he is treated from a foal, gives him an affection for his master, a wish to please, a pride in exerting every energy in obedience to his commands, and, consequently, an apparent sagacity which is seldom seen in other breeds. The mare and her foal inhabit the same tent with the Bedouin and his children. The neck of the mare is often the pillow of the rider, and more frequently of the children, who are rolling about upon her and the foal: yet no accident ever occurs, and the animal acquires that friend hip and love for man which occasional ill-treatment will not cause him for a moment to forget.

When the Arab falls from his mare, and is unable to rise, she will immediately stand still, and neigh until assistance arrives. If he lies down to sleep, as fatigue sometimes compels him, in the midst of the desert, she stands watchful over him, and neighs and rouses him if either man or beast approaches. An old Arab had a valuable mare that had carried him for fifteen years, in many a hard-fought battle, and many a rapid, weary march; at length eighty years old, and unable longer to ride her, he gave her, and a scimitar that had been his father’s, to his eldest

son, and told him to appreciate their value, and never lie down to rest until he had rubbed them both as bright-glass. In the first skirmish in which the young man was engaged, he was killed, and the mare fell into the hands of the enemy. When the news reached the old man, he exclaimed that "life was no longer worth preserving, for he had lost both his son and his mare, and he grieved for one as much as the other;" and he immediately sickened and died.

Man, however, is an inconsistent being. The Arab who thus lives with, and loves his horses, regarding them as his most valuable treasure, sometimes treats them with a cruelty scarcely to be believed and not at all to be justified. The severest treatment which the English race-horse endures is gentleness compared with the trial of the young Arabian. Probably the filly has never before been mounted; she is led out: her owner springs on her back, and goads her over the sands and rocks of the desert, at full speed, for fifty or sixty miles, without one moment's respite. She is then forced, steaming and panting, into water deep enough for her to swim. If immediately after this she will eat as if nothing had occurred, her character is established and she is acknowledged to be a genuine descendant of the *Kochlani* breed. The Arab is not conscious of the cruelty which he thus inflicts: it is an invariable custom; and custom will induce us to inflict many a pang on those whom, after all, we love.

The following anecdote of the attachment of an Arab to his mare has often been told, but it comes home to the bosom of every one possessed of common feeling. "The whole stock of an Arab of the desert consisted of a mare. The French consul offered to purchase her, in order to send her to his sovereign, Louis XIV. The Arab would have rejected the proposal at once with indignation and scorn; but he was miserably poor. He had no means of supplying his most urgent wants, or procuring the barest necessities of life. Still he hesitated;—he had scarcely a rag to cover him—and his wife and children were starving. The sum offered was great,—it would provide him and his family with food for life. At length and reluctantly he consented. He brought the mare to the dwelling of the consul,—he dismounted,—he stood leaning upon her;—he looked now at the gold, and then at his favorite; he sighed—he wept. 'To whom is it,' said he, 'I am going to yield thee up? To Europeans, who will tie thee close,—who will beat thee,—who will render thee miserable. Return with me, my beauty, my jewel, and rejoice the hearts of my children.' As he pronounced the last words, he sprung upon her back, and was out of sight in a moment."

The next anecdote is scarcely less touching, and not so well known. Ibrahim, a poor, but worthy Arab, unable to pay a sum of money which he owed, was compelled to allow a merchant of Rama to become partner with him in a valuable mare. When the time came, he could not redeem his pledge to this man, and the mare was sold. Her pedigree could be traced, on the side of sire and dam, for full five hundred years. The price was three hundred pounds; an enormous sum in that country. Ibrahim went frequently to Rama to inquire after the mare: he would

embrace her,—wipe her eyes with his handkerchief,—rub her with his shirt sleeves,—and give her a thousand benedictions during whole hours that he remained talking to her. ‘My eyes!’ would he say to her, ‘my soul! my heart! must I be so unfortunate as to have thee sold to so many masters, and not keep thee myself? I am poor, my antelope! I brought thee up in my dwelling, as my child. I did never beat nor chide thee; I caressed thee in the proudest manner. God preserve thee, my beloved! thou art beautiful, thou art sweet, thou art lovely! God defend thee from envious eyes!’

Sir John Malcolm gives two anecdotes to the same purpose, but of a more amusing nature.

“When the envoy, returning from his former mission, was encamped near Bagdad, an Arab rode a bright bay mare of extraordinary shape and beauty before his tent, until he attracted his attention. On being asked if he would sell her,—‘What will you give me?’ was the reply: ‘That depends upon her age; I suppose she is past five?’ ‘Guess again,’ said he. ‘Four?’ ‘Look at her mouth,’ said the Arab, with a smile. On examination she was found to be rising three. ‘This, from her size and symmetry, greatly enhanced her value. The envoy said, ‘I will give you fifty toman’ (a coin nearly of the value of a pound sterling). ‘A little more, if you please,’ said the fellow, apparently entertained. ‘Eighty. ‘A hundred.’ He shook his head and smiled. The offer at last came to two hundred toman! ‘Well,’ said the Arab, ‘you need not tempt me further;—it is of no use. You are a rich elchee (nobleman). You have fine horses, camels, and mules, and, I am told, you have loads of silver and gold. Now,’ added he, ‘you want my mare; but you should not have her for all you have got.’”

“An Arab sheick or chief, who lived within fifty miles of Bussorah, had a favorite breed of horses. He lost one of his best mares, and could not, for a long while, discover whether she was stolen or had strayed. Some time after, a young man of a different tribe, who had long wished to marry his daughter, but had always been rejected by the sheick, obtained the lady’s consent and eloped with her. The sheick and his followers pursued, but the lover and his mistress, mounted on one horse, made a wonderful march, and escaped. The old chief swore that the fellow was either mounted upon the devil, or the favorite mare he had lost. After his return, he found the latter was the case; that the lover was the thief of his mare as well as his daughter; and that he stole the one to carry off the other. The chief was quite gratified to think he had not been beaten by a mare of another breed: and was easily reconciled to the young man, in order that he might recover the mare, which appeared an object about which he was more solicitous than about his daughter.”

“One of our own countrymen, the enterprising traveller, major Denham, affords us a pleasing instance of the attachment with which the docility and sagacity of the horse may inspire the owner. He thus relates the death of his favorite Arabian, in one of the most desert spots of Central Africa. His feelings needed no apology. We naturally honor the man in whom true sensibility and undaunted courage exerted for useful purposes were thus united.

" There are a few situations in a man's life in which losses of this nature are felt most keenly ; and this was one of them. It was not grief, but it was something very nearly approaching to it ; and though I felt ashamed of the degree of derangement I suffered from it, yet it was several days before I could get over the loss. Let it however, be remembered that the poor animal had been my support and comfort,—nay, I may say companion, through many a dreary day and night ;—had endured both hunger and thirst in my service ; and was so docile that he would stand still four hours, in the desert, while I slept between his legs, his body affording me the only shelter that could be obtained from the powerful influence of a noon-day sun,—he was yet the fleetest of the fleet: and ever foremost in the chase."

Our horses would fare badly on the scanty nourishment afforded the Arabian. The mare usually has but one or two meals in twenty-four hours. During the day she is tied to the door of the tent, ready for the Bedouin to spring, at a moment's warning, into the saddle, or she is turned out before the tent, ready saddled, the bridle merely taken off, and so trained, that she gallops up immediately at her master's call. At night she receives a little water ; and with her scanty provender of five or six pounds of barley or beans, and sometimes a little straw, she lies down, content, in the midst of her master's family. She can, however, endure great fatigue ; she will travel fifty miles without stopping ; she has been pushed, on emergency, one hundred and twenty miles, and occasionally, neither she nor her rider has tasted food for three whole days.

To the Arabian, principally, England is indebted for her improved and now unrivalled breed of horses for the turf, the field, and the road.

TRICKS OF HORSE DEALERS.

In order to dispose of a diseased horse with facility, says *Mr. Youat in his Veterinary Lectures*, they deem it expedient to conceal the existence of glanders, to accomplish which the dealers are said sometimes to give a brushing gallop, in order to clear the air passages ; they then inject a solution of alum, or sulphuric acid, up the nostrils, by the astringent power of which the discharge is for a while stayed. The animal is doubtless tortured ; but we can hardly believe that the astringent effect would continue so long, or in fact could be established from the improbability of being able to bring the liquid in contact with the diseased surface. When the discharge is from one nostril alone, some are said to introduce a piece of sponge too far up that nostril ; there will still remain however, the indurated and adherent gland, or the lividness of chronic glanders, or the intense inflammation produced by the caustic that was injected ; either of these would excite suspicion, and, if the examiner is at all on his guard, lead to certain detection.

EPITOME OF THE POINTS AT WHIST.

A game consists of two points, five each ; a rubber, of two games out of three ; and this may be five points—two for each game, and the rubber game ; consequently a bumper (that is two consecutive games, in which the adversaries do not score five in either of them) is five points. In other cases, where each party scores a game, single or double, the points after the deciding game are set off against what has been scored by the opponents. In close games, as in the bumper (five points), the points are as made—viz. a double and single score four points ; two singles, three points (that is two in the first instance for the points, and one for the rubber) ; a double to double, and a double the deciding game, as three points ; a double on one side against a single on the other with a double the last game, is four points ; double and single against a double, two points ; double and single against a single, three points ; two singles and rubber three points ; two singles against a double, one point ; single and single, and a double, the last, three points ; single and single, and a single the last, two points ; and so on in all the varieties of the game—the points of the losers being set off against those of the winners, and the rubber game (no matter whether consecutive or not) carrying one point, and, consequently, the winner of the rubber must gain one point (as above), even though, in winning two singles his adversaries score a double (even points) against them.

MELTONIANS.

MELTON MOWBRAY has become so distinguished a feature in the Annals of Hunting, together with its Noble and wealthy supporters, that we trust the humble attempt to analyse a MELTONIAN may prove rather interesting to our readers ; we have therefore, tried our hand at an ‘Outline’ of one of those ‘Great Creatures’—called the Lions and Tigers in the Corinthian Circles of sporting, with a hope that we may be something near the mark as to a ‘Likeness ;’ and also trust, that we may not be distanced altogether in producing—a PORTRAIT.

The slightest view of a Meltonian proclaims him a gentleman,—he is likewise, decidedly, “a Man,” in three points of view—namely, of the world—taste—and game. The intercourse of a Meltonian with the upper classes of society gives him all the advantages of the *snaviter in modo* and *fortiter in re*. His horses, his dogs, his vehicles, and in a majority of instances, HIMSELF, must pronounce him, in the above points of view, a MAN of the World, united with a person of taste—his neck-or-nothing qualities—turf or turnpike—whether in steeple chase so dangerous—or, he takes the leap so wide—

O’er hedge and ditch away he flew
Nor left the game till he had run it down !

Thus gives the MELTONIAN all the high qualities of *game*, without the fear of contradiction.

The "*breeding*" of a Meltonian—aye, the BREEDING must be viewed as "*thorough!*" In most cases for instance, his SIRE, is excellent; and for his DAM all that could be wished—for the possession of superlative beauty and delightful *points*—which being so, you might go on to the end of the chapter of qualifications, without any blot operating to the prejudice of his great, great, great, grand dams! Yes! his *pedigree*—but what more can be required or urged? In fact, a *true* Meltonian is all PEDIGREE.

The MELTONIAN is a *Swell* from his cradle; or, as some persons have it, he is born with a golden spoon in his mouth; and he is also put on the "*Free List*" the moment he opens his eyes in the great theatre of the World. Happy mortal! He can scarcely lisp before his ears are soothed with his forthcoming title, the "*Young Squire!*" by his *superior* nurse, who tells him to open his "*pinky winkeys,*" as he is going to his mamsy, pamsy! Perhaps, he is called the darling juvenile baronet; saluted as "*My Lord,*" in leading strings; bowed to as "*the Earl!*" in his go-cart; honored with the appellation of "*Marquis,*" on his rocking horse; or, revered as "*My Lord Duke,*" with his battledore and shuttlecock! He is in *training* from the first moment of his existence to become "*Somebody*" in this delightful world of competition. Surrounded by governesses—heaps of tutors—hosts of masters—and *mobs* of professionals—to instruct him how to *look* the gentleman—to walk like a superior being—to talk like a person of consequence—and to act and *think** like a man of *nous*, destined at some future period of his life "to do the state some service;" until he is able to "*toddle,*" or, in other words, that the "*Young Swell* may be trusted alone!" That is to say, when his '*leading strings*' are cut; the '*go cart*' banished; the rocking-horse, at a stand still; and the '*battledore and shuttlecock,*' put on the shelf for ever. When perhaps, the governors may have been totally forgotten; the tutors lost their authority; the masters done with! and the *Crisis* arrived, when the curtain of real life is drawn up, and presents to his astonished mind that wonderful *conglomeration*, termed SOCIETY—what he has heard of in private, and only seen in *perspective*; but as he draws *nearer* to it, mixes with the *conglomeration*, and becomes *one* of the world, - then! what then? Why then it is that the *balancing poles* are required to be put into his hands to keep him steady in his early walks through life, more especially, until he has accurately ascertained the different value of those paths—the *Right* and the *Left!* But if dame NATURE has acted her part by him only half in comparison with the smiles with which FORTUNE blessed his introduction into the world, united with all the advantages resulting from high birth; the incalculable good arising to his mind from tuition; and his *walks*, as it might be urged '*chalk-*

* "*To act well:*" we have not the slightest doubt, that numerous tutors are to be met with in society who can manage that branch of tuition to a nicety. but as to teach the novice to "*think well,*" we must confess we are rather inclined to be "*sceptical.*"

ed' out for him ! What is there to prevent the *High Ton* MELTONIAN from becoming an OUT-AND-OUTER in the eyes of the Million ! in perfect accordance with the serious old adage—" *Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom.*"

His horses are bang-up to the mark ; nay more, pictures—studies for HERRING ;* indeed, the perfection of horse-flesh ; his dogs will bear the cross-examination of an Old Bailey barrister ; and not, be found wanting in *truth*. The '*upper tog*,' 'benjamin,' or, great coat (we leave our readers to adopt which phrase they like best) is a sporting article of the first quality in the fashionable throng—its very look speaks for itself, nay, volumes for its happy wearer ! But the *inexpressibles* of a Meltonian, are the most expressive things in the world besides, the advantages added to them of being "*well-breeched ! ! !*"†

The *hat*, yes, the HAT (an immense *wright* is attached to this article of dress, although it is one of the *lightest* things in the world belonging to a Meltonian, independent of its shape), the term *peculiar* may belong to it ; and notwithstanding it possesses rather a touch of the *knowing*, yet it is always, clinging to the appearance of the gentleman ; and it is, positively, a thing of taste. [By the bye, as I once heard *Perring* observe, on viewing one of his '*light inventions*' on the head of a Corinthian, who was well known for his critical costume, a hat-box sort of character on the *pave for nicety*—so big was the fashionable hat-maker with the *impression* his hat appeared to have made on the taste of the public, that he burst out—"I made it—and that accounts for it !"]

The SADDLE of a Meltonian exhibits, at the first glance, a touch of the '*elegant* ;' and his WHIP to correspond ; both articles of first-rate workmanship ; but viewed in the character of a rider the gentlemanly ease, and the firmness which he maintains on his seat, reminds you of Ducrow ; and bespeaks the Meltonian a horseman of superior qualifications. But for his boots, whether of O'Shaugnessy's cut—Hoby's stamp—or the make of Stunt—are *the style* ; the *whole style* ; and nothing else but *the style* ; but the greatest difficulty belonging to them, nay almost insurmountable—it might be asked who will attempt to take *leaps* in them except a Meltonian ? The latter spirited piece of humanity is the complete *hunter* in the field, entering into all the life of the animated scene by which he is surrounded. "Yoicks ! Hark forwards ! Tally ho ! Tally ho !" .

On his return from the chase he changes his dress like an actor, and enters into the pleasure of conversation respecting the movements of another world, with an equal active spirit and enquiry ; and when called upon to circulate the toast, the Meltonian proves himself a complete *bon vivant*—and if he does not sing with all the fine taste and melody of expression for which the author of the following verse is so much distinguished, perhaps he may throw as much warmth of feeling into the composition :

* The celebrated horse painter at Doncaster.

† A cant phrase for persons who possess all the comforts of life—I, e. who have lots of money.

O nothing in life can sadden us,
 While we have wine and good humour in store.
 That and a little of love to madden us,
 Say where's the fool that can labour for more.
 Come then, bid Ganymede fill every bowl for you,
 Fill up a brimmer and drink as I call,
 I am going to toast every nymph of my soul to you,
 Aye by my soul I'm in love with them all,
 Dear creatures we can't do without them,
 They're all that is sweet and seducing to man;
 Coaxing, sighing, about and about 'em
 We doat on them, die for them, all that we can.

In its proper season, time, and place, when his *Aye* is required, and, perhaps his *No* is wanting in his character as 'one of the Pillars of the State,' he obeys the calls of his country with alacrity; but habit may so much prevail with him that when he is listening to the 'Great Creature of the House,' he may whisper to his friend—"7 to 4, I'll back the New Broom for brains, sound argument, brilliant oratory, and *distancing* qualities, against any thing alive in this country!" The Meltonian is also at home at the Opera—"Bravo Taglioni!" says he in raptures, "only look at her? She *steps* out like a race-horse! Nothing can be more beautiful than her movements. Her action beggars every thing I ever saw; and I'll bet 10 to 1 she leaves all her competitors a mile behind her." At the Theatres the Meltonian is equally conspicuous—he laughs as heartily as a *Commoner*; he cannot help himself! The old adage here loses its hold in society—it is not correct that "the loud laugh betrays the vacant mind." The *genteel* smile cannot be adhered to. Etiquette is broken down! and the *simpur* completely lost sight of. For why? The Momus of the stage is before his eyes! Matthews is chanting the Humours of a Country Fair! Liston, perhaps, is giving an account of his *call* in Mawworm; and the irresistible Jack Reeve "threatening to take himself up to preserve the peace," in the Beadle of the Parish, Marmaduke Magog.

The Meltonian, it should seem, is more "at home" than *abroad* at the Fives Court; nay, he is hand and glove with the setts-to of the professors of Boxing, and exclaims, in a delighted tone, on witnessing the sparring of "Young Sam"—"beautiful! scientific as an Angelo! and a palpable hit!" acknowledged with all the gentlemanly demeanour of Laertes to Hamlet. But at a "*Mill*!" the Meltonian is selected as a *Judge*—the soul and body's on the execution of the men: what a tremendous blow! such a one would have *floored* the Monument, and have made St. Paul's cathedral shake again! A decided smasher! The coup de grace! It would have made an Emperor of Gluttons cry out "Hold! enough!"

THE LAWS OF COURSING.

It is rather singular that no alterations have been made in the "Rules and Laws of Coursing" since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Regulations which are usually still in force received the fiat of Thomas Duke of Norfolk, and are as follows:—

THE LAWS OF THE LEASH, OR COURSING :

As they were commanded, allowed and subscribed, by Thomas late Duke of Norfolk, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

First, Therefore it was ordered, that he which was chosen *fewterer*, or *letter-loose* of the greyhounds, should receive the greyhounds *match* to run together into his leash as soon as he came into the field, and to follow next to the hare finder till he came unto the form; and no horseman or footman on pain of disgrace, to go before them, or on either side, but directly behind, the space of forty yards or thereabouts.

Item. That not above one brace of greyhounds do course a hare at one instant.

Item. That the hare finder should give the hare three *So-hows* before he put her from her leas, to make the greyhounds gaze and attend her rising.

Item. That dog that giveth first turn, if, after the turn be given, there be neither coat, slip, nor wrench, extraordinary, then he which gave the first turn shall be held to win the wager.

Item. If one dog give the first turn, and the other bear the hare, then he which bore the hare shall win.

Item. If one dog give both the first turn, and last turn and no other advantage between them, that odd turn shall win the wager.

Item. That a coat shall be more than two turns, and a go-by, or the bearing of the hare, equal with two turns.

Item. If neither dog turn the hare, then he which leadeth last at the covert, shall be held to win the wager.

Item. If one dog turn the hare, serve himself, and turn her again, those two turns shall be as much as a coat.

Item. If all the course be equal, then he only which bears the hare shall win; and if she be not borne, then the course must be adjudged dead.

Item. If any dog shall take a fall in the course, and yet perform his part, he shall challenge advantage of a turn more than he giveth.

Item. If one dog turn the hare, serve himself, and give divers coats, yet in the end stand still in the field, the other dog without turning, running home to the covert, that dog which stood still in the field shall be then adjudged to lose the wager.

Item. If any man shall ride over a dog, and overharrow him in his course (though the dog were the worst dog in opinion), yet the party for the offence shall either receive the disgrace of the field, or pay the wager, for between the parties it shall be adjudged to course.

Item. Those who are chosen judges of the leash, shall give their judgments presently before they depart from the field, or else he, in whose default it lieth, shall pay the wager by a general voice and sentence.

The substance of the above rules, it seems, has been adhered to in most of the sporting counties; but the dogs are now loosed out of a double spring-slip which renders it impossible for either to have the advantage of the start. In Wiltshire however, some judicious deviations have been introduced; and the dog that hath the best of the course, whether he kills the hare or not, is there declared to be the winner. The propriety of such a decision is apparent, for the best and speediest dog may turn the hare directly on his opponent, who may have no other merit than that of laying hold of his game when forced full upon him.

The Swaffham Coursing Society was established in the year 1776, by the late Earl of Oxford, confining the numbers of members to the number

of letters in the alphabet and when any member died or wished to retire his place was always filled up by ballot, conformably to the rules of the Society. On the decease of the founder the members of this Society unanimously agreed to purchase a Silver Cup, value twenty-five guineas, to be run for annually; and it was then intended to pass on from one to another like the Whip at Newmarket; but before starting for it in the year 1792, it was agreed that the winner of the Cup should keep it; and that a new Cup should annually be purchased by the Society to be run for in November. An opinion was entertained by the Members of the Swaffham Club, that it would best diffuse that respect they wished to show to the memory of their founder by gracing the side-board of the different winners in the different parts of the kingdom. The winner of the first Cup was remarkable for having stood foremost in the breed of greyhounds from the foundation of the Society.

COURSING is kept up with great spirit during the season, by the various Clubs for gold and silver Cups, and other prizes at Newmarket, Chatsworth, Drayton, Barton, Malton, Highdore, Cardington, Andoversford, near Cheltenham, Caistor, East Ilsey, Burton upon Trent, Morfe Coursing meeting at Sir J. Piggott's Park, Louth, Chesterfield, Canast, Ashdown, Derbyshire, West Ilsey, Deptford Union, Wilts, Barton, Southport, &c.

ENGLISH FOXHUNTERS.

Melton Mowbray, a small town in Leicestershire, generally contains from two to three hundred hunters, in the hands of the most experienced grooms England can produce, the average number being ten to each sportsman residing there, although some of those who ride heavy, and rejoice in long purses, have from fourteen to twenty for their own use. The stud of the Earl of Plymouth has, for many years, exceeded the last mentioned number. It may seem strange, that one man should, under any circumstances, need so large a number of horses solely for his personal use in the field; and it must be admitted that few countries do require it. In Leicestershire, however, the universal practice is, for each sportsman to have at least two hunters in the field on the same day, — a practice proved to be economical, as it is from exhaustion, the effect of long continued severe work, that the health of horses is most injured. And when it is considered, that a horse should always have five days' rest after a moderate, and at least seven or eight after a severe run with hounds; it will not seem surprising, that ten or twelve hunters should be deemed an indispensable stud for a regular Leicestershire sportsman.

The sum total of expenses attending a stud of twelve hunters at Melton, including every outgoing, is, as nearly as can be estimated, £1000 per annum. In all stables, the outlay for the purchase of horses is great—at least two hundred guineas each hunter; and, in some, the annual amount of tear and wear of horse flesh is considerable. Mel-

ton has been much improved, owing to the number of comfortable houses which have been erected for the accommodation of its sporting visitors, who spend not less, on an average, than £50,000 per annum, on the spot. It stands on one of the great north roads, eighteen miles from Nottingham, and fifteen from Leicester, which latter place is also a favourite resort of sportmen. The town furnishes an interesting scene on each hunting morning. At rather an early hour are to be seen groups of hunters, the finest in the world, setting out in different directions, to meet different packs of hounds. The *style* of your Meltonian fox hunter has long distinguished him above his brethren of, what he calls, the *provincial* chase. When turned out of the hands of his valet, he presents the very *beau idéal* of his *caste*. The exact Stultz-like fit of his coat—his superlatively well-cleaned breeches and boots—and the generally apparent high breeding of the man, can seldom be matched elsewhere: and the most cautious sceptic in such points would satisfy himself of the fact at one single inspection.—*Quarterly Review*.

THE HUNT.

To describe a run with fox hounds, is not an easy task; but to make the attempt with any other county than Leicestershire, in our eye, would be giving a chance away. Let us, then, suppose ourselves at Ashby Pasture, in the Quorn country, with Mr. Osbaldiston's hounds. Let us also indulge ourselves with a fine morning, in the first week of February, and at least two hundred well mounted men by the cover's side. Time being called—say, a quarter past eleven, nearly our great grandfather's dinner hour—the hounds approach the furze brake, or the gorse, as it is called in that region. "*Hark in, hark in!*" with a slight cheer, and perhaps one wave of his cap, says Mr. Osbaldiston, who has long hunted his own pack: and in an instant he has not a hound at his horse's heels. In a very short time, the gorse appears shaken in various parts of the cover—apparently from an unknown cause, not a single hound being for some minutes visible. Presently one or two appear, leaping over some old furze which they cannot push through, and exhibit to the field their glossy skins and spotted sides. "Oh, you beauties!" exclaims some old Meltonian, rapturously fond of the sport. Two minutes more elapse: another hound slips out of cover, and takes a short turn outside, with his nose to the ground, and his stern lashing his side—thinking, no doubt, he might touch on a drag, should Reynard have been abroad in the night. Hounds have no business to *think*, *thinks* the second whipper-in, who observes him, but one crack of his whip, with "*Rasselas, Rasselas, where are you going, Rasselas?—get to cover, Rasselas,*" and Rasselas immediately disappears. Five minutes more pass away. "No fox here," says one. "Don't be in a hurry," cries Mr. Cradock, "they are drawing it beautifully; and there is a rare lying in it." These words are scarcely uttered, when the cover shakes more than ever. Every stem appears alive; and it reminds us of a corn field waving in the wind. In two minutes, the sterns of some more hounds are seen "*flourishing*" above the horse. "*Have at him there,*" hollows the Squire—the gorse still more alive, and hounds leap-

ing over each other's backs. "*Have at him there again*, my good hounds—a fox for a hundred!" reiterates the squire—putting his finger in his ear, and uttering a scream, which, not being set to music, we cannot give here. Jack Stevens (the first whipper-in,) looks at his watch.

At this interesting period, a Snob, just arrived from a very rural country, and unknown to any one, but determined to witness the start, gets into a conspicuous situation. "Come away, Sir!" hollows the master, (little suspecting that the snob may be nothing less than one of the Quarterly Reviewers.) "What mischief are you doing there? Do you think *you* can catch the fox?" A breathless silence ensues. At length a whimper is heard in the cover, like the voice of a dog in a dream: it is Flourisher, and the Squire cheers him to the echo. In an instant, a hound challenges—and another—and another. 'Tis enough. "*Tallyho*," cries a countryman in a tree. "He's gone," exclaims Lord Alvanley; and clapping spurs to his horse, in an instant is in the front rank.

As all good sportmen would say,—"*Ware, hounds!*" cries Sir Harry Goodricke. "Give them time," exclaims Mr. John Moore. "That's right," says Mr. Osbaldiston, "spoil your own sport, as usual."—"Go along," roars out Mr. Holyoak, "there are three couple of hound on the scent."—"That's your sort," says Billy Coke, coming up at the rate of thirty miles an hour on *Advance*, with a label pinned on his back; "*she kicks*;" "the rest are all coming, and there's a rare scent to-day, I'm sure." Bonaparte's Old Guard, in its best days, would not have stopped such men as these, so long as life remained in them.

Only those who have witnessed it, can know in what an extraordinary manner hounds that are left behind in a cover, make their way through a crowd, and get up to the leading ones of the pack, which have been fortunate in getting away with their fox. It is true, they possess the speed of a race horse; but nothing short of their high mettle, could induce them to thread their way through a body of horsemen going the best pace, with the prospect of being ridden over and maimed at every stride they take. But as Beckford observes,—"*'Tis the dash of the fox hound which distinguishes him.*" A turn, however, in their favour, or a momentary loss of scent in the few hounds that have shot a-head—an occurrence to be looked for on such occasions—joins head and tail together; and the scent being good, every hound settles to his fox; the pace gradually improves; *vires acquirit eundo*—a terrible burst is the result!

Two horses are seen loose in the distance—a report is flying about that one of the field is badly hurt, and something is heard of a collar-bone being broken; others say it is a leg; but the pace is *too good* to inquire. A cracking of rails is now heard, and one gentleman's horse is to be seen resting, nearly balanced, across one of them, his rider being on his back in the ditch, which is on the landing side. "Who is he?" says Lord Brudenell to Jack Stevens. "Can't tell my Lord; but I thought it was a queerish place when I came o'er it before him." It is evidently a case of peril, but the pace is *too good* to afford help.

Up to this time, "Snob" has gone quite in the first flight; the "Dons" begin to eye him, and, when an opportunity offers, the question is asked,—“Who is that fellow on the little bay horse?” “Don't know him,” says Mr. *Little* Gilmour, (a fourteen-stone Scotchman, by the by,) ganging gallantly up to his hounds. “He can ride,” exclaims Lord Ranchiffe. “A tip-top provincial, depend upon it,” adds Lord Plymouth, “going quite at his ease on a thorough-bred nag, three stone above his weight; and in perfect racing trim.” Animal nature, however, will cry “Enough,” how good soever she may be, if unreasonable man press her beyond the point. The line of scent lies right athwart a large grass ground, (as a field is termed in Leicestershire,) somewhat on the ascent; abounding in ant hills, or hillocks, peculiar to old grazing land, and thrown up by the plough, some hundred years since, into rather high ridges, with deep, holding furrows between each. The fence at the top is impracticable—Meltonice, “a stopper.” nothing for it but a gate, leading into a broad green lane, high and strong, with deep slippery ground on each side of it. “Now for the timber jumper,” cries Osbaldiston, pleased to find himself upon Clasher. “For heaven's sake, take care of my hounds, in case they may throw up in the lane.” Snob is here in the best of company, and that moment perhaps the happiest of his life; but, not satisfied with his situation, wishing to out-Herod Herod, and to have a fine story to tell when he gets home, he pushes to his speed on ground on which all regular Leicestershire men are careful, and the death-warrant of the little bay horse is signed.

The scene now shifts. The fox does his best to escape: he threads hedge-rows, tries the out-buildings of a farm house, and once turns so short as nearly to run his foil; but—the perfection of the thing—the hounds turn shorter than he does, as much to say,—*die you shall*. The pace has been awful for the last twenty minutes. Three horses are blown to a stand-still, and few are going at their ease. “Out upon this great carcass of mine; no horse that was ever foaled can live under it at this pace, and over this country,” says one of the best of the welter-weights, as he stands over his four-hundred guinea chestnut; then rising from the ground, after giving him a heavy fall—his tail nearly erect in the air, his nostrils violently distended, and his eyes almost fixed. “Not hurt, I hope,” exclaims Mr. Manse, to *somebody* whom he gets a glimpse of, a tall quickset hedge which is between them, coming neck and crop into the adjoining field, from the top bar of a high, hog-backed stile. His eye might have been spared the unpleasing sight, had not his ear been attracted to a sort of *procumbit-humi bos* sound of a horse falling to the ground on his back, the bone of his left hip indenting the green sward within two inches of his rider's thigh. It is young Peyton, who, having missed his second horse at the check, had been going nearly half the way in distress: but from nerve and pluck—perhaps peculiar to Englishmen, but very peculiar to himself—got within three fields of the end of this brilliant run. The fall was all but a certainty, for it was the third stiff timber fence that had unfortunately opposed him, after his horse's wind had

been pumped out by the pace; but he was too good to refuse them, and his horse knew better than to do so.

The *Æneid* of Virgil ends with a death, and a chase is not complete without it. The fox dies within half a mile of Woolwell-head, evidently his point from the first; the pack pulling him down in the middle of a large grass field, every hound but one at his brush. Osbaldiston's who-hoop might have been heard to Cottesmore, had the wind set in that direction, and every man present is ecstatic with delight. "Quite the cream of the thing, I suppose," says Lord Gardner, a very promising young one, at this time fresh in Leicestershire. "The cream of every thing in the shape of fox hunting," observes that excellent sportsman Sir James Musgrave, looking at that moment at his watch. "Just ten miles, as the crow flies, in one hour and ten minutes, with but two trilling checks, over the finest country in the world. *What superb hounds are these!*" added the Baronet, as he turned his horse's head to the wind. Some of the field now come up, who could not live in the first flight; but, as there is no jealousy here, they congratulate each other on the fine day's sport, and each man turns his head towards home."—*Ibid.*

STATE OF SPORT IN ENGLAND.

This is a period of the year when great changes take place in our favourite national amusements. The race-horse is gone, or going, to his winter stable; the yacht is already placed, or soon will be, in the dock-yard; our archers, male and female, have laid aside the bow and the quiver; the salmon fisher has hung up his rod; and though some of our more determined cricketers may still keep the field, their favourite amusement has for this year passed its zenith. But though these are upon the decline, there are others coming on which will, with many of us, supply their place; and thus we may say with the poet—

"Ours the wild life in tumult still to range—
From toil to rest and joy in every change,"

But at present let us speak chiefly of the past. Though we have had some very good racing in different places and at different times, throughout the season still things have not altogether gone on as we could have wished them to go—

"There's something rotten in the state of Denmark"

and a reform seems to be needed upon the turf as well as else-where. It is true that the saints have done little—the waste of chalk, paste and handbills being excepted; but it is not so with the sinners. They have laboured hard, and with too much effect to give a death-blow to this national and useful amusement. Our Doncaster Meeting has long been considered by real sportsmen as the first in the kingdom. It is true that there is a greater crowd of carriages, &c. at Epsom (for half

the town is there) ; and at Ascot there may be a greater display of rank and fashion, for it is patronised by royalty, and its races take place when the London season is at its height : but for the finest and truest picture of English racing the foreigner should go to Doncaster. It is too far off for the great majority of London pickpockets ; neither is it inundated with myriads of citizens, who, though very worthy people in their way, are quite out of their element upon a race course. Thus, though the aggregate number at Doncaster may fall far below that upon the Downs of Epsom, it is probable that sportsmen muster thicker at the former place. Yorkshire itself can furnish a pretty good list of names, well known upon the turf ; but to see the Great St. Leger Stakes decided, men come from all parts of the United Kingdom. Here, then, is the spot where above all others, honour and honesty ought to have been without suspicion, not only for its own sake alone but for the example which it ought to hold out to the country ; and here have we just witnessed one of the most bare-faced attempts at roguery that was ever attempted. And what has been the consequence of this ? Why, that we hear gentlemen—such men as Lord Cleveland—talk of “ ceasing to patronise Doncaster races in future ;” and if things really come to this—if instead of such patronage, a set of hell-keepers and other vagabonds are to have the direction of affairs, then may we truly say, like the old Cardinal—

“ Farewell ! a long farewell to all its greatness !”

It is unfortunate, but nevertheless true, that an obscure coterie, or “ party,” as they call themselves, of men without any characters to lose can go to such a place as Doncaster and impart a damper to the whole meeting. As in the political world, we see the misconduct of a few individuals, by attempting to coerce their tenantry against their own free will, is kindling anew discontent and anger, and paving the way to other and greater changes, so in almost every scene of life, a small portion of the actors may, if possessed of wealth, cause trouble and discord to the whole. The chief cause for such attempts at swindling upon the turf may, we take it for granted, be found in the great extent to which betting is carried upon the decision of such an event as the Derby or St. Leger. As the stakes of neither of them amount to three thousand pounds, no “ party,” or “ parties,” “ wanting to buy a horse” would feel inclined to give five thousand for one upon that speculation alone ; but then when the betting-books of these parties may be swelled almost *ad infinitum*, the case is very different. Were the high-minded conduct of Mr. Watts, however, to be always followed they would still be at fault in spite of the betting-book. That gentleman when offered an immense sum for “ the favourite,” is reported to have made answer that “ he considered his horse to be the property of the public, and would dispose of him upon no terms.”

In one respect however, these underhanded manœuvres work their own reformation—they will make men more cautious in their betting. As it is evident, that in all such transactions, if successful, the uninitiated must be the sufferers, it will make honourable betting men more pru-

dent and circumspect. Ere they back a favourite horse heavily they will consider not only the chances of a better meeting him at the starting-post, but also the probability of some man just at the eleventh hour "wanting a horse," and purchasing him. From this cause, and from the loud expressions of indignation which the late Doncaster affair has called forth from all real supporters of the turf, let us still confidently hope, that the truly British amusement of horse-racing may withstand this shock.

Let us now turn to another sporting subject; and one, too, unlike the former, where censure will not be needed. It was frequently remarked, during some of Pitt's wars, "that, if things did not go altogether as we could have desired them upon land, still all went well upon the sea;" and thus, if we may so compare small events with great ones, may it be said now. Yachts, and pleasure vessels of all descriptions have been increasing in numbers around our shores within the last few years in a manner, as far as our knowledge extends, unprecedented; but as there appeared some time ago in this paper a letter upon this head, we will not press the matter farther at present. We shall only add, that by the papers we observe that the latest despatches from Oporto were brought by the Earl of Belfast's celebrated yacht, the *Water Witch*. This is the vessel that out-sailed the whole of Sir Pulteney Malcolm's squadron a short time ago. Being three hundred and thirty-one tons, and mounting ten guns, she is fit for any sea, and would be too strong for any of the pirates that infest the Mediterranean.

The archery meetings throughout the country have been conducted with as much spirit and success as in any preceding year, and the fine autumn that we have had, has been greatly in their favour. The annoyances to which horse-racing from the heavy stakes and heavy betting, is subjected cannot obtrude themselves into such amusements as these, although the silver arrow, the brooch, the necklace or the gold pencil-case (for of such things the prizes generally consist) are sought after with as much eagerness as the Doncaster Cup. Archery seems an amusement which accords well with our English partiality for out-of-door occupations and the important fact of its being shared with the gentler sex may surely be said to give it an additional charm. The costumes also at some of their meetings are very elegant, and show off the fair archers to perfection. With these attractions we need not fear for its popularity.

Regarding the other two sporting amusements to which we alluded—salmon fishery and cricketing—we will be brief. Generally speaking it has been a good season for salmon and perhaps as many have been netted as in any previous year; but as far as the angler is concerned our rivers must not be compared with what they were forty years ago. The increase of population and commercial traffic along most of our navigable streams have not tended to the improvement of his solitary pastime.

Perhaps certain self-styled sportsmen may be inclined to find fault with us for omitting all notice of some of their favourite amusements; such as cock-fighting, bull-baiting, prize-fighting, or the glories of the

Westminster pit. We guess (as the American says) that there is little variation in such things throughout the year, but on the contrary that they are carried on whenever fools or blackguards can be found to patronise them. But stay : in one respect we think they *do* vary, and that is, in becoming more shunned than they used to be. The reign of "Tom and Jerry" is on the decline. One indication of this may be seen in the publication and rapid rise of *THE TOWN*, a sporting paper, which any man may place upon his drawing-room table. A short time ago we had none fit to be seen beyond the tap-room.—*The Town*.

HORSES' FOOD.

A Hanoverian postmaster proposes the following as an efficacious and economical mode of feeding horses. Every horse accustomed to be fed with twenty-two pounds and a half of oats per diem, to receive in lieu of that allowance, eight pounds of bread, three pounds of oats, and four pounds of rye ; if the allowance be fifteen pounds of oats, to be fed with five pounds of bread, three pounds and a half of oats, and two pounds of rye ; and if the allowance be seven pounds and a half of oats, to be fed with three pounds of bread, and a like quantity of oats. He recommends that the bread should be cut into small pieces and mixed with chopped straw. — *U. S. Journal for November*.

THE ST. LEGER.

We can imagine that in the Van Diemen's Land University questions for the year 3000, that it will be asked in what month was the St. Leger run for ? State the conditions of the race. What were the ordinary weights carried, and on what principle were the weights varied ? Who was Gully ?—do you know any particular circumstances of his history ? In what year did he conquer in the Great St. Leger contest ? What was the name of his horse ? What do you understand by the Fang Faction ? What is the meaning of the term of settling day ? What resemblance has been said to exist between Tattersall and Fabius Cunctator ? Define the term thorough-bred ? What is meant by a dark mare ? What is your opinion respecting the sire of Eclipse ? What was the greatest average speed of the English race-horse ? Did Flying Childers ever perform a mile in a minute, or was he said only to be equal to that rate at his greatest speed ? What effect do you conceive the general establishment of railroads over the United Kingdom had upon the breed and price of horses ?

Why should not Doncaster turn out as classical a name as Elis : the St. Leger or the Derby as famous for all future time as the Pythian or Olympic games ? All antiquity can boast nothing to be compared to the great national race at Doncaster. The splendour of the company, the beauty and number of the contending animals, the excitement of the contest, the skill of the jockies, and the fearful risks of the sportsmen all combine to make this one glorious race a grand characteristic of the land we live in. Looking at it merely as a matter of taste without

reference to the national utility of continued attention to the powers of horses, or to the great efforts spent upon the preparation and getting up the contest in all its perfection, the St. Leger race is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful and exciting spectacles in the world. We can compare it in the sensations it produces only to the falls of Niagara. The number of horses that start, each in all the luxuriant pride of breed and beauty, the well-known skill, power, and resolution of the variegated riders, the thunder of the pace, the alteration of the chances of success, agitating myriads of human beings in masses, on perches, exalted in stands, swarming in booths, altogether produce on the spectator a tremendous excitement, only to be compared, as we have said with one of Nature's grandest exhibitions. If we wished a foreigner to penetrate at once into the mystery of English wealth and power, we should plant him on the grand stand at Doncaster, on an afternoon of the race week.—*N. M. Magazine for October.*

THE MARQUIS OF EXETER.

The Marquis of Exeter, whose magnificent stud of race-horses is coming to the hammer, has, for some years, been looked upon as the first man upon the Turf. At one period his Lordship was very successful, but latterly he has not been so fortunate. It is more than whispered that he had discovered a system of roguery, of which he had been the victim, and that he thus retires in disgust.

LORD EXETER AND THE BLACK LEGS.—(*From Drakard's Stamford News.*)—It is true that the Marquis of Exeter has been pigeoned, and that in consequence he is about to sell the whole of his training horses, and we believe to abandon the turf altogether. This is the beginning of wisdom. Let his lordship go on. The turf, with its genteel overreaching, is but a scandalous pursuit for a peer of the realm; it is moreover, as his lordship has found, a somewhat expensive one. There are, however, other pursuits still more scandalous, equally expensive, and to add to the whole not a little dangerous. Lord Exeter has nobly torn himself from the one; let him still more nobly emancipate himself from the other. He has eschewed jockeyship because he has been bit; let him eschew nomineeship, to save himself from being both bit and beaten. In this affair of the turf the noble marquis has been cozened by a long-tryed, and well-paid, and much trusted servant, who enjoyed his lordship's confidence, and was to his lordship not a *Delphium*, but a Newmarket 'Oracle.' May not this lead his lordship to suspect there may be other oracles by whom he may be equally deceived? [With the political portion of these remarks we agree: it would have been much better for Lord Exeter had he interfered less in election contests; but, as sportsmen, we must dissent from such sweeping declamation as that "the turf, with its genteel overreaching, is but a scandalous pursuit for a peer of the realm." What has scandal dared to say of the nobleman in question upon the turf? Nothing. There he was respected by all parties, whose respect was worth having, and there he leaves a good name behind.—*Ed.*]

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

Another dull week, and nothing fresh beyond a slight decline in *Glaucus*. The subjoined quotation will be found to vary little from our last:—

DERBY.—9 to 1 against Mr. Ridsdale's *Glaucus* (tk); 9 to 1 against Mr. Rawlinson's *Revenge*; 11 to 1 against Mr. Hunter's *Forester* (tk); 12 to 1 against Mr. Mostyn's *Prince Llewellyn*; 16 to 1 against Lord Cleveland's *Muley colt*; 17 to 1 against Duke of Rutland's colt out of *Moses's dam*; 20 to 1 against Colonel Cosby's *Bravo*; 25 to 1 against Duke of Grafton's *Divan*; 25 to 1 against Lord Exeter's *Emmeline colt*; and 28 to 1 against Lord Exeter's *Marinella colt*.

ST. LEGER.—10 to 1 against *Belshazzar* (offered.)

THE OATLANDS.

The weights are as follow:—Lord Cleveland's *Emancipation*, 5 years, 9st 9lb; Mr. Stonehewer's *Variation*, 5 years, 9st 6lb; Mr. Biggs' *Little Red Rover*, 5 years, 9st; Mr. Oliver's *Cock Robin*, 6 years, 8st 12lb; Mr. Walker's *Consol*, 4 years, 8st 10lb; Mr. Osbaldestone's *Lady Elizabeth*, 4 years, 8st 10lb; Mr. Robinson's *Manchester*, 4 years, 8st 7lb; Mr. Forth's *Marvel*, 4 years, 8st 10lb; Lord Jersey's *Alea*, 4 years, 8st 5lb; Gen. Grosvenor's *Sarpedon*, 4 years, 8st 3lb; Duke of Grafton's *Oxygen*, 4 years, 7lb; Lord Exeter's *Marmora*, 4 years, 8st 6lb; Lord Exeter's *Beiram*, 3 years, 8st 1lb; Mr. Kirby's *Diana*, 4 years 8st; Lord Jersey's *Blunderer*, 4 years 8st; Mr. Kirby's *Dinah*, 4 years, 7st 12lb; Mr. Smith's, *The Witch*, 4 years, 7st 10lb; Lord Cleveland's *Trustee*, 3 years, 7st 9lb; Lord Burlington's *C. by Bizarre* out of *Mouse*, 3 years, 7st 6lb; Mr. Ridsdale's *Burgomaster*, 3 years, 7st 4lb; Colonel Peel's *Sluggard*, 3 years, 7st 4lb; Mr. Gully's *Lady Fly*, 3 years, 7st 3lb; Mr. Walker's *Tourist*, 3 years, 7st 2lb; Mr. Wilson's *Argent*, 3 years 7st 2lb; Mr. Gully's *Hokee Pokee*, 3 years 7st 2lb; Lord Exeter's *Spencer*, 3 years, 7st 1lb; Mr. O'Brian's *Revealer*, 3 years, 7st; and Mr. Hunter's *Rounceval*, 3 years, 6st 12lb.—The Stakes will be run for in the Newmarket Craven Meeting. Forfeits declared on the 31st instant.

CAME FANCY.—The match between *Trusty* and *Jack* on Thursday last, at Roach's Theatre, occupied forty-eight minutes, and after a most spirited contest was decided in favour of *Jack*. On Thursday next we see that *Roach's Toby* and *Ratler* will contend, at 31lb each, for ten sovereigns, and the winner will be open to fight any thing of its weight for ten or twenty sovereigns.

BRITISH YACHT CLUB.—On Wednesday evening, a meeting of the Members of this Club was held at Oliver's Coffee House, Westminster Bridge, when the 31st of January was fixed for the Grand Ball at the British Coffee House, Cockspur-street. The Master of the Ceremonies and Stewards were appointed, and other preliminaries arranged. Several new Members were elected and others proposed.—*Bell's Life*, December 23.

BAITING A LEOPARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR EDITOR.—On Monday last the black fellows having brought into the Station a large male Leopard which had been caught in a net, (and, from the fine condition he was in, had no doubt long feasted on the *Milk* of their calves and goats,) our worthy caterer of sport of all kinds, P. N. purchased it for 2 gold mohurs, and proposed trying the stuff our Dacca Dogs were made of. P. N. has a good kennel himself,—several of the right sort, “runners to look at, but good runs to go,”—and from the readiness with which the proposal was agreed to, by others having dogs, a fair chance was given for a good shine. I must promise, Mr. Editor, that we did not, as our worthy friends at Barrisaut did on a late occasion, take out his ivories, (and they were real formidable ones,) and cut his claws, but we gave him the full use of his natural powers. A strong bamboo enclosure having been made on the race course, and all anxious for a move, P. N. let in two of his best imported Bull Terriers who from the way they commenced work showed very plainly that we should not have our trouble for nothing. “*Tuck*” at the first of his pounce him by the under jaw in first rate style, making him give tongue, but poor “*Bill*,” not so fortunate, missed stays, and felt the full force of Johnny’s brawny paw on his fore shoulder, which we subsequently found dislocated. He succeeded however soon afterwards in getting to *Tuck*’s assistance, who, though still holding on, was getting most terribly mauled;—the Leopard’s courage evidently getting up at finding his new friend’s abilities not so tip-top. *Tuck* was now seen to be minus an eye, and *Bill* crippled; attempts were therefore made to get them out, but it was no go, and seeing that they were not a match for our spotted friend. Captain L. let in two of his Terriers, who, however, showed no disposition to keep up the game: One came out again, and H. put in two of his, who went to work directly, and L’s dog now probably seeing that he would have a better chance in the *mêlée*, tendered his services in annoying the enemy’s rear, in a certain part, which however had one good effect of screwing him up to the real fighting point. This was the best part of the battle; no signs of other dogs being required. The tide of war changed however, and we shortly saw that a reinforcement would be necessary, every dog in its turn exhibiting signal marks of punishment, and poor *Tuck* and *Bill* by this time “*Hors de combat*.” It was getting late, so H. put in other Dogs, which all got severely punished, but did the thing at last. It would be tedious to describe every particular of the battle. After three quarters of an hour from the commencement, Johnny cried “*bus*,” and gave up the ghost. There never were a set of Dogs on the whole did duty better. P. N. is a severe loser in Dogs by it, but declares the sight was worth a Lac of Rupees. We all toolled down to his house and kept up the evening in regular break-of-day-boys’ style, not forgetting to drink in a bumper “success to the new Sporting Magazine, and the health of its varmint Editor.”

Your’s ever,

Dacca, April 13, 1833.

SHIKAR.

MARSEER AND TROUT FISHING IN INDIA

"The timber Rod that shook its trembling length,
 Almost as sure as the line it threw
 Yet often bending in an arch of strength
 When the tired Trout rose at last to view."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR, — As I believe it to be the general opinion that little or no fishing is to be had in India, to those entertaining this idea it would be a matter of surprise that the Rivers in Meywar, Malwar, and Bundelcund abound in trout, and (our Indian salmon) the Marseer; I have therefore been induced to send you a short account of a fishing excursion to the Sone River, for insertion in the Bengal Sporting Magazine, should you have a vacant corner for it. It may be the means of affording many a good day's amusement to those that are lucky enough to be stationed in those parts of the country, and who otherwise would never have been amused with that delightful reel music, which a Marseer of a few pounds affords.

Having heard that spotted Trout were to be had in the Sone, we started in the first week of February last, with the intention of coming down on it at Coorhut, and beating upwards towards the source, however circumstances obliged us to change our plan, and we came upon it about twenty coss above; but after a trial of 3 or 4 days, we left it with the idea that there was a great scarcity of fish, in fact the water was so clear, that the bottom was plainly seen in twenty, and twenty five feet water. Our only chance now was to run across the country to the rise of the River Keane, (which runs through Bundelcund) where we arrived on the 24th of the month, after having had great trouble in getting through the heavy jungle, and hills in this part of the country. We found the Keane here very small, but swarming with fish of different sorts (Marseer in particular) that would hardly indulge us with a look much less a nibble, indeed we found it useless to attempt fishing in the still water, so we pushed on, down the river, until the 3d of March, when we found ourselves at Kurriana. Here the river is large in the deep rapids at the distance of every two or three miles, to nearly opposite the Fort of Adjeghur, which gave us daily 12 or 14 Marseer weighing from 4 to 12 ells. I do not however think the fish run as large as in the Ruins in Maywar, (the Channul, or Scind for instance) but their being oftener taken on the heavier rapids makes up by the extra play they give.

Nearly opposite Adjeghur, we cut across the country towards the hill Fort of Kallinger, and tried the Roer Roonde which runs into the Bauggan,* a few coss below the last named Fort; we found it full of very fine Trout, some of which measured 16 or 17 inches. Going at the rate of 2 and 3 miles, we took from 8 to 12 dozen daily until the end of the month, when we were obliged to make a stand for cantonments to exchange the amusements of fishing and shooting for the

* The Bauggan joins the Junna, 3 coss below Ekdallah Ghat.

goose step, sections right, sections left, and other *equally difficult* military evolutions. I forgot to say that we spent a few days in the early part of February, on the Tause, and other small rivers in Rewah, and took a peep at the far famed falls; we got however little sport, being too anxious to get to the large rivers, to give them a fair trial. The sorts of Flies used, hints on Rod making, &c. &c. I will make the subject of my next.

During the 10 or 12 days marching through the hills and jungles to get to the Keane, we came upon very fine shooting ground, after bagging in the course of a few hours, 25 or 30 brace of partridges, beside the evening's amusement of "*Wild Peacock shooting*" (as a correspondent of the O. S. M. calls it.) Rock Pidgeon, Hares, &c. &c. in vast numbers.

The worm can be procured on several parts of the Keane, and we always found it the most killing bait, although a few of the *largest* fish were taken with otter and the Goorgoora.

I remain your most obedient Servant,

A FRIEND TO THE FLY.

P. S. Should you feel inclined to improve your Magazine with some choice Lithographic sketches "*a la chasse*," our Indian Cruickshanks, who is a member of our community will I am sure set his hand to work for us benefit.

On the Banks of the Syc. April 17, 1833.

✂ If our correspondent will send us a sketch to judge of we will determine as to the propriety or otherwise of incurring the expense of lithographing a few. — E.D.

EDUCATION OF FOX HOUNDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—During this season of heat and discomfort while steeds are confined to the stall, dogs to the kennel and the sportsman's efforts, to the preserving in health and condition his stud and pack, it is "a consummation devoutly to be wished" that some one among the many lovers of the chase whose experience in kennel management enables them to advise will find leisure and inclination to assist their less experienced brother sportsmen, with a few hints on kennel discipline, feeding &c.—on the general treatment found most effective in the Calcutta Kennel for the preservation of the hounds during the hostile seasons of the hot winds and rains, and last, though not least, on the management of those tender "scions of a time honored race" the pups. We have now at this station about 15 couple of imported fox hounds, but as the distance from Calcutta makes it difficult to fill casualties which must attend the best discipline, and funds are wanting for the purchase of fresh hounds yearly, which would be necessary, for the keeping up of an effective pack, our Nimrods have decided on being

content with half breds, a race of whose capabilities to show sport we have all had a fair specimen this season in the gallant little pack belonging to the 73d Regiment. These dogs have hunted on an average twice a week from the middle of November to the middle of March, during which period they have shewn very brilliant sport, running on several occasions twelve and fourteen miles as the crow flies ;—*mais, retournons à nos moutons*. I would ask advice from those *savants* in such matters as to the most judicious cross with the Fox Hound, to preserve for the progeny tenderness of nose, and, if possible, beauty of note, while you insure them strength of constitution. It is a lamentable fact that the majority, I should say three out of five, half bred dogs, run mule, and I have seen instances of it where both the parents threw their tongue freely. As silence is a sad draw back to sport,—and music, even though each note should resemble the squeak of a penny trumpet, would be preferable to none at all, I feel anxious to learn from some one of your correspondents how best to insure it. We are all impatient for the advent of the rains, when our dogs will again take the field. You shall hear of their whereabouts, and of—

"How many steeds gave o'er
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more
What reins were tightened in despair,
When rose Beuledi's ridge in air."

Benares, April 23, 1833.

Your's obediently,
A WOULD BE TOP SAWYER.

MASONI'S FAREWELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—Is it possible that Signor Masoni cleared only Sicca Rupees 2,500 by his farewell Concert at the Theatre?—though the boxes seemed crowded to overflow? I was present at the Theatre one night when Colonel P——r played Falstaff as well, at least, as that character was ever performed by Stephen Kemble (some years have elapsed since I was in England) and I remember to have heard that the NET receipts on that occasion were Sicca Rupees 3,500. If so, the money paid for tickets that night must have been at least Sicca Rupees 4,500 to allow 1,000 for the expenses of the evening. But there are 100 proprietors, each entitled to a free admission for himself, and to one for a lady, making 200 non-payers; though perhaps not more than 150 of these were present on the night to which I advert. As *all* were payers who were present at the Signor's Concert, we must add Sicca Rupees 1,200 (that is 150×8) to the 4,500 above mentioned, making up 5,700. The pit, however, was very full on the Falstaff night: say that it held 250 persons at four rupees each, and that there were only 100 in the pit on the night of the Concert. Then we have to deduct 600 rupees on that account, also 100 rupees which the Signor paid as a

fine for the use of the Theatre, and say 250 rupees for lighting and other expenses: take 950 from 5,700 and the remainder is 4,750 rupees. Suppose that, on account of the reduction of price below that for a box ticket on a play night, (and without that reduction it is probable that the audience would not have been so numerous) there were 200 *ladies* present at four instead of eight rupees each, then 800 rupees must be deducted from the 4,750, leaving 3,950 rupees. Recollect, also, that the patroness of the Concert, and some others in the higher ranks of our society, took more tickets than they used, for the express purpose of adding to the benefit of Signor Masoni.

This may be an erroneous calculation, but if it be made in any other way, I should hope that the Signor *netted* more than 2,500 rupees by his farewell Concert,—not very much less than the 4,000 rupees which you anticipated.

Your's faithfully,

3d May, 1833.

CATCH UP A LITTLE.

P.S. By the by, on reading over what I have written, I find at least one error of calculation. Although there are 199 shares of the Theatre, there are not so many separate proprietors; because some proprietors hold five, four, three, or two shares each, and some few shares have become the property of the copartners, upon which last no free admissions at all are issued. Perhaps there are not more than 70 proprietors, if so many; but as each *share* gives a free admission for a lady, and as managers have each a free ticket for a lady, the total number of free admissions for a play night, including some free tickets given to the actresses. &c. may still amount to about 200.—though not all used on every play night.

CATCH UP.

NOTE.—Our statement as to Masoni's gain was founded on his own assertions, which, at the moment, seeing that our copy of Cocker was not at hand, we did not hesitate to believe. CATCH UP's reference to figures however, somewhat staggers our faith in the Signor's veracity.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—This morning Mr. K. started on his horse Spinello, to walk three miles, trot three miles, and gallop three miles, within the hour, which he accomplished as follows:—

From Fort-gate to 3d mile stone, on the Mount-road, at Trot.

1st mile, 6m. 15s.—2d ditto, 5m.—3d ditto, 4m. 59s.—total 16m. 5s.]

From 3d mile stone to 4th, back to 2d mile stone at walk.

1st mile, 12m. 3s.—2d ditto, 11m. 12s.—3d ditto, 11m.—total 34 15s.

Galloped from 2d to 5th mile stone, in 7m. 30s.—total 57m. 50s.

thus winning the match with ease. The horse broke twice from the trot in the 1st mile, and was turned immediately. Mr. K. rode extremely steadily and with great temper. Betting was in favour of time, but the few who were in the secret of Spinello's powers, won, we understand, a very considerable sum. Immediately afterwards, a match for 50 gold mohurs was run, Mr. S.'s grey poney against Mr. D., on foot, 35 yards, which was won by the poney by a nose.

Madras, 15th April, 1833.

N. D. E.

NOTE.—If the obliging correspondent N. D. E. who sent us the above, will kindly continue his favors, and beat up for contributors at Madras, we shall hold ourselves the pets of fortune. We know from old experience, that the Madras territories are full of genuine sportsmen.

THE HUNTING AND SHOOTING DIVERSIONS OF THE BOONDELAS.

Now all at once

Onward they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony : fife, cornets, drums,
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there,
Detached o'er hill and dale, the hunters rage.
Inquisitive ; strong dogs, that match in fight
The boldest hunte, round their masters wait,
A faithful guard—No haunt unsearched, they drive,
From ev'ry covert, and from ev'ry den,
The lurking savages.—SOMERVILLE.

[Ignorant we suppose of the existence of the *Bengal Sporting Magazine* the writer of the following sketch sent it to the Editor of the Calcutta Courier, in whose pages it first appeared. As our contents policy did not hand it over to us, we have ventured to appropriate it without leave for it is part of our plan to collect and to publish all matters of sporting interest which deserve the permanence, an ephemeral journal cannot give.]

THE TIGER.—'This formidable creature is seldom molested by his mortal friend, if he does not sally forth from his secluded retreats for perpetrating mischief ; for I seldom knew a Boondela resort to the destruction of the tiger simply for sport ; but on the contrary he rather suffers this animal to range the precincts of a village, with as much unconcern, as if his jaws had actually been closed against doing harm : until, however, he violates the sanctity of the privilege, and spills the blood of some sacred cow or calf ; it is then and then alone, that the emasculated Boondela will ever venture his life to encounter the prowess of his fierce antagonist. I have many instances upon record, when some of the Takoors have evinced as much apathy for their own existence, as courage, in facing the tiger on foot. My plan is merely to offer you a few brief anecdotes, and reserve the more poulderous accounts for some future vacant hour. In February last, when I was encamped at Mahawa, I heard of a brace of tigers, committing ravages on cattle in a village about four or five miles to the south of us, and next morning saw a splendid tigress brought in, to a Boondela chief, who was also encamped at the same place ; I made strict inquiries as to the means by which she hit the dust, and was informed that, a valuable bullock having been killed by this animal, the owner, a Takoor, and his

brother bivouack'd for two nights together, with their fatal matchlocks to surprize the evil doer. The carcase of their fallen deity lay on the spot, to entice the ravenous beast. The tigress at length appeared in the dead of night, and was received by a shot from the gun of one of the two men who attacked her on foot, but inflicting only a slight grazing wound on one of her shoulders, and being merely four or five paces from her, she was within an ace of vaulting on his shoulders, if his brother, who had snugly seated himself on a Dhauk tree, had not sealed her career by lodging a brace of bullets in her forehead. In the bowels of this beast were found several pieces of undigested hog's flesh, (wild hogs I suppose,) and the shank bones of a bullock. The tiger, I hear, is yet lurking in the vicinity where his fellow has been killed.

The table land on the range of hills above the Bisram Ghaut, distinguished by the Natives by the name of Bundhere, is said to abound with tigers, who, particularly at this season of the year, make their descent on the *low-lands*, and become, not unfrequently, disagreeable visitors to the village under the hills. There are now many clashing accounts afloat among the Boondlekhundee politicians, of *tigers* infesting several passes on the above hills; and three days ago I was told that two men had fallen victims to the capacious maw of one of them, while cutting grass for horses on the skirts of the neighbouring hills.

It appears that the Company's dak route has shifted itself, from the old tract on the Putthar of Kotro, to the lofty regions of the Bundhere table-land; and Natives inform me that the jungles are being cleared away, to make a thoroughfare for dak runners and dak travellers. I am not competent to decide on the merits or demerits of this innovation, in a department which was once instituted for the public good, and for the convenience of such as *prefer* the luxury of being *transported* from one region to another *in a palankin*; but the Boondlekhundeers strenuously maintain, that we have an inexorable aversion to the increase of their race, and since the pestilential gales do not, in these gloomy times wait the Cholera, (Muree) and other fell diseases among them, to diminish their number, we are bent to take the prerogative of the *Deities*, and make martyrs of such as choose to transmigrate their souls to that happy stage. Of these lucky mortals will be those who shall serve as post-boys: may the gods bless the manes of the fallen heroes, who once hurled their boar-lance on the plains of Kotra! and may like them be blessed the souls of the *tiger-devoured* hurkarus!

WILD BOAR.—Next in importance to the tiger, I think the wild boar deserves our notice, as possessing courage, strength, and ferocity only inferior to it, and surpassing in these points all other inhabitants of the woods in Boondlekhund. Two instances have been brought to my knowledge, on the authority of a gentleman, whose accounts I could rely upon; and the narrations are no less amusing than extraordinary. Some three or four years ago, it was suspected by the people at Purna, that two Tigers were in the habit of prowling in the sequestered vale of a garden near the city. From mere nocturnal rendezvous,

they at length made it a haunt to shelter themselves during the day also ; the garden not being a common resort to the public (being the Rajah's property) the ferocious intruders were not molested for some time ; the only persons residing in it, were an old woman and two coolies, who took care not to aggravate their voracious visitors. One night their rest was however disturbed by such strange howls and grunts, that they were induced to have a peep at the spot whence these singular noises proceeded : they saw to their astonishment a large tusky Boar encountering two Tigers : the fight continued for some time, and the former at last escaped, partly because of its own courage, and partly by some accidental alarm, caused by the spectators which frightened away the Tigers. A similar instance (with the exception, that there was simply one Tiger in the conflict) is said to have occurred in the neighbourhood of Lohargong ; and I was assured by a respectable inhabitant of this place, that two years ago, the dead carcasses of a monstrous Tiger and a large Boar, were brought in to him by some villagers, as having killed each other. It appeared, that the former had pounced upon the back of the latter and seized it by the neck, and in this position received a fatal wound himself in his abdomen. At this season of the year the wild Hog's flesh is said to be extremely delicious (owing no doubt to the abundance of food which the wheat, grain, and barley fields, and the still more nutritious mawla flowers, offer to these, as well as all other animals at present) and is eagerly sought after the Boondela Sportsman.

“ Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill.”

It is not to be understood, however, that the Hog hunt is confined to this period alone ; for the flesh of this animal is esteemed a dainty dish at all times by the Rajpoot tribe in Boondelkund, and every man who can afford to carry a matchlock, devotes all his leisure to the pursuit above named. Deer and Fish shooting is also very common ; but in no diversion the Boondela will willingly hazard his limb or life, and the mode pursued to kill any animal is frequently by lying in ambush, either on a tree, or under the close cover of some bush, and the game is fired at when they can almost *salt its tail*. The more affluent portion of the Sportsmen keep dogs generally, which seize the Hog, and then it is either cut down with a sabre, run thro' with a lance, or shot with a gun. I am one of those crazy beings who risk their necks in the pursuit of this animal on horse-back, and have been invited by two or three Native Chiefs to partake of the pleasures of this sport with them ; they always left me the option, either to stand still and have a pop at the Hog, or gallop after it over broken and undermined ground at the peril of my unfortunate limbs ; while they sat luxuriously blowing clouds with their hookas, with guards of ragamuffins around them.

On one occasion, snares were laid on one side of the sugar khait, which was the scene of war against the tusky tribe, and the other three sides of the field were environ'd by armed heroes, with divers weapons, muskets, matchlocks, spears, &c. &c., they were in fact equipt more for a field of battle than for the accomplishment of this boyish feat. The people had in every instance misinformed us ; for, if there had been any

game startled out of the fields, I verily believe that there were more chances of some of the *two-legged animals* biting the dust, than either a hog or a deer, as the disorder and confusion among my Boondelkhundee brother Sportsmen surpassed any thing of the kind that ever came under my notice.

OF ANGLING. These people seem to be of Sam. Johnson's opinion, (who describes this amusement as consisting of a line and rod with a hook at one end, and a fool at the other !) and spurn deceiving the finny race by that stratagem, but substitute a more martial means of killing them with their matchlocks. The streams in these provinces are all extremely limpid for eight months in the year, and the sportsman is enabled by the transparency of the water to see the approach of the fish to the very surface; and when one or two inches under or quite above its element, the ball is fired at it; which seldom fails to stun, if not shatter the fish to pieces.

As I have already deviated from my plan, I shall conclude by giving you a brief Ornithological notice, to bring to the knowledge of all those who take delight in shooting that princely bird, the Bustard, of the order Grællæ and genus Otis: the plains of Boondelkhund, at least the table land of Kotro, is rarely traversed over from one short march to another, without falling in with numbers of these wanderers; but, whether this splendid game bird be an itinerant visitor here, or a native of these realms, I am not able to determine; but the belief is so far corroborated in favor of the latter opinion, that a young Bustard was picked up a few years ago close to the Agency of Hutta. The Flor-kin is said likewise to be indigenous to this part of India. I saw one, in the course of my morning's ride last year on the plains of Lohargong; but have not seen another during a year's ramble in Boondelkhund. The Bustard seems to inhabit chiefly the extensive tracts of both cultivated and sterile lands, and the vicinity of Lohargong is a very likely place to meet this bird: they are very numerous in the rains in that district I hear, but appear to be in season only in the cold weather. I have had the good luck to partake of the luxury which the dainty flesh of this species furnishes us with, only thrice since I have wandered o'er these hilly regions; the first was shot flying by a brother sportsman with a ball, and two others were taken in a snare by a Native Sheckaree: the former was rather a comical sort of a Gent., and though not a novice in the diversion of shooting, it seems that he had not the remotest idea of the Bustard species; consequently, when he first visited these dominions, he stampt down this noble bird as "*Rara avis in terris*," and kept one of these creatures in captivity for several days to satisfy his curiosity; at length after profound meditation, he pronounced it to be some *overgrown hill owl!* and had it worried by dogs. The Bustard that he subsequently shot, was really so ponderous, that we were obliged to place the burden on the shoulders of a strong man. On dissecting, it proved to be a female, and that its species fatten on all kinds of grain, and the insect kind in general; for we found in its pouch green grain, and grass-hoppers, beetles, &c.

Camp Kotro, 16th April, 1833.

A HERMIT ABROAD.

WALTONIANA—No. I.

Venator.—Oh Sir, a *Roe* is the worst fish that swims, I hoped for a Trout to my dinner.

Piscator.—Trust me, Sir, there is not a likely place for a Trout hereabout.

I. Walton, pp. 5476.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Angling is a sport, which, for obvious reasons, is so little sought after in this country, that I almost fear, the remarks I have to offer you, will scarcely merit admission into the pages of your popular journal. If, however, you should deem them worthy insertion, I shall consider it an acknowledgement, that the contribution is acceptable—and unless you give me a hint to desist, it is more than probable, that I may be induced to indent on some old sporting memoranda, which I have long kept by me, for the purpose of giving you an occasional piscatorial reminiscence.

I bespeak your indulgence, if I happen to be guilty of a digression at starting; but on looking over my notes, I find that the greater portion of my angling *mems* are so inseparably blended with sundry incidents, anecdotes, and accidents of my earlier days, that I fear to speak of them disconnectedly.

Well do I remember, shortly after my arrival in India, now some twenty years past, whenever I had the good fortune to be present at one of those convivial coteries, which were then the fashion, yecept a Bachelor's feed, being generally struck with the familiar manner in which almost all subjects of a sporting tendency were canvassed and discussed, and I was no less amused than surprised to find, that in the course of these discussions, the juvenile portion of the company, consisting for the most part of lads scarcely out of their teens, took an equal share in the conversation, generally seeming (at least as far as I could then judge) to maintain their particular points of argument with as much ease, freedom, and confidence, as did such of their older brethren who might chance to be present.

At first, the impression which this created in my mind, was, that the manners and habits of an Indian life, were by no means favourable to that peculiar diffidence, which, in our own country, is considered characteristic of a well bred youth. A short experience, however, satisfied me, that on sporting matters generally, but a short probation was essential for the attainment of those qualifications which entitle a man to be heard, and now that I have acquired a tolerably correct knowledge on this point, I may venture to add, that allowing a man has but a turn for sport, I will engage to say, that two years will not pass over his head in this grilling land, without his having at command, a variety of sporting exploits of his own to relate, not to speak of the rich store of *original anecdotes*, he will have had time to collect, wherewith to qualify the volumes of home correspondence, which most of

us are prone to inflict on our friends and relations, shortly after our *start in life*. The subject matter at the bachelors' conversaziones generally had the recommendation of being varied;—one young gentleman would descant on the powers of his hundred-gold-mohur Arab, which he intended should win (but never get paid) Shaik Ibrahim's plate: another would enter into the spirit of a late run with the Calcutta hounds, and tell us how Twister challenged at the short ribs of the cow's carcase, which lay in the open *maidam*—and how the scent ran breast high—and how the vultures were so gorged that they could not fly—and what a splendid run they'd have had, if it had not been for Tolly's nullah stopping the field (not the dogs?) at starting. A third would insist, (though who would deny it) that for beauty, the English imported horse, carried the day, but for speed, strength, and bottom, there was nothing like the Arab. A fourth would volunteer a bet, that his Pariah Pointer was the best *Retriever* under the sun, and would endeavour to persuade us, that a paddy bird was exceedingly difficult to hit sitting.

A fifth would express his regret, that shooting was so expensive a sport in this country, and would talk of having worn down the barrels of his Purdey to the thinness of a wafer, with one's morning's snipe shooting, notwithstanding the *dry* and *arid* soil of Bengal being ill suited to such sport. This gentleman further stated his thorough conviction, that Col. Hawker was quite wrong in denying the possibility of killing more than fifteen hundred widgeon at one shot. A sixth swore, that the ducks kicked like fury when he held them under water, and how nigh he was being drowned, when the *kidgerce* pot fell over his head. A seventh (an older hand) would favor us with a disquisition on the comparative merits of hog and tiger hunting, and would add a few general remarks on the danger of spearing one's friend in lieu of a boar. Another (an out-and-out sportsman) would content himself with enumerating how many thousand head of game (barring the wild peacocks and boa constrictors which are not allowed to count) were *bagged* on a late sporting excursion.

Now I have no doubt, that all this was exceedingly pleasant to those who were able to take their share in the confab, but to one, who, like myself, could boast of no experience in such matters, it was by no means a choice topic; for the deuce a word ever escaped their lips about angling, though, thought I, if I could manage to throw out the hint, it would give me an opportunity of convincing my sporting companions, that I was any thing but a novice at the rod and line. Accordingly when the conversation lulled, I ventured to solicit the opinion of one of the oldest of the party, on the subject of fishing. My question (which by the bye, I thought a very rational one) was, much to my surprise, received with a roar of laughter on all sides, and as most of the party happened to be strangers to me, and having no particular penchant for affecting singularity, I considered it prudent to join in the laugh myself. One gentleman told me, that if I was fond of angling, I should get plenty of it in India, for whatever obstacles

there might be to render this sport less attractive than another, no one could complain of a want of fish, for it was notorious that one good shower of rain (query fish?) was sufficient to fill all the tanks, ditches, and water casks, with an abundant supply of that species of game. Fishing in a water cask! spare me Diogenes. Another of the party was so kind as to invite me to his house at Garden Reach, and said, if I would patronize his tank, he should esteem it a particular favour, adding, that as there were at present more fish in it than water to swim them,[†] owing, as he supposed, to the peculiar method of constructing Indian tanks, he feared that unless he could contrive to annihilate the breed, before the hot season arrived, that his park, owing to a certain spawney aroma, which might be expected, not altogether agreeable to the olfactory Plexus, would be unapproachable.

A sickly looking gentleman, who had been smocking cigars all the evening, described a violent attack of fever he once contracted from standing over the edge of a stagnant pond, in search of grigs and stickle bags, (prickle backs) and how he spoiled a new hat, by filling it with water, in order to keep the fish alive till he reached home, having forgotten to furnish himself with a small green tin kettle. A fourth mumbled out some inarticulate sounds, in the course of which smoked mangoe-fish caught my ear, but the drift of the observation was inaudible. A fifth swore by the holy poker, that in the hole on the left of King William's ‡ (of glorious and immortal memory) obelisk in the Boyne, there were more white trout to be found, than in any other quarter of the globe. My Boyne's friend could have been no angler, for "he who swears will catch no fish;" by the bye, this jolly Hibernian kindly informed me, that that portion of the Mahratta ditch, which separates the circular road from the Mussleman's burying ground, was famous for prawns.

Now, it is possible, that if Dame Juliana Barnes could have been present at this snug coterie, she would have profited inasmuch, that she might have gleaned some valuable hints for her book on hunting, &c.; but I wonder what the worthy § Bohemian Bishop Janus Dubravins, Izaak Walton, or || Thomas Barker, would have thought of it—but no matter; all I know is, that it was clear to my mind, that none of my worthy companions were awake to the sport, so I left them, and their exploits to fish for themselves. Shortly after, I received an order to proceed by dawd to the Upper Provinces, whither I proceeded, taking with me three of Kelly's primest Hickorys, an abundant supply of

* For the art of making fish Ponds, &c. vide *Lehuult's Maison Rustique*.

† For some particulars on the breeding of Tank fish in India, see Bacon vol. 8th pp. 361. "*Crocodili*" perhibentur esso admodum vivaces, &c. &c. &c.

‡ For further particulars vide *Mediations, meditations, and Machinations on re-form and trans-form* by Daniel O'Connell, Esq. M. P. published under authority by Sir Abraham Bradley King, Baronet and Alderman—1832.

§ Janus Dubravins Scala, Bishop of Olmutz in Moravia, he wrote a Book the Latin title whereof is "*De Piscinis et Piscium, qui in eis aluntur naturis*, 1559."

|| He wrote a very charming little volume called "*Barker's delight, or the art of Angling*," 1651.

tackle from Crooked-lane Stone, and an old Huswife, which my grandmother had left me in her will, filled with cat and moles' down, camel's and bear's hair, tail feathers of the partridge, grizzled cock's hackles, peacock's herls, and a few light greys from a mallard's wing, to amuse myself in the road, in moulting some best Limerick books. In my next you shall have some *more* details of Indian angling.

RONDELETIUS.

More details ! Oh mores ! We have had *none* yet—Od's fish ! does our correspondent take us for Dame Lobski

* And she will bite

* Though the fish did not —ED.

MY FIRST BRUSH WITH A TIGER.

(Continued from No. 3, page 105.)

I had scarcely lighted my second cheroot, when the pertinacious gwala insinuated his impertinent nose within the recesses of our tent, and requested an audience. This being granted, he commenced with an air of the utmost importance, to dilate on the prospect which he held out to us. In short, he said there was another tiger within hail, and that the hospitable animal, not only kept *open house*, but even seemed desirous of keeping our company to a kind of *musical* entertainment, in which the singing of our balls was to be the chief attraction, whilst he would take it upon himself to *pay the piper*. To this we readily acceded, and were off again, in double quick time. The island he brought us to, appeared a likely place enough, and our blood being up with the morning's sun, we anticipated something like a *skrimmage*. However, it was no go; we had drawn two sides blank, and were proceeding to a third, when certain (to me unintelligible) vociferations attracted the attention of our guide, and he quickly discovered two of his *pals** (excuse the conceit) perched on the top of a tree, screaming like demons, to the effect that a tiger had just stole away, and had *crossed* the plain to another jungle. This same plain was about *two miles* in breadth, and covered, moreover, by sundry herds of cows, antelopes and human beings, all pursuing their several avocations, with the utmost complacency and indifference to danger! So suspicious a calm could not have imposed on the veriest griff—and I immediately saw that the whole affair was a mere trick, previously concocted, for the purpose of drawing our attention to another piece of jungle. The swamp, to which he would fain persuade us that the tiger had now gone, proved to be a continuation of that, which we had partially beaten in the morning, so that it was easy to determine the *ground* for our present manœuvre. Our friend had made up his mind, that it would be a vast pity, that for the want of a little patience, *we* should lose the tiger, and *he*, his promised reward; so like a good grob

* *Pales* and *gwala*, terms synonymous for cow-herd.

endeavouring to reconcile a skulking horse to the training course, he exercised a little ingenuity to remove our prejudices. Having arrived thus far, we resolved to make the best use of a bad bargain, and hammer away at hog deer, and every thing else. Even in this, we were unlucky,—B—— only killing one which was duly deposited on the pad elephant. This trifling incident could hardly be worth mentioning, had it not subsequently led to *very serious* events! We still kept splashing on, through this infernal morass, till we came on our old traces. By this time it was nearly sunset, but I determined to take one turn amongst the grass we had trodden down in the morning. As, a sailor would say, *I bore up*, and a devilish lucky hit it was, for I had scarcely proceeded 20 yards, when the pad elephant began to *open* on a scent, and shuffle her unwieldy legs about in the most ridiculous manner. The motion, though by no means elegant, or Vestris-like, in itself, was sufficiently exhilarating, to authorize my hanging out a signal to engage; my consort was considerably to windward, and obeyed the summons with alacrity. At this particular crisis, the cowardly beast, who had been so lately astonishing us with the novelty of her attitudes, fairly took to her heels, and fled swiftly from the scene of contest. It was no time then, to be very particular, so I went to work alone as well as I could. My luck was great, for I came slap on the self-same brute we had bothered in the morning, and on the very spot where we first roused him out. He bolted off with a roar, which speedily brought my *doubles* into play, and I think with some effect. He appeared to stop in a small patch, about fifty yards off, and my battery being exhausted, I recommenced loading, at the same time anxiously looking out for assistance. Heavens what a sight struck me! It was so irresistibly ludicrous, that I can scarcely hope to give any thing like a worthy description of it on paper. This I know, that even in those moments of excitement, when my energies ought all to have been directed another way, the effect it produced on my visible nerves was such, that I fairly tumbled back in the howdah, quite incapacitated from reloading my guns. With trunk and *stern erected*, there was the pad elephant, streaming away a cross country, (or properly through the jungle), at the same time trumpeting, kicking, and shaking herself with the most inconceivable rapidity. The unhappy wretches of gwalas, who were on her back, were thrown about like shuttlecocks, at each motion of her body, and their situation at that time must have been any thing but agreeable. Most of your readers, Mr. Editor, may remember to have seen, in the windows of the toy shops, certain pasteboard figures or puppets, whose legs and arms were set in motion by means of an invisible thread. Such were the attitudes of these unfortunate men, only on a larger scale—hustled from one side of the pad to the other, they personified the grotesque figure of a *sprent eagle*, or any other absurd representation which the fancy of your readers may create. Yet, in the midst of all their troubles, they had the sense to understand, that their only chance of safety was in holding on to the ropes of the guddee; and they did so with a pertinacity, quite astonishing, and which only fear alone could occasion. If the run

away beast had gone clear away, it would not have signified so much; but no, she was determined to seek shelter somewhere, and therefore ran slap on B——'s elephant. This brought him fairly up. Then arose the strife of tongues, mingled with other discordant sounds. The cries of the mahouts, the screams of the elephant, together with the Captain's merited execrations, formed a scene of Babel-like confusion, which must be witnessed to be duly appreciated.

Observing that such was the posture of affairs, I thought it advisable to push on by myself, but the delay had proved ruinous, and I had only the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the brute's tail disappearing in another and heavier piece of jungle. I was joined shortly after by the two absentees, and we pushed on in pursuit, but the "shades of evening soon closed over us," and we were obliged to relinquish all hope of bagging the *jikeer's* tiger. On our return home, I had all the particulars of the *shindy* between the two elephants, and it was soon accounted for. The deer which had been strapped on to the pad elephant, became loosened by her kicks in the first instance, when she came on the track of the tiger, and frightened her so much that she bolted off without further ceremony, in the manner I have described. (N. B. She had been wounded by a tiger on the haunch, in a previous rencontre, which may tend in some degree to justify her cowardice on this occasion.) When she came alongside B——'s elephant, she attempted to screen herself behind him, as if from some invisible foe. With every plunge she made, matters only became worse—for the deer slipping between her legs, only stimulated her to fiercer exertions to get rid of the plague. By the reiterated threats of the infuriated sportsman, who swore he would shoot the one-eyed rascal who drove her, and the equally urgent *expostulations* of his mahout, who also intimidated by sundry imprecations, that he would drive him and his —— of an elephant to the confines of *Jehannum*, if he did not make way; the refractory beast was at length brought to a stand still. A knife was then handed over to the remaining gwalas, to cut away the rascally deer which had occasioned all the disturbance; but the poor devil was so bewildered and *gubrowed*, and his nerves were so paralysed by the shaking he had received, that after a fruitless attempt to cut the string, he was obliged to give up the knife, exclaiming significantly, "what can I do after all this." His companion had been previously hurled off like a shot out of a shovel, but luckily falling at a considerable distance from the elephant, and on soft ground, escaped without damage. B—— afterwards told me, he had no idea, that a Native's physiognomy could approach so nearly to the *pallid* hue of terror. I should fancy that "*café au lait*" would be something near the tint. The rascals, however, still retained sufficient presence of mind, to make off with the deer, which had been left on the field of battle, when we gave chase to the tiger; for, on searching their quarters, the animal was found concealed in a choppah. A day or two after this, the pad elephant became lame, and on examination, *two pieces* of the *deer's* horn were found sticking in the inside of her thigh, a pretty strong proof, that she must have kicked a few! As for the tiger, he was

traced by the blood for some distance, and about a fortnight afterwards, another gwala (from the same place) told us he had traced him in the same jungle, and that he must have been wounded in the hind leg, as he appeared to trail one of them after him with difficulty. So much for my first tiger hunt, a very unsatisfactory one to me; but if our misfortunes serve to amuse your readers, I shall be somewhat consoled for the disappointment we then experienced.

The greater part of this letter has been written with the thermometer at 95 in doors, and which may be some excuse for its imperfections. *Seriously* speaking, since the *dog days* have set in, it is almost too hot to write, or in fact to do any thing. Nevertheless, if I can at any time stimulate my pen to such an exertion, I will endeavour to employ it in your service.*

Your's obediently,

Western Provinces, April 1833.

PILGRIM.

* *Bien obligé.* The rains are coming.—ED.

MY DOG CARLO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I know not by what chance you have been put in possession of that production yclept the *Highland Fox Hunter** written I beg to assure you Sir, by particular desire for the pages of the *London Quarterly*—you may consider yourself fortunate in having thus by a fortuitous circumstance secured a correspondent to your *Sporting Magazine* for I propose to make your pages the medium of amusing myself and I trust your readers also, by calling up occasionally as many recollections as I can of my *Sporting life* in Scotland. These will include deer stalking, grouse shooting, otter hunting, salmon fishing, &c. &c.

But this communication is to be devoted to the honor, of one of the best and truest friends I ever met with—my old dog Carlo. I cannot subscribe to the misanthropic sentiments of the poet—"I knew but one and here he lies"—and what sportsman can?—but then, Carlo, I never had a stauncher, an honest, or a truer friend, and many an hour of unalloyed pleasure have I to thank him for. Like the novel writers we must describe our hero. "The stock from which he was a scion was not one of heraldic honors or of ancient blazon,"† which being translated into dog language means that Carlo was not thorough bred. He was a dropper—a cross between a setter and a pointer, color black

* The *Highland Fox Hunter* was lying in the drawer of our friend the Editor of the *Bengal Annual*, who admitted its merit but thought a *Sporting* article ill adapted to that publication, altho' sent for insertion therein, and therefore very kindly handed it over to us. We rejoice that we inserted it, since it has brought more and valuable gist to our mill.—ED.

† Vide Cyril Thornton. I quote from memory.

and white, head large, nose of great breadth and beauty, feet and legs uncommonly muscular, ditto chest, ditto loins, eye rather sunk, and of bad expression, but when animated by excitement of wonderful brilliancy. How it would light up when he saw his master prepare for a day's shooting!

* "Oh each blue wandering of its beam,
Is oft before me in a dream."

Carlo's tail I have not yet described. It did not with gentle curl hang over his haunches in a twirl nor was it so straight as my gun ramrod—like your English thorough breds, save and except on natural and necessary occasions.

My education and that of Carlo in grouse shooting commenced together. The hand that guided, and the voice that taught, are still for ever,—but to proceed with the account of Carlo's and my education, I think he was the more apt scholar of the two, though both were equally willing to learn, and, I believe, from a common feeling, the instructive wish to destroy,—but no I will not admit that it is so depraved an instinct which teaches a dog to contribute so largely and so innocently to man's amusement. Decide it ye philosophers. By the end of the season Carlo could shew much more game than I could kill to him, and when our common instructor had other occupations we were left to make the most of it in each other's company. Can the pleasure and charms of those days of boyhood ever be forgotten—No! God only knows whether I shall be spared again to tread my native heath, again to breathe the bracing breezes of my fatherland; but fate, cruel as she is, she cannot deprive me of the pleasures of memory, and of hope—of memory to dwell upon the days that are gone—of hope to anticipate those that may come. Grown at this late day a tolerable shot (I have this season bagged my 22 quail, with 24 shots) I cannot but look back with some shame at my 1st season of grouse shooting, and to my bad aim and his consequent disappointment must be attributed the defects in poor Carlo's style that as a faithful Biographer I must notice. For the winter I hied me to the seats of learning "*cedant arma togæ*" as the Benares Soodagur elegantly observed.†

When I returned I found Carlo had been brought in my absence to the perfection of his cut. At least I have never met a dog that could come near him in the following qualities. A bold style of hunting, never dwelling tediously on the scent, but following up his game quick and successfully—never almost springing it by accident: great staunchness till his game was sprung. I have often in hilly grounds

* Siamese twins. These I do not quote from memory but render the text faithfully.

† DEAR SIR,—I trouble you with my small bill amounting to 8-10 which I shall thank you to settle. I fear you have left the army and are now a civil servant of the Hon^{ble} Company. Thus in your person has been verified the adage of *cedant arma togæ*.

Your most obedient servant,

lost him for near an hour, and when I came up to him, there he was sitting upon his haunches and looking round occasionally to see if I were coming. When he saw me he would get up, give his tail one wag as much as to say "I am glad you are come, here they are"—and would then commence hunting slowly up to the covey of birds that had by this time often run from him some way. When he settled on them again, a rock is not more unmoveable than he would remain till he found me, as the farmer said, at his stable end. The last of Carlo's good qualities, that I shall mention is bottom—I have seen dogs with as good a nose,—I have seen many steadier, but I have never seen any that could come near him in the above qualities—the way in which he would hunt on for day after day, for week after week, for month after month, was liker the untiring progress of machinery than animal motion. As in duty bound I must mention my poor friend's faults. When you sprung the game he was not steady, and as sure as a bird fell he must needs have it in his mouth—but to injure it he was not inclined. The poor faithful brute would lay it at your feet. Sportsmen well know why I have called this habit of Carlo's a fault. I call myself one, and still maintain that this fault is a very venial one, unless your object be solely to destroy game—not at the same time to admire the sagacity, the activity and the usefulness of a four footed animal.

And this is the only fault that you ever found in the character of Carlo? may be asked. I stop the curtain of silence over sundry little immoralities, of which Carlo was guilty. It has been said and written that we ought not to speak ill of the dead. And poor Carlo is dead, and this is his Epitaph.

Proud man thy deeds are blazon'd forth,
And hunded down by history's page;
A dog lies here, though he had worth,
Another thought 'twill ne'er engage.

Man, thou art vain and foolish too;
As well as you the work of God,
The honest, faithful, bold and true,
Carlo, lies beneath this sod.

The once companion of thy toil
Far o'er the wave in foreign climes
Envies thee thus thy native soil
And sighs to think of other times.

Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

Tirhoot, May 1, 1833.

SKY SCRAPER.

ON THE USE OF MARES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Some twenty-five years ago, which by contrast with the present times we may denominate the silver age of India, the allegorical rupee tree, though less productive than formerly, still bore fruit; money was afloat, credit was good: In those smiling days most men could boast of one, two, or more good horses in their stable: and it was no uncommon thing to give 1600 rupees even for a *Northern* horse. Arabs and what are now termed country bred horses, bore a correspondent price, but were not so generally used as at a later period, when the Company's studs were extended, and private breeding became much in vogue, both of which, as all who have had the opportunity to observe, have done incalculable good, towards the improvement of the breed. But I may be induced to touch on this subject hereafter.

Even in the days to which I allude I was fond of using mares both for saddle and draught, considering them as I now do, more lively, more surefooted, a great desideratum for a roadster, and equal to the entire horse, for any common work they are called upon to perform in India: I may date my partiality to mares from becoming possessed in 1809 of a mare called *Fanny*, bred by Mr. Sam. Johnson of Tirhoot, light in body but with the depth of chest of a greyhound, yet the longest day's work would not tire her: though she looked to have speed, bottom or lastingness was her forte, and depending upon this quality I challenged General Fuller's stud in 1810 to run 40 miles an end, which was declined. This mare never produced a foal, though for many years put to several different stallions; yet, strange to say, when turned loose as a pensioner when 18 years of age, she became impregnated it was supposed by a Tattoo, but which circumstance was not discovered until after death.

Tempora mutantur,—money has disappeared, and credit has taken the wings of the morning; the consequence is, that a man however desirous he may now be to be well mounted, having “no crocodile's side pocket” to put his hand into, to draw the *blunt*, must literally “cut his coat according to his cloth”. Such being the state of the money market, which does not appear soon likely to improve, I would endeavour to draw the attention of those, who, like myself are fond of being well mounted, but whose means are also reduced, to a more general use of mares: Of late years mares have been more worked than formerly in carriages, and I am satisfied, if Gentlemen fond of hunting, or the road, will give a fair price for mares, that they will, when tried in saddle, give equal satisfaction as horses: I have worked the same mares in harness during the hot months, and in saddle during the cold, a plan adopted by others I could mention, with every satisfaction.

If we look at the English Racing Calendar, we shall find the performances on the turf, by mares generally, to be more than respecta-

ble: His Grace the Duke of Grafton's winnings by mares were very great: The St. Leger has been 13 times won by mares: On the road mares have been often chronicled: even in this country, mares have lost nothing in repute, when compared with horses over the course; and the task performed by a mare called *Phenomena*, bred by Major Fraser, got by old Capsicum out of *Roxana* by Rockingham, may be within the recollection of many of your sporting readers. In 1809-10 then the property of Captain George Cunningham, she was ridden by that officer, when only 4 year off, from Allahabad to Cawnpore, without a halt, except an occasional bait; the distance is 128 miles, and Captain Cunningham at that time, could not have ridden under 12 stone: His brother accompanied him on a known good Arab, but which horse after completing 80 miles of the journey, gave in, and subsequently died at the village he brought up at. *Phenomena* afterwards ran in Calcutta under the name of 'Maid of all work' when the property of Colonel Shulldham.

It has been advanced as an objection to mares, that they are troublesome to yourself and those you ride with, in consequence of the many entire horses in use: Like many other objections to a change of any system from that of by gone days, I consider this to be grounded on prejudice; I have ridden mares constantly in company with entire horses, without the slightest inconvenience to myself or companion, and I could mention some who prefer riding or driving a mare through a paddock, where a hundred colts from one to three years old, are running loose.

The Major part of your readers are I doubt not readers also of the English Sporting Magazine, and have derived both pleasure and profit as well as myself from perusing the letters on the *condition of hunters* by the inimitable pen of *Nimrod*, which appeared in that work from 1822 to 1828: It may not however be generally known that *Nimrod's* letters on the above mentioned subject have been collected and printed in one uniform volume, by the proprietors of the Old Sporting Magazine and which was published in 1831. I would recommend every man fond of that noble animal, the horse, to add this volume to his library both from the information it affords, and the style in which the letters are written,—it is second to none. In the treatment of the horse *Nimrod* is my oracle, for though a breeder of twenty three years standing, I am indebted to this interesting and able writer for much useful information: Indeed I might add, half the good people in England, who keep horses, have equal reason to laud this writer; for since *Nimrod's* letters were first published, the system of keeping horses all the year round, has undergone an entire change; a run at grass in rich pasture, or salt marshes, during the hot months, with a view to recover legs, or bring a horse into condition for hunting, has been totally given up, and summering the hunter at home adopted.

Having thus expressed so high an opinion of *Nimrod* I shall in support of my argument for a more general use of mares, quote his sentiments thereon. He says "It is much to be regretted that among sportsmen the prejudice against mares is so strong; as in consequence, the

"value of many good hunters, and subsequently brood mares are never known; for being so generally rejected by those persons, who could give them the fairest chance of distinguishing themselves, they fall into the hands of farmers and others, who cannot for obvious reasons give them that opportunity. If we look back on the great performances on the road against time, we shall find that by far the greatest number of them were by mares, and *Eleanor* * winning the Derby and Oaks in 1801, and the running of Lord Grosvenor's *Meteora* † were perhaps never excelled if equalled by horses;—the Arabians have always preferred mares to horses. They have been found to endure hunger and thirst, and all other privations better; and although in our country horses are seldom put to the test in this respect, yet when travelling between the tropics in a desert, it must be a most valuable consideration. In a race, it is true, mares are put upon a par with geldings, but it must be admitted that they are more perfect in their nature, and with the exception of the period of genial desire, I conceive them to be more than equal to them, in any kind of exertion, on the road or in the field."

It has ever been my firm opinion, and time with greater experience has strengthened my belief, that it is to our mares chiefly, that we must look for all improvement in the breed,—more depends upon the *Dam* than the *Sire*. *Nimrod*, I like to quote his authority, confirms my view of the subject, and he goes so far back for the *principle* as to writers so ancient as Virgil and Pliny; but to come nearer home he instances the stud of the celebrated Lord Grosvenor, the greatest and most successful breeder of race horses England ever saw, and exemplifies the argument by noticing the produce of His Grace the Duke of Grafton's mares. The produce from *Coquette*, *Diana*, *Piquet*, *Miltonia*, *Parasol*, *Medora*, *Prudence* and *Penelope* won (30 times in 1822) prizes amounting to £11317! If I were to write a volume instead of a letter I could hardly bring a more convincing argument in favor of the value of mares, to a sceptic's mind: for though a man may doubt most things, and many it is said delight in appearing to do so, yet the argumentum ad pecuniam is as potent as was the fist of one of the new members of the Reformed Parliament: The schoolmaster has been abroad in India as well as in Europe, and as reformation has been the order of the day, necessity may step in to her aid, and induce many to adopt my recommendation, when I feel bold in asserting they will, after trial, allow that they can be as well carried for six or eight hundred as they were formerly for 1200 or 1600 Rs. The difference, as *Nimrod* would say, is no small *find* in a man's pocket.

I am Sir, your's obediently,

May 1, 1833.

O. K.

* This mare, the property of Sir Chas. Bunbury had 49 engagements and was the winner of 28. Besides the Derby and Oaks she won two King's plates—3 Gold Cups and £2567-5 in specie.

† *Meteora*'s career was truly brilliant. In addition to £1480 she won the Oaks, the Royal plate at Chelmsford, two classes of the Outlands, The Audley end stakes—twice 1-3d of 25 Gs. Sub. The jockey club plate, Two cups at Stamford, The Somerset stakes, and the cup at Brighton. She died in 1821.

THE CATALOGUE.

" Oh ! Imitatores servum pecus ! "

HORACE QUIN FLACC.

" We *pique* ourselves, we can *serve* 'em up as good an Imitation as any o' you."
 DUGGINS JOHN THOMAS.

' Come tell me said Rosa as &c.

MOORE.

I.

Come tell me said Muggins, half in earnest, half jest,
One day as we rode round the course,
Now, Figgins, my boy, out of all your long list
Of good nags, which d'ye think's the best horse ?
Of *Cadland* I thought, or may I be blow'd
But my heart at the moment was free,
So, I'll tell (says I) Muggins, how many I've lo'ed
And the number shall finish with *thee*.

II.

Imprimis, "*Othello*"—tho' at times rather wild,
Has taught many the way to be first,
And if ridden with nerve and the hand of a child.
He'll be always well placed in a burst.
Few places for him are so high or so wide,
But the Captain will own, I am sure,
He has ne'er failed to get to the opposite side
And been seldom behind on the *Moor*.

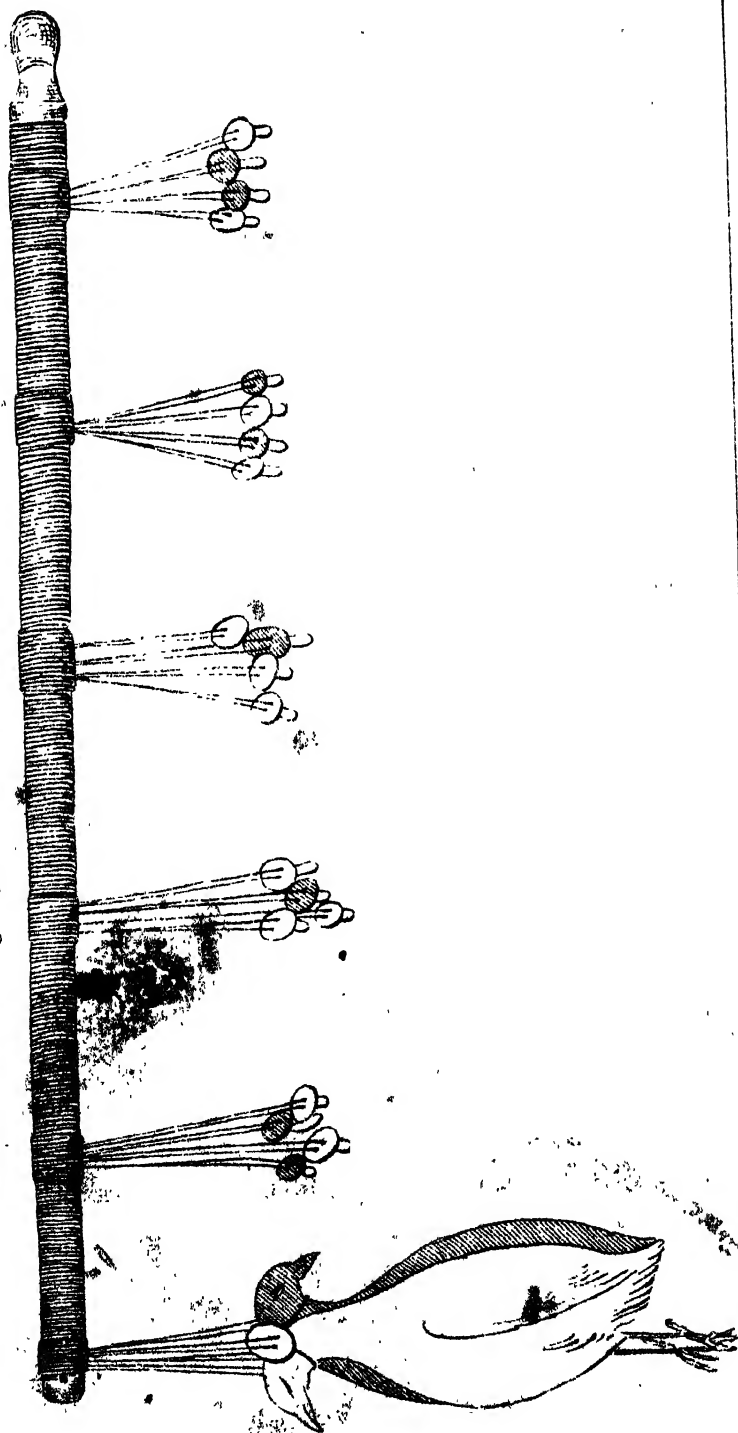
III.

Next comes "*Cromaboo*"—a right gallant old boy
Fit to frank a good heavy despatch
Tho' not up to such weight as the great horse of Troy
A more difficult fellow to catch,
To his master he is such an excellen' friend
That tho' rather a teaser to most,
He has never refused to go well to the end
Or objected to travelling *post*.

IV.

Then *Lavender* ! Flower of these *Horse Garden Fields*
Tho' a flower seldom *planted* I ween,
We should *violate* truth, did we say, that, thee, *yield*
Or *blow* in the field we had seen.
Not thy namesake of Bow-street was ever so *fly*
To pursue, or, to follow a *scent*,
Should thy master "*Who'll buy my sweet Lavender,*" cry
Hereafter he'll surely repent.

LOOKS for carrying Game (on a scale of one half)



V.

But visions of "*Bobtails*" of days, gone and past

In-*stead* before me are *fleeing*,

And of *Flycatchers*, *Tonys*. *Tyrones* and, last, ay!

Tho' not least of thee "*Hecate*" my sweeting

So, I said, says I, *Muggins* I'm quite at a loss,

• And if it is'nt the fact, I'll be'blest

I devoutly believe that *Each* is a good horse*

But I'm haug'd if I know which is *best*.

PHOSCOPHORNIO FIGGINS.

* Queere "*Oss*?"—Printer's Diabolus.

LOOPS FOR CARRYING GAME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I beg to offer you for the information of your readers, a drawing of a set of Loops for carrying game. Huddling birds in a basket, net, or bag does not answer in the Torrid Zone, as they begin to get a high *gout* before the sportsman ends his morning or evening's sport; besides, they are bruised, and the feathers and appearance all quite spoiled and unfitted for a desirable present to any one, and to a lady in particular, (who the deuce thinks of sending game to sulky bachelors?) I have never seen these Loops till lately, when a brother Trigger, a good shot, and an excellent fellow made me a present of a set. I find the birds may be carried uninjured in this manner for a long time, and the feathers of the neck where the Loop fixes so little injured, that I prefer carrying birds I intend to preserve as specimens this way. The Loop is merely a piece of stout twine, passing through two holes in a flat button of brass; a bird, or even a brace, is put in the Loop, when the brass button is passed down, which prevents the possibility of any of them being lost:—twenty-four of these Loops are fixed with gut on a stick, in the manner, and about the size of the butt of a hunting whip;—they are placed in fours at equal distances, and one stick can easily carry 24 brace of snipe or quail, or 12 brace of partridge. Grouse killed on the hills in Scotland on the 12th of August, might be carried with advantage in this way. Wishing you success Mr. Editor,

I remain your most obedient servant,

Banks of the Booreea Gunga, May 2, 1833.

RIFLE.

BEAR SHOOTING IN THE NORTHERN CIRCARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

It was on the evening of the 20th April last, that a shikaree brought the welcome news—to a party of officers encamped in a mountainous district in the Northern Circars—that a hill three miles off, was a favourite haunt of the furry tribe: daybreak found three of us in readiness, being well provided with a brace of guns each, spears, pistols and such-like delicate weapons; our attendants were considered trusty, mine however, had not been proved, as I had only picked them up on the occasion. On our arrival at the spot we found that there were two hills with a pass between them. Here the shikarees advised us to post ourselves, two on one side of the pass and one on the other, telling us that they would beat along one of the hills, and bring up the game—in which they did not deceive us, as three bears were started at once; two kept on one side of the hill, and charged the gents on that side of the pass, where they were quickly made to taste the sherbet of death. Having heard the firing I began to think that my share of the sport was over, when a noise in the jungle put me on the alert, and Bruin made his appearance. I fired at him at about fifteen yards, and lamed him in the foreleg; my second barrel was aimed too high, as it only grazed his back, and as he continued charging, I looked round for my second gun, and found that I had miscalculated on the courage of my attendants, they having all vanished. Not considering this “tide in my affairs” at all favourable, I exerted myself to get out of it, striding down the pass at a tolerable rate, and had not proceeded far when I overtook the Trojan who had carried my spear, of which however he had disencumbered himself, to expedite his movements. I accordingly knocked him down, hoping that he might meet with his deserts, and prove a peace offering and safety valve between Bruin and me. On going a little farther, I came in sight of the rest of the runaways, and called out to them to stop and bring up my gun, which they were deliberating on, when a roar from behind was the signal for another *chassé* forward. Fortunately however at this period I observed Bruin taking another direction, and stop amongst some thick bushes, when having time to reload my gun, I went back, and shot him through the head, having waited till he came within three or four yards.

I shall reserve the description of a few other bear shooting expeditions to some other period. The same party of officers have within the last fortnight, in this neighbourhood, killed nine bears, one of them a female with a brace of cubs of which one is at present in my possession.

Your's obediently,

Palanah, 3d May, 1833.

W. W.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

PHI.—What is the chief point in shooting; that every man laboureth to come to?

Tox.—To hit the mark.

Ascham Toxophilus.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—When I read the article signed *RIFLE*, in your last month's number, in which we are informed, that the "small rifles in America, "of the performance of which we have heard so much, are only intended to shoot squirrels or birds on the tops of trees!" I could not help remembering the old English proverb, which truly says—

Many a man talks of Robin Hood that never shot in his bow,
And many a one of little John that never did him know.

I am aware, that many of our officers belong to the feathered tribe, but though some of them are undoubtedly game cocks, I do not think they can fairly be called birds. Were Sir Peter Parker or General Ross, birds or squirrels? to say nothing of the many other gallant spirits, whose untimely deaths have given but too fatal proofs of the efficacy of the American small rifle. Having seen it well and skilfully used, and being of opinion, that our "youth should use it for the most "honest pastime in peace, that men might handle it as a most sure "weapon in war," I am sorry to see a paper, in a publication devoted to sporting, which damns with faint praise, the most perfect of all fire arms—at once the sportsman's greatest pride, and the best defence of freemen.

It is, however, by no means wonderful, that amateurs should err in their notions of the rifle, when learned professors of mathematics have hitherto published nothing but nonsense on the subject. I am afraid of tiring the patience of your readers—but as no scientific work, with which I am acquainted, has given the true reason of the superiority of the rifle over the smooth bored gun, I trust you will allow me to explain it as briefly as I can. Mr. Robins, in his tracts, has demonstrated, that the rifle ball does not deviate from the true path, because its surface being cut into spiral grooves, the resistance of the air to its passage, is equalized on every side. Now, Sir, if this learned professor had taken the breech pin out of a rifle, and driven as large a ball as could be forced through the barrel, quite out at the breech, he would have ascertained, that it had no spiral grooves cut upon it by those of the barrel, but that it was merely somewhat elongated and flattened into as many sides, as the gun happened to have grooves. A ball so driven, is an irregular solid of a shape that cannot tend to increase the accuracy of its flight. But as many of your readers may prefer the authority of a professor of mathematics to that of your unknown correspondent, I will give them a test which I think must be decisive. If the superior accuracy of the rifle is owing to the shape of the ball, why not cast balls with true spiral grooves, and fire them from smooth guns? The experiment has been tried by some who believed Mr. Ro-

bins' theory, and its complete failure led them to a different explanation? The correct flight of the rifle ball is owing then to the resistance of every part of the barrel being equalized by its spiral surface, so that the ball cannot leave it with a tendency to deflection, as is the case with all smooth bored guns, cannon included. From this it follows, that the rifle ball should never be driven or forced, so as to alter its truly spherical form, but (as every backwoodsman knows) it should closely fit the barrel, and be gently pushed down with a *wooden* rod. This is the first great point in rifle shooting and want of attention to it, and to the proper charge of powder, is the cause why so many sportsmen in this country assert, that a common fowling piece is a better ball gun. Your correspondent RIFLE informs your readers, that "the most efficient rifle for long distances will be found to be one carrying a musket ball!" but that, as such a gun must necessarily weigh 9 or 10 lbs., a carbine bore will give a tolerable sized ball! and that a gun of this description weighing 7 lbs. may be considered moderate! further, that the best rifle he ever saw, had a carbine bore, with a barrel of only 4 lbs. 6 oz.! I own, I was rather startled, on reading this, till I came to that part of his letter, in which he seems to prefer shooting at 30 or 40 yards to 150, a circumstance which may account for the description of gun which he prefers.

Now, Sir, if you will allow me to give an opinion, I would recommend a rifle carrying a ball not larger than 64 nor less than 80 to the pound. I will engage, that a single ball of the latter size will kill an elephant, and unless sportsmen have some larger game in view, I cannot tell what advantage they propose to themselves, by carrying about a useless weight of lead. The superiority of the small rifle, for all sporting purposes, arises from the greater proportionate weight of the barrel. The accuracy of the weapon is greatly increased by that total freedom from recoil, which can only belong to a heavy barrel, and as no one likes to carry a gun of more than 10 or 12 lbs. weight, the large bored rifle can never give the precision of the small one. As to distance, though your correspondent gravely informs us, that the small rifle will only kill squirrels on the tops of trees, I will engage that a piece of the above calibre will kill any animal at a greater distance than ordinary marksmen can take correct aim. I have frequently heard of wonderfully accurate military rifle shooting at 400 to 500 yards, and I do not intend to dispute the superior skill of regular soldiers, nor the superiority of the weapons with which they are furnished by the Government; I purposely confine my remarks to sporting guns. Let any sportsman measure three hundred yards and then point his gun to an object, he will find that such a sight as is commonly put on a rifle, will more than cover the body of a man at that distance. Now as no one can possibly shoot with certainty within the breadth of the muzzle sight, I think we may safely put down as fiction all the wonderful stories we hear of long shots.

The American rifleman is satisfied with shooting very accurately at about 150 yards. I have frequently seen shooting matches at turkies,

placed so as only to expose the bird's head, at a distance of about 120 yards, and they were so often hit, that the fee of six-pence a shot to the landlord would not have been a profitable speculation, even in that land of cheap poultry, had it not been for the number of thirsty customers attracted to the sight.

Your correspondent may perhaps allege, that in this country we have more large animals than in America, and that gentlemen do not go out upon elephants to shoot squirrels, but he is perhaps not aware, that the game *par excellence* of the backwoods is the deer, and occasionally the bear and the panther, against which the American sportsman would think himself sufficiently armed with a rifle of 80 or even 100 to the pound, depending not upon the size of his ball, but upon the certainty with which he can strike a vital part. Indeed, if we are to rely on the tearing effect of the ball, why not lay aside the rifle altogether, and follow the example of those gentlemen on Saugor island, who, not long ago, destroyed a rhinoceros with a six-pounder?

Being unwilling to take up more of your space, and your readers' time, I leave out all observations on locks, stocks, powder, &c., all of which might afford subjects for remark, and only add that I am your's,

RAYNOLDE GRENELEFE.

NOTE.—Should any of your sporting readers wish for a genuine American rifle, at an extremely moderate price, they cannot do better than send their order to Mr. Tryon, of Philadelphia, a well known and excellent maker.

R. G.

SHIKAREE-BAT-CHIT.

SCENE.—THE EDITOR'S CRIB AT GARDEN REACH.

THE BREAKFAST PARLOUR.—Three windows open on the "pellucid Hooghly." Within—a charming concatenation of coffee, curry, cock-ups, and cocoa—beefsteaks, bread, butter, and bohea—mutton chops, mangoes, and muffins, contributing to' the composition of a curious coup d'œil. Without—the rippling river, redolent of roosee mutchee, rats, the Red Rover, floating carcasses, and "row brothers, row"—gladdening the glim of the gastronomic guest.

"Down from the tea pot hissing comes the spray
Of water brilliant on the sweet debris
Of chrystal saccharine——"

H. M. P.

"Breakfast—delightful sounds!"

Jeremy Diddler.

"—— the bubbling and loud hissing urn,
— and the cups

That cheer but not inebriate."

Cowper.

The Editor in Mufti, emerging from his dormitory, calmly casts the eye of enquiry on the journals of the day, which lie on his napkin; — alternately sighs, frowns, and smiles, as the different articles suggest

pity, anger, or merriment, and then complacently contemplates the inviting board, looking, for "he says nothing,"

Why the devil doesn't Nim East come ?

A propos des bottes, and "talk of the devil," enter Nim, as from a splendid run, in red frock with blue coliar: the two ingredients of brown corduroy, and leather, divide the distinguished honor of decking his nether members:—"There's a sort of "40 minutes' best pace" 'look about him, which says, 'good sport this morning,' in a language not to be mistaken, long before he himself condescends to speak.

NIM EAST.—Well, Master Editor, verily you are a *slow top*, *spinning* out your life here between meditation and mangoe-fish, reviews, and red herrings, and have never taken a *turn* with us this season, for which you really deserve to be *whipt*:—besides, didn't I promise to mount you in a way that should have enabled you to *review* the 'fastest thing' over the stiffest country we have,—'by Jove,' I would have made a regular *leading article* of you, spite of yourself, and you should have *jumped* to the *conclusion*, that hunting is the primest of all prime things, and have *leapt* with joy at the *finish*.

EDITOR.—"Hear me for my cause!" and cease your execrable punning "that ye may hear." A new comer, a regular griff, must, you are aware, have enough to occupy his time, his thoughts, and his purse, for the first half year after his arrival. Well, thus has it been with me. My quotidian avocations have been incessant, and humbling as the confession is, still I must avow that—another fish if you please—if I followed the hounds in the morning, I could not follow my profession in the afternoon—and you know "my pensive public" is a greedy animal—the *John Bull* must be on the breakfast table at 8. *A propos* of the *Bull*, try some of that beefsteak, and another dish of the "water *bullient*." And now, tell me, had you a good run this morning ?

NIM EAST.—Very fair, very fair—but nothing to the run on the 29th of last month.

EDITOR.—I heard of that—let's have it, a "tale unfold," while I smoke my hookah.

NIM EAST.—Why, you must know, that the rain which fell on the 27th April, determined the committee of management to name a fixture for Monday, the 29th, at the old Dog Kennel, on the road to Ryepore, a place not in the highest repute as a meet, but an easy distance from Calcutta, (which by the bye is a very desirable arrangement, both for horses, hounds, and hunting men, on May mornings, in this 'pleasant and delightful clime'); and, moreover, possessing covers, which covers possess proprietors generally of a description to prevent blank faces and blank days. By some mistake, most of the horses had been taken a mile or so further along the road than was necessary, and when I drove up to the meet, and counted only four steeds besides my own, a mixt feeling of sorrow, pity, disgust, &c. at the degenerate spirit that could have prompted a desertion of such a pack, on such a moru-

ing came over me; I was considerably relieved when the ten or twelve horses which had been taken on, made their appearance, and gradually recovered my equilibrium, as the plot began to thicken, and a goodly set of 16 gentlemen in scarlet, appeared in their saddles, and the hounds began to move towards cover. About 500 yards from the roadside, some amiable individual had, in other days, pleased himself by planting a mulberry field, into which the hounds had not been thrown above two minutes before a challenge and a crash followed in such quick succession, that we had barely time to gather up our reins, get our heads straight, and 'move along,' before the "sweet voices" of a 'Hudibras,' a 'Comedy,' a 'Pirate,' and a 'Jocund,' began sensibly to diminish their *volume*, and their *tones* to become, "fine by degrees and beautifully less," in the distance; so that in some fear, lest we should be *booked* for a bad start, we endeavoured to *atone* for our delay, by a *hasty* application of the *Crowther and Latchfords*, and in a brief space were in a position to see and appreciate the manner in which hounds worked, and men went. Our *juckall*, or perhaps *jennyall*, as after events induced us to fancy, seemed a sort of straitforward character, and instead of trying to save his *bacon*, (by getting to some *hog* jungle, to the right of the line he took) steered pretty nearly a direct course for "Gurreah Haut." The burst at starting was particularly fast, and I confess, I thought the hounds had 'the foot' of us; a check for a minute or two in a small cover, where the underwood lay thick, brought all up, and a cast back at the right time recovered the 'a moment lost' traces of our friend, and "go hark to 'Valiant' *Fooooorward* away!" set all in motion again;—the scent was at its best, and the early find, the cool moistness of the morning, and the *velvety* softness of the ground, sent the hounds along, as if an impulse from powder, and a howitzer, had been administered at starting. As for the field,—unfortunately the only bad feature in the affair was the absence of any thing, but very practicable ditches during the run.

EDITOR.—Melancholy indeed! The absence of a chance of breaking your neck *must* materially diminish the pleasures of sport.

NIM EAST.—I say unfortunate, because it prevents pressing, if the scent fails; it gives a zest to the whole thing, and it creates a competition, a rivalry, than which in its effects upon human nature, from the Paddington stage-coachers to the 'princes of the earth,' nothing is more delightfully thrilling and extatic. And there are men, in these our Eastern possessions, I dare aver, who would go 'good uns,' over any country in the world, and in any company; and now that we are crowing, we'll ee'n out with it,—if Napoleon's old guard in their best days (as Nimrod has it) would be impotent to stop the first flight of Leicestershire men over the Quorn county, so will they not *us*, and though the black Brunswickers before breakfast, and two tribes of wild North American Indians well drunk with "sanguine humano," were thrown in, to boot—we would still keep a line of our own, and never swerve from it;—there!

EDITOR.—But what has ‘sangaree humano’ and black Brunswickers and breakfast, got to do with your run?—I have quite lost the scent after such a baulk.

NIM EAST.—Well, from the period of the little check I have mentioned, we continued our line towards Gurreeh Haut, the hounds running like 12 couple,—no 11½—of angels—and the field just where they ought to be; their not being too forward, was perhaps owing to heavy ground and “the pace;” and not tailing was because, that if men couldn’t ‘go’ upon a morning, and under circumstances like this and these, they deserve never to ‘go,’ or if at all, to ‘go’ to the devil at once. We were now if any thing running up to our jackall, as a proof of which the Gurreeh Haut nullah crossed our line, and tho’ jackalls are proverbially not partial to *running streams*, yet our friend probably thought *his* was an *extreme* case, and that he was *running* a risk of endangering the ‘current of his life.’ So he plunged in after the fashion of Cassius, and landed safely on the ‘yonder point’—Had we been able to foresee events, we might have brought out a ‘Ferryman’ to have assisted him in this difficulty, but one who probably, to his mind, would not have been even as pleasant a companion in a jolly boat as old “Joe Charon,” who pilots the ‘death’s-head’ *funny* across the Styx. By some extraordinary luck, we were able to get across the nullah without a swim, (more’s the pity, thought I) the banks too were tolerably easy, though the mud was most amazingly deep, and one gentleman, with the feeling every true sportsman ought to have for his horse, waded through the water leading the gallant steed,—who being rather light timbered for the weight he had been carrying, and having gone well through the run, had of course gained an increased value in his owner’s eyes, and rather than take it out of him by the severe scramble up the bank, he adopted the mode I have mentioned, and his horse and he trotted ‘cheek by jowl’ through the stream, in a way most pleasing and delightful to beholders;—it would have made Mr. Martin (of humane notoriety) happy for three weeks. Away we went—as Byron says:—

“Tramp, tramp, along the land we rode—
 Splash, splash, along the sea—
 Hurrah, Hurrah, I never know’d
 Chaps ride half so bold as *we*.”

EDITOR.—“Chaps ride ——”!—I don’t remember that line in Byron. Perhaps it is in the *Bride of Abydos*, which I never read.

NIM EAST.—No—it is from *Heaven and Earth*.

EDITOR.—Truly, “of the earth, earthy.” *Qui hi! doosra chillum lao.*

NIM EAST.—After another 10 minutes perhaps of quick work, during which a pull across the heavy ground set the pipes of the nags agoing, we came to a second nullah, a branch of the one we had just crossed—though equally wide: just before crossing we viewed the ‘varmint’ staggering across a rice field, after a fashion that proved, that the “pace” had been well nigh too good for *him*. He turned round once to look at us, and to calculate his chance of escape, and then it was that I thought I could perceive a look of utter misery and disgust pass over his fea-

tures; the nullah gave him a chance, or he would have sunk before them in three minutes, being evidently dead beat—but his “better angel” so contrived, that after crossing the nullah, a village full of howling urchins, and roaring ryots should stand full in his path, than which I know nothing in this ‘breathing world’ better calculated to make hounds throw up—ruin scent, and save a sinking jackall, when the very breath of his pursuers’ nostrils (Twister’s for instance) is curling and moistening the extreme tip of his brush. We made a cast round the village and hit him off on the other side, and feathered away to a cover, rather of the largest, and one which a jackall, hurried as our’s had been, would not be likely to quit. Suddenly all was hushed, and we were at some loss to account for the silence, when on turning a corner, the mystery was solved: he had gone to earth—then up rose the one universal shout, ‘dig him out!’ At it we went, for after the *supercanine* way in which the hounds had worked from ‘find’ to ‘finish,’ and considering the low, ungentelemanly way in which the ‘chase’ had endeavoured to save himself, we resolved upon having him out—but fate decided otherwise; after digging a short way, we came to a little family of jackalls, nearly half grown; evidently the paternity could not rest with our friend, for his residence we knew full well was nearly nine miles off; nevertheless the rascal had thus intruded himself into the privacy of a quiet family, and nearly endangered the existence of them all. I need hardly add, we did not dirty our characters as sportsmen; “no, thank heaven, we saved them all” (except one,) and we hope to have the satisfaction of meeting here-after one or other of these juvenile branches of the *Hall family*, when in return for our consideration and regard for their safety, they cannot do less than put their best foot forward in our behoof!

EDITOR. — A brilliant affair!

NIM EAST.—Brilliant, yes—but as Lord Duberly says, “hand over the milk my lad”—yes; but nothing to some things we have had, particularly last season, which was somehow more fertile in runs than this. There was “the forty-five minutes” at Dum-Dum, when “the pace” was so good, that five gentlemen who arrived too late, and rode to catch the hounds, hardly gained a yard in the whole thing, and some of them were goodish men in “a skurry” too; then there was—But I’ll give you *an account current* of these some other time—another slice of ham if you please.

EDITOR.—But how comes it, your sport has not been so good this year as last? Have the mercantile failures affected the hounds, as well as the huntsmen?

NIM EAST.—Why, it’s difficult to say; the scent, from want of rain, &c., has not been so good throughout; a good many jackalls have been killed too, but then, their “mortal coils” were “shuffled off” a great deal too easily, for if they had been *trumps*, some sport must have turned up for us. Hold hard!—But for the rest it may be attributed to the old story, the “chapter of accidents”—not but that we have not had some good days too; there was a run at Cox’s Bunga-

low, one at "Gurreah Haut," another at—but you shall hear of all these in due course.

EDITOR.—Ay, ay—we'll discuss them some other day, and if your patter be less *pungent* then, I shall begin to have hopes of you. By George, if you persevere in this atrocious habit of punning, people will cry out like old Jack Townsend, whenever you appear "Please gentlemen take care of your pockets!" "The man who would make a pun?"—you know the rest. I quite agree with old Sam.

NIM EAST.—(After a pause, "starting up from a reverie," during which his eyes have been immovably fixed upon an empty claret glass, and his left hand resting upon a silver fork, which he has unwittingly driven through the table cloth into the Editor's new circular mahogany breakfast table.) Ay, as Ossian has it, "the days of other years come rushing o'er me"—then, Mr. Editor, our pack in 1827! beauties *they* were, hunted by one who was "every inch" a sportsman. He used to ride a clever, well shaped darkish bay horse, yecept "Bobtail," the unde derivatur of which, was the fashion of his 'brush'—his master was a workman in the saddle, and "old Bobtail," and he could go any where; his method with hounds was admirable, some who were no judges, said, "too quiet"—but it was the character of the man—

"Though modest on his unembarrassed brow,
Nature had written gentleman—he said
Little but to the purpose and his manner,
Flung hovering graces o'er him like a banner."

And whether he spoke to his hounds or his field, it was the same; and his successor,—Now, my dear Editor, could I give you such a picture of a "heavy weight," on a brown Cape horse, but perhaps 'twere as well not—for, assuredly I should be calling for claret and a bumper, and somehow one glass, like "Banquo's," shows good reason for "many more"—and if the Editor and Nim East were discovered *Royal* at this hour of the morning, it would be unseemly, and the very 'dandies' on the river, would look in as they pass, and cry 'proh! pudor.' Besides, it would never do for such jokers as us, to get *Royal* upon ought but 'imperial Tokay'—But, as I was saying, if our path in life had been crossed often by such men as he, I was beginning to describe, I, for one, should be very sorry at the idea of leaving this world at all—for he was one

In whom the elements
Were so mixed, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world "*this was a man,*"

and a sportsman—and loved on all hands, say I.

EDITOR.—Come now, none of your rhapsodies. Let's *start* something else—'tis only half past nine by my McCabe, and this is a holiday. *Racing* seems altogether *running down hill*;—how do you account for the increasing prosperity and competition of Mofussil meetings, and the falling off here?

NIM EAST.—Why, it is easily explained—as you took occasion to tell your readers the other day—these are days in which it behoves us to be "penny wise," which does not at all involve the necessity of

being "pound foolish;" but at all up-country meetings, it has been long the custom for every resident to add their "mite" (how smallsoever it be) for the furtherance of sport—whereas, in Calcutta, as witness last year, the list of subscribers to the races hardly amounted in number, I suspect, to fifty, in which were included of course, the racing men, who received *their own* money again, in the shape of purses, &c., or lost *their own* money, without a chance of winning more. Add to these circumstances, the declension in number and in spirit of men who have or can afford to have 'winners' or "*likely maidens*," and "establishments" necessary to doing any thing on the turf; add also the death of the really Sporting Secretary to the Jockey Club, the departure of another "Turfite," the *capital less* state of the *capital*,—and then the 'decline and fall' of racing at the Presidency, 'pro tempore,' is accounted for. The very race stand, as I passed it at the "witching hour," the other night, seemed to be groaning in spirit, and emitting *sounds*, like the statue of 'Memnon,' (not *he* who started for "the Leger") which sounds far from "signifying nothing," seemed to tell of

"Buried hopes,
And prospects faded"—

and to mourn for the "days that were gone." With mortals we are told, that—

"When time who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew."

With race stands, it is different, for "albeit unused to the melting mood"—as *we are*, and being made of "sterner stuff," still they *wood* not be comforted, but will go on croaking and creaking, (their sorrow by the way will be unlike Hamlet's, which "knew not seams") till they become broken down by *woe* or the *wind*, or their *falling* fortunes are repaired by joy or journeymen carpenters—there!—But "*le bon temps viendra*," '*every dog must have his day*,' and why not *horses* too? The Calcutta Turf will look up again some day, for the present it must be content to lay dormant for a space.

ERROR.—Let us hope MACA may do something towards the revival of the gallant sport. I have seen more than one Turf go to decay, and yet revive again. Look at Bombay for instance. In a fit of disgust, caused by certain low doings on the part of one or two Turfites, all the old hands withdrew, and it was thought there would be no more racing. Well, the very next season, a few novices who knew there were certain public prizes which any body might challenge, took to training, and brought out a few sorry nags, which, it was supposed, were to transfer the Turf Cdp from the huge mahogany of the "old hand," to the diminutive teak of a Grenadier Sub. "Oh, ho!" says M——e, the Turf Secretary, (a regular out-and-outer) "*my coveys, you shan't run alone*." So, out he comes with a few of the known clip-pers, which had been eating their heads off, for want of a decent bid, and wius in a canter every-thing put up! The ruling passion, dormant

but not extinct in the ancient trumps, now revives, and the cry is—"What! shall M—— bear away every thing year after year? Forbid it sport! Forbid it fame!" Accordingly, the very next year, the second only from their secession, the whole of the *regular corps* return to their place, and racing has become more popular than ever! The system is sounder;—*blunt* is not so *flush*, it is true—but I. O. U.'s are less common, and "contents received" all the go. Well now, it's my notion—(*huzree outdo* you)—that similar circumstances will distinguish the affairs of *our Turf*, and I'll just give you the outline of a plan I have for the July number of *MAQA*. It seems—

NIM EAST.—(Who has taken off the "pink" and slipped into a pair of slippers, and ensconced himself snugly on the Editor's couch, and is half asleep). No my lad, no more gup this morning, we'll settle all this "hereafter"—as Macbeth says, I am dead beat, and must snoose, to make all *square*; "my little life must be *rounded* by a sleep." Sleep, envious sleep, that *knits up ravelled sleeve of care*! Wonder whether *care* wore a *red coat*—don't *care*—sleep, dream—ay! there's the rub, &c.

Scene closes.

BANGALORE AUGUST MEETING.

The Committee for the management of the ensuing Races, have the pleasure to publish for general information the following Plan of Sport. The Meeting will open on the Second Tuesday of August next (weather permitting) with

First Day, Tuesday, 13th day of August.

FIRST MAIDEN.—A Maiden Subscription Purse of 500 Rupees each, P P with 400 Rupees from the Fund, for all Arab Horses that never started for Plate, Purse, Match or Sweepstakes; Heats 3 miles, carrying 8st 6lbs. To be closed on the 1st July 1833—(Three Subscribers or no race.) At present 2 Subscribers.

SAME DAY.—SECOND MAIDEN.—A Maiden Subscription Purse of 400 Rupees each, P P with 300 Rupees from the Fund, and all Arab Horses that never started for Plate, Purse, Match or Sweepstakes; Heats 2 miles, carrying 8st 7lbs. To be closed on the 1st July 1833—(Three Subscribers or no race.) At present 2 Subscribers.

Second Day, Thursday, 15th day of August.

THIRD MAIDEN.—A Maiden Subscription Purse of 300 Rupees each, P P with 300 Rupees from the Fund, for all Arab Horses that never won Plate, Purse, Match or Sweepstakes; Heats 1½ mile, carrying 9st. To be closed on the 1st July 1833—(Three Subscribers or no race.) At present 4 Subscribers.

SAME DAY.—A Galloway Plate of Rupees 400 from the Fund, with 100 Rupees each Subscription, to be added, free for all Arab Horses, 13 hands, 3 inches and under, carrying 8st 11bs. Horses under 13 hands 2½ inches allowed 11bs. Winners to carry 3lbs extra. Heats one and a half mile and a distance.

Third Day, Saturday, 17th day of August.

A Cup presented (to the Bangalore Course in 1832) by the Officers of H. M. 13th Light Dragoons, value 1500 Rupees for all Arab Horses. Two miles Heats, Horses that never won to carry 8st 11bs; a winner once to carry 8st 11lbs, a winner twice or oftener to carry 9st. Ten G M each Subscription to go to the Fund. A bona fide start of 3 Horses or no race.

SAME DAY.—The Ladies Purse of 500 Rupees from the Fund, with 150 Rupees each Subscription to be added, free for all Arab Horses weight for Inches, 14 hands carrying 8st 7lbs. Winners once 3lbs oftener 5lbs extra. Heats 2 miles.

Fourth Day, Tuesday, 20th day of August.

The Bangalore Purse of 600 Rupees from the Fund, with 150 Rupees each Subscription to be added, free for all Arab Horses carrying 8st 11bs; winners more than once 3lbs extra. Heats 2 miles.

SAME DAY.—The Bangalore Union Welter of Rupees 300 from the Fund, with 12 G M each Subscription to be added, free for all Arab Horses that have never won before 1st of August 1833. One mile and a half and a distance carrying 10st 7lbs. Gentlemen up.

Fifth Day, Thursday, 22d day of August.

A Handicap for all Horses that have won during the Meeting 200 Rupees each Subscription with 500 Rupees from the Fund. Heats 2½ miles.

SAME DAY.—A Subaltern's Plate of 250 Rupees from the Fund, with 50 Rupees each Subscription to be added, free for all Horses carrying 11st 7lbs. Heats 1½ mile and a distance. Arab Horses allowed 7lbs. The winner to be sold for 800 Rupees if challenged by a competitor within half an hour after the race. Gentlemen up. Horses to be bona fide the property of Subalterns.

Sixth Day, Saturday, 24th day of August.

A Plate of 350 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rupees each Subscription to be added, for the beaten Arab and country Horses of the Meeting, to be handicapped by a Committee. Heats 1½ mile.

SAME DAY.—A Steeple Chace 4 miles across the country, 2 G M each Subscription, with 200 Rupees from the Fund, for all Horses carrying 11st 5lbs. Arab Horses allowed 7lbs. The winner to be sold for 800 Rupees if challenged by a competitor within half an hour after the race. Gentlemen up.

SAME DAY.—A Plate of 100 Rupees from the Fund, for Ponies 13 hands and under, catch weights once round the course.

In addition to the above plan of Sport, the following Sweepstakes have been proposed and entered into.

1st.—A Sweepstakes of 20 G M each, P P 2½ miles. Four Subscribers and closed on the — of March.

2d.—A Cricket Sweepstakes of 10 G M each, for all Horses weight for Inches. Heats 2 miles, 14 hands carrying 9st. Winners once on the Bangalore course 3lbs extra; twice or oftener 5lbs. To close on the first day of the races—(At present 2 Subscribers.)

3d.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G M each, P P for all Arab Horses carrying 8st 7lbs. Horses that have won once on the Bangalore Course to carry 5lbs extra, more than once 5lbs. Heats 1½ miles.—(Three Subscribers or no race.)

4th.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G M each, P P for all Arab Horses carrying 10st 7lbs. Heats 1½ miles.—(Three Subscribers or no race.)

5th.—A Hunter's Plate of 100 Rupees each Subscription P P for all Horses carrying 12st. Heats 3 miles with 3 leaps. 2 Leaps 3½ foot and 1 leap 4 foot high. Gentlemen Riders. Horses to be bona fide the Property of Subscribers. (3 Subscribers or no Race.)

6th.—A Sweepstakes for all Horses that never won previous to the 1st day of the Meeting. Heats 2 miles carrying 8st 4lbs. Winners of Maidens to carry 4lbs extra. 15 G M each Subscription P P to be closed on the day previous to the Meeting, (day of running to be named by the Committee.)

7th.—A Sweepstakes for all Horses that never won previous to the 1st day of the Meeting. Heats 3 miles carrying 8st 6lbs. Winners of Maidens to carry 4lbs extra. 15 G M each Subscription P P to be closed on the day previous to the Meeting, (day of running to be named by the Committee.)

8th.—A Sweepstakes for all Horses that never won previous to the 1st day of the Meeting. Heats 1½ mile, carrying 8st 9lbs. Winners of Maidens to carry 5lbs extra, 15 G M each Subscription P P to be closed the day previous to the Meeting, (day of running to be named by the Committee.)

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

Chequered Heats.

A Horse walking over the Course for any Plate, &c. &c. will be entitled to half the amount only the other half to revert to the Fund, the same Horse will not be allowed to walk over for more than one Public Plate, &c. &c.

The usual allowance of 3lbs to Mares and Geldings.

One Gold Mohur entrance for each Horse.

No Post entrance will be allowed.

A free Course for Ponies.

Any Horse not having previously paid his entrance and stakes, to the Steward, will not be entitled to the Plate, Purse, Cup, &c. &c. should he come in first.

All Private Matches, Subscriptions, and Sweepstakes to be run under the direction of the Committee, and the terms of the race signed by the parties concerned made over to the Steward by 10 A. M. on the day preceding the race.

The day fixed for ageing and measuring to be announced hereafter.

Horses with shoes or plates are allowed $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch.

All Horses to be named and entered by three o'clock P. M. of the day preceding the running for the Plate.

Breakfast at the Race Stand each day of running and Tiffin every intermediate day at the Assembly Rooms.

BYCULIA STANDARD.

2 years. . . a feather	5 years . . . 8st 5lbs
3 years . . . 7st 4lbs	6 years . . . 8st 12lbs
4 years . . . 7st 12lbs	Aged . . . 9st

Any thing not herein provided for, to be decided by the Regulations at the last Madras Meeting.

CAWNPORE RACES. 1833.

(Length of the Cawnpore Course, 2 miles 40 feet.)

1st Day, Tuesday, December 3rd 1833.

Craven stakes of 10 G. M. each with 25 G. M. from the fund, for all Maiden Horses, bred in India and the Cape, Craven distance, heats: weight for age 2 years old 6st. 3 years old 7st. 4 years old 8st, 5 years old, 8st. 10lbs. 6 and aged 9st. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs.

Purse of 500 Rupees for all Arabs, 9st. each, R. C. and a distance: added to a sweepstakes of 10 G. M. Maiden allowed 5lbs.

Purse of 500 Rupees for Maiden Arabs 8st. 4lbs. each, heats, R. C. entrance 10 G. M.

Charger's stakes of 5 G. M. each, with 150 Rupees from the fund for all untrained Horses singularly ridden as chargers, 5 Subscribers, or no race, 12 stone each, Gentlemen riders: mile heats, 2 Subscribers.

Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, with 100 Rupees from the fund, for Ponies that never started, before the meeting, for purse, plate, match, or sweepstakes: weight for Inches, 13 hands 8st. 1 mile. To close 7 days before the meeting.

2nd Day, Thursday 5th.

Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each with 25 from the fund, for all Horses bred in India, and the Cape, 2 miles, weight for age, 2 years old, 6st. 3 years old, 8st. 4 years old, 8st. 9lbs. 5 years old 9st. 6 and aged 9st. 4lbs. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs. horses that never won allowed 4lbs.

A Cup value 100 Sovereigns, given by the Officers of the 16th Lancers.

The Claret stakes of 15 G. M. each, Craven distance, for all Maiden Arabs 8st. 7lbs. each. To close on or before the 15th November next, and nominations to be sent to the Secretary on the same day.

Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, 10 forfeit for Maiden Country Breds $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile 8st. 7lbs. each, Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs. to close on 1st December next, and nominate the day before the Race. 2 Subscribers.

Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, with 300 Rupees from the fund, for all Galloways, weight for Inches 14 hands 8st. 7lbs. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats.

3rd Day, Saturday 7th.

Champaigne Stakes of 25 G. M. each, *h. f.* for all Arabs 1 mile, 8st. 7lbs. each. To close and name to the Secretary on 1st December next 1833.

Post sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each for all Maiden Horses, Craven weights and a distance. To close on or before the 15th November next.

Welter Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each with 15 from the fund, for Maiden Arabs 11st. 7lbs. each $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile Gentlemen Riders.

Purse of 15 G. M. for Ponies, weight for Inches 13 hands 8st. heats $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, entrance 3 G. M.

4th Day, Monday 9th.

Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each with 25 from the fund, for all Arabs weight for age, 3 years old, 7st. 4 years old, 8st. 5 years old, 8st. 10lbs. 6 and aged 9st. 2lbs. Heats R. C.

Corinthian Stakes of 10 Sovereigns each, to be paid bona fide in Sovereigns, Gentlemen Riders 10st. each, 1 mile heats, for all Horses, English excepted. Arabs allowed 7lbs.

Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 forfeit for maiden Arabs, R. C. 8st 7lbs each to close on the 1st December, and nominate the day before the Race. Horses to be bona fide the property of subscribers.

CAPT. CLIFFORD.

E. B. BERE.

MR. MANN.

W. A. SWEETMAN.

Purse of 300 Rupees Give and Take, for all Horses 14 hands 8st. 7lbs. heats R. C. Entrance 5.

Cheroot Stakes of 2 G. M. each, with 100 Rupees from the fund, for all untrained Horses 1 mile, Gentlemen Riders 11st. each. The last Horse to pay the Stakes of the 2nd. Any rider coming in without his Cheroot alight to be declared distanced; Gentlemen Riders in cocked Hats, allowed 4lbs.

5th Day, Wednesday 11th.

The Stewards Purse for all Horses, to be handicapp'd. The distance to be named the day before the meeting, entrance 5 G. M. 2 forfeit for those who do not stand the handicap.

Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 ft. for maiden Arab Galloways 1½ mile: heights for inches, 14 hands 8st 7lbs. To close on 1st December—nominate the day before the Race. Horses to be bona fide the property of Subscribers. 2 Subscribers.

Purse of 20 G. M. for all Horses that have started for, and not won Public money, to be handicapp'd by the Stewards. R. C. Entrance 2 G. M.

Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, with 10 added from the fund, for all Horses, Country Bred 9st. Arabs 8st. 7lbs. heats R. C. The winner to be sold for 1200 Rupees, if demanded within ½ an hour after the race.

Rubbish Stakes of 5 G. M. each, with 150 Rupees from the fund, for all Horses 10st. each, Gentlemen Riders 1½ mile, heats; Winner to be sold for 300 Rupees if demanded within ½ an hour after the Race.

W. A. SWEETMAN, *Secretary.*

RULES.

1st The general rules for Racing, as laid down in the Racing Calendar to be applicable to these Races.

2nd. Sealed Nominations to be sent to the Secretary by 12 o'clock the day before each Race, the Meeting as the case may be. Entrance money to be sent with each nominations.

3rd. Maidens at the commencement of the Meeting, to be maidens throughout, unless otherwise specified in the terms of any particular race.

4th Each winning horse, to pay 10 Rupees, others 5 Rupees for Race Course repairs.

5th. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs.

6th. Horse Measuring in shoes allowed a Quarter of an Inch.

7th. The ages of Arabs to be referred to the Steward and their decision to be final.

8th. English imported Horses excluded from running for public Money.

9th. All disputes to be settled by the Stewards, and two Referees chosen by the parties concerned, in the absence of one or more of the Stewards, the remaining Stewards to fix on others, in lieu thereof.

10th. Should there not be sufficient funds to pay the Purses, an equal per centage to be deducted.

11th. In case of unfavorable weather the Stewards have the power to postpone the races, till such time as they think proper.

12th. Two Horses to start for each public purse, if only one appear at the Post the owner to receive half the purse and the entrances, and no Horse to receive more than half of two Public Purses.

13th. No horse to start for public Money, the owner of which has not subscribed 50 rupees, each Member of Confederacy to pay 50rs.

14th. No horse allowed to start unless Entrance Money be sent to the Secretary at the time above mentioned.

15th. The Stewards will not decide on any private Race, the Stakes of which are not lodged in their hands.

16th. For sellings purses preference is given to owners of Horses as they came in, only the owners of the Horses starting allowed to claim.

17th. The Steward appointed to Start the Horse, will give the word (bring up your horses to the post) no other Caution will be given and the word "off" from the Steward, to constitute a fair Start. No Horse to be considered distance unless, one of the Stewards, is at the distance Post, and by him declared so.

18th. All Confederacies to be declared the day before the Meeting.

19th. Settling day to be on the

Length of the Course———2 miles and 40 feet.

W. A. SWEETMAN, *Secretary.*

CUP GIVEN BY SIR EDWARD BARNES.

To be run for, *between the 1st of December 1831, and the last day of February 1835, either at the Race Meeting at Meerut, at Allyghur, or Cawnpore; A Gold Cup, value 100 Guineas, the gift of His Excellency Sir E. Barnes added to a Sweepstake of 100 Guineas each.—Two Miles.*

2 years old	5	5
3 "	7	5
4 "	8	5
5 "	8	12
6 years, and aged	9	2

Subscribers names to be sent to Sir Jeremiah Dickson, K. C. B., on or before the first of February 1833, on which day the subscription will close.

Horses to be named to Sir J. Dickson, on or before the first of November 1834. The exact day and place of running will be fixed and published, on or before the 1st of May 1834.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Colonel Stevenson, Quarter Master General.
 Lieutenant Colonel R. Arnold, H. M's 16th Lancers.
 Colonel C. H. Churchill, Military Secretary to the C. C.
 G. W. Bacon, Esq. Civil Service.
 Lieutenant E. Bree, H. M's 16th Lancers.
 Captain S. A. Barstow, 37th Regiment Native Infantry.
 Captain N. Chadwick, H. M's 13th Foot.
 Mr. Fraser.
 Lieutenant Christie.

ALLYGHUR RACES.

To be run for, at the next Allyghur Meeting 1833 4.—A cup value 1,000 Rupees; surplus in specie, by subscriptions of 10 Gold Mohurs each, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 Gold Mohurs each, for all Maiden Arab Galloways; heats: R. C. weight for inches; 14 hands 8st, 7lbs. To close and name on 1st December 1833.

H. L. WORRALL.
 W. A. SWEETMAN.
 G. W. COX.
 EDWARD BERE.

CHARLES CHRISTIE.
 NICH. CHADWICK.
 EWD. TYTLER.

LANCER CUP.

Cawnpore, April 15, 1833.

A gold cup value 100 Sovereigns given by the Officers of the 16th Lancers, added to a sweepstakes of 15 Gold Mohurs each, for all Arabs; heats, R. C.

Maidens, 8st. 3lbs.
Winners once, 8st. 12lbs.
Twice or oftener, 9st.

To close on the 1st November next. Nominations to be sent to the Secretary on or before the 1st December 1833. 10 Gold Mohurs forfeit, if declared, previous to the day of nomination. Three Horses to start, or the cup to be withheld. To be the 2d Race, on the 2d day of the next Cawnpore Meeting.

AGRA RACES, FOR 1834.

First Day, Saturday, 15th February, 1834.

First Race.—The Frontier Purse of 500 Rs. for Maiden country-bred Horses, Calcutta weight for age. Heats R. C. Entrance 5 Gold-mohurs.

Second Race.—The Agra Subscription Cup value 1,000 Rs. with entrance of 10 Gold-mohurs for Maiden Arabs, 8st. 7lbs. each. Heats R. C. To close on the 1st December 1833. A forfeit of 60 Rs. if declared by 12 o'clock the day before the race.

Third Race.—A Purse of 10 Gold-mohurs for all Ponies, weight for inches, 13 hands to carry 8st. Heats $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 3 Gold-mohurs. Maiden allowed 5lbs.

Second Day, Tuesday, 18th February, 1834.

First Race.—The Ladies' Purse for all Horses, Calcutta weight for age, 2 miles heats. Arabs allowed 7lbs. Winners once to carry 3lb.; twice 5lbs.; three times 7lbs. extra.

Second Race.—The Taj Purse of 400 Rs. for all Horses, give and take, 14 hands to carry 9st. Heats R. C. Entrance 100 Rs.—Maidens allowed 4lbs.

Third Race.—The Muttra Purse of 400 Rs. for country bred Horses. New Market Chaven weights and distance. Entrance 100 Rs.

Third Day, Thursday, 20th February, 1834.

First Race.—Welter Stakes of 10 Gold-mohurs each. P. P. with 400 Rs. from the fund, for all Horses 11st. 7lbs. each. Gentlemen riders. Arabs allowed 7lbs. Maidens 4lbs. once round and a distance, to close on the 15th January 1834.

Second Race.—The Cool Purse of 300 Rs. for all Alloways, weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 8st. 7lbs. Heats $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Maidens allowed 4lbs. Entrance 50 Rs.

Third Race.—The Agra Purse of 400 Rs. for all Arabs, 8st. 10lbs. each. Maidens allowed 5lbs. The winner of the Agra Cup not entitled to this allowance. Heats 2 miles. Entrance 100 Rs.

Fourth Day, Saturday, 22d February, 1834.

First Race.—A Purse of 300 Rs. for all Horses that have started for, but have not won public money; during the meeting to be handicapped by the Stewards. Heats R. C. free to all who stand the handicap, others to pay 3 Gold-mohurs.

Second Race.—A Sweepstakes of 3 Gold-mohurs each, with 100 Rs. from the fund, for all Horses carrying 8st. 7lbs. each. Heats 1 mile. The winner to be sold for 300 Rs.

Third Race.—The finish Stakes of 10 Gold-mohurs each for all Horses 10st. each. Gentlemen riders. Once round and distance. The winner to be sold for 1,000 Rs.

Length of the Course $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

RULES OF THE AGRA RACE COURSE FOR 1834.

1. The general rule of Racing as laid down in the Racing Calendar to be applicable to these Races, except the new one regarding the Jockies keeping their own line of ground in the race. The old rule in this instance to stand good.

2. The Stewards will as far as in their power, be guided by the New Market rules, but their decision on all points to be final and subject to no appeal.

3. Two Horses to start for all public money; if only one appear at the post, the owner to receive half the purse and the entrance; no Horse in this way to receive more than the half of one purse.

4. Sealed nominations to be sent to the Secretary by 12 o'clock, the day before each race, or the meeting, as the case may be. Entrance money to be sent with the nominations.

5. Maidens at the commencement of the meeting, to be Maidens throughout, unless otherwise specified in the terms of any particular race.

6. Each winning Horse to pay 8 Rs.—others 4 Rs. for Race Course repairs.

7. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs.

8. Horses measuring in shoes, allowed a quarter of an inch.

9. The ages of Arabs to be referred to the Stewards, and their decision to be final.

10. English imported Horses excluded from running for public money.

11. All disputes to be settled by the Stewards and two Referees chosen by the parties concerned, in the absence of one Steward, the remaining Stewards to fix on another in lieu thereof.

12. Should there not be sufficient funds to pay the purses, an equal per centage to be deducted.

13. In case of unfavorable weather the Stewards have the power to postpone the races until such time as they think proper.

14. No Horses to start for public money, the owner of which has not subscribed 50 Rs; each Member of confederacy to pay 50 Rs.

15. No Horses allowed to start unless the entrance money be sent to the Secretary at the time above mentioned.

16. The Stewards will not decide on any private race, the stakes of which are not lodged in their hands.

17. For selling purses, preference given to the owners of Horses as they come in, only the owners of Horses starting allowed to claim.

18. The Steward appointed to start the Horse will give the words "bring up your Horses to the post;" no other caution will be given, and the word "off" from the Steward, to constitute a fair start. No Horse to be considered distanced, unless one of the Stewards is at the distance post and by him declared so.

19. All confederacies to be declared the day before the Meeting.

20. Settling day the last day of the race.

RALPH SMITH, *Secretary*.

S. SHAW.

J. T. BOILEAU.

G. BRUCE MICHELL.

R. G. HUGHES, Clerk of the Course.

} Stewards.

CHOWRINGHEE THEATRE.

The female portion of the tragico-comico-operatico-farcico melodramatico power of our "Covent Garden," sometimes vulgarly and partially called "our Drury," and centered in the person of pretty Mrs. Leach, took a benefit, and gave one to the public, on Friday the 17th ultimo. The pieces selected were *A Roland for an Oliver* and the *Spoiled Child*, and were on the whole very successfully performed considering that the principal Chowringhee Amateurs held back on account of the anticipated heat. Fawcett's part of *Sir Mark Chase* was in the hands of one of "our recent acquisitions" as the *Harkn* persists in calling the two Amateurs who burst upon the world in February last, and it is impossible to say less than that he left nothing to be wished for. Instead of being, as his old men generally are, harsh, angular, testy and peevish—he was round, rosy, mellow and uproarious. *Picture*, by a debutant was all that fancy painted him, and *Selborne* did his best to be easy, polished, unaffected, and fashionable. *Mrs. Leach* was merry as a cricket, and "melancholy as Moor ditch," according as was her cue in *Maria Darlington*. In the scene where she affects to be *non compos* we were irresistibly reminded of Charlotte, Werter, Ophelia, Hamlet, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Saul Solomon of St. Helena. There was an Urn and a Weeping Willow, a white dress and dishevelled locks. *Miss Pickett* played *Mrs. Selborne* with her usual spirit and animation, and *Mrs. black* looked as plump as a partridge and as brilliant as a pheasant. The *Spoiled Child* followed which gave one of the subscribers to the *Sporting Magazine* an opportunity of playing his favourite character of *Old Pickle*. *Tag*, in the last scene, did not leave a rag of his *bob-tail*,—*Mrs. Leach* played *Little Pickle* rather so-soish, and *Mrs. Francis* was, as usual, fascinating and entertaining in *Miss Pickle*. In some of the touches she reminded us of *Mrs. Powell* of old Drury in *Jane Shore*, or *Mrs. Sparkes* in *Lucretia Mac Tab*. The house was not crowded, but nevertheless as one of ———'s partners said "werry of, and rayther muggy."

Selections.

THE ENGLISH RACING SEASON, 1832.

THE Racing Season being now brought to a close, we will turn to its proceedings and briefly pass them in review. The general gloom that marked the opening of the year could not fail of extending its influence to the Turf: and accordingly we find that at every Racing Meeting throughout the season there was a common complaint of the falling off in sport and company. The prospect was certainly of brilliant promise, but was soon neutralised by disease, commercial distress, and political dissension, the effects of which were apparent almost at the commencement of the season. In its progress, the character of the Turf suffered from a spirit of chicanery, observable amongst a class of needy and unprincipled adventurers, whose disgusting manners and underhand dealings, have long been felt as a public nuisance; and what is still worse, a laxity, hitherto unknown, appeared to have crept into the system altogether, and amongst men, too, of a higher grade. We allude to the practice of getting horses backed P P., bringing them to the post, and then, without previous notice, drawing them! Unfortunately there is no express law against trickery of this description, and probably there will be none, as long as *gentlemen* condescend to it; but with what face can they cry out against such men as those to whom we have already alluded, when some of their own order are compromising themselves by conduct, which to say the least of it, is very unquestionable? Something has been done towards exposing the parties implicated in the Doncaster affair, on which subject we have already expressed our opinion at some length, and in very plain language, and we do hope, that for the protection of the public and their own honour, the Jockey Club will adopt some plan to prevent the recurrence of these systematic schemes of plunder.—*The Town.*

A FOX HUNTER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

(From the *Noctes Ninrodianæ* of the *New Sporting Magazine*.)

Editor.—As you have promised us a few anecdotes of some more of these worthies of days now gone past, let us take a cast back to old Leche; and pray give a description of his turn-out with his hounds.

Ninrod.—I fear it is beyond my powers, and chiefly so for this reason. A Critic upon Virgil says, that the chisel of the statuary, or the pencil of the painter, might have represented the person of Æneas, with the gracefulness of Apollo, when he proceeded with Dido to the hunting field; but *the golden quiver rattling as he went*, could only be shown to us by the pen. As I cannot give you the Cheshire *lingo* which imparted so rich a flavour to old Leche's dog language, the de-

scription will lose half its force. If I could use the pencil, however, I would sketch him coming to cover with his hounds, and this would be the outline. I should begin with his cheerful round face, the picture of gaiety and of mirth, and of a heart quite at ease. You should see a short but firmly put-together personage, looking as hard as his oaks, and mounted on a strong bay horse, with mealy muzzle and set up tail, by no means ill qualified for a miller's sacks, and at least equal to a third more than his weight. In his person he was extremely cleanly, nor was there aught to find fault with in his gear. A small round hat, straight-cut red coat, the queue peeping over the collar, corded smalls well strapped to the boots by a buckle which exhibited itself on the outside, a stout iron-hammer-headed whip, and a horn affixed to his saddle, gave him a sportsmanlike appearance of the old school; and he sat very snugly on his horse. Indeed, in his younger days he gave proof that he was much at his ease in the saddle, having often ridden from York to his house, one hundred miles, in a day, and once, *I think he told me*, on the same horse. As he trotted along to cover, he was generally in conversation with his hounds, usually singing out, "here, here, here—cum (come) along, hounds, cum along my good hounds," or something equally soothing and inviting.

Editor.—Was he then fond of his hounds?

Nimrod.—I don't think he was, and he only kept them for the last half score years, because he did not consider it right that Carden should be without a pack of fox-hounds in its kennel. His natural good disposition however, could not bear cruelty in any shape, and he did not like to see them flogged. "What now, Tam!" he would exclaim, if he saw his whipper-in strike one, "Can't you let him alone, *he has twice as much sense as you have.*"

PTARMIGAN.

Ptarmigan, it has been clearly ascertained, have two distinct states of plumage; in winter they are of a very light colour, which, as the season advances, becomes entirely white, with the exception of a black streak running from the bill of the male bird to the eye. They are, in our opinion, much more handsome in the early part of the season, when in possession of beautiful grey and reddish-brown feathers, both delicately barred with rusty black. "Ptarmigan," says Bewick, "pair at the same time as the red-grouse: the female lays eight or ten eggs, which are white, spotted with brown. She makes no nest, but deposits them on the ground. In winter they fly in flocks, and are so little accustomed to the sight of man that they are easily shot or taken in a snare." They are found on the tops of the highest mountains in the highlands of Scotland, and in Westmoreland, Northumberland, and Wales, though very sparingly in the latter places. In the former, however, if the sportsman have strength and perseverance enough to climb the snow-clad and almost inaccessible hills, success will frequent-

ly crown his exertions. Though by no means a shy bird, they are not, as many authors have described them, a very stupid one; the situations they inhabit rendering visits to them few and far between. May not their seeming indifference to the approach of man arise from their being unacquainted with his object? If they were persecuted as most other game birds are, we doubt not they would become equally wild. When found, however stupid they may be, they require, whether sitting on or flying among hills that have "put on their winter robe of purest white," a quick and accurate eye to distinguish them.

Ptarmigan are found in great plenty in the more northern regions of Europe, where they are usually taken with nets, snares, &c. They also abound in Hudson's Bay, and other parts of North America.

ROACH-FISHING.

ROACH FISHING—is more followed in winter than in summer. That an angler should be blessed with an infinite share of patience, that he should also be skilful, a close observer of nature, have a good eye and a steady hand, are piscatorial principles which no one, I conceive, will dispute, and in no department of the art are these qualities required in a more eminent degree, than the one of which I am about to speak. But he who wishes to succeed in this delightful sport must not only inherit all the above from nature, but he must appeal to art, and procure for himself a light and rather stiff cane rod (which should be at least fourteen feet long), and a few well-sorted gut-lines. The lines should be with hair bottoms; that is, hook links, or lines, made of horse-hair throughout, which perhaps is best on account of its having more spring than the gut, and if this latter is adopted the hair above the hook-links should be double and twisted, and the number of hairs increased gradually as the line is extended in length. Some prefer dark or black hair, others perfectly white; I have always succeeded best with sorrel next the hook, which should be short-shanked and small, say No. 12. Thus provided, on a gloomy warm day, with the wind south or south-west, hie to the river, and select a deep, steady swim or eddy, as roach (and indeed all other fish) in winter seek deep water. In selecting your swim endeavour to get one with a tolerable even bottom, free from weeds, and if possible less deep at the end than the beginning. This will be found out by your plummet. After having carefully plummed the depth adjust your float, which should be what is called a tip-capped one, either made of quills or reeds—a porcupine float being heavy in itself is not so fit for river-fishing as the two former. Your bait—paste, graves, or gentles—should just drag the bottom, the float should not be more than a quarter of an inch above the water, and the line from thence to the top of the rod to which it is fixed* about twenty inches. Ground-bait well with bran and clay, taking care to throw

* I prefer roach-fishing without a winch.

it in at the upper end of your swim, or it will in sinking go beyond and carry the fish with it down stream ; this will also occur if your ground bait is not well mixed and closely pressed together.

Roach bite sharp but not violently, and great care must be taken in striking not to break your line. Your strike should be both quick and delicate, and if your fish is of any size be not too anxious to see him ; for though the largest roach may be taken with a single hair, yet with unskilful management one of a quarter of a pound will break your line. It is necessary, therefore, to keep the top of your rod immediately above your float and the line tolerably straight, you will then be able on perceiving a bite, with a very slight effort, to hook your fish ; play him carefully in the deep water, and when exhausted, with the aid of a landing net, make him your own.

It not unfrequently occurs while angling for roach that you now and then hook a large chub, and as they become very desperate on feeling the hook it behoves you to act cautiously. After a few efforts to escape, his courage entirely fails him, when he will be an easy capture.

Roach are certainly a shy fish, but not so sheepish and stupid as they have been considered. The Father of Anglers says—"The Thames breeds the best roach ; and let me tell you the roach makes an angler excellent sport, especially the great roaches about London, where I think there be the best roach-anglers." He also says,—“You shall fish for this roach in winter, with paste or gentles ; in April, with worms or caddis ; in very hot months with little white snails, or flies under water, for he seldom takes them at top *, though dace will.”

The Thames has long been celebrated for its roach as well as the Lea : in the former, the best places are all above Richmond ; in the latter river sport may be had throughout the whole of the course, many parts of which are carefully preserved. The Mole also contains very fine roach.

SPEED OF THE GREY HOUND.

From an occurrence at Doncaster Race Course, in 1800, some persons have inferred that the speed of the greyhound is equal to that of the race-horse. A match was to have been run, but one of the horses not making his appearance, a mare, that was to have been opposed to him, started alone. For three miles she was accompanied by a greyhound bitch, which ran side by side with her, and the mare only arrived first at the winning-post by half a neck. When we consider that the mare only started to “walk over the ground,” this fact forms but a slender foundation for forming an opinion on the comparative speed of the race-horse and the greyhound ; and more so, from it being highly probable that as this happened in December, and not during the regular races, the mare was not one of the first of her class. Daniel, in the “Rural Sports,” relates “that a gentleman, to whom he

* I have frequently taken them at top with a black hackle.

had put the question, gave it as his opinion that the race-horse was superior to the greyhound on level ground, but that the greyhound had the advantage in a hilly country" a well-founded, doubtless, but not a remarkably acute, decision. There is scarcely a man-milliner's apprentice, who knew a horse from a dog, who on being asked the question would not have returned the same answer. Until a well-authenticated fact proves a greyhound to have run four miles within eight minutes, I must still retain my opinion in favour of the race-horse. To institute a comparison from the greyhound's advantage on uneven or hilly ground, is about the same as saying "a terrier can outrun a cat in the open field, but puss can show him her tail over the house-tops." With respect to the comparative speed of the greyhound and the hare, it is extremely difficult to arrive at a precise conclusion. A hare is often chased when out of condition and unable to exert her utmost speed, and is thus quickly overtaken by the greyhound; and again, a stout hare, with no very great law, will sometimes lead the best dogs in a two-mile course and escape after all. Taking into account the law allowed to the hare, and the dogs' slipping and over-running, and comparing them with the doublings of the hare, it does not seem to be an improbable conclusion, that they cover nearly equal spaces in equal times.

HABITS OF THE WOODCOCK, WOODCOCK SHOOTING, &c.

They who delight to contemplate the wonders of Nature, and "view her stores unroll'd," will find few things better deserving of their attention than the migration of birds. Who, that should look upon the delicately-formed little nightingale without having read its history, would imagine that it travels some hundreds of miles to visit our groves in the spring, and then retraces its course again upon approach of autumn? It does not wait for the chilly blast to warn it to be gone, and yet, like the stork, it "knoweth its appointed time," and leaveth us as if it would not stay till the summer's rose had faded; but to speak at any length about "lone Philomel" would be rather out of place at this period of the year,

"When the loud breakers dash against the rock,
And sober suns must set at five o'clock,"

and therefore let us look to another migratory bird, that visiteth our shores at a very different time, and sojourneth with us during the winter in order to escape the rigour of that season in its native Scandinavian forests. The woodcock, to which I allude, may be truly called our winter companion, and therefore is it a fit subject for discussion in the present month. I am well aware, however, that no one can undertake this task, especially for a work that is chiefly perused by sportsmen, without considering that there is a good chance of many of his remarks being deemed like

"A thrice told tale,
Vexin ; the dull cue of a drowsy man ;

but such, in these days of general knowledge, is the case with most subjects. Still, with experience at my elbow, I will be sanguine enough to hope that the few observations which I may offer will not be altogether worthless.

In the first instance let me say a word or two upon that complaint, which we so frequently hear and see, of the increasing scarcity of woodcocks in this country. As most men are more inclined to lay blame at other people's doors than their own, we often hear this attributed to the fact of the inhabitants of Sweden, Norway, and other northern parts of Europe, being partial to woodcock's eggs, and taking them in great abundance ; but when we examine this assertion more closely it loses much of its probability. Upon this point, however, instead of offering any theories of my own let me turn to the practical remarks of an English gentleman, who made a sporting tour through most parts of Scandinavia. "It is generally said," observes the author of *Field Sports of the North of Europe*, "that woodcocks are less plentiful in Great Britain than was the case formerly. This I have heard attributed to the Scandinavians eating the eggs of those birds. If, however, persons who entertain this opinion were to see the almost boundless northern forests, they would probably think with me that if the whole of the scanty population of that part of the world were to go out for the purpose, they would not be able to explore the hundredth part of the woods in the course of the year, and consequently they could not take or destroy any considerable number of eggs. If woodcocks are really scarcer than they were, it is doubtless in some degree attributable to the greater number of persons who are in the habit of shooting in the present day than was the case formerly." As far as the Scandinavians are concerned this leaves but little room for complaint against them. Indeed, the charge always appeared improbable, as every school-boy knows how much caution a bird, even though less shy than the woodcock, takes to build its nest in a place of safety, and the poor inhabitants of these northern regions have little leisure to search after luxuries. With respect, also, to the decrease of woodcocks in this country being, *in a degree*, attributable to the increase of sportsmen, it is, in the language of the mathematician, too plain to need demonstration ; but still I consider that there has been another cause, which has tended to the same result even in a still greater degree. Where is Sherwood-forest, within whose deep recesses that bold outlaw, Robin Hood, so long defied the laws of his country—where he and his "merry men" feasted upon venison—made the bishop dance a hornpipe—plundered the rich—and relieved the poor? We look for it in vain ; and where it stood we see "the yellow harvest wave" in luxuriance, or hear the ploughman's song. Then look to Chery Chase and the New Forest, are they not both "curtailed of their fair proportion?" Undoubtedly they are ; and so are many hundred spacious forests besides. Can we wonder then that a bird, like the woodcock, who either cannot or will not sojourn in a corn-field or a meadow, should become more

scarce? When the late Mr. Abernethy was consulted by an illustrious *bon vivant*, who complained of indigestion, the eccentric surgeon gave him this advice;—"Do as the Duke of Wellington did in Spain," said he, "stop the supplies, and the enemy will soon desert the citadel." In like manner, when the axe and the plough have done their work amid the haunts of the woodcock, he too must desert his old abode. The secluded wood was his citadel, and if that be cut down can we expect to find him where it used to stand?

Birds and animals wild by nature, as well as those that may be domesticated, are affected by the changes and progress which men may make in the cultivation of the earth. As agriculture is improved and extended, it stands to reason that such of them as chiefly feed upon its products should increase, and that others, whose food was the wild berry or the mountain heather, should decrease. Thus it is that within the last fifty years (during which agricultural improvements in Great Britain have been carried on with greater enterprise and success than they have ever been in other parts of the world or at any other time) such species of game as hares, pheasants, and partridges have become much more numerous, whilst the black cock, the common grouse, the snipe, the woodcock, and the various kinds of wild fowl may be concluded to have diminished in numbers. I know that it may be said in contradiction to this that in some places moorgame of all kinds is as plentiful as ever it was, and I acknowledge it; that is the effect of strict preservation upon particular districts; but taking the country generally I fear it must be owned that we have less than formerly. Generally speaking there is a much greater quantity of game in the country than there used to be, and the falling off in some kinds is more than atoned for by the great increase in others. If the bittern, the heron, and the mallard are no longer to be found where the marsh was, the partridge and the pheasant have supplied their place.

I ought to mention, however, that though the clearing of woods throughout the country in many parts has been carried to a great extent, in others young plantations have arisen where they were not formerly met with. I allude of course to the planting of the hill sides in mountainous parts of the country, which system, first introduced by the indefatigable industry of the Scotch, has since been imitated elsewhere. I have myself killed woodcocks in covers in North Wales where men, not very aged either, have told me that they remembered nothing but the fernbush or the bramble, and where they little thought that anything else would grow. This may not inappropriately be called an acquisition of new territories for the woodcock, and must, in some measure, make up for his losses in other parts; it is a practice, also, which is upon the increase.

When we unfold the map of Europe, and trace the vast distance, both over land and sea, that woodcocks have to travel ere they arrive upon our shores (I cannot say hospitable shores), it appears evident that casualties may happen to them upon their way; such as a sudden change of wind, which may prevent thousands from ever reaching us.

There are many instances upon record that, in their distress, they have been known to alight upon the rigging of a vessel at sea; which is what they would never do, unless in the last extremity of danger, as few birds are more desirous of keeping aloof from man, and, when on shore, nothing can compel them to seek safety upon the branch of that tree under which they may feed. The woodcock certainly appears a delicate bird, and the small blow, which will bring him down proves that he is so, and therefore it appears still more extraordinary that he should successfully endure the hardships of such a voyage. That the hardships *are* severe is clearly proved by the impoverished condition in which he frequently arrives amongst us. It seems singular, also, that a bird, which *can* make so long a flight, has a great disinclination to fly far when aroused in our covers. His first flight is generally a very short one, and it is only when shot at once or twice, or much disturbed by wild dogs, that he is apt to show the sportsman what he can do, by bidding him a long farewell.

I am now going to mention a circumstance relating to the woodcock which I have never seen mentioned in any accounts of that bird that have fallen in my way, but for the truth of which I am certain that I shall be borne out by those who have had much experience in cover-shooting. It is this:—that there are some small coppices, or certain spots in large covers, that are seldom entered without a cock being flushed. We will say that he is killed—be it so; but still the next time we go that way we find another in his place. Let him perish also, and still in another week there will be another there. In this manner I have known twelve or thirteen killed during the season in a plantation (near a house too) which was so small that I never saw it contain a couple of cocks at a time. Thus it seemed that, as soon as one denizen of the woods had been stricken from his envied and solitary haunt, another was ready to take possession of it, though a post of no slight danger; and so on in succession. I account for this fact in the following manner: though the woodcock will, if undisturbed, lie quiet all day, still as soon as the shadows of evening begin to darken around him, it is his custom to take wing and keep flying about for some time. It was during these flights that our ancestors, ere the fowling-piece had been invented, used to take him by setting nets across the glades of avenues along which he generally flies. Now I conjecture that in these peregrinations, as soon as he finds a haunt more favourable than his own, and unoccupied (for whilst here the woodcock is a solitary bird), he quietly takes possession of it.

Another curious circumstance, often observed in woodcock shooting, is the sudden manner in which a large wood, that on one day would afford good sport, becomes deserted upon the morrow. I do not mean from the setting in of a hard frost, as, of course, under those circumstances woodcocks must seek the heads of the springs, over which it has the least power, but I have frequently known these hasty changes of ground take place in open weather. They generally happened, however, in stormy weather, and in covers of a lofty elevation—such as

those upon the side of a hill. In that case the cocks will either seek the lower woods, or shift their quarters to the other side of the hill, should it be wooded all round, and in this manner procure shelter from the tempest, which it appears they do not like. Should there be no wood on the other side of this hill, they will generally seek out another abode though at some distance off. In Merionethshire, where these large mountain covers (if I may so call them) are very common, it has been no unusual thing for me not to flush a couple of cocks in one of them where a few days before I had left eight or ten. In this part of the country we often see two of these large covers on the opposite sides of a narrow valley or morass, and thus, upon sudden changes in the weather, the woodcocks emigrate from one to the other. At first this used to puzzle me in my sporting excursions, but latterly, having acquired a little more practical knowledge, after beating only a part of one cover without success, I used to cross over at once to the other—perchance getting a shot at a widgeon or a partridge on my way, as the valley happened to be marshy or well drained.

Regarding the so-often mooted question as to weather starters, or setter with bells round their necks, are best for woodcock shooting, I shall treat it very lightly, as all who know anything about that kind of sport would do. If a man starts to beat over a country that is mostly open, but studded here and there with a small cover, let him uncouple his setters; but shooting over such ground cannot be called woodcock shooting, as he will be almost certain to find more game of other descriptions. But he who really means to bend his way over a district so wooded that the woodcock is likely to be met with more frequently than anything else throughout the day—in a word, who *does* go woodcock shooting, must look to his starters chiefly for sport. Setters with bells round their necks, indeed! I should like to place one of the advocates of such a system by the side of some one of our large Welsh covers, and tell him to beat it; he would then soon find the futility of such a theory. In fact, not only is it necessary, upon such occasions, to have a good brisk starter that will face anything, but it is sometimes even better to have one that runs rather wild. Some of my readers, unaccustomed to woodcock shooting in the wilder parts of Great Britain, may smile at this, but, paradoxical as it may appear to them, I maintain that it is true. A spaniel taught, as they generally are by English keepers, not to roam more than twenty, or at most thirty, yards from their master, would not be the thing to beat woods with, that are in some parts so thickly studded with brambles and underwood that it is almost impossible for the sportsman to make his way through them. All starters should be of course obedient to call, but, under such circumstances, it is best to have those that will beat the ground far or near. It may be said, perhaps, that the sportsman ought not to mind such difficulties, but to make his way through, *vi et armis*, along with his dogs; the answer is a plain one—if the difficulties should not be heeded, the delay of such a plan must.

For my own part, if I were certain of killing more woodcocks with setters than starters I would still prefer the latter. To beat cover with

the former is about the duller kind of shooting; we are continually listening for the dogs, creeping up to them, or losing them; whereas with starters it is a lively and exhilarating scene. We then boldly out, beating the cover in much less time, and much more perfectly, and if a bird is now and then flushed out of distance we may surely find it again.

ON THE USEFULNESS OF PUGILISM.

Of late years, it has been so much the *cant* of the puritanical part of society to run down the SPORTS and AMUSEMENTS of the people of England; and also, if possible, not only to reduce them in their manly spirit and character but to change their good old habits and feelings into a *strait-haired* race of impostors and hypocrites. Perish the thought! We hope, nay we feel assured, that we shall never see the arrival of that day, when the TRUE COURAGE of Britons will be *frittered* down into mere *dandyism*, so conspicuous to "resent an injury," or "to forgive an insult" and which have rendered the British flag triumphant, both in our fleets and armies, all over the world.

The following opinion of that enlightened senator the late Right Hon. W. Windham, who so animatedly delivered his sentiments in parliament in favor of the sports and amusements of the people of England, is a complete answer to all the *cant* and humbug in opposition to it: "True courage," said Mr. Windham, "does not arise from mere *boxing* from the mere *beating* or being *beaten*, but from the SENTIMENTS excited by the contemplation and cultivation of such practices." In support of which doctrines may be added, the undaunted and persevering traits of a SHAW (the life-guardsmen and pugilistic champion) at the memorable epoch in the history of nations, the great battle at Waterloo, so pointedly described by that illustrious poet, Anacreon Moore:—

"Oh, shade of the cheesemonger! you who, alas!
Doubled up by the dozen those Mounscers in brass,
On that great day of *muling* when blood lay in lakes,
When *KINGS* held the bottle, and EUROPE the stakes!"

Hear too what Riley says on the subject in his delightful Hincrary:—

"I was preparing to say 'Good night,' after handing the young lady down stairs at the Opera House, when her brother, with the pleasant freedom of an old acquaintance, pressed me to take a sandwich in St. James' Street, and as his sentiments, as far as they had been communicated, agreed with mine, I accepted his invitation with the same frankness with which it was made. The female between us, we proceeded along Pall Mall; and turning up St. James's Street, two men, apparently in a state of intoxication, reeled out of an entry, and attempted to seize hold of the lady, who at that moment was unguarded on the right hand, her brother being a few paces in the rear. The street, as far as we could distinguish, was unoccupied, not even the voice of a watchman interrupted the solemn si-

lence ; but the moon shone with resplendent lustre, and my new friend alarmed by his sister's screams, with the swiftness of a feathered Mercury, flew along the pavement, and with one blow, laid the foremost of our assailants in the kennel. I was the more surprised at this, because his stature did not exceed five feet, and from the view I had of him, I was not prepared for uncommon strength. Our enemies were seemingly tall, raw-boned coal heavers, and though one of them was for the moment rendered incapable, our case appeared so desperate, that to the lady's cries, I added a call for the watch ; but my companion nothing daunted, bade me take care of his sister, and fear nothing : ' for,' continued he, ' if I cannot manage such rascals as these, I deserve to be d—d.' The second ruffian, seeing his fellow on the ground resumed his sobriety, and aimed a blow at me, but in so clumsy a manner, that I not only avoided it, but preserved my fair charge from harm ; on which our little champion rushed forward, received the blow on the point of his elbow, and returned another in the pit of the stomach, which so staggered the wretch, that he reeled several paces, and finally tumbled headlong into an area, at least three yards deep. What I have employed so many words in relating was the work of a moment. Having taught his foes to bite the ground, our skilful champion seized hold of his sister's disengaged arm, and not suffering the grass to grow under our feet, we arrived in safety at his house.

" This anecdote will, I think, establish the USEFULNESS OF PUGILISM : had my friend been as *little knowing* in the *science* as his adversaries, *very dreadful might have been the consequence*, because, might in that case would have overcome right, unless the fellows would have had patience to wait till he ran home for his sword ; and then, indeed, he might have *killed* them in a *gentleman like* manner.

" Every thing has its uses and its abuses. But though this be granted, shall we neglect the use, because it may possibly bring the abuse along with it ! I have heard declaimers against the science of bruising say, ' that a knowledge of SELF-DEFENCE makes people quarrelsome.' If I may speak, from very limited experience, I think the contrary. I was well acquainted with PERRINS, and never in my life saw a more harmless, quiet, inoffensive being. I have the pleasure of knowing GULLEY.—Yes, reader—the pleasure ! I would rather know him than many *Sir Billys* and *Sir Dillys* and he is neither quarrelsome, turbulent, nor overbearing. •

" One evening I accompanied honest JACK EMERY to a tavern in Carey-street, kept by JOHN GULLEY. As we passed along, Emery said ' You conceive I dare say, Romney, that I am going to introduce you into a society of rogues and pick pockets, and if you can compound for the loss of your purse and handkerchief it will be a lucky escape ; but rest assured you are mistaken—Gulley's house is, of course open to all descriptions, but the majority of his customers are people of reputation and respectability.' •

" This account, I confess, was some relief to my mind, where a considerable degree of prejudice existed against prize-fighters, and the

houses they frequent. Gulley was unfortunately from home, but CRIB the Champion of England, was officiating as his *locum-tenens* and handing about pots of porter and grog with persevering industry. Mrs GULLEY, a neat little woman, civil and attentive, superintended the business of the bar ; where, through Emery's interest, for I found he was in high favor, we obtained leave to sit. CRIB uncorked and decanted, but could not give us his company (which to me, as a novice in such scenes, would have been a treat) owing to the business of the house which he seemed to pursue much to its master's interest. CRIB, who had obtained popularity by his prowess, was originally a coal-heaver, and has several brothers in the same employment : he is sturdy and stout built, about five and twenty, stands five feet eight inches, clumsy in appearance, rather hard featured, with a profile no unlike Cooke the tragedian. He is, I believe, a good-natured, quiet fellow, and after we had detained him a few minutes in conversation, " Well," said Emery, " what do you think of the greatest man in his way, or perhaps any other can boast ? for GULLEY has altogether declined the business.

" ' Why to speak the truth, notwithstanding your caution, I expected, in a house kept and frequented by boxers, to have seen nothing but blackguards, and to have heard nothing but blasphemy : but I am so pleasingly deceived, and so comfortably situated, that I believe this will not be the last visit I shall pay Mrs. GULLEY.' "—*Riley's Itinerant*.

THE OTTER.

It is well known that he is now become, in Great Britain very scarce, so much so, indeed, that one is rarely met with, and scarcely any establishment for hunting him at present exists in England. The otter may be followed occasionally with harriers, but the otter hound, of which mention is made in several old publications on the subject of field-sports, is no where to be met with. Yet though these antiquated tomes speak at some length on the subject of otter hunting, they are, nevertheless, silent as to the peculiar characteristics of the dogs in question : hence, we might reasonably conclude that, at a period not very remote, these hounds were very well known, though the mode of producing them now appears to be wrapped in the scarf of oblivion. Though the chase of the otter is not likely to become prevalent in England, yet information relative to field-sports must always be interesting to the true sportsman ; and, perhaps, some one among the number of your numerous and intelligent readers may be induced to favor us with a description of the dog formerly used for this purpose. The following is an account of the mode of catching sea-otters on the north-east coast of America.

In the first place, it may not be amiss to observe that the Russians have, for some years, carried on a very considerable trade in furs

procured from that coast, which principally consist of the skins of the sea-otter. For taking these animals, the Russians retain in their service many of the native inhabitants of the coast just mentioned, a number of whom proceed together in separate *bidarkas*;* and, as any of the party perceives an otter, he throws his arrow (or small harpoon) at it, and pulls to the place where it plunges. He here stations his boat, and then lifts up his oar. The rest of the hunters, on observing the signal, form a circle round it and, the moment the animal shows its head above water, he that is nearest throws his arrow, and then hastens to the spot where the otter again disappeared; while the hunter, by raising his oar, again exhibits the signal for a second circle to form. In this manner the chase continues, till the animal exhausted by fatigue, as well as loss of blood which incessantly flows from repeated wounds, is, at length, taken. If at the commencement of the chase the prey happens to receive a serious wound, he is quickly captured; but it sometimes occurs, that twenty *bidarkas* are employed half a day in taking a single otter. This animal will sometimes tear the arrow from its body with its teeth, for the purpose of effecting its escape, which, however, seldom happens, and is almost impossible, as the *Cadiack* people exercised from childhood to this species of the chase are not only very expert at it, but are able to ascertain the course of the otter under water. In fine weather this is known by the bubbles which appear on the surface: while, in rough weather, the otter always directs his course against the wind.

When a female otter happens to be attacked, in company with her young one, the mother immediately clasps the young one with her fore feet, and plunges beneath the surface. However, as the cub is not able to remain long under water, she is under the necessity of rising again very soon, and of thus exposing herself to the darts of her pursuers. It sometimes happens, that the hunters come upon the female by surprise, and separate her from her young one, in which case the cub is sure to be taken immediately; but the mother no sooner hears its cries than she swims to the very *bidarka* from which they proceed and, regardless of all danger, shares the fate of her little complaining captive. If the female has two cubs which is sometimes the case, she will destroy one herself, in order that she may be able to devote her whole attention to the protection of the other.

When a sea-otter is killed, the hunters express their triumph by a general shout.

The first plunge, or dive, of that animal exceeds a quarter of an hour; the second is of shorter duration, the third still shorter; and thus the intervals gradually diminish till, at last, it can plunge no more. These creatures sometimes swim on their sides, at other times on their backs or in an upright position. When attacked they make no resistance but endeavour to save themselves by flight: where however, they see no means of escape, they will scold and grin like an angry cat. On re-

* A kind of small boat peculiar to that part of the world.

ceiving a blow from a club, they return on their side, draw up their hind legs, cover their eyes with their fore-paws, and thus seem to prepare themselves for death.

The sea-otter is much larger than the common otter. It is about four feet in length, of which the tail occupies about thirteen inches ; and the largest weigh from seventy to eighty pounds.

THE SPORTS, PASTIMES, AND HABITS OF OUR FORE-FATHERS CONTRASTED WITH MODERN MANNERS.

In an account of London, written about 1174 (Richard Cœur de Lion), we have a description of the impenetrable forests (the present Mary-le-bone) to the north of London, and of " a pleasant place called Synthefields, without one of the cite gates and even in the very suburbs. Here there is a celebrated rendezvous of fine horses to be sold. Thither come earls, barons, knights, and a swarm of citizens. 'Tis a pleasing sight to behold the ambling nags so smoothly moving by raising and putting down alternately the two side feet together." From this it is evident that our ancestors broke in their horses to that unnatural pacing now witnessed only in America. We find that in former times great complaints were made that the dealers in Smithfield, among other tricks, contrived to make the horses swallow live eels or snakes, their action in the belly of the horses making them appear lively and frisky. The horse-races in Smithfield are then described (1174). But " on Shrove Tuesday the boys of all the schools (of London) bring to their masters each one his fighting-cock, and they are indulged all the morning with seeing their cocks fight in the school room. After this all the boys go into the Smithfield or Moorfield, in the suburbs, and address themselves to the famous game of foot-ball. The scholars of each school have their peculiar ball, and the particular trades have most of them theirs. The elders of the city, and the fathers, and the rich and wealthy, do come on horseback to see the exercise of the youth. Every Sunday in Lent a nobler train of young men take the field after dinner, well mounted. The lay sons of the citizens rush out of the gates in shoals, armed with lances and shields ; the younger sort with javelins pointed, but disarmed of their steels : they ape the feats of war, and act the sham fight. If the king happens to be near the city, many courtiers honor them with their presence, together with the juvenile parts of the household of the earls, barons, and bishops. At Easter the diversion is on the water. A target is strongly fastened to a mast fixed in the middle of the river ; and a youngster, standing upright in the stern of a boat made to move as strong as the oars and current can carry it, is to strike the target with his lance ; and if, in hitting it, he break his lance, and keep his place in the boat, he gains his point ; but if it happen that the lance is not shivered by the force of the blow, he is, of course, tumbled into the water, and away goes his vessel without him. However, a couple

of boats, full of young men, are placed on each side of the target, ready to pick him up the moment he comes to the surface. The bridge and the balconies on the banks are filled with spectators, whose business it is to laugh. On holidays the pastime of the youth is to exercise themselves in archery, running, leaping, wrestling, casting of stones, flinging to certain distances, and, lastly, with bucklers. The maidens, as soon as the moon rises, dance to the guitar. In the winter holidays the youth are entertained with boars fighting to the last gasp, and likewise with hogs, full tasked, or game bulls, and bears of large bulk are baited with dogs. And when that vast lake which waters London to the north, Fensbury (Finsbury), is hard frozen, great numbers go to divert themselves on the ice. Some will make a large cake of ice, and seating one of their companions upon it, they take hold of one another's hands, and draw him along : sometimes they do all fall down headlong. Others place the leg-bones of animals under their feet, by tying them round their ancles, and then taking a pole shod with iron into their hands they push themselves forward, and are carried with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow. Sometimes two of them start opposite to each other at a great distance. They meet, elevate their poles, attack and strike each other when one or both of them fall : and even after their fall they shall be carried a good distance from each other by the rapidity of the motion. Many of the citizens take great delight in fowling with merlins, haw's, and such like : and likewise in hunting, and they have a right and privilege of hunting in Middlesex, Hertfordshire and all the Chiltern country, and in Kent as far as the river Cray." Such were the sports of our stout ancestors in London, in the days of Cœur de Lion, nearly seven hundred years ago. Our ancestors, however, were a sad set of savages : for shortly after, we find a mob rushing into the tower, and dragging out the archbishop of Canterbury, and murdering him in Tower Hill. "There lay his body unburied all that Friday, and the morrow till afternoon, none daring to deliver his body to the sepulture. His head these wicked tooke, and nayling thereon his hood they hix it on a pole, and set it on London bridge." So poor also were our ancestors, about this period, that we find Henry III, commanding the sheriffs to pay him fourpence a day for the keep of a Norway bear which he had received as a present ; "and he also commanded them to provide a muzzle for the said bear, and an iron chain to hold him out of the water, and likewise a long and stout cord to hold him whilst fishing in the river Thames. Two years after he ordered the sheriffs to erect a house forty feet long by twenty feet wide for the reception of an elephant which had been sent to him by Lewis, king of France." Of this huge beast, the first seen in England, great complaints were made by our simple ancestors, the sheriffs representing that "verily this monstrous beast from Ind does consume marvelously the provisions, eating up the substance of many worshipful gentlemen, and it does sorely distress his majesty's loyal servants. We do humbly wish we were well rid of it, so please providence, and be it his majesty's pleasure." The bear supported itself by fishing in the Thames, which,

at that period, was redundant of large fish and particularly of salmon. The practice of "carting" in the city of which so much has recently been said, we trace to the year 1383, the seventh of Richard II. "The citizens of London first imprisoned such women as were taken in fornication or adultery, in the Tunn prison, in Cornhill, and after caused them to be brought forth in the sight of the world. They caused their heads to be shaven after the manner of thieves, and so to be led about the city, with trumpets and pipes sounding before them, that their persons might be more largely known. Neither did they spare the men." In November, 1552 [Elizabeth], we find, by the records of the Court of Aldermen, "It was this day orderyd and agryed that sir Thomas Sowdeley, who did not deny, but playnly confess, this day, in full Corte, that he hadde kept, and viciously and carnally used, an harlot in his house a long tyme, namynge her to be his wyfe, shall to-morrow be carried about the cite in a carte, with a ray hode on his head, a whyte rode in his hande, and basounes and pannes ringinge before hym, according to the laur and anciente customs of this gode cytie, in such case made, provyded, and used." So strong was the antipathy against acting, as to women, that, in 1632, Prymme denounced all female actors, under the words, "women actors notorious w—es." But shortly after the queen acted in a private Pastoral, and the passage being thought applicable to her majesty, the author was severely punished. But while these "cartings" were practised for sexual guilt, ladies and gentlemen deemed it no great disgrace to be drunk. James I. gave a most splendid entertainment to Christian IV. of Denmark, his wife's brother. Sir J. Harrington says, "we had women, and wine too, of such plenty as would have astonished a sober beholder. Our toasts were magnificent, and our two royal guests did most lovingly embrace each other at table. I think the Dane has wrought on our good English nobles, for they do wallow in beastly delight. The ladies do abandon their sobriety, and do roll about in intoxication. A great feast was held, and after dinner was represented the queen of Sheba. The lady (Salisbury) who did play the queen did carry most precious gifts to both their majesties, but overset her caskets into his Danish majesty's lap, and fell in his face. Much was the confusion, but napkins were at hand to make all clean. His majesty then got up, and would dance with the queen of Sheba; but he fell down, and was carried to an inner chamber, and laid on a bed of state, which was not a little defiled. The show went forward, and most of the presenters went backward, or fell down, wine did so occupy their upper chambers." Such was a court entertainment of those days; and the king and queen rolling on the floor tipsy was no uncommon sight. Of the two most remarkable duels in our chronicles, that of Branden, duke of Suffolk, and the German Champion, and that of Jeffery Hudson with the brother of lord Crofts, are the most conspicuous. Branden was "the most courteous knight—tall, muscular, active, of portly carriage, marvellouslie skilful at all weapons, and brave of heart." This English champion had beaten almost all the knights of Europe, and, at last, challenged the flower of German chivalry. Here a most unfair trick was played upon him; for,

when he went into the list, his opponent had substituted a hired champion, a giant, almost the largest that has ever appeared in Europe. The English duke, however, bravely engaged him; and, after a very long and doubtful conflict, cleft his head, and left him on the lists, to the great triumph of Henry (VIII.), and to the sore disgrace of the German princes. Jeffery Hudson's father "kept the baiting bulls for the duke of Buckingham, and was a proper man, broad shouldered and chested. He was of lusty stature, as well as all his children, except Jeffery." We do not mean to asperse the character of Mrs. Hudson; but, amidst his lusty brothers, Jeffery, "when seven years of age, was scarcely eighteen inches in height, yet without any deformity, and wholly proportionable. Shortly after, he was served up in a cold pie to Charles I., and his consort, Henrietta Maria. At a masque the king's gigantic porter drew him out of his pocket, to the surprise of all beholders. 'This favor of royalty' made that he did not know himself and would not know his father. In the civil wars Jeffery became a captain of horse, and accompanied the queen to France. In that country he had the misfortune to engage in a dispute with Mr. Crofts, who, accounted him an object, not of his anger, but contempt, accepted the challenge to fight a duel; yet, coming armed only with a squint, the little creature was so enraged that a real duel ensued, and the appointment being on horseback, with pistols, Jeffery, with his first fire, shot his antagonist dead.' He died in 1632, aged 63, and only three feet nine inches high; but he grew greatly after his duel. London bridge was often the scene of desperate duels. In the reign of Richard II. we find that "a grand passage of arms took place on London bridge between David Lindsey, earl of Crawford, a Scotch knight, and Lord John de Wells, of England. At the third course with spears lord Wells was borne out of his saddle. The challenge had been given by lord Wells, in Scotland, and a safe conduct was thrice renewed for Lindsey and his retinue, including twelve other knights, by Richard himself." We do not find that the Irish knights were famous in duels, but we have frequent mention that their common soldiers were of immense stature, and threw the spear with such a force that it often passed through the body of a foe, notwithstanding the best armour. We may, perhaps, be allowed to digress to two modern duellists of a neighbouring kingdom. About the period of the revolution, captain, afterwards marshal Junot, was the terror of Paris as a duellist. He was the best broad-swordsman in Europe, and had killed all whom he had fought with, and which were not a few. At length he quarrelled with a young man, who, in spite of his fame, and the dissuasion of his friends, resolved to meet him. They accordingly met, and Junot received a desperate wound in the abdomen. His antagonist proved to be marshal Lannes, whose courage at the head of the grenadier regiments was afterwards so celebrated.

HUNTING THE BEAR.

After resting for about half an hour (says Mr. Lloyd, in his *Field Sports of the North of Europe*), we again resumed the search for the bears, which we continued until near three o'clock, and until it was beginning to get dusk. At this time I was to the right of the line, which was proceeding in a westerly direction; when in the distance to the northward, and in a part of the forest we had not yet beaten, I heard my old dog, Pajjas, giving tongue; this he did in such a manner that I had more than a suspicion he had found what we had so long been in search of. I now lost not a moment, but, leaving the people, ran as fast as the broken nature of the ground would permit, towards the spot where the dog was challenging, which might be at one hundred and fifty or two hundred paces distance. This was in a rather thick part of the forest, and in a clump of pines, around the foot of which, though at some paces distant—for he probably remembered the rough treatment he had received upon a former occasion—Pajjas still kept furiously baying. Though the dog had found the bears, I did not, at the first moment, observe the entrance to their den, which was an excavation in the face of a little rising, situated between, and partly formed by the roots of the surrounding trees. But on discovering it, I at once sprung on to the top of the hillock; and, though at that time immediately over the den, the bears still remained quiet. On my hallooing, they felt so little inclination to leave their quarters, that the old bear simply contented herself with partially projecting her snout. At this, from its being the only point exposed to my view, I levelled my rifle, which was then pointed in a perpendicular direction. On reflection, however, I refrained from firing, as I considered that, though I might have smashed the fore part of her head to pieces, there was little chance of my killing her outright. Instead, therefore, of firing whilst in that situation, I stepped (and it certainly was not “the most prudent step” a man ever took), with my left foot in advance, directly over her, to the opposite side of the hole, when, wheeling about on the instant, and having then a full view of her head, from which the muzzle of my gun was hardly two feet distant, and my left foot still less, for it was partially in the entrance to the den itself, I sent a bullet through her skull. I now called loudly to the people, none of whom, nor even the other dogs, which had been questioning to some birds in another part of the forest, had as yet come up—for I was rather apprehensive the cubs might attempt to make their escape. To prevent this I stood for a while over the den, in readiness to give them a warm reception with the butt-end of my rifle. But three or four minutes elapsed before Jan Finne, who was to the left of our line, Evensson, and the peasants, made their appearance: for, strange to say, though Pajjas had been in Jan Finne's possession for several years, he either did not recognise his challenge, or he had not a suspicion it was to the bears; and in consequence neither he nor the people moved from where I had left them, until they heard my shot. My apprehensions

as to the cubs attempting to escape were, however, groundless, for they still continued quiet; at first, indeed, we could see nothing of them, for the old bear, as is usual with those animals when they have young, was lying in the front of the den, and we therefore almost began to think we had hit upon a bear distinct from those of which we were in search. But on the people introducing a stake, and moving the old bear a little to the side, one of the cubs, and subsequently a second and a third, exhibited themselves, all of which I despatched either with my own or with Jan Finne's rifle. The work of death being at length completed, we drew the bears out of their den. This was, however, of such small dimensions, that it was the admiration of us all how they could have stowed themselves away in it. Bears usually prepare their winter quarters during the autumnal months, and sometimes previously to taking possession of them; but the animals of which I am now speaking, having been disturbed from their original lair at a time when the ground was hard frozen, and when it was, of course, much more difficult to imbed themselves in the earth, probably accounted for the small size of the excavation in which we found them. The old bear had attained her full growth; the cubs were nearly a year old, and of about the size of large dogs. The whole of them were in tolerably good condition.

FOX HOUNDS—SCENT.

As I was going to say. I came into the world a few years too late for the drag—that is, finding almost all foxes by dragging on them from their prowl to their kennel; for when I commenced fox-hunter ten o'clock was become the hour of meeting with most hounds in England, when the drag becomes a very uncertain business, if not, indeed, a hopeless case. Nevertheless, it has often been my good fortune to see a fox found by the drag at the vulgar hour of five or six in the morning, and I do not hesitate saying it is one of the finest features in this noble sport. In the first place, it is the surest test of nose—a point, I think, too often overlooked, or rather not *sufficiently* regarded and now and then sacrificed to other minor considerations. I form my opinion here on this ground—is it not always the case, that in every pack there are a few hounds, and *only a few*, which distinguish themselves greatly beyond their fellows in hitting off a very cold scent? The fact is, there are such a multiplicity of hounds now bred, that the hope of having them all good hunters is a vain one, and doubtless there are many useless hounds in every pack, which at any part of the day would be quite as well at home. Rely on it, likewise, that according to the number of hounds now taken into the field, the number of foxes killed is much smaller in proportion than it used to be in former times. There cannot be a doubt but that when fox-hunting began every hound was a hunter—true to his line as the needle to the pole; and although it might have taken a long time to get hold of Mr. Reynard, he only now and then escaped.

SILVER HORSE SHOES.

It is mentioned by Beckman that when the Marquis of Tuscany, one of the richest princes of his time, went to meet Beatrix, his bride, about the year 1038, his whole train were so magnificently decorated, that his horses were shod, not with iron, but with silver. The nails even were of the same metal; and when any of them dropped out they belonged to those who found them. It is well known that an ambassador from England to France once indulged in a similar extravagance, to exhibit his opulence and generosity; having had his horse shod with silver shoes, so slightly attached, that, by purposely curvetting the animal, they were shaken off, and allowed to be picked up by the populace.

CURIOUS COURSING ANECDOTE.

A good deal has been said of the sagacity of the dog, and his natural fondness for the sport to which he has been trained; the following circumstance will go a good way to prove that the horse also rejoiceth in the chase, even when urged by spur—undirected by rein.—A party of gentlemen were recently enjoying the sport of coursing over a preserve of the Earl of Pembroke's, near Welton Abbey, Wilts, when towards the conclusion of a *killing-day*, one of them dismounted to beat a small gorse-patch (generally considered safe to hold a hare), giving his horse to a boy to restrain in the meanwhile. Mr. S. was not disappointed: puss soon broke, and a jolly "halloo" followed, and away went madam, with the "long dogs" at her scent, and the field in as good order as their nags would let them; away, too, bolted our beater's nag; for no sooner did the generous animal hear the "well-remembered, long prolonged" shout, than he broke from the puny grip that but two faintly held him, and galloped, wild and ardent as the steed of Mazeppa, or as that now old, but ever-famous horse, Euphrates (well does the writer remember seeing him, when a colt, come starting up the hill just previous to the run-in on the Salisbury Racecourse), in the consciousness of irrestrainable might. Instead, however, of breaking without order over the field, Mr. S.'s horse, to the astonishment of all, followed the track of the run, doubling, as well as a larger animal could be imagined to do, with the greyhounds, without running over them, and stopping only (being first in from a *saddle* only being up) at the death! The generous animal then permitted itself to be captured, and was restored to its master snorting delight. About twelve years since we saw a similar proof of sagacity in a coursing nag, which we in part accounted for from the mare having been exercised constantly with the brace of greyhounds he followed, and taught by a clever groom to stop as they stopped, and invariably at the loss or the kill.

THE TARRA HOG HUNT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR—Some fine day, you may find time to give your readers notice that there has lately been established in this country a Hunt, which is likely to become, in due time, the Melton of the East. The Hunt is named after the place, where it was first got up, and which is perhaps, the best Hog-hunting ground yet known to the members. The following is a sketch of the Hunt, as it stands at present:

Tarra Hog-hunt, established, 8th March, 1833, by six sporting men, from Mymensing, Paroodpore, and Jumalpoore “*Tria juncta in uno!*”

Then follow the rules for entrance, and election, which can be known on application to the Secretary, but it may be as well to state, that the qualification consists in having been in at the death of at least ten boars, and having taken five first spears. The rules applicable to future parties are these:—

At every regular meeting, each member shall pay a chiqueen towards contingent expenses, presents to the mahouts, &c.

Any member *willfully* spearing a sow, to forfeit a gold mohur to go to the fund.

Any member shooting a hog, with intent to kill, (except where the preservation of life demands it,) shall be expelled, this being deemed a most unpardonable, and unsportsman-like offence.

Agreed that the members of the Hunt do meet, with bold horses, sharp spears, and light hearts, as often as may be practicable.

The Hunt at present consists of seven members, and I hope to be able to keep you informed in time to come, of its progress, and proceedings; in the mean time, I give you a few items regarding our first meeting. The first day was a blank, which we all look upon, as a particularly good omen, notwithstanding, that at least a dozen Pigs ought to have been floored, to keep pace with the high expectations of those who talked much of what they would do, over their cups, the evening before. Hogs there were in abundance, but we had got into ground, where I really believe, pigs alone could manage to run, so full was it of sharp stubs, and other abominations. The consequence was, we came home with four lame horses, which seemed to have a desperate effect upon the digestion of the party; for the solids, which loaded the breakfast table, melted away like so many jellies in a hot day; next morning we moved to better ground, and had the satisfaction of making six grunTERS bite the ground. The boars were most of them small; but ran like devils; they all gave fair sport, but the best boar killed this day, was clove to death by that keen sportsman, Mr. H——y—from Jumalpoore. It was a very pretty scurry, that same service. Up got three slapping pigs together, in the middle of a fine plain,

and away we went as fast as we could split after them. C—p, and D—n—r bore away to the right, after a brace of them, but on coming up with them, found that they were both sows, so they turned off to see the fun with H—y and S—w, who had brought a slaying boar to a stand-still. I could not help laughing when I came up. The boar was grinding away at his tusks, evidently resolved to defend himself well. H—y had caught the rascally pig in a fine charge which came from some fifteen or 20 yards off; and S—w finding his pony would not go up, had got off, and began to pitch it into him with the lead end of his spear by way of inducing him to make a nearer approach to the grunter, but it did not have the desired effect. I observed that the pony continued to eye the boar with a look of most determined dislike, and would by no means consent to cultivate a close intimacy with the gentleman in black. Others, however, had not been idle; and after showing game to the last, the grunter went down. This being a good finish, we all voted for the tents, so off we went. The day was spent in looking after our horses, touching up our spears, &c. and after a snug jovial dinner, that first-rate sportsman, Mr. Y—gh—d, whose good temper is only exceeded by his good voice, was called upon to give us a song, whereupon he commenced a most sentimental ditty, beginning, if I recollect, "When I was first a prentice." Mr. Y—gh—d was loudly applauded, and so much overcome by his sensations on the occasion, that it was deemed proper to insist upon his favouring us with "She's all my fancy painted her," which is generally allowed to be his best song.

Next day we beat a fine *thoro* jungle, close to the tents, and as S—w had found his pony so shy, and was not provided with another horse, he volunteered to keep the elephants in line, and drive out the Hogs, giving them now and then a few small shot in their rumps by way of making them lively. He had not been above ten minutes on the look out, when the Tally ho! was given, and on went several pigs, to the north, taking across a piece of open sand towards a thick jungle, about half a mile off. H—y who was on that side went after them, and presently turned a rascally pig, and was very intent upon giving him a taste of the cold steel, when the brute took slap down the bank of a dry river course. H—y followed, but the bank being somewhat steep, and the sand soft, down they came, horse and man, head over heels, and on getting up again, had the satisfaction of seeing the hog just going into the jungle, from which he had first started. S—w kept rattling them up in the great jungle, and the swine evidently began to find it disagreeable, for as we neared the end of it several of them bolted, and made to the right, first through a ravine and then over beautiful ploughed fields towards the villages. C—n—G—n—t and H—y were on that side, and floored w or three. It was really a fine sight to see them getting into the jungle, as they broke from the jungle, keeping their horses steadily on. They had topped the ravine, and then catching the grunters as they were turned too speedily on the high kill.

ground, and doubled back again, of course gaining immensely on the riders, as they almost threw themselves down the ravine again. In this way I observed two rattling boars fairly beat their pursuers; one was followed by H—y and G—rr—t, who certainly ought to have floored him. They got up with the boar, quite spent, about the middle of the ravine; and although the ground was certainly somewhat uneven, they each of them had several chances at him, but would not touch him. The other was followed by G—rr—t and C—p and a fine slapping fellow he was;—he was regularly blown in crossing the ravine; however he managed to get into the jungle without a scratch. A boar much of the same cut, came out about ten minutes after, in company with some others, and took away to the other side of the jungle. H—y, D—b—r and C—p went after them full tilt, but as it is often necessary to ride a pig a long way before you can tell whether it be a boar or a sow, C—p and D—b—r held after one, while H—y, who had started first stuck to another; the former turned out to be a sow, so all three held after the latter, which was a very large blue boar. H—y turned him first, and having got his horse in hand again, was coming down upon him behind while D—b—r was all ready to receive him in front, should he charge. Just as they believed, however, that they fairly had him, and had already raised the well poised spears, he vanished like a ghost, and on going forward a step or two, it was found that he had gone down the bank of one of the beds of the river, (the Burumpootre) and taken to the water. H—y was keen to follow, but D—b—r said he had in other days had more than enough of that sort of thing, and C—p did not seem to relish it either. However, H—y was resolved to buy his experience, so he forced his horse down the first easy place he could get and took to the water. The very first plunge, horse and man disappeared, and I was riding up to his aid, when first out came the horse and treated himself to a gallop across the plain; and presently after, out crept my friend H—y, somewhat like a drowned rat. Seeing him all safe, I rode back to the party, and ordered another horse to be sent to him and then made the best of my way home. I believe one or two hogs were killed after I left, but nothing of note occurred. It was much regretted by all that day, that Mr. Y—gh—d would not take his place in the field; his celebrated horse *No-catch* was not in time to come to the scratch, and so, what could his blood-loving master do? Indeed it was some time before *No-catch* was able to carry my friend again, for on probing the wound in the foot of which he was lame, the probe was always found to come in contact with some hard substance, (supposed to be a shot,) which was regularly touched up every day, for some time, till the said substance having at length been discovered to be either a bone or a cartilage, it was deemed proper to leave the probing alone, when of course the lameness went. The party broke up the day I left it, and although in three days not above a dozen pigs had been killed, yet there were lots of eating, drinking, and laughing, and a full resolution to meet again quampumini. Since then, there has been talk of coats with appropri-

ate buttons,—and what not: and an addition to our number by the election of Mr. G——— a worthy son of *Æsculapius*, who promises to be a rare pig-sticker, having in by-gone days, somewhat distinguished himself with the *Calcutta Herald*, and I have not entered into many particulars at present, as I wish first to see what reception you give your new correspondent. I have yet in store a whole budget of hair-breadth escapes and accidents, by noon, and field, in former days, *nam, per, per, magna fui*, and which shall be next at your service. I have only to stipulate, that you be not over particular as to the style, for I have too much to do to study what I write. And so, Mr. Editor, I'll bring this letter to a close, with a Hog-Hunting Song, which is hereby dedicated to the members of the Tarra Hunt, by their brother spear

ROBIN HOOD.

1.

The morning dawns, whose cheerful ray,
Awakes the jovial hunter;
With horse and spear, we hie away,
To rouse the savage grunter!

Chorus.

Then let's away, our trusty spears,
Full oft on wild hog tried,
Shall once again, upon the plain
In swinish gore be dyed!

2.

The elephants the jungle beat,
The boar springs from his wallow;
And driven from his sheltered seat
He boldly tries the fallow!

3.

Away, away, no thought of fear,
The boar is now before ye;
We near him now, with pointed spear,
Prepare for death and glory!

4.

See, as they charge, the savage go,
Resolved on death or conquest;
The hunter tries with well-aimed blow,
To end the bloody contest!

5.

He shifts his aim, but wheels his horse,
The boar his ground still keeping,
With better aim, and truer force,
The spear with blood, is reeking!

6.

Thus four successive spears he takes,
The fifth more deadly follows;
He founs with rage, exhausted shakes,
And in his gore he wallows.

7.

Then here's to him, with horse and spear,
Who dares to meet the grunter;
The hand and heart, both free from fear,
Of every bold hog-hunter!

Myrmoring, May 23, 1833.

ROBIN HOOD.

SHIKAR IN THE NEPAUL COUNTRY.

Seeing "no just cause or impediment" to my taking advantage of the fine cool weather in February, to indulge in a little shikar, I persuaded my friend L. to accompany me on a Tiger shooting excursion.

Accordingly having sent forward ^{elephants} ~~elephants~~, servants and traps, towards the Nepaul Hills, we soon found 'ourselves' safely deposited in our palkees and proceeding on the same route. That part of the country has always been celebrated for game of every description; from the royal tiger down to the paltry snipe, so that we had every reason to expect good sport. After a journey of 10 or 12 hours we reached our tents, which were pitched on a very romantic spot on the banks of the ————. Having done ample justice to a good dinner which we found provided for us we "turned in" for the night, to dream of tiger, buffaloes, and what not, that were to be sent to the kingdom come on the morrow. At last morning came, and by five o'clock we set off on our bathies under the guidance of a very knowing looking gwala yeled ^{yeled} 'Bhooree' who volunteered to conduct us to the head quarters of an old gentleman who had for some time been taking the most unreasonable liberties with his bullocks and cows for which he now vowed in no measured terms, to pay him off. After we had beat about for three hours to no purpose, and were beginning to turn our attack on Mr. Bhooree for leading us a wild goose chase, our attention was suddenly arrested by some of the pad elephants trumpeting and refusing to advance.

We were not kept long in suspense, for presently I saw at about 40 yards ahead, that slow, rustling motion in the grass (which when once seen can hardly be mistaken a second time), that at once told me it *must* be a tiger. I had hardly given the order to *chull*, when the tiger popped his head above the grass, took an angry look at us, as much as to say "what business have you here?" and then trotted off. He had not gone many paces before we fired three or four shots at him, which had the desired effect of bringing him to the charge. In an instant he came rushing at us, fully intent on mischief. The bathies not relishing such a dangerous neighbour gave way on all sides, tossing their trunks in the air and snorting with all their might, they crowded together for mutual protection. The tiger, as if he recognized an old acquaintance in "Bhooree," at once charged the elephant he was on, and would most likely have soon established a footing, if not a *raw* in that quarter, had not a shot from L.'s rifle felled him; he was on his legs again in a moment and made several ineffectual charges, till at last a brace of bullets from my old "Joe Manton" placed him *hors de combat*. After the usual scramble among the merchants to secure the tiger's head (which they value highly on account of its supposed charms) Bhooree, now as bold as a lion, bestrode his fallen and *beardless* foe and forthwith delivered a funeral oration over him. It was not exactly such a one as Anthony pronounced over the body of Caesar, for he spoke much of sundry bullocks, cows and buffaloes,

which his deceased friend had unlawfully carried away from his bustee; and ever and anon, as if to cast a slur on the family, he made mention of some of the female branches of it in a way not altogether respectful (as *sometimes* the natives do), and then with more than ordinary dignity (I almost said 'with his hands in his breeches' pockets' but he had none) stalked away to his elephant, no doubt thinking the 'sahab loge' very clever people. I mention my friend Bhoboo more particularly from the circumstance of his being above the prejudices of most of his caste; who generally refuse to give information of the tiger even when they they know where to find him, thinking that if they inform on one they will have the whole of the Tiger community about their ears to pay them off for it. On measuring the tiger we found him to be eleven feet seven inches from the nose to the tip of the tail. We concluded our day's sport by shooting six or seven deer, on our way back to the tents. Information being brought us that a tigress and cubs had for some time taken possession of a nullah about three miles to the west of our tents, we determined to visit her quarters in the morning. Accordingly at daylight, having formed our elephants into a line, we beat up the jungle on both sides of the stream for about two miles, which took us to a large patch of long grass which had a very good appearance, added to which there were some vultures and crows hovering about, which at once made us guess that our game was not far off. My elephant (which was at the time a little in advance of the line) had not gone many paces into the grass before she stopped so very suddenly as almost to throw me out of the howdah, and before I could recover from the shock up sprung the tigress and seized the poor hahtee by the trunk. Owing to the excitement of the moment and the unsteadiness of the elephant I found it impossible to shoot with any precision; and it was not till after I had fired five shots that she relinquished her hold. She then suddenly disappeared in the long grass, nor could we for some time discover any traces of her (save those on my unfortunate hahtee's nose.) I had just finished loading my guns and given the order to '*chull*' when a sudden '*pop, pop,*' to my right told me that the game was up in that quarter, and before I could reach the spot a shot from the mahout proclaimed the '*whahoo!*' There she lay, and a more beautiful creature I never beheld. One of the mahouts, more active than the rest, was just in the act of laying hold of her whiskers, when she uttered a growl or rather a groan, I can't exactly say which, but such a one I never before heard—I don't know what to compare it to, unless to the poor fellow's *face*, as he staggered back, more dead than alive, to the great amusement of his companions, who however took good care to keep at arms length of her till they had prevailed on us to give her another *galee*. We had hardly got the tigress secured on the back of one of the elephants when one of her cubs was discovered stealing away a short distance ahead of us. He was almost full grown but gave us no sport at all, having received a ball through the ~~spot~~ which at once proved a finisher for him.

The other cub, together with an old tiger (probably the father of the family,) we shot about a week after; we had no sport with them worth mentioning. They were both killed when sneaking about in the grass, trying to escape from us, which is, I think, the way that most tigers meet their end. There is no animal of his power and ferocity so cowardly as a tiger; he will at any time ~~surrender~~ ^{run} away rather than face his antagonist, excepting sometimes when you fall in with the tigress and cubs. It is very rare to meet with a charge from a tiger unless you first wound him, and even then, he often prefers to squab or skulk away if he thinks he can do so undiscovered.

We shot several bears and had some pretty good sport with them, especially with an old one which had her cubs along with her; she charged repeatedly at our elephants and was not killed till we had fired upwards of a dozen shots at her.

The cubs were about 4 months old and were remarkably fierce, they made a gallant resistance and were not secured till they had left some very *cutting souvenirs* on the hands of their captors. The best part of our sport was deer shooting, which was really capital; we found them of four different kinds and in such abundance as to keep playing right and left every day. P.

NOTE.—We shall be but too happy to receive the accounts of Buffalo hunting and Pig sticking promised by P.—Ed.

ELEPHANTINE ANTIPATHIES.

A female Elephant which I had lately purchased had, partly from not having been long caught, and partly from bad management by the mahout, so great a dislike to Europeans that she was with difficulty approached by them, even to mount her; and when feeding would start off if any European came near her. It was supposed that it was their ~~dress~~ ^{clothes} which alarmed her, and the plan intended to be adopted was to dress her keepers like Europeans. Fully to ascertain this, a Portuguese lad, of 14 years' old, whose colour was dark, was sent towards her, and to the surprise of every one, she allowed him to approach and caress her by patting the forehead &c. without any sign of dislike, though he was dressed like an European. It was evidently then the white face which alarmed her. A friend and myself now approached her slowly with black silk handkerchiefs tied over our faces, and no signs of dislike were shown! I then did so again, and while patting and talking to her, slowly drew down the handkerchief so as to uncover my face. The first effect of this was the quick wrinkling of the muscles of the face, the foot half raised, and the body swung back as if for a start; but she came slowly back to "stand at ease" with the peculiar low grumble which they have when satisfied with any thing.

This singular experiment was several times repeated and always with the same result; in one instance a red silk handkerchief was

used; nothing was given to her by us that evening but the next day she came, without any trouble to the verandah, and advancing when we called "Forward!" to her, allowed us to put mangoes and other fruit into her mouth, as all well-trained elephants do! She will not yet take fruit from our hands with her trunk.

The thought he made to apply much preaching to reasoning in this viour of a child who might be alarmed at a negro and learn to conquer its fear from seeing its father cover his face with crape.

P. H.

A MILL!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—There appears to be a very absurd prejudice in this country against the East Indians; arguments having been unsuccessfully used by the "*Press Gang*" to convince us that our contempt for them is illiberal. I conformed to the general opinion until about 3 months ago, when I witnessed that which did my heart good and convinced me that they have more "pluck" than is generally supposed, and that they are moreover a *sporting set of cones*. At this small station which is not a 1000 miles from Meerut, there are three of these men who are writers in a public office; and now for my story, which I hope may give you sporting friends as good an opinion of them as I have now.

One morning quietly one morning behind my tattie with the punishment of a devil of a rate over my head, when in walked a *varmint* (whom we call Fibbein) and saying he had particular business, I desired him to be seated. He did so, and taking off his *castor*, showed me rather an awkward blow which he said one Teaser had inflicted on his *upper story* with a stick—he added that he had come to me for assistance, and ended by requesting me to lend him my *poppers* and to second him on the next morning. I must own I was taken aback at his request for 'pistols and coffee for two,' and told him that I was sorry I could not agree to his proposition as I was not an advocate for pistols, but advised him to have recourse to his weapons nature had given him. I mentioned the names of Ned Painter, Reuben Martin, Jack Scroggins, Peter Crawley, Spring, the Pet, Ned Neal, White-headed Bob* (poor fellow!) and numerous others to strengthen my argument; and setting him down to read on account of the fight between Crib and Molyneux, told him he might rival the latter (he did *already* as far as colour) if he chose. He was convinced, and told me he should be happy to do so if Mr. Teaser would agree. I sent a message—but to end all this, behold us

* "All honourable men."—But why not have added Gully?—Ed.

next morning at day break setting out to the ground ; Fibbem, who had a *blue-bird's eye* tied round his *squeeze*, in my buggy, and Mr Teaser in my friend ****s. Teaser sported "the yellow fogle" **** and I had given each of our friends a round or two with the muffs the day before by way of preparation, and though not in tip-top condition from want of training, they came over the ground in good spirits and both cockey. There was no *palaver*, but after making them shake hands (which Fibbem did not like till we insisted on it) they set to. I had a small bet of 10 G. Ms, on the three events—first blood, first knock-down, and the baule ; backing of course Fibbem.

FIRST ROUND.

Both came up game but cautious, neither liking to make play first. Fibbem first struck out with his right which Teaser parried well and then both *leary* again. Teaser seemed not to like his man, and Fibbem, who thought himself *cock sure*, hit out again and this time with better success. Teaser's *peepers* were much troubled, but he returned the compliment with a *rattler* over Fibbem's *mug* which rather astonished him. Fibbem was grinning at the success of his own blow at the time, so that Teaser's *smackleys* came against his teeth and hurt himself more than his antagonist. Fibbem now planted a *rum un* on the side of the head which drew blood, and sent Teaser *spinning* like a top and effectually *floored* him.—So I won two of the three and thought myself sure of the third.

SECOND ROUND.

Very fine *milling* ; both on the *look out*, no *chaffing* ; both rushed in and a regular case of *give and take* and *no mistake*. Teaser seemed *all abroad*. Fibbem *wide awake*, hit out, but it did not tell. Teaser returned sharp and put Fibbem's *sensitive plant* into "*Queer street*." A good flow of *claret*, but Teaser said "I've not done with you yet, my tulip," and planted another on his *conk*. Fibbem down, bleeding strong.

THIRD ROUND.

Fibbem got away cleverly from a heavy blow, and in answer sent a *punisher* and no mistake on Teaser's "*domino box*." Fibbem on the *look out*, evidently after "*stanmut*," he thought he had it all his own way and so did **** and myself. Teaser however thought otherwise, and *tucked* Fibbem's *nappers* first, to prepare him for what was coming. A long pause, Fibbem *piping* awfully. Teaser planted "a *teaser*" on his "*potatoe-trap*" and *floored* him like a shot, *settled* his business for him. Fibbem not up to time, seeing it was no go and as he had had satisfaction, *as he himself said*, we dropped the matter ; and Teaser having hoisted his "*quarantine flag*" and *togged* himself, threw his *castor* up in the air and seemed as proud "*as a Gardener's dog with a nosegay tied to his tail*."

Now Mr. Editor, will any man tell me this is not better than settling a dispute with "*cold lead*?" This is what gave me a high opinion of

the sect in general. *Ex uno disce omnes*, is not perhaps a proper plan generally, but I must own that when I see such *game chickens* as these amongst them, I am inclined to think well of the whole.

Measrs. Fibben and Teaser are *rare trumps* in their line, and will "blow a cloud" or toss off a "*flash of lightning*" as well as any one.

May 18, 1873.
1873.

Yours &c.

BOXIANA.

SUGGESTIONS—CEYLON ELEPHANT HUNTING— AHMEDNUGGUR FOX HOUNDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—Could you not prevail on some of your friends who have visited the island of Ceylon to afford your readers some account of the Elephant shooting of that island? There are I believe many now on this side of India who are fully competent to do so; and I trust they will oblige their brother sportsmen by giving them the particulars of a sport which is not followed in the same way in any other part of the world, and even differs on different parts of the island. There are few, I believe, either in this country or in England, who are aware of the fact, that there are many instances, and those not uncommon, of Elephants being *scored* by single shots, and that two *have been killed* with the right and left barrels. But the more ignorant we are on this subject the more your readers will feel obliged to any of your correspondents who will give them a description of the sport. A gallant Colonel, once on the staff at Ceylon, and now holding a high situation in Bengal, has *bagged* hundreds; there are also many others who have participated in this noble sport, some of whom I feel confident will come forward and enlighten our darkness.

There is also another subject which I am sure many of your readers will feel interested in. The Ahmednuggur Pack is, I believe, the only one on the Bombay side of India. Should you be able to obtain any information from your (I hope) numerous correspondents you would oblige many who are anxious to learn how Fox Hunting is carried on at the sister presidency. Does the pack consist of hounds or is it a *bohberry*,—and how is it that their foxes can lead the Dogs "40 minutes, best pace?" To me the accounts I have read of that hunt smell strong of turpentine and terriers, and their covers look very much like earthen pots. Can you inform me, Mr. Editor, where they find these tearing foxes, for in "ten days hunting at Ahmednuggur" the devil a bit can I find out that part of the business. Surely a hunt with a uniform and I understand as good a set of fellows "All over followed a brush, cannot hunt "Bag-men" (and bag foxes too.)

a field in half a dozen such covers, at a certain hunt not far from morning. *The Music of the Pack, Heavenly!*

This cannot be so ; pray, Mr. Editor, gain us a little information on this subject if possible. Could you not procure an account of the sort of dog, (and of the number) of which the pack consists ? I have a few dogs of my own, Mr. Editor, and if you could procure me a few of these 45 minute foxes to breed from and turn loose, *not to bag*, you would much oblige one of your most anxious well wishers.

NO BAG MAN.

NOTE.—We will try to learn how matters *are*. What they *were* ~~where~~ were on the other side of India has already been described in the *delinquent Bombay Sporting Magazine*.

A HEALTH TO THE VINE.

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

Physicians, dear Sir, may say what they please
Of drinking as "watering the seeds of disease,"
Let them act as they like and their thirsty course jog.
But by Jove I can't live if depriv'd of my grog.
In this horrible country where Phœbus's ire
Burns furious and fierce as a Gasmaker's fire ;
Where a tent gets as hot as that sulphurous den,
A kind heav'n has assigned to poor reprobate men.
Where no Christian can live without plunging his soul
In the fount of delight that's contain'd in the bowl.
Believe me, Dear Sir, that though sorrow and sin
May float in that bath I must e'en venture in.

So a health to the Vine ; let it grow where it will
By the slumbering crater—in dell or on hill ;
In Languedoc's vales, or the plains of Gascoigne,
Or where Phœbus's pow'r marks the isles as his own,
Where Greeks tread the grape, or where negro feet press it,
Give me but its juice and I'll drink it, and bless it !
And e'er's'd be the foe . . . shall dare to invade
With the foot of aggression the vineyard's dear shade ;
Oh ! Tantalus like, may he fruitlessly dip
In the tide of the goblet which still flies his lip ;
May he perish of thirst while around him still flows
The rich draught of life which could solace his woes.

Oh ! Xerxes ! dear Xerxes ! success to thy vine,
May its wide spreading tendrils luxuriantly twine ;
May thy juice never fail—may it constantly roll
In a spring tide of gladness to plenish my bowl.

While the infant Garonne quits the dell of his birth
To rejoice in his freedom midst thy richer earth—
While his fatherland leaving, yon monarch, the Rhine,
Exults through thy fields of the olive and vine—

Though you lose fifty kings or thy monarchs their crown,
 Thy sons, dearest Gaul, may no sorrows weigh down:
 May thy maidens still dance 'neath thy wide spreading trees,
 May thy old men delight in thy scent-laden breeze;
 And enjoying thy wines, may the Universe own
 No rivers can equal the Rhine and Garonne!

And thou too, dear isle, with thy vine cover'd hills,
 Where love made his bower when he fled from the ills,
 Which beset him at home—may thy shores ever yield
 To the sailor a haven—the merchant a field
 Where his wealth and his industry still may produce
 The vine's richest clusters and heavenliest juice!
 And let not thy peak, Teneriffe, be forgot,
 With the fortunate islands so blest in their lot;
 For climate, productions and all things combine
 To render the isles of Canary divine!

Thou too, happy Cape, of all capes the most blest!
 Looming large in thy night cap and shadowy vest!
 Whose shores if with storms and with danger they're ripe
 Still abound in the sweets and *agremens* of life;
 May Venus's charms in thy daughters still shine!
 And Bacchus still bless the Constantia vine!

Then a health to the grape let it grow where it will,
 On the banks of a stream—on the slope of a hill;
 'The freeman or slave—Frank or Indian may press it
 Give me but it's juice and I'll drink it and bless it!

My Pegasus knows as well, sir, as I know
 That my muse must be *vinous* or she'd ne'er sing *de-vino*;
 The sensible brute won't another step stir,
 And I'm fairly brought up,

SO, ADIEU, MY DEAR SIR.

ON THE FOWLING PIECE.

*Si quid novisti rectius istis
 Candidus imperti; si non his utere mecum*
 ————— If a better system's thing
 Impart it freely, or make use of mine.

The following remarks are intended to follow up the paper on the Rifle by an account of the fowling piece. It may be said the subject has been exhausted; I am of opinion however much may be learned in the art of killing game in this country (and perhaps elsewhere) from sportsmen, whose experience is at least as extensive, and of a much greater range than the sportsmen in England possess, the shooting being so diversified from the various descriptions of game met with, besides, the want of dogs in this country, and the style of shooting alto-

ther, call for energy in dispatch with command of nerve unknown to marksmen at home. I bring to the task of imparting information to the young sportsman an experience of 20 years, with an annual disbursement of 20 bags of shot, and believe I have shot every animal to be found in the country.

For the fowling piece a person will save himself a great deal of vexation by procuring none but a ~~great good~~ ^{good} one—a detonator of course, but by all means avoid purchasing one that has been ~~made~~ ^{drawn} from a flint and steel lock. They cause constant misfires from the difficulty the powder has in getting round the complicated corners of the cylinder; and a great number of them to my knowledge have been burst this year: unless he has a friend in England to superintend the making it up again at a country manufacturers, I advise him to beware purchasing one of these in the Indian market, and to apply at once for a first rate maker's from a respectable house. This last precaution is more necessary than we are aware of; I have myself purchased a gun with a fine blazing certificate from the captain of a ship who at the same time acknowledged it was "Broomagem." The gun notwithstanding turned out very well. The steward of the ship I made my passage in had no less than 10 of these guns, on which he made a profit of cent. per cent. and it is but lately I ascertained that a Manton which had been shot with for many years was a regular forgery.

From the promiscuous kind of shooting the sportsman may expect to find in this country, I recommend a double barrelled gun of seven pounds weight and of a carbine bore or carrying about 20 balls to the pound. A piece of this weight is easily managed while labouring in a snipe heel, and will be a serviceable tool in a howdah at close quarters with a tiger. The length and other matters of this gun may be left to his fancy, but I recommend the barrel to be 30 or 32 inches in length; the stock to have a good convenient bend like Joe Manton's, as yet unequalled in this respect. So that the gun comes naturally to the right place as if by instinct, for this purpose the length of the stock will, with most men, be $15\frac{1}{4}$ inch from the false breeching. A sportsman in this country will not be complete with less than four of these guns as similar as possible;—in a howdah it becomes a matter of great convenience to have the guns all of one bore, to carry the same size ball and wadding, as the servants are sure to mix the ammunition and for a small bore to give a charge for a large one.

To keep fire arms from rust and in proper order in this country, the best article is anti-attribution, and mixture of hogs-lard and black lead finely pulverised, in the proportion of one of the latter to four of the former. If there is an objection to hogslard by Peer Moosheed, any animal oil may be used with almost equal benefit. The gun should be cleaned as often as possible. Twenty shots out of each barrel are as many as should be fired to ensure due execution. The barrel should be first well scoured with a cloth and cold water, afterwards a brass wire scraper should be applied to take off the leading when a fresh cloth

and clean water should be again had recourse to, when it should be carefully dried by dry clean cloths frequently changed. The outside after being rubbed quite dry, may have a little of the anti-attribution applied to it, as well as the locks, with a brush, but the inside of the barrel should be left perfectly dry. If by any accident the bore gets rusted, it may be scoured with anti-attribution and a very little emery or rotten stone mixed; and the stock should occasionally be oiled to prevent its drying up and cracking from the heat of the sun.

Another important point in this country ridden with police and regulations is,—to take due precautions to prevent your guns from being stolen. Various means have been resorted to, fire arms being a favourite article among thieves. They are handy to carry off, and are as good as ready money, being easily sold to some rich native in the neighbourhood and no questions asked. I once knew an officer who went to sleep with a loaded pistol in his hand determined to slay the first thief that entered and have it stolen during the night; and a civilian, who thought he would be an overmatch for his customers, concealed his gun at the top of the Kanats below the fringe of the fly: but he miscalculated; although it was done quietly after all the lights were extinguished, his Joe was nowhere the next morning. I recommend an iron chain six feet long made of moderate weight and tinned to prevent its rusting. Let it be passed round the pole of the tent on the side of the Charpae and then through the guards of the guns when it can be locked up with a padlock; if required they may be secured in a howdah; the gun covers ought to have an opening at the guard to admit the chain. A common village thief would be unable to carry away a gun thus secured, at all events it is likely he would disturb the owner unless he was a severe sleeper: if the guns are carried in their boxes the chain may be passed through the handle.

If a trial is allowed of a fowling piece before purchase, it may be wadded with the usual charges, and fired at a sheet of water 50 paces distant, when it will be seen whether the shot scatters much or not, or it may be tried at paper. A gun ought at 45 yards with 1½ oz of No. 7, to put 70 pellets in a sheet of paper 23 y 17 inches. For trial of strong shooting a quire of country paper should be fired at to see how many leaves it penetrates. The results will be found to vary much. In general No. 8 shot at 50 yards ought to penetrate 20 leaves; but an experienced shot using a gun for a day at game will be far more likely to find out its merits than by any trial at paper.

In wadding, every man seems to have his particular habit; there is no doubt however a good deal of success of a day's shooting depends on the proper management of this point. A measure of a diameter and a half of the bore of the gun, for both powder and shot, is a very efficient quantity, but it produces too great a recoil to be used successfully with pleasure. I have always remarked that those who use large

charges were successful the first few shots, but the recoil getting unpleasant, they naturally flinch when pulling the trigger, and the consequence of which is a miss. On the contrary I have always seen most success against game in the field attend small charges. Some people have told me they used only a dram of powder, on examination it was found this measure was taken from a dram weight in a box of scales which usually accompany a medicine chest, and which is very different from an avoirdupois dram as the following memorandum will shew, which is given to enable persons to compare or weigh the charge of their gun with apothecaries weight most usually at hand in this country.

	<i>Avoirdupois.</i>	<i>Apothecaries.</i>
1 Dram.....	27 $\frac{15}{16}$ grains	60 grains
1 Ounce.....	437 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	480 "
1 Pound.....	7,000 "	5,760 "

For a gun of a carbine box 40 to 55 grains of powder and to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of shot may be taken as the minimum and maximum charge. I use the latter on windy days and the former in calm hot weather when the game lies close and the recoil gets unpleasant. An indifferent or young marksman should use a full charge of shot to give him a better chance of securing game within 30 yards, which a good shot seldom misses. In experiments which I made to ascertain the advantage of using 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz instead of 1 oz of shot at 30 yards it appeared it was nearly in proportion to the increased quantity of shot or 1 3rd and at that distance No. 8 shot is nearly equally spread in a circle of three feet in diameter.

I shall next give a few remarks on shot, cartridges, and the aim.

RIFLE.

THE CENTRAL STUD—BREEDING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.*

MY DEAR SIR,—Being a subscriber and well-wisher of your lately established work, I shall feel happy if it is in my power to contribute any thing to your pages that will be interesting or useful to your sporting readers. Having in my late wanderings passed some time at the different depôts of the Central Stud, I hope a short account of the same and of the improvements that have within the last few years taken place in the breeding of horses in this country will not be unacceptable to most of your subscribers.

The Central Stud was established by Government many years ago for the purpose of supplying horses for the Artillery and Cavalry of the Bengal Army. It now consists of four depôts; namely, Buxar and Kooruntah Dhe for the purpose of breeding, Poosah for the rearing of fillies after the purchase, and Ghazepore to which place all the

colts are sent at three years old, and kept until passed into the service by the yearly Committee there held. The stud is possessed of about two thousand three hundred brood mares, the whole of which are given out to native Asammys who keep them under certain conditions from the stud, namely,—their mares are to be covered by the stud stallions free of expense, and the produce is to be reared by them until it is one year old, when it must be presented to the superintendent at the first general purchase—of which there are three annually—and they then receive for a colt at the rate of rupees eighty to one hundred and thirty, according to the condition in which the mare and produce have been kept throughout the year,—and for a filly, rupees seventy-two. These are (now that the greater number of unprofitable mares have been weeded out from the stud and sold or destroyed) such favourable terms for the natives that I have no doubt if the Stud should double its stock of the brood mares there would be no difficulty in disposing of them on the above mentioned terms. As far as I can learn there are many of the natives who look entirely for support and livelihood to the amount receivable for their produce.

I had an opportunity of witnessing the last purchase which took place in April, and must certainly admit it to be one of the most beautiful sights imaginable to see such a collection of young cattle, some coming in with their dams, many of which have another foal at foot. The colts were certainly a splendid batch; out of seven hundred and fifty nine presented within the year, I believe there were only seventeen rejected. If the stud refuse to purchase the produce, it then becomes the property of the native in charge of its dam, and he receives a certificate from the superintendent to that effect and he is then at liberty to dispose of it as he likes. Many of these find their way down to Calcutta as riding horses and buggy cattle, but from being left in the hands of the natives until they are three or four years old, you will find them mostly all spoilt in the temper and paces. As they also are small or otherwise rejected for some unsoundness or blemish, they are apt to prejudice people who are informed of this fact, against stud bred horses. The great attention that has been paid by the present superintendent to the judicious method of crossing the English, Arab, and country bred horses, I take to be one of the chief causes of the great improvement in the Stud bred horse. An observer, in walking through the stables where the pedigree of every colt is fixed to his stall, will immediately perceive the great difference in size where this cross in the breed has taken place, and how much superior they are in *bone, substance and shape* to those that have been bred in and in English. I give the following result also as a proof of the good effects of this judicious crossing. In the year 1830, there were presented to the Committee at Ghazee-pore, 470 colts, of which 55 were rejected; in 1831, there were 508 presented and 28 rejected; and at the last December Committee there were 476 presented and only 10 rejected. This good result is also

attributable to the before mentioned weeding of unprofitable mares (which the present superintendent informs me was commenced by Colonel Hunter, and, as he says, has proved the ground work of the great change which has taken place in the character of the remount now furnished, and may therefore be considered as the point from which improvement has commenced) supplying their place with others of improved blood, bred by the stud, and of which a number are yearly drafted from Poosah. Happening also to be present when the last transfer of colts took place from the breeding Depôts to Ghazee pore, I can assert that amongst the whole of them, as three year olds, there were not two per cent. undersized, or less than fourteen hands one inch, and the average height thirteen hands. In fact I never before saw such a superior collection of horses in every respect. The system of allowing the young colts from the age of one to three to run every morning loose together in their paddocks, and, during the day, except at feeding and cleaning time, to be loose in their rooms, each room holding ten colts, has contributed exceedingly to improve their temper, carriage, bone, and muscle. I have walked within reach of the heels of a thousand of them and more, and never saw one inclined or attempt to kick; besides which, it gives them better action, and also makes them much holder than they would be if left in the stable and only led out to water by the syce. I have no doubt that in the course of a short time the stud bred horse will be the one most in use in this country. Any person may, at the Ghazee pore Depôt, go into the stable and choose any horse he may fancy for one thousand Rupees; if he takes one of the undersized he will only have to pay from four to five hundred Rupees, for some according to its pedigree, the higher sum being charged for the thorough breds only. A man of fourteen to fifteen stone will there have no difficulty in mounting himself so as to be in for the brush of poor Reynard occasionally with any hounds in this country (that is to say if he rides straight). There is however one objection; a good stud horse is not procurable after it is four years old; at that age it is passed into the service, and most people are not fond of buying them so young as that. When you lay out Rupees 1,000 you look to some immediate return for your money; this you cannot have—no horse as a four year old is fit to go through a good day's run with hounds or other such hard work; you run a risk of throwing out splints, spavins, &c. you consequently have to keep him a season at light work before he will become really serviceable to you. As a convenience allowed by Government, Gentlemen in the service, on the purchase of a horse, are allowed to pay by drafts on the Paymaster at the rate of Rupees 200 per month.

It may also be interesting for some of your readers to know at what rate the horses are at the present day furnished for the remount, and to compare it with the expence of former days. So short a time back as four years, it was calculated that each horse cost the Company, Rupees 1,100; last year the price of each horse entered into the service after paying all expences of the stud, the purchase of stallions, brood mares

&c. &c. did not exceed Rupees 538 and I learn from the superintendent that, as far as he can at present calculate, this year's remount will not exceed Rupees 505 per horse. In consequence of this great decrease in the expence of breeding, I should think that Government will shortly be able to lower their prices, in particular for their full sized horses, and, that Rupees 800 would not only leave a handsome remuneration but they would also sell more than double the number. I cannot however get the superintendent to agree with me on this point or to advise the measure; he is an advocate for giving all the good horses to the Cavalry. The number of English stallions at present attached to the stud is forty-one, of Arabs fifteen, of country breeds sixty-four. I cannot close without noticing the work of Chevalier D'L'Etang which has rescued the pedigree of so many horses belonging to this and other establishments from oblivion; and in which you may at any time find and trace the pedigree of the stud bred horse by referring to his marks; and I hope sincerely to see a second and improved edition of this able work at which I understand the Chevalier is now engaged. You think, no doubt Mr. Editor, that it is time for me to bid 'good-bye'—so I will, hoping that we in future may be better acquainted.

Yours very sincerely,

THE MAN WOT TRAVELS.

TIME—THE BENARES RACES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Your correspondent "P." in his "Hints to Turfites" very wisely remarks that the time of all running "should be noted, but which appears not to have been done in the account of the Benares Meeting"—I am sorry I cannot furnish you with it although I was there; at the same time I must remark that there was no mile and a half race during the meeting, and I fancy not more than two stop watches on the course, and those not always referred to, so that P.'s 255 1 in which his horse, he says, was beaten the mile and a half, must have been purely imaginary.

The Timing of the Benares Course from its being very heavy with nearly four mile of stiff hill, just before coming to the distance post, must always be bad, and except to an eye witness would prove but little satisfactory towards judging of the merits of the horse; in proof of this I have only to refer you to the *timing* and *timing* of those three trumps, "Brian Borou," Feramorz and "Grildrig" on the two courses, viz in the Benares Meeting of December 1830, and at Ghaizeepore in January 1831, whence you will find that in this latter course (justly considered the best on this side of India) the timing of the above nags was equal to the best performances on any course in India with the exception of the 3.58 and 3.54 1 of "Sir Laurence Gobble!!!" Can you gobble that?

Wishing success to your Indu Mag:

AIM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR.—A correspondent of the new series of the London Sporting Magazine, broaches a rum theory of taking aim with a gun. He says snap shots should fire ahead of the game, but those who take a deliberate aim by following the object with the gun, should fire directly at the bird, giving as a reason,—the motion the gun has in the direction of the bird's flight, making the shot continually diverge in a similar ratio with the bird;—this is *high pressure* aiming with a vengeance. If the marksman while taking aim was himself flying parallel to the bird and with the same velocity, the theory might have been good. In taking aim however, the bird goes at the rate of 15 miles an hour while the gun is nearly stationary; a circular motion of a few inches during the aim is the utmost impetus the charge can receive, and consequently can have no effect whatever in giving a direction to the shot. The fellow who propounds this new aim I dare say has got the true secret from his granny for making straight powder.

I beg to offer the following table of distance to fire ahead of game, supposing shot is discharged from a fowling piece (detonator) with a momentum of 1,000 feet per second for 10 yards, 800 for 20, and 500 feet for 50 yards, &c., and that a bird flies 20 feet in the same time, which will be found sufficiently correct for the purpose, and I have found it to answer well in practice.

Table of Aim.

Velocity of				From which may be estimated	
Shot.		Bird.			
Seconds.	Yards.	Seconds.	No. of feet the bird flies out of aim.	Distance of game.	To aim ahead.
Sec. tenths.		Sec. tenths.	feet.	yards.	feet.
0 1	33	0 1	2	10	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
0 2	53	0 2	4	20	1 0
0 3	70	0 3	6	30	2 0
0 4	77	0 4	8	40	3 0
0 5	83	0 5	10	50	4 0
0 6	100	0 6	12	60	6 0
0 7	126	0 7	14	70	7 0
0 8	138	0 8	16	80	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
0 9	150	0 9	18	90	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
1 0	170	1 0	20	100	12 0

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

GUNGA.

Camp near Meerut, }
10th May, 1833. }

THE BREEDING OF HOUNDS IN INDIA.

Your readers are of course aware of the advantage we Gents in the Upper-Provinces have over our sporting brethren in the lower ones, in the facility of breeding hounds, through our proximity to the hills, and I think I cannot spend half an hour in a more agreeable manner, than in sending you an account of the different packs, now three, employed in propagating their species in that delightful climate, whilst we, their owners, are grilling in the plains with the thermometer at 100.

I will begin with Colonel Y's pack, which consists of eight couple of imported hounds from some crack kennel, in Hampshire, which were sent out direct to him; under charge of a man called Preston, who still has the management of them, and who is from all accounts a capital kennel huntsman. They have ten or twelve couple bred in this country some of whom were entered last season, and turned out, I hear, remarkably well. Their kennel, which is complete in every respect, and cost a very large sum of money, is at Mussorree, from which place they come down into the plains in November and return to the hills again in March. They hunted last season at Kurnaul, and showed capital sport. A most melancholy occurrence took place the other day when out in the Dhoon, an imported bitch by a name "Countess," having been carried off and killed by a leopard. The next pack in consequence is the Bareilly subscription pack, bought last year of Mr. S., of the Civil Service, to which some other dogs have been added, and which consists of some ten or twelve couple, they are I believe up at Almorah. I do not know what sport they had, but from the character they bore before they came up the country, it ought to have been very good. Another gentleman in the 23d N. I. has, or had, a very good pack of the right sort. I hear, a gentleman also of the Civil Service at Meerut has a good pack; principally beagles, brought out by him from England. There is also another pack to which your humble servant is a subscriber consisting of nine or ten couple, to which will be added some five couple more next season, as nine couple have been written home for, and one must die upon the loss of a couple or two before they can arrive at a place so distant from Calcutta. In addition to these packs of hounds there are greyhounds, spaniels, and pointers, sent up; in short, every one who has valuable dogs sends them up, as it has invariably answered, the dogs having no diseases but what they are subject to in England, and are never carried off by that nameless and incurable disorder, which is more like consumption than any thing else, and which commits such ravages amongst them in the plains. A most melancholy instance of it took place not far from this, last year in the pack of the 17th N. I. They left off at the end of the season with 25 couple of hunting dogs, and they had during the hot weather about the same number of puppies.

Oh miserable dictu! when they were sold at they end of the rains there were I believe only nine couple of old dogs, and thirteen puppies. The gentleman, I believe, who first tried the experiment, or at least who practised it to any extent, was Mr. T. S. C. of the Civil Service, and he has some of the right sort there now, but whether it was him or not, all residents in the upper provinces are greatly indebted to the person who did first try it. After what I have here said, I do not think there can be a doubt but that if any one would lay out some few thousand rupees in English dogs of sorts (as Tulloh and Co's advertisements would say) and would bring them up the country and fix his residence in the hills, he would find it a most profitable speculation. I believe the plan of breeding for sale was tried in Calcutta some few years ago, and as might be expected turned out a complete failure. I must now give you the whee hoop! by wishing you every success in your spirited undertaking, and should you deem this worthy of a page in it I may at some future period be induced to trouble you again

Your obedient Servant,

Not 100 miles from Paddyghar.

A WEST COUNTRYMAN.

"DE QUIBUS DAM ALIIS."

Valpy Lat. Grammar.

1.

Andophilus may write in Prose,
And *Philo* Figgs in verse,
And *φιλολογος* facts disclose
In a manner clear and terse.
But more than all the *Phils* that fill
The daily papers here,
The name of old *Phil Payne* will still
To sporting men be dear.

2.

For who so skilled to talk of *dates*, (*dews*)
Of *scent per scent* and *rates*,
As he who taxed the revenues
By riding o'er the *estates*?
But these are monstrous funny tunes!
The day of *ink* and pen,
And most in prose, but some in rhymes,
Instruct their fellow men.

3.

"*The Bull*" will laud the royal speech
As the wisest ever seen,
And "*Nim East*" write from Garden Reach
For the *Sporting Magazine*.
And Folks will meet in spite of heat,
To talk in language flowry,
Of steam, and then will separate
And ne'er subscribe a "*Cowrie*."

4.

While Bombay folks o'er seas shall roam
 In steamers swift as rockets,
 Calcutta folks will sit at home
 With their "Hands in their Breeches pockets."
 And dull old gentlemen will bide
 An answer to their boon,
 And gay young gentlemen will ride
 A steeple chase in June.

5.

While Pol—Economists debate
 'Bout "Ad valorem duties,"
 Calcutta Huntsmen rave and prate,
 About their "Pack o' beauties—,"
 Commercial men will much deplore
 The absence of the "Ready,"
 And pretty spinsters as of yore,
 Sing Arias from "Tancredi."

6.

Still Husbands will *pretend* to snore
 When they are much henpeck'd,
 And Indiamen will go on shore
 And be completely wrecked.
 And Ind-ia will still be found
 To thrive beneath our "Fleeceing"
 And the revenues of Bundelcund
 Be year by year increasing.

7.

And Judges' heads will still be thick,
 And lawyers' still be wary;
 And merchant vessels sometimes stick
 Upon the "James and Mary."
 And, spite of heat, the Hounds will meet,
 And have some "Splendid Sport,"
 And the Jackal will be viewed dead beat
 Near the Nullah at Gurroah Haut.

8.

Th' Hurkaru 'gainst abuse will fight
 And raise a "Hubbabo!"
 And H. M. P. will often write
 For the *Quarterly Review*.
 Tradesmen will tell of "Dam'd hard times,"
 The Sudder Board of "wiggings,"
 And the public perhaps will read the rhymes
 Of

THESPIC REMINISCENCES.—No. II.

"The play—the play's the thing."

Hamlet.

I now almost wish I had not commenced these rambling sketches of days gone by—because, to say nothing of the heat of the weather, I fear that my contemporaries of the high and palmy days of our Drury will feel disappointed in perusing my Reminiscences. Things will impress the minds of individuals in a different way, and some may deem that I have overdone this and underdone that—so that I fancy I hear an ominous murmur of "but"—and "if"—and 'tis pity." "But me no buts—In Venice *but's* a traitor"—the wine is poured out and must be drank, or in other words, as I, in a rash moment, promised you a contribution or two—on a subject which several of my Thespian friends could treat with greater skill and felicity—why I must even go on with it as well as I can.

There was a concert one night at the Town Hall. The audience was brilliant and fashionable—and to the general attraction was added that of curiosity to witness the performance of two or three ladies who it was whispered were kind enough to promise their vocal and instrumental assistance to the professor for whose benefit the concert was got up. As usual, the Governor General and his party were present, and there were many characteristic and interesting groupes—but most of the persons comprising them have slipped through the trap doors and broken arches of that mystic bridge described in the verses of Mirza. It was then for the first time that I heard the (then) boy P—p—D—l—r's flute. It was an astonishing performance. Let no man despise the instrument—merely because every one who can scarcely do any thing else confesses to "play a little on the flute." Before he tosses away the instrument for ever, and wishes in the cordiality of his aversion for it—caused by the villainous perseverance of sundry ill judged friends in a system of too-tooing discord, morning, noon and night; let him hear it in the hands of P—p—D—l—r, or any other master who can make it discourse eloquent music, and sounds 'of hushed sweetness long drawn out.' On the whole the instrumental music was of a highly respectable character, much more so than I had expected to find in a place such as I had imagined Calcutta to be—but my most golden recollection of that evening was the singing of a lady whom I have with delight often heard since in the quiet domestic circle—but then heard for the first time. She sat down to the piano—and sang a simple ballad—and oh! how exquisitely! A Piano in general is a formidable affair, and by no means associated with pleasant ideas. How often have I wished the sonata so difficult that it were impossible! How often have I been wearied by a whole evening's belabouring of

that poor instrument so often in times past made the cat's paw of the most tiresome exhibitions. "Julia my dear!"—and the proud matron hands the young damsel forthwith to the Piano, and she, and sundry others in turn alternately squall out common places, according to rule. All this was dreadful—but thank goodness the thing belongs to history. It was in fact a feature of Tory despotism—and the very ne plus ultra of *Borism*. Where voice, taste, and native talent combine, it is delightful to hear a young lady sing and play, but let her beware that she does not give occasion to a reiteration of the Duke of Wellington of the exclamation when he beheld the voluminous draft of Brougham's proposed law amendment act "a great deal too much of it, a vast (it is said his grace used a stronger term) deal too much of it!" But to listen (to be sentenced to it, oh Reader!) for a whole evening to the show off exhibition of girls escaped from school running in with the routine glibness and rattling dexterity of months and years *grinding* at it, without feeling, taste or passion, Oh most tremendous! But the thing's clear gone out of fashion, and I merely mention it as one of the barbarities of other times. To be sure, now and then you *were* agreeably disappointed, at witnessing the manifestation of simplicity, nature, and taste, when perhaps you least expected it.

To teach the young idea how to *shout*, may be very delightful, but surely there are pleasanter ways of spending an evening than at a prior examination of the pupils. With English Society in general, it has indeed been a complaint with foreigners that the evening passes heavily. After the serious affair of dinner has been discussed, it would seem as if all else were considered as moonshine. No wonder then that the Piano on the unreformed plan was had recourse to as a kind of God-send. After all, however, there is no amusement like good *talk* (I will not say conversation, for that implies greater elaboration) and there never will be a want of *that* where congenial people are brought together.

But when wandering? how prone is man to digression! Like a schoolboy passing through a meadow—he runs away after a butterfly letting the task and pedagogue stern with "eye like Mars to and command." A ballad sung as it *should be*, brought to trusts so strongly before my mind's eye and ear, that I have been tempted to play truant. It was the very poetry of melody,—pure, unaffected, and fraught with the most touching pathos.

— 'A soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfume,
And stole upon the air that ev'n silence
Was took ere she was 'ware and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death

In the group of friends that stood by her near the instrument, one particularly struck me. He had a splendid intellectual forehead

with a cast of grave thought over features that harmonised well with the frontal region. The general contour of his countenance strongly reminded me of the best portraits of Pope, save that it looked much younger, and indicated greater benevolence and good nature. On enquiry, I found that I was gazing at H. H. W. a distinguished Oriental Scholar, but what is more germane to our subject one of our first rate, if not *the* first rate, of our Thespians. I had heard much of his acting, and on learning that this ~~was~~ the man, I indulged my physiognomical curiosity to the utmost without the slightest chance of being deemed rude, since he never saw me, but appeared rapt with the concord of sweet sounds for which indeed he was a little of a *fanatic*. My companion, who had been longer in Calcutta than myself, particularly praised him as a comedian, and I was therefore (foolishly enough) surprised to find that he appeared such a grave person. A slender ('twas many years ago—mind) somewhat boyish youth, cast in one of nature's sportive moulds, with a countenance like a young poet's, radiant with expression, laying down his violin (at which he appeared an adept) went close to W. and whispered something in his ear: his countenance brightened up instantly with an eloquently arch smile which gave us it were a blink of its comic expression when he chose. And these strangers of the hour were to be numbered amongst my most valued friends. Such is life!

If you were a stranger to W. and met him for the first time in company, what first struck you was his unobtrusiveness, and quietness, compared with what you had heard of his talents, learning and accomplishments. Every movement, every word, was characterised by a happy self-possession. In delivering an opinion, he was clear, succinct, forcible and urbane; with a mind richly stored, and possessing faculties of a high order, he never exhibited a trace of that fretful ambition to shine which is the characteristic of a small intellect. Imbued with a keen sense of the ludicrous, yet it never led him to wound the feelings of another in the slightest degree, and was only perceptible ~~on~~ the stage. Possessing powers that rendered him fascinating in broad as well as in genteel comedy, yet was he as totally devoid of stiffness in the one, as of the most distant approach to buffoonery in the other. Of the truth of this position what could be a finer illustration than his *Lord Ogleby* and *Toby Altspice*?

The first part I saw him perform, was that of *Dr. Ollapod* in the *Poor Gentleman*. I was delighted with it, for his conception of the character was admirable and his execution faultless. I confess I felt surprised at such a masterly performance in a provincial, or more correctly, a colonial mere amateur theatre, as I, in my ignorance, had somewhat disparagingly considered it. I liked him better in the part than any representative I had ever seen before, not even excepting Bannister, who, according to my ideas, walked through it in rather a slovenly manner. But what a metamorphosis from the somewhat aristocratically reserved, and quiet denizen of the concert room! He looked the character with a joyous gusto of comicality that was

quite irresistible, --spoke with felicitous volubility as if he had just-thought what he was saying, and had never rehearsed it in his life. His ease on the stage was most enviable. It was none of your off-hand dashing *at homeness*, but the freest and most disengaged possession of himself in the part represented; which he appeared to be one and indivisible, and an entire forgetfulness (as far as the spectator could perceive) of their being any other audience save the characters of the piece. All the comic hits told capitally and each recurring—"ha, ha, very good, very good *indeed*; thank you good Sir, I owe you one!" came out as freshly and effectively as if you had not shaken your sides at it before—with an indescribable smirk of glee that was as unforced and true to nature—as it was infectious, setting as it did every one sympathetically upon the grin. The description of the explosion on parade, of the bottle of Diet Drink "pop into the face of his commandant!" was most inimitable.

L--in was the *Lieut.* of the evening. There appeared somewhat too much of a solemnity in his dignity, and of effort to be impressive. As the character warmed in its advancement, he got rid of this, especially towards the conclusion. I am not sure however but the circumstance I allude to may partly be the author's fault, as the part appears to be somewhat starched and stiffish. Col. D--e was the most debonnaire of corporals. In scotch--in spite of all his efforts, the colonel peered out through the non commissioned officer. He had a pleasant smile as if satisfied with himself and the audience. There was in his acting, (notwithstanding his prepossessing appearance and easy carriage) a something that detracted from the illusion of the scene—and he was occasionally forgetful of his part. This too was somewhat the betting sin of F--tz--C--e whose jovial good humoured manner, however, carried it off. One night this obliviousness was so complete that he could not muster one word,— a dead stop—a sort of comical bewilderment,—*exit* in a *saute qui pert* double quick time, exclaiming "Oh my—*stupid head*!" which by the way was a great mistake, as he had a very good sensible head of his own, and a most kind heart, unless he be changed from what he was in auld lang syne. But to return to D--e:—he was capital in Irish characters. His Sir Lucius O'Trigger was very good, and his Looney MacEwelter superb. He on these occasions identified himself with the character, but often he was merely Col. D--e, with a too preceptible consciousness of the presence of the audience, particularly in that portion of it in the Governor General's box where sat one whose eyes ever beamed with a kindly interest on his favorite *Carle*. I must not here forget to observe that the Col. was ever ready cheerfully to give his aid to our Drury which lost in him a zealous and favourite amateur.

A--s *Frank* had nothing particular about it. I remember him as it but yesterday dressed in his blue surlout edged with fur and striding up to Sir Charles Cropland with the bluntness natural to the character just arrived from Russia." By the way A--p liked

to have his costume ornamented with fur whenever he could well manage it, and in the engraving of him taken by poor Savignac from the excellent miniature by Mr. M. B. he is drawn in a surtout edged with fur, discovering a dragoon uniform.

In Sir Charles Cropland I discovered the young hero of the concert room, whose name I now heard for the first time—H. M. P.—truly I may say "*clarem*" and I hope he and myself may live long enough to admit of my adding "*venerabile nomen*." Yea, *W. G. P.* a man of bright intellect and sunny temper—(it is the plain unvarnished truth that, and you must excuse me). Perhaps the high estimation in which I hold certain individuals may have led to my dwelling too much on circumstances that cannot fail to appear trivial to others. I have also before me the fear of tiring my readers by what they may consider mere prating. Yet how can we look back through the vista of "dark brown years," and attempt giving a representation with any pretension to graphic delineation without being circumstantial? The corroboration of all this is one of the reasons why I shrink from the task I have undertaken; and another is the difficulty of writing about one's living contemporaries in a manner that shall be satisfactory without a slight degree of leniency as respects individuals. One is afraid of overstepping the modesty of nature not in regard to *their* merits, but for fear of trenching even in a slight degree upon that sensitive delicacy, which is ever the concomitant of genius and worth. But does not the part belong to history, and is this not the true and faithful history of our Drury and of all its heroes? A truce then to objections, my friend H. M. P., and all of you,—none of your nonsense, but let me tell my story in my own way. If, on the other hand, I should be found by persons of a more retentive memory to commit mistakes as to time, persons or particulars, I can assure them that it must arise from my not possessing such a faithful memory as themselves; for in trying to remember the fragments of incidents and scenes which at the first blush I thought it easy to bring before the reader, I find that in practice the experiment is attended with greater difficulty than I had anticipated.

The part of Sir Charles Cropland is nothing. As respected P. it was a straw that served to shew how the wind of his capacity might blow. If the representative of the character had been a common place man, I should not have written a word about it, but being what *he is*, I cannot forget that the first part I saw him enact was that of Sir Charles Cropland. He acted the fashionable puppy to the life, and trod the boards with the non-chalance of a Veteran. It was however, in his *Jeremy Diddler*, that I had first the pleasure of seeing him raise the veil of his Mercurial vis Comica. He spunged so briskly, so adroitly, and yet with so much gentlemanlyism, that it was quite a pleasure to be *chaoused* by him out of sixpences and tenpences. Oh how gloriously he did gobble up his breakfast. It made you hungry to look at him; and yet, strange to say, there was a wild grace in his voracity that made it picturesque. You saw that it was

a half famished gentleman. P.'s histrionic talent is very versatile; tragedy, comedy, farce, melodrama, opera--'tis all one to him. In tragedy, --in parts of a sombre coloring, he excels most in the exhibition of deep tenderness, or mental anguish. See him for instance in the little piece called "*Is he jealous?*" where he first makes you laugh as the abstracted mathematician, and anon sets you weeping by his powerful representative of the most distressing and harrowing and lamentable of the human passions. He has a Garrick-like flexibility of countenance, and in the little piece alluded to it evinced itself in the abstraction of calculation, the smile of domestic cheerfulness, the glance of affection, the look of alarm as the plot thickened, the glazed stare of black despair, the gradual dispelling of the gloom,--the brightening up and the joyous denouement. See him again in *Splinter Daggerwood*,--then shift the scene and look at the interesting, dumb, gentle, and dignified Francisco in the *Tale of Mystery*, who seems indeed "a noble Roman." Can any thing be more deeply moving and pathetic than his recognition of his child? Shift the scene again, and see him in that tipping character in the *Deserter*.--I forget his name at this moment. The chief performers on the London boards with one or two exceptions are now scarcely known to me, so that I am not able to institute parallels between them and the Chowringhee worthies. In comedy P. has a dash of the mercurialism of Champaign, like the etheriation of the Lewis of other days and Jones of the present. One of his most effectual touches is a look of blank wonder, yet peculiarly expressive. In tragic points, though unlike him in figure, he often reminds me of the tenderness and pathos of Henry Siddons, whose *Stranger*, by the way, I preferred to that of his great relative John Kemble.

P.--f.--r's Sir Robert Bramble was a good performance, but gave no idea of his peculiar powers. Not long after I saw him in two of his favourite parts, viz. *Sir Pertinax MacSycophant* and *Sir Archy Asm*. In the former, he was second only to Geo. Cook. In the latter I preferred Henry Johnston, who I thought gave the part a superior degree of polish. But the part of parts however in which P.--f.--r is second to none, and makes peculiarly his own, is that of *Sir John Falstaff*;--but I must not anticipate. *Stephen Harrowby* was, in B.--r's hands, all that could be desired, and every time he appeared occasioned roars of laughter. I believe Mrs. Kelly represented *Emily Worthington*, but I am not sure. At any rate it was not a part suitable to her. She was a most clever and useful actress, and her secession from a stage which she trod for many years was a serious loss to our Drury. *Lucretia MacTabb* was in the hands of a gentleman whose inimitable impersonations of such eccentrics are well remembered by all who had the delight of witnessing them, and he to remember them. His Mrs. Malaprop, without exception, was the best and most exquisite thing of the kind I have seen on any stage. It was quite a study.

My other recollections of the season alluded to, refer to "*The Heir at Law*," "*The Critic*, &c." T—P— as *Lord Duberly* was capital, and reminded me strongly of Liston. Would I could see him in the part again! If I was pleased with W—'s Ollapod, his *Dr. Pangloss* if possible still more gratified me. Alsop's Zekiel Homespun was the first part truly worthy of him that I saw him represent. It was a most beautiful piece of acting, and in as good keeping, and as true to nature, as are of Gainsborough's pictures. It overflowed with generous, gushing, sterling English feeling. Indeed I have, independent of good acting, always thought Zekiel Homespun an admirable example of an unsophisticated English peasant.

The whole strength of our Drury might be said to have been on the stage, the night that the Critic was acted. I seldom have seen a more hilarious audience. For my own part, I was well nigh exhausted. *Sir Fretful Plagiarist* was represented by my old friend E—B—. It was one of his best characters and a performance that evinced thorough study and knowledge of the character. The gradual effervescence of the sensitive author's acerbity until it burst all bounds and broke out into an explosion of irritability was very fine.

W—'s Puff-beggars description. His manner of going through the part, made the scenic illusion complete. What gave his drolleries their great effect was the cool quiet air of self-possession and self-love with which he expressed himself. I shall never forget his way of pronouncing these few words "Could you not go off kneeling?" and on the entrance of Thames between his two banks, "There is a river for you!" T. P— was the Burleigh of the evening, and one of the best things of the whole exhibition was his magnificent shake of the head! He approached with a certain air of solemn and even dreadful mystery. You felt that a sublime and tremendous shake of head was coming,—was inscrutable. At length he wound up his energies to "the terrible feat," and gave the shake. Oh such a shake! I never shall look at its like again. There was an attempted shake on the boards last season, if I recollect right, but it was no more like his shake, than "I to Hercules." Homer, I think, must have had prophetically in his eye when he wrote the lines.

Αυξοῖσιαν θ' ἄρα χαίται περρωσάντο δ' ἄνακτος
Κρατὶς ἀπαθνατοῖς μεγάλῃ δ' ἐλελίζεν Ὀλύμπου.

Olympus shook with a vengeance—pealing with thunders of applause and shouts of laughter.

With respect to H. H. W.—if I were asked wherein consisted the secret of his dramatic powers, I should be disposed to answer—in his intuitive and exquisite good taste, and his profound knowledge of acting as an art, which also implies a through knowledge of human nature, and what is called 'life.' He was inferior to no actor in enthusiasm of his part, but he tempered it with an admirable discretion. I never knew him once to overstep the modesty of nature. In tragedy, he never ranted—in comedy, he was never farcical—in farce he never

buffooned. In these respects, he was superior to A---p for I have seen him err in all these respects at times. On other occasions, A---p's *physique* gave him an advantage over W---. Although W---'s versatility was very great, A---p's was much greater---so that he was known among us as our theatrical *Profens* from the unlimited and varied range of his characters:---but, for the present, adieu to the subject.

June 29. 1833.

AN OLD STAGER.

SHIKAREE BAT CHIT.

"Te decedente die"

"Io te saluto"

Tuñeredi.

Scene.---THE EDITOR'S CHIB. Garden Bench. *Time*: the first half hour after dinner, before the complacency and loquacity caused by cool claret and *cotelettes à la Maintenon* have evaporated, and just as the "*Tea Diva Potens*" has manifested herself.

THE EDITOR AND NIM EAST.

NIM EAST.---(raising his legs on the table and drawing a large whiff). Alas! Kennel, Hounds, Darriahs, Top Boots, Red coats and Steeds, are put on the pence establishment, and my occupation is for the present "gone": so let us converse "*De Quibus dam aliis*,"---only let me premise that; if you utter one syllable about STEAM NAVIGATION, INFANT SCHOOLS or ISOPHONES, that moment I'm off: and like "the dew of the morning before the sun," or "like a blush upon the pale cheek of a sickly maiden," or "like Harlequin through a trap door, I vanish; and am lost to sight, albeit, I take it, still devilish "dear to memory,"---of my creditors at least; so be ye:

EDITOR.---And you absolutely pretend to the character of a rational being? You!--you clap your *refo* on the most popular themes---themes which have cost me many an anxious hour, and which are fraught with the elements of eloquence; and yet you "bid me discourse!" With what "can I enchant thine ear?" Faith with such a stopper on my garrulity I must e'en be content to play the listener. Come, what is your gup.

NIM EAST.---Why to say truth many things have turned up of more or less importance. Let me see, first the hounds have concluded their season. STEAM NAVIGATION.---INFANT SCHOOLS.---Bah! The Duke of York has gone ashore---the Duchess Berri has determined not to "bye and die in single blessedness,"---A tyger has devoured four young children at Howrah, and John Cook has died.

EDITOR.---(Musingly) John Cook has died! "He should have died hereafter." "We could have better spared."---

NIM EAST.--Ay, as you say. "He was a man, take him for all in all we," shall not find his like again in a hurry. One and all join in giving poor John a good character. His honesty (a *rara avis* in a Livery Stable) his kindliness of heart, his benevolence extending beyond his own sphere, and his readiness to open the hand to all in distress, render us sensible of the full force of the words used in speaking of him by one who had been in constant communication with him for eleven years.--"*John Cook was a good man.*" His purse was open for the support of those, who had been reduced from competence and even affluence to poverty and a jail; the fatherless children of a less fortunate contemporary (Mansfield) were brought up and educated at his own expence.--and I repeat again "*John Cook was a good man.*" Peace be to his manes! That he was respected and regretted is testified by the fact that his remains were followed to the grave by many gentlemen high in both services and of different professions in Calcutta,

"The rank is but the guinea stamp"

"For man's the gold for a 'that'"

I was happy to see in the train of mourners, one of our best and most valued sportsmen, and one to whom every lover of hounds and hunting owes a deep debt of gratitude.

EDITOR.--We should have drunk John's immortal memory at the Town Hall dinner to the Hunt the other day. It struck me as an unpardonable omission.

NIM EAST.--Ay--and there were others entitled to a similar mark of the gratitude of posterity--but the fact is, there was a natural objection to the introduction of lugubrious matters; a *memento mori* would have been a most unwelcome visitant amongst so much fun, frolic and conviviality. By the bye, Ed., that same dinner was a brilliant affair. You must give us an account of it in the *Alaga*.

EDITOR.--Why, so I purposed, but there are really no means left of varying a description of a feed. The speeches constitute all the difference in these cases, and those unhappily on the occasion you mention oozed out of the cranium of my reporter under the influence of Gunter and Hooper's "prime" "sparkling" "old" Neisteiner and Metternich waters of oblivion.

NIM EAST.--Then you must appeal to your own memory. You cannot be oblivious of the grace, the smartness, the ease and good nature--the sporting *tournaire*--the flow of soul--the tact--which distinguished the young chairman.

EDITOR.--A rising fellow that.

NIM EAST.--Rising ay, six feet two in his pumps, or I'm a sinner. It was soothing to the cockles of one's heart to find so much sporting spirit combined with a fair share of polish in one so young. When he gave the CALCUTTA HUNT, I could have hugged the sweet rogue.

EDITOR. -- But what did you think of his brother ? A plain blunt man, Sir, bat a trump in every sense of the word. Who, like him embodies the manliness and *savoir faire* of the old school ? Well may he talk of his "riding." He 'll turn ye and wind ye a fiery Pegasus, with as much ease as I can twist this cigar, and laughs to scorn the puerile frettings of the modern Bucephali. What a melancholy picture he drew of the decline of the Hunt ! and yet now smartly were we whisked out of the sloughs of despond, and sent full careering in the high road of Hope ! One moment our heart strings were cracking with the recollection of what *was*, but one little year ago ; the next, our bosoms swelled with brilliant anticipations for the inevitable future. May all our friend's views be realised !

NIM EAST -- Amen ! with all my heart. *Aur chor loo !* --- What were the other toasts beside "the Hunt ?" I quite forget.

EDITOR. -- The *oubli* of Lethæan hock I suspect. They were numerous, Sir ; all well prefaced and all received a full share of justice. Heel taps off, and three times three-ay, and in some cases, " nine times nine." We drank " the Duke," at my request -- for it suddenly occurred to me that it was the 18th of June, and the anniversary of glorious Waterloo. The gallant huntsman of the Entally Pack, denied the Duke's claims to be toasted as a soldier amongst fellows who followed nobler game than flying Frenchmen, and proposed drinking him as a fox-hunter.

NIM EAST -- What said you ?

EDITOR. --- Oh, I yielded, of conurso. The idea was excellent ; for the Duke, like Tau, the God of War, is as mighty in one field as the other. A brush or a marshal's bâton were all one to him on the continent.

NIM EAST. --- I must have been rather abroad if I am wrong in the impression I have. But I have a notion, a glimmering -- a mere *soupeçon* I confess --- that the SPORTING MAGAZINE was not forgotten in the round of toasts :

EDITOR. -- Ah ! there you touch me nearly. I could have been content to have avoided that topic, for the recollection of the honor due to dear MAGA agitates my internals, and decomposes my too full stock of humility. You might have perceived how deeply I was affected -- how -- how (*evidently moved*.)

NIM EAST. --- (*Aside*) How touching ! Let me not disturb the noble current of his soul.

EDITOR. --- (*Brushing away a tear with the sleeve of his jacket, and blowing his nose*.) Tut ! it is unmanly. The gay young varmint did themselves honor, Sir, and while such enthusiasm lasts, MAGA must flourish. I told them it was the child of many fathers, but if they would only contribute each a small portion of grub for its maw, I would see that the *pabulum* was properly administered and the bairn would be sure to thrive.

NIM EAST—Bravo! I hope they'll take the hint, and keep her from starvation. Your contributors seem to be increasing fast.

EDITOR—They do so; but yet we are without a great gun,—a NIMROD, as it were, who flies at every thing.

NIM EAST—So much the better. I have always found *indivibility* of talent fatal to works of the kind. If it be transcendent, why the other writers barely get justice; and should the 'great gun' as you call it, *pop off*, the Editor is then left in the lurch, and the world, without enquiry, cry out, "oh how the Magazine has fallen off." However, there is one man on your list who, as far as mortals *can* be depended on, is likely to stick by MACA, under every vicissitude; and he is the renowned O. K. The sight of those initials acted like magic amongst the sporting fraternity, and you must have found it so on referring to your subscription list.

EDITOR—-I did. Long live O. K.!

NIM EAST—Well get on with your story about the dinner.

EDITOR—Story! "Lord love you Sir, I've none to tell." We spoke and drank and sang till the "wee short hour ayont the twal," and then came—business. A steeple chase was proposed, and subscribed for on the spot, as you know. You moreover can tell how the same chase came off.

NIM EAST—-I can. Get your *gullum* and mark what I shall dictate. It will make an article for the July-number.

EDITOR—(*Flying—mangre repletion, and assembling his tools.*) Here I sit. Off!

NIM EAST—(*Loquitur.*) A Steeple chase for all Arabs, 10-7 at Dunn-Dum, June 20th, 1833.

Seventeen horses had been named, but owing to circumstances over which the owners I suppose had no control, four only started. There was a goodly array of company—some carriages and many well mounted horsemen. The ground was chosen some days before, and the leaps were numerous and many of them *rather* stiff—-one in particular, an old road-way, with a bank nearly as high as that excellent specimen of the "Doosra Composite" the Ochterlony Monument, and so shelved and cut, as to make crawling impossible. It was beyond the limits of an Arab stride and in short was a "stopper." All four were for some time striving to surmount this obstacle, but in vain; so as they might have gone on trying to do what was not to be done till the millenium or a Russian invasion put a period to their labours it was agreed on all hands to draw up and start again this particular leap being, like the part of Hamlet at the Theatre Royal Dunstable, to be left out by particular desire. Having drawn up in line on the other side of the leap, the word "off" was again given; and away they went

"Headlong as a wintry storm

notwithstanding it was a June morning in Bengal "*Tony Lumpkin*" leading, *Fly-catcher* second, then *Sinbad*, and the rear brought up by "*Malachi*." The flags being so very near to each other, and both those on the right hand and on the left, being of the same colour, it was by no means an easy task to pilot a nag properly through them, and accordingly *Tony* overshot his mark a few yards and his rider was obliged to turn him to face a jump and this lost him the lead, which *Fly-catcher* immediately took, and the thing was considered done, he being now considerably in advance, and there being no great distance between him and home. But whether in the flush of conquest and the certainty of triumph, &c. or whether the flags, as I said before, misled him (for it is certain that the steed did not *flag*) poor *Fly-catcher* (who knew no bounds but those he had been indulging in among the banks and ditches) led his master on the wrong side of a post, and consequently his chance was lost. *Tony Lumpkin*, the winner, is a grey horse, long known as a hunter here, and *Fly-catcher* is one of the best Arab jumpers in India. The other two nags, like Mr. Simkin's, of Leeds.

"Followed at their leisure"

"For why should they make a labour of a pleasure?"

The posts had been to blame also with them, and I would suggest here that in future a different coloured flag be attached to the inside posts from those appended to the outside ones, and that if possible the posts be placed further apart.

There!—now you may call the Arch Director of your Pandæmonium and set the imps to work.

EDITOR. Thank you: *Qui hi!* (*Peon enters and delivers sundry proof sheets, clits, letters &c. just arrived from the printing office.*)

Here take this "steeple chase" to the Printer, and tell him to put it in type, and I will endeavour to remember this night's intellectual flow as a kind of accompaniment to the article. It may go in the *Shikarée Bat-Chit*.

PEON—(*Looking unutterable wonderment and simplicity*) Sahib! *Kea bolte?*... *hum nay janta.*

EDITOR—*Jao!* you soor,—depart, abscond, vanish. (*Exit Peon with inconceivable rapidity.*)

NIM EAST—What a pile of correspondence! Give us the benefit of its contents.

EDITOR—(*deliberately opening the various packets*) Three for the *Bail*—five for the *United Service Journal*,—fifteen for the *Sporting Magazine!*—Bravo!

NIM EAST—Bravissimo!... But what is that to which your eye is rivetted? What spell,—what fascination binds you to—

EDITOR—A sporting letter! and "it is not to be published" And all about Tiger and other shooting!

NIM EAST—Oh let us have it. Ah when I was a *Mofussilite*, and "I too have lived in. Arcadia" I was partial to the society of Tigers &c. and have done some little mischief among them too in my day-witness my hookah-carpet.

(Sings) "While my rifle never failing
Made each bird and beast my prey."

EDITOR—(reading aloud) "We were out but seven days, yet during that time we killed seven Tigers, besides a few Deer, Chickoree, Partridges, and Jungle Fowl: one of the tigers exceeded in size any I ever saw killed, and I have been at the death of many; it was not in length he was so remarkable, though not a short Tiger, (he measured 11 ft. 3 ins.) but his *bulk* and *wright* were quite extraordinary. Beating home one evening we came on a large male Rhinoceros, but he escaped us, after some sharp work, badly wounded. Had not the jungle been very much intersected by small, but deep swampy nullahs, which were only to be crossed at certain places, we certainly should have killed him:—this gave him a decided advantage over us, for he knew all the crossing places, which we had to look for, and which prevented our being quick enough to cut him off from the river, which he crossed into the forest, where to have followed him would have been useless even had there been sufficient day for it. I regret to say he did not bid us adieu until he had given us cause to remember him, for, seeing a poor Burkundaz who unfortunately was standing out on the plain, he charged him, drove his horn deep into the poor creature's breast, and killed him on the spot. When I tell you that we were not more than four hours each day in actual pursuit of game you will, I think allow, we made good use of our time, to kill so much as we did. Circumstances unfortunately obliged us to pitch our tents at such a distance from the shooting ground, that more than four hours were occupied in going to it and returning: this was very annoying, as by it we lost several Tigers, of which we received information, but the distance and want of time prevented our beating up their quarters.

Never having heard that Rabbits were to be found in any part of the country I was much surprized at falling in with some during our trip. I killed two, they are much larger than the wild rabbit at home. Fur longer and more harsh, of a reddish brown colour. Ears, very small, and sent so short I might almost say they have none; it is not visible until skinned. When fresh killed, the skin of this Rabbit is so tender, particularly about the thighs and pole, that unless taken up carefully it tears. I have one of the skins which I shall do myself the pleasure to forward to you by the first opportunity."

Now this is the production of a modest and considerate man. Why can he desire concealment? His letter is as much worth publishing as half of the contributions I receive. But I suppose he must be gratified, and therefore the letter shall not appear. But what shall I do with the rabbit skin?

NIM EAST—Write an article on it, for the benefit of the curious in Natural History.

EDITOR—Good, something *à la Buffon*. I wish such materials were more frequent. Will you believe me, that though five months Editor of *MAGA* I have never received a single article on the Natural History of Indian animals, nor a single tiger skin, boar's tushes, pair of antlers or stuffed bird? I remember the time, in another part of this "mighty empire," where the Editor's snuggery was a *boudoir* of Natural History,—a museum of beastialities.

NIM EAST—*Pazienza,—le bon tems viendra*. Talking of "bon tems," it is time for me to be off. When shall we two meet again?

EDITOR—"In thunder, lightning and in rain," for see

"The dark heavens groan—the wildly scattered clouds,
Like routed hosts, are darkly hurrying past
The dim discovered stars."

NIM EAST—Ay, the monsoon approaches, as you say. But where shall we meet, "where the place?"

EDITOR—"The Editor's crib at Garden Reach".

BLUNA NOTTE!

(*Exeunt severally, Nim to his crib, the Editor to his couch.*)

BANGALORE MEETING IN 1812—SULKY.

Sir, In searching my papers the other day, for something worth sending to your Magazine, I came across an account of the Bangalore Meeting for 1812, containing the following race, ridden and won by the worthy Father of the Madras Turf, to whom, I observe, a Jubilee dinner has lately been given, by the Officers of that Presidency; and I hope to see, in your pages, an account of this honorable tribute, to so good and so old a Sportsman, particularly as it contains some very happy allusions to The Turf.

"Colonel M'Dowell's Horse Louis Gordon, carrying 12st. 12lb. beat Lieutenant Prager's Tinker, carrying 11st. 4lb. one two mile heat. Owners on, for 250. Pagodas.—This was the most interesting match, ever witnessed in the Peninsula; the popular wish of course sided with the Father of the Turf, but from his giving so much weight, little hope was entertained of his success—his blood and well known skill however, inspired confidence, and with the knowing ones, he was still the favourite. Lieutenant Prager took the lead, and went off at a snapping pace, his opponent lying by, the latter to seize, with Newmarket skill, upon any opportunity; at the 10th turn of the course, Louis Gordon made a push at Tinker,

evidently in the hope of making him bolt, Lieutenant Prager's good Jockeyship prevented this mishap; for sometime the event was doubtful; it was evident that Tinker had the speed. Lieutenant Prager generally keeping the lead by about a nose. Gordon's bottom however might be relied upon, and when he opportunely made his push at the turn in, the public hope was not disappointed; he passed Tinker; and the Father of the Turf, by winning this race in real Jockey style, evinced that his sporting spirit, and Turf powers, kept even pace with his great experience."

The spectators were so delighted, at Colonel M'Dowell's success, that he was taken off his horse, and cheered, and chained to the scales.*

Another circumstance, well worthy of being recorded, occurred at this Meeting. The famous horse Sulky took leave of the Indian turf, closing his triumphant racing career, by beating in hand the two best Arabs that could be brought against him, carrying 8st 4lb. three miles in 6. 1.4. and a few days after, walking over the course, for the Sulky cup, for Arab and country bred horses, 8st, 7lb, two miles.

It agreeable to your readers, I shall endeavour to prepare, for your next number, an account of this celebrated horse, known in England and Ireland, as the Cole Arabian; and shall now conclude, with a bumper, to "Health, happiness and success, to ARAB MAC." I hope the distinguished sportsman will excuse my freedom; and that he will join me in another, to Bull's* toast, "*The Honorable Arthur Cole, British Resident at Mysore.*"

I remain, Sir, Faithfully Yours,

June 1st 1833.]

PICKLE.

TAPLIN ABRIDGED.

BALLS,--medicines so called when prepared in that form, as they now mostly are, for the mitigation and cure of almost every disease to which the horse is incident. There are purging balls of various kinds, prepared of proportional strengths, and compounded of different ingredients, with or without the impregnation of mercury, according to the state, disease, or condition of the subject. Mild and strong diuretic balls, for cracked heels, swelled legs, fluctuating humours, and grease. Pectoral cordial balls, for colds, as well as to be given after severe chases, or long journeys: they are also useful when a horse is off his appetite, as well as an excellent preventative to cold when a horse has been long out of the stable, in sharp winds or chilling rains. Pectoral detergent balls, for obstinate coughs, and thick-winded horses. Likewise balls for flatulent and inflammatory colic, as well as for strangury and other disorders.

* Sir A. MacDowell's Jockey. The toast always commenced Falsen and concluded in full bass.

BARBS,—are horses brought from the coast of Barbary, and mostly consigned as presents to His Majesty, or some other branch of the royal family. Those arriving under such distinction, are to be considered the true MOUNTAIN BARB, the *pedigree* of whose *blood* has been ascertained with as much tenacity and care as the genealogy of our most ancient nobility. **BARNS** (as they are called) are to be found in the possession of many people of fashion and fortune in England, but they are in general of inferior degree and thought to be only the *common* horses of the country from whence they came: such there are at all times to be obtained through the intervening medium of *Provence* and *Languedoc* in France; but in England they are held in very slender estimation; not more for their deficiency in *growth* and *strength*, than the awkwardness of their *action*.

BARBS were formerly in great request here; and neither trouble or expence was spared to obtain them, for the sole purpose of improving the speed of our own *breed* for the *TURF*, where, upon the various event in *RACING* at *NEWMARKET*, and in the *north*, immense sums are frequently depending; and from the various *crosses* in *blood*, the breeding *in and in*, with the different fancied *interlineations* by different individuals, it is affirmed, by some of those best versed in racing pedigree, that there are at this time a very few (if any) thorough bred *ENGLISH* horses, but what have across of *foreign blood* in their composition.

BARBS,—are the fleshy ridges at the upper part of a horse's mouth. These ridges are always more prominent in *young* horses than in *old*. When they are luxuriant towards the front teeth, and, with a kind of elastic puffiness, project and prevent mastication, they are called *JAMPAS*. In all cases of emergency where bleeding is necessary, and the apparatus not at hand, particularly *in the night*, an incision or two across the bars with the *steam*, instantly answers the purpose, and prevents farther ceremony.

BATTLE ROYAL,—was formerly (much more than at present) a favorite mode of fighting amongst cockers of the *lower order*, who upon the old maxim of "the more danger the more honor," became practical advocates for general destruction in the following way. A battle royal may consist of any number of cocks, but is hardly ever known to exceed *eight*. The owner of each having made good his *stake*, or previously contributed his share of the *prize* or *purse* for which they fight, and all parties being ready, the cocks are most *inhumanly* pitted at the same moment, when a long and distressing scene ensues, to which there is no termination as long as a *second* cock is left alive, and the victory can only be obtained by the last survivor. This species of sport is but little practised now, and that in most distant and remote corners of the kingdom.

BAY,—the colour of a horse so called, and is the most esteemed of any other in constituting the beauty of the horse. They have invariably black manes and tails, are many shades lighter than a brown horse, and were originally called *bay* from their affinity to the leaf of the bay tree. There are, however, some degrees of difference and variations in those so termed: for instance, there is the light or yellow bay, the brown bay and the mottled bay. Bay horses with black legs have the preference of all other colours, and now almost wholly constitute the racing breed of this country.

BAY,—is a sporting term, and used in the following sense. When a stag has been so long pursued that, finding his speed or strength nearly exhausted, he turns round, (having some protection of building or plying in his rear,) and facing the hounds, resolutely defends himself with his *antlers*, keeping the hounds at *bay*, till the sportsmen come up, who immediately

assist in drawing off the hounds, and saving the life of the deer. When the deer takes *foal*, (that is, takes the water,) he will defend himself, and keep the hounds a long time at *bay*, provided he fathoms the lake or river so well as to keep the hounds *swimming*, and not go out of his *own* depth; if he loses which, he is obliged to *swim* at the time *he* is *up*, (in other words, quite tired,) and surrounded by the hounds, he is inevitably drowned by his numerous and determined foes, in opposition to every exertion that can be made to save him.

In fox-hunting, when the fox is supposed to have gone to earth, the fact can only be ascertained in many cases by the excellence of the terrier attending the pack, who has in general strength and speed sufficient to keep him from being far behind. Upon entering the earth, discovery is soon made of the certainty of his retreat, by the terrier's "*laying well at him*," provided the fox has not *turned* in the earth: if he has so done, and they are face to face, they are both *buying*, or keeping each other at *bay*, till the controve sy ends in *digging out* the fox, and letting in the hounds for their *share* of the entertainment, with the additional acquisition of *blood* for the advantage of the pack.

BAY TREE.—The leaves of this tree are useful in fomentations, and the berries in clysters, for horses upon every emergency.

BEAGLES.—In early stages of the sporting world, was an appellation of much more definite meaning than in the *polish* of the *present times*, and was then used to signify a brace or two of the tanned or pied hounds of small dimensions, with which the country squire or opulent farmer *poked* and *chopped* the trail of a hare to her form for a course with his greyhounds. As they were, however, so constantly useful in recovering the hare after the *first* course, and bringing her to view for a *second*, it became in a great degree stigmatized by sportsmen in general, and is now considered neither more or less than *one mode of poaching* under the sanction of legal authority. Many packs of these small beagle (for beagle then implied the *smallest* kind of hound known) were formerly kept by country gentlemen at a very trifling expence, and with no small share of amusement to their rustic neighbours; for, although those who joined in the chase might be numerous, yet *two or three horsemen only* were seen in the field, so easy was it to keep up with the hounds (alias beagles) on foot. They were in general so well matched, that they did not exceed eleven inches in height; and ran so well together, they (to speak technically,) "*might be covered with a sheet*." Though they were *slow*, they were *sure*; for if the scent lay well, a hare could seldom escape them; and this, to the object of pursuit, mostly proved a lingering as well as a certain death: for though, in the early parts of the chase, they could never get near enough to *press* her, they were frequently *two or three hours* in killing.

In proportion to the increasing spirit of the times, *slow hunting* declined, and beagles of this kind got in disrepute. The numerous crosses in the breed of both beagles and hounds, according to the wishes and inclinations of those who keep them, have so diversified the variety, that a volume might be produced, in a description of the different sorts and sizes adapted to the soil and surface where they hunt: from the old *heary*, *deep tongued*, *down-lapped*, *southern hounds*, of MANCHESTER, (where the huntsman with his long pole goes on foot), to the highest crossed harriers of the present day, who kill the stoutest hares in *thirty and forty minutes* with a speed not much inferior to coursing. **BEAGLES**, when the term is now used, implies hounds who *hunt hares only*, in contra-distinction to those who hunt either *stag* or *fox*.

Harriers have been produced from the crosses between the beagle and the fox hound; for the advantage of speed; but *harriers* are not, in sporting acceptation, to be considered synonymous with *beagles* to whom they are very superior in size. MR. DANIEL, in his "*Rural Sports*," has given an account of "a cry of beagles, ten or eleven couple, which were always carried to and from the field in a large pair of panniers, hung across a horse: small as they were, they would keep a hare at all her shifts to escape them, and often worry her to death. The catastrophe (says he) attending this pack of hounds is laughable, and perhaps is a larceny *unique* in its attempt. A small barn was their allotted kennel, the door of which was one night broke open, and every hound with the panniers stolen; nor could the most diligent search discover the least trace of the robbers or their booty."

BEAK,—the bill of a bird, more expressively understood in the "setting to" of a cock; which, according to the article and fixed rules of cocking, must be "beak to beak."

BEAV,—in the head of a deer, is the basis, or part bearing the antlers, royals and tops.

BEAT FOR A HARE,—is a term in hunting, much less known, and much less used, formerly, than of late years. When the huntsman was mounted at *day break*, and the hounds were thrown off at the place of meeting, as soon as the horsemen could *see to ride*, the hounds took trial, and went to their game in a style much better conceived than described. No assistance was then required to *beat for hares*, when the hounds were thus early engaged to find for themselves. A chase (or two) was enjoyed at that time, and the hounds at home in the kennel, before the hour at which it is now the custom to reach the field. Hence the custom, of engaging help to *beat for a hare*, the worst method that can be adopted, and the most destructive of all discipline with the hounds; for once accustomed to the practice, heads are all up; and they are much more employed in staring about, and listening for a *rien holloa*, than in putting their noses to the ground.

BEHOLDING—appertains here only to the belling of the horse, upon which there are such a variety of opinions, that there cannot be the least expectation of all ever concurring in one point. While some are profuse of *bray* at all seasons, even to a degree of *waste* and extravagance, others, from a parsimonious principle, do not (at least readily) admit the necessity of *any at all*. In extremes, perhaps, the line of mediocrity may be the most satisfactory, and least liable to reprehension.

BETTING—is one great gratification of happiness with the people of this country, who never can be said to be *truly happy*, unless it is blended with a chance of becoming completely *miserable*. It is that kind of national *furor*, that no laws, however *penal*, no restrictions, however *severe*, can have sufficient force to stem the torrent of popular propensity; particularly when nurtured and encouraged by the prevalent example, and personal practice, of the best and most exalted characters in the kingdom. Experience has proved it a privilege implanted in the very hearts of its devotees, which can only terminate when sporting propagation ceases, and will of course continue to the end of time. Legislative dictation, and magisterial authority, may give a temporary check to games of chance at tables of public notoriety, where the most villainous depredations are in constant practice; but so long as that excitement to the true spirit of speculation, a *lottery*, the exhilarating power of a race, the infectious clamour of a *cockpit*, or the greater hobby-horse of John Bull, a *boxing match*, is open to all minds, and all directions, so long will betting excite the attention, and continue to constitute the pleasing,

painful anxiety of pecuniary speculation with the people of this country, (and probably of every other,) from the highest to the lowest classes of society.

BETTING is the act of laying a wager, or making a deposit of money, by two persons of contrary opinions, for one to become the *winner* upon the decision of some public or popular event; and that so fashionable a mode of terminating disputes may meet with but little difficulty or obstruction, *bets* are made with as much deliberation, and discharged by the SPORTING world with as much integrity, as the most important transactions of the commercial part of society in the first city of the universe. Betting has of late years been reduced to a *system*, by which there are now many *professors* in existence, who were originally of the *very lowest order*; but, by an indefatigable and persevering industry at Newmarket, the cockpit, and the gaming table, have acquired princely possessions, by the unexpected honour of being admitted to princely association. Where two opponents deposit *each* an equal sum (whether five pounds or five hundred) upon any event whatever it is then termed an *even bet*. An offer of *six to four*, implies the odds in direct ratio of six pounds to four, twelve to eight, sixty or forty; or in that proportion to any amount. Betting *two to one*, is laying ten pounds to five, twenty to ten, and so forth; one depositing exactly *double* the amount of his adversary's *stake*; three, four and five to one being regulated in the same way. The latter are all termed *laying the odds*, which vary according to the predominant opinions of the best judges upon the *probable* termination of the event; one rule being invariable, the person betting *the odds* (or, in other words, the *larger* sum against the *smaller*) has always the privilege of taking *his choice* in preference to his adversary, against which no appeal can ever be made with a decision in its favor.

Any person proposing a *bet* to another during the running of a horse, the fighting of a cock, or any other transaction, the party applied to, saying "done," and the proposer replying "done" also, it then becomes a confirmed *bet*, and cannot in sporting etiquette and honour be *off*, or revoked, but by mutual consent. No bet above *ten pounds* can be sued for and recovered in our courts of law; the payment of all losings above that sum must depend entirely upon the *sporting integrity* of the parties concerned.

RACES TO COME

ALLYGHUR DIVISION RACE MEETING,—DECEMBER 1833.

FIRST DAY, SATURDAY, 7TH DECEMBER, 1833.

1st Race.—Purse of 400 Rupees, for Maiden Country-bred and Cape Horses, weight for age. Heats R. C., 3 years old 7st. 4 years 8st. 5 years 8st. 8lbs. 6 years 8st. 12lbs. aged 9 stone. Entrance 100 Rupees.

2d Race.—The Agra Purse of 20 G. M. added to a subscription of 200 Rupees each P. P. for Arabs that have never started. Heats $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile; 6st. 7lb. each. To close on the 12th November, 1833.

3d Race.—A Purse of 200 Rupees for all Horses, carrying 9st. Arabs allowed 7lb. One mile. Entrance 80 Rupees. Imported English Horses excluded.

SECOND DAY, TUESDAY, 10TH DECEMBER.

1st Race.—Subscription Cup value 1,500 Rupees for all Horses, weight for age. 2 years a feather, 3 years 7st. 4lb. 4 years 8st. 4lb. 5 years 8st. 12lb. 6 and aged 9-2. Heats 2 miles. Entrance 200 Rupees; to close and name to the Secretary on the 10th November, 1833. Arabs allowed 5lb. Maidens allowed 4lb. Imported English Horses excluded; no Horse to be entered for this Cup, the owner of which has not subscribed 50 Rupees or upwards; 50 Rupees forfeit for all Horses that do not start, to be declared to the Secretary by 7 o'clock in the evening before the race, in failure of which the whole entrance must be paid.

2d Race.—A Pony Purse of 150 Rupees, weight for inches, 13 hands to carry 8st. heats, 1½ miles Maidens allowed 5lb. entrance 50 Rupees.

3d Race.—Welter Stakes of 10 G. M. each, with 300 Rupees added for all Horses, Arabs 11st. country bred 11st. 7lb. Gentlemen riders, R. C. and a distance. Imported English Horses excluded. Horses that never started before the day of running allowed 7lb., that have started but never won 4lb. To close at 1 o'clock the day before the meeting.

THIRD DAY, THURSDAY, 12TH DECEMBER.

1st Race.—The Muttra Purse of 20 G. M. to be added to a Subscription of 200 Rupees each P. P. for Maiden Arabs, heats 2 miles, 8st. 7lb. each to close on 15th November, 1833. The winner of the Agra Purse to carry 3lb. extra.

2d Race.—Craven Stakes of 15 G. M. each H. F. with 200 Rupees added from the fund, for all country-bred Horses; Maidens allowed 3lb. winner of the Maiden purse 1st day not entitled to this allowance. To close at 1 o'clock the day before the meeting. Newmarket Craven weight and distance.

3d Race.—The Taj Purse of 300 Rupees for all Galloways; 14 hands carrying 8st. 7lbs. Heats R. C. Maidens allowed 4lbs. Entrance 50 Rupees.

FOURTH DAY, SATURDAY, 14TH DECEMBER.

1st Race.—A Silver Cup, value 500 Rupees, given by Native Gentlemen for all horses, weight for age as for the Subscription Cup; Arabs allowed 5lb. Maidens 4lb. Imported English Horses excluded. Winner of Subscription Cup to carry 4lb. extra, of any purse 3lb. of two purses 5lb. of the Cup and one or more Purses 7lb. Entrance 100 Rupees. Heats 2½ miles.

2d Race.—A Purse of 400 Rupees for all Arabs 8st. 10lb. Heats R. C. Maidens allowed 4lb. Winner of the Cup to carry 3lb. extra. Entrance 80 Rupees.

3d Race.—A Purse of 400 Rupees for all English, Cape, and country-bred Horses. Heats 2 miles. Entrance 100 Rupees. English imported Horses to carry 9lb. extra; 2 years a feather, 3 years 6st. 12lb. 4 years 8st. 5 years 8st. 8lb. 6 years 8st. 13lb. aged 9st.

4th Race.—A Purse of 400 Rupees for all Horses 1½ mile; to be handicapped by the Stewards, and the winner to be sold for 1,200 Rupees. Entrance 80 Rupees, and 2 G. M. forfeit for those that do not stand in the handicap.

FIFTH DAY, TUESDAY, 17TH DECEMBER.

1st Race.—The Cool Stakes of 250 Rupees each P. P. with 400 Rupees added from the fund. For Maiden Arabs 8-st. 3lb. each 3 miles, winner of the Aga or Muttra purse to carry 4lbs. extra, of both 7lb. To close on the 15th November, 1833.

2d Race.—Hack Stakes of 50 Rupees each with 150 Rupees added from the fund, for all horses. Gentlemen riders 1st. R. C. and a distance. The winner to be sold, if demanded, for 300 Rupees.

3d Race.—Beaten purse of 300 Rupees with 50 Rupees entrance. R. C. and a distance. To be handicapped by the Stewards. Post entrance 100 Rupees.

Settling day—the last day of the meeting.

RULES FOR ALIYGHUR RACES.

1.—The General Rules for Racing, as laid down in the Racing Calendar, to be applicable to these Races.

2.—All disputes to be settled by the Stewards, and two referees to be chosen by the parties concerned; if there should only be two Stewards present, they are to fix upon a third person, in lieu of the absent Steward or Stewards.

3.—Sealed nominations to be sent to the Secretary by 1 o'clock the day before each Race or the Meeting, as the case may be. No nomination to be received unless accompanied by the entrance money.

4.—Horses entered between the hours of 1 p. m. and 8 p. m. to pay 100 Rupees to the Fund, besides the entrance money. No nomination can be received after 8 p. m.

5.—No Horse to start the owner of which has not subscribed 50 Rupees.

6.—Maidens at the commencement of the Meeting, to be Maidens throughout, unless otherwise provided for.

7.—Each Winning Horse to pay 8 Rupees for Race Course repairs, other Horses 4 Rupees.

8.—Two Horses to start for each public Purse; if only one appear at the post, the owner to receive half the Purse and the entrances.

9.—No Horse to receive more than half of one public Purse.

10.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb. in all Purses, Plates, Cups, and Sweepstakes, for private Matches: the allowance must be specified to be claimed.

11.—Horses measuring in shoes, allowed $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch.

12.—For the Selling Purse, the preference to be given to the owners of Horses as they come in, if claimed within a quarter of an hour after the last Jockey is weighed—the Horse to be sold with his Engagements.

13.—The ages of Arabs to be decided by the Stewards.

14.—Should there not be sufficient Funds to pay all Purses, an equal per centage to be deducted.

15.—A Race once judged cannot be run over again.

16.—The word "Off" once given by the Steward, (appointed to start the Horses) is decisive; and all Horses must start or be distanced.

17.—Settling day to be on the last day of the Meeting.

J. Neave Esq.
W. H. Tyler Esq.
E. F. Tyler Esq. } STEWARDS.

E. F. Tyler.
Secretary.

Selections.

THE GAME LAWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—Allow me, through your influential journal, to draw the attention of the proper persons to the pernicious effects of the new Game-laws. I can assure you that every country gentleman feels their effect to a most alarming degree. About a fortnight since I was out coursing, and I was astonished at finding one of the greyhounds nearly strangled by something by which he had been caught in the hedge. On examination it was found to be a very neatly made snare, and the whole hedge-row was full of them. This is the way, Sir, that our country is drained of its game by poachers, to supply the metropolis and the various large towns in the kingdom. Hoping that you will have the goodness to take this matter into consideration, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

Times, February 26.]

A SPORTSMAN.

SPORTING LEAP.

Mr. George Leake, of Ratkeale Abbey, rode Mr. Bryun Sheehy's brown mare over a six-foot wall at Biddlestown, for a wager of 100 guineas. What renders this leap the more extraordinary is, that Mr. Leake rides 15½ stone. The wager was made between Mr. Sheehy and Mr. D. Arcey, of Clonroad Lodge, Ennis *Bell's Life, Jan. 10.*

HUNTING.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE HOUNDS.—It is our pleasing duty to record another extraordinary run with these hounds, and we do so with the more pleasure as it is a tribute due to the skill and judgement of Mr. Barnett in bringing this infant establishment to such perfection in the short space of three years. These hounds which are now so distinguishing themselves he first bred, they are consequently two season hounds, and are chiefly the produce of a judicious cross with the most celebrated hounds in the Milton Kennel. On Friday, the 4th, they met at Fen Farm, drew Sandy Warren, and finding only a known crippled vixen, the hounds were stopped, and thrown into Potton Wood, where they found in the second quarter, and going up to the Wendal at a bursting pace to Hatley, he found it would not do, so he turned to the left over Gaunlingay Open pointing for Granden; but bending to the left, went straight through Gaunlingay Wood, and skirting Sand and Weavely Woods nearly reached Highfield Plantations, where he was headed, but gallantly facing Ickworth Open, he went through those inter-

nal Bottoms to Tempstord Village at a pace that set the horses reeling. Here not being over-riden (as is too often the case), they set to work at him in earnest, and pressed him down to the Meadows, where he boldly plunged into the Ouse, at that time a bumper. The darlings were soon on the bank looking as much as to say—By land or by water, my boy, we will be with you; and over they went like a team of wild ducks. Roxton Spinnies appeared his point, but being twice headed, he turned to the right between the North Roads, and the river to the back of Wyborton, then crossing the road went to the back of Little End and Eaton to Dulow, within two fields of Hall Weston wood. This was, at least, fourteen miles from where they found him. From this point he was headed short back, and the hounds turned on murdering terms with him to the Bushmead Road, where, running from scent to view, the beautiful Stella let fly at him, and rolled him over.

The Warwickshire hounds met at Ladbroke, on Thursday, the 31st inst., and soon found at Radbourn Gorse. After a splendid run of 53 minutes over a tract of country measuring in extent at least “twenty miles!” (so says our Correspondent), Reynard eluded the vigilance of his pursuers in the neighbourhood of Edgehill.—[No wonder: a fox who could run 20 miles in 53 minutes, would elude the Devil himself]. *Bell's Life*, Jan. 13.

THREE SUCCESSIVE BRILLIANT DAYS WITH THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE HOUNDS.

On Tuesday, Dec. 7th, met at Potton Wood, found but from the immense crowd surrounding the Wood, he could not get away, and the covert being so much fated, trotted away to Gamlenay, where jester pushed up one of the right sort, for he broke instantly, crossing over to and just touching Sand Wood; bore to the right, by Payne's Farm, up the hill to Waresby Park; was headed there and sunk the hill to Abbotsley Field, bearing to the right evidently for Gransden Wood, but was twice headed from that point, and turning to the left over Gransden Open, through Croxton Inclosures, to the Park, where, from the severity of the pace, he was so blown, that they ran into him in thirty minutes, without a moment's check or a single cast by the huntsman.

Monday, the 10th, met at Caxton Gibbet, and drew a few of the best coverts blank, for, to the eternal disgrace of the country be it spoken, it is supposed that there is not a fox between Eltisley and Cambridge, a distance of twelve miles of the most beautiful country in Europe. They then jogged away to Joseland, found instantly, and settled to him with a crash that made the air tremble; they gave him a sharp ring round the covert, and coming round the second time, every hound on, and every hound pressing him.—“Good boys,” says the Squire, “that was a nasty one; give him another at the same pace, and you will open his *chicken trap* for him.” They did give him another, and he, finding there was no shaking them off, and that they meant nothing but mischief, cut it, and out he came, in view of three parts of the Field, and to their everlasting credit, without one of those disgusting screams that are apt to issue from the mouths of every fool who sees a fox. It was delightful to see what a head came out after; he had scarcely cleared the first little field, when eight or ten couple burst out altogether, dropped their noses, and flew with it to Gravely road; there he was headed towards the village, and bending with him, went down the mud

in Whitehall Lane, at a pace that smothered them so, you could scarcely tell one hound from another. After passing the Gorse, he bore to the left over the pales through Croxton Park by the front of the house, to the Ice House, turned to the right down the Plantations to the Brook, along the Brook side, leaving the Red House on the left, down to Abbotsley Field, crossing the Open, nearly to the St. Ives Road, at a pace that completely beat all the horses. "Look at them," says Jack; "there they go, all of a lump, as the Welshman found sixpence; seven couple racing for it, and no man can say which is first." Without a moment's check, through Waresley Inclosures, leaving the Black Thorns to the left, by the Gardens, and under the Park pales to the Turnpike; turning to the right, went through the corner of Sand Wood, and skirting Weavely, went along Tetworth Bottoms, and mounting the Hill, passed the Mansion, and through White Wood to Gamlingay Heath, where he was most unluckily headed back into the covert; the hounds turning short with him, shoved him out at the top corner, through the Gorse Fields, down the Hill and the Moats, leaving Fox-holes on the right. Here they were getting savage with him—"Look at their bristles and bottle, brush sterns," says the Squire; "Did he vex you, my darling? Be good boys, and you shall soon have a taste of him." And he was right, for they pressed him along the Bottoms to the Tempsford road, where he had crawled into a Thicket, and on their rushing in, out he rolled, and Hymen catching view, ran up to him, and sent him head over heels, to the enthusiastic delight of such portion of the Field as witnessed it. When it is considered that the distance from point to point is eleven miles, and the semi-circle described by the run at least three more, making fourteen—when also it is taken into the account, that they ran hard in covert 25 minutes—the sporting world will set a proper value on this magnificent run, when it is stated, without fear of contradiction, that the distance was performed in exactly one hour, and no more! As the generally received opinion is, that eleven miles in one hour over the country is a top pace, it need not be stated that the hounds were too good for him; indeed, the brightness of their spirits and the firmness of their muscle excited much admiration at the place of meeting; and the conduct of Ward, the Huntsman, was, thro' the two runs, highly meritorious. He let his hounds alone, very wisely judging they knew best.

Friday, the 14th, met at Pen Farm, found on Sandy Warren, and the scent being good, ran best pace by Brazen Doors to Caesar's Camp, and turning to the right, through the Masell's Park, by Everton, through White Wood and Weavely, where, waiting to catch his wind, they got so close to him, that he could not get rid of them, for they stuck to him through Tetworth Bottoms, up the Hill, by Foxholes, and killed him on the lawn in front of Woodbury House. "Now," says the Squire, "for an out-and-outer from Potten Wood; jog on, Jack, and push him up before the day alters." So soon as they got in, it was look about you. "There is a fox moving"—it was soon "Hark! Conqueror is close at him; tally ho! there he goes over the ride; now clap them, to him, and if he can beat them after that, let him." They soon got together, and finding no peace, he broke, and they went a hurster with him, through Hatley Wood, across Hatley Park, to Buff Wood, and turning to the left, went through Hayley, pointing for Stow, was headed, and turning to the right, across the country, by Croydon, through Short Hedges, down to Gil Rags. Still on the best of terms with him, sent him at a rattling pace through Rouses, up to a bunch of bar-hes at Wendy, where he jumped up before them, and going in view with him over the Meadows to the River, into which he had no sooner

plunged, than Monarch jumped on his back, and so terminated three as splendid runs as the most sanguine sportsman would wish to ride to. From Mr. Barnett's great sporting connection, from the infinity of hounds he has bred, and from his judicious selection of them, he has brought into the country the most perfect pack of hounds that have hunted it for some years; and we trust he will meet with that encouragement and support his consummate skill and unwearying zeal so pre-eminently entitle him to. It is but justice to state, that these hounds have been out only nineteen times in Cambridgeshire, and there are, *can nathin alar*, nineteen Cambridgeshire "noses" adorning the kennel door.—"By their fronts ye shall know them."—*Bell's Life*, Dec. 30.

A BATTLE OF PIGEONS IN AMERICA.

Mr. Audubon makes the following curious estimate of the number of pigeons contained in *one only* of these mighty flocks. Taking a column of one mile in breadth, which he thinks is far below the average size, and supposed to pass over without interruption for three hours, at the rate of one mile in a minute, it will give us a parallelogram of 180 miles by one, covering 180 square miles. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have 415,136,000 pigeons in one flock. As each pigeon daily consumes fully half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be 2,071,200 bushels a day. Nor is the account of their roosting places less curious. One of them on the banks of the Green River in Kentucky, was repeatedly visited by Mr. Audubon. It was in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude, and where there was little underwood, and the average breadth was about three miles. On arriving there about two hours before sunset, few pigeons were to be seen. A great number of persons, however, with horses and waggons, guns and ammunition, had already established themselves on the borders. Two farmers had driven upward of 300 hogs from their residence, more than 100 miles distant, to be fattened on the pigeons which were to be slaughtered. The sun had set, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Every thing, however, was ready, and all eyes were gazing on the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses amidst the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth a general cry, of "Here they come!" The noise which they made, though yet distant is described as like a hard gale at sea passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived, they were knocked down by thousands by the pole-men. As they continued to pour in, the fires were lighted, and a magnificent, as well as wonderful sight presented itself. The pigeons, arriving by myriads, alighted every where, one above another, until solid masses, as large as hogheads, were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight, with a crash, and falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. The pigeons kept constantly coming, and it was past midnight before a decrease in the number of those that arrived could be perceived. The noise made was so great, that it was distinctly heard at three miles from the spot. Towards the approach of day, the noise in some measure subsided, and long before objects were distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived the evening before, and at sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared.—*Jesse's Scrapings of Natural History*.

SINGULAR SPORTING ANECDOTE.

Perhaps the following occurrence for the truth of which we can vouch, may prove interesting to some of our sporting readers. A short time ago, whilst hunting in Lower Ouvah, the dogs were slipt at a herd of deer; soon after this, one of the deer was heard crying; upon the dogs going up, a large snake was seen to uncoil itself, and crawl slowly into some long grass near. The deer was found quite dead, so that the work of destruction must have been completed in a very few seconds. *Colombo Journal, May 29, 1833.*

A FOX HUNTER IS A JUMBLE OF PARADOXES.—He sets forth clean, though he comes out of a kennel, and returns home dirty. He cares not for cards, yet strives to be always with the pack. He loves fencing, but without carte or tierce; and delights in a steeple-chase, though he does not follow the church. He is any thing but litigious, yet is fond of a certain suit, and returns Scarlet. He keeps a running account with Horse, Dog, Fox and Co., but objects to a check. As to cards, in choosing a pack he prefers Hunt's. In theatricals, he favours Miss Somerville, because her namesake wrote the Chase, though he never read it. He is no great dancer, though he is fond of casting off 20 couple; and no great planter, though he draws covers, and seeks for a brush. He is no musician, and yet is fond of five bars. He despises doctors, yet follows a course of bark. He professes to love his country, but is perpetually crossing it. He is fond of strong ale and beer, but dislikes any purl. He is good tempered, yet so far a tartar as to prefer a saddle of horse to a saddle of mutton. He is somewhat tough and bearish himself, but insists on good breeding in horses and dogs. He professes the Church Catechism, and countenances heathen dogmas, by naming his hounds after Jupiter, Juno, Mars, and Diana. He cares not for violets, but doats on a good scent. He says his wife is a shrew, but objects to destroying a vixen. In politics he inclines to Pitt, but runs after Fox. He is no milk sop, but he loves to rally. He protects poultry, and preserves foxes. He follows but one business, and yet has many pursuits. He pretends to be knowing, but a dog leads him by the nose. He is as honest a fellow as needs be, yet his neck is oftener in danger than a thief's. He swears he can clear anything, but is beaten by a fog; he esteems himself prosperous, and is always going to the dogs. He delights in the hunters' stakes, but takes care not stake his hunter. He praises discretion, but would rather let the cat out of the bag than a fox. To conclude, he runs as long as he can, and then goes to earth, and his heir is in at his death. But his heir does not stand in his shoes, for he never wore any thing but boots.

SPORTING MEMOIR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CALCUTTA SPORTING MAGAZINE.

* MY DEAR SIR,—A short time before I left England, I made a cover side acquaintance with the writer of the following Memoir. I subsequently cultivated his society in town, and was present at his wedding. My curiosity at that time was excited by the appearance, as bridesmaid, of a beautiful girl dressed in mourning so deep as to resemble the weeds of a widow. When opportunity offered, I questioned my friend as to the cause of an attire so little in unison with that of the smiling group around ; he declined dwelling on the topic at that time, but promised to satisfy my curiosity at some future period. I received a letter from him a few days ago, from which I send you an extract ; if you think the tale may amuse or interest any of your sporting readers, it is much at your and their service ; if not, pray consign it to the very warmest place in your editorial Tatarus,

and oblige your obedient servant,

DASHWOOD.

June 14th, 1833.

P. S.—Sub-divide the extract, if you think it too long for insertion in one number.

Fred. Vivian was one of those few but fortunate persons to whom the world was all, and always, *coulour de rose*. He had in his time been whipped and caned at a private school in Surry, and subsequently flogged and fagged at a public one in Hants ; but all that is the orthodox method of teaching the beauties of Homer, and the still more practical elegancies of cleaning knives, and toasting a mutton bone, and had neither the effect of breaking his spirit or souring his temper. When I, his school fellow, at Winchester, was accustomed to bewail the hard fate which made us juniors go down to “ watch out ” at cricket during our play hours, and fry Oxford sausages, clean plates, &c. &c. in what was meant to be our meal time ; when I was, I say, grumbling over our miseries, Fred. would declare that he thought a public school quite delightful, “ because really ” said he “ a flogging does not hurt, and “ then, when it rains too hard to be* nailed for cricket, what capital “ fun it is fishing in the Itchen.” In short, he always looked on the bright side of things, and either owing to his goodluck, or his good disposition, every thing and every body seemed to look better to him. He was at school but a sorry performer at all games, but passionately fond of water-rat hunting, puppy rearing, and a good hand with his fly rod and cast-net. He devoted half of his weekly allowance

* i. e. Sent down to the cricket to watch out for the senior boys—without a chance of an innings but a certainty of a licking if the ball was missed, or badly thrown up.

(which was considering his years very liberal,) to the entertainment of a curly haired, ragged-looking non-descript, by name "Vic" which had been imposed upon him under the alluring appellation of a Scotch Terrier. Our parting at Winchester was affectionate, and we celebrated the occasion by a day's* doubling and a shooting expedition to the neighbouring village of St. Cross, where we bagged two cuckoos and a tame duck. About seven years after this, when on a visit to a sporting friend at Cambridge, I was introduced to my old companion; our mutual recognition was immediate, though I could hardly connect in my mind's eye the well remembered image of the school boy in blue flannels, worsted stockings and shoes guiltless of blacking, with the fashionably dressed dashing young cantab who now shook my hand. If however his exterior was changed and polished, I gladly discovered that his heart was the same. His weekly allowance indeed had been changed into a handsome fortune; his single uncouth pet had given place to pointers and setters of the most approved breed and finished education; his shabby jacket had been superseded by one of Nujee's most faultless tunics, but his heart was the same. Since his departure from school he had, to please a fond mother and sister, devoted a fair proportion of his time to study, and had become, if not a first rate classic or mathematician, what is much better,—a well mannered and well-informed man. We soon fell into our old habits of intimacy; trolled in the Cam,—shot snipe in the marshes, and hunted with the three packs that were then within our reach. Vivian had a good stud, and was the neatest and one of the boldest riders that I ever saw. His superior nicety of hand, easy seat, and uncommon nerve, often enabled him to take and keep a better place with hounds than men of greater judgment and riper experience. In a burst of twenty minutes he was brilliant; and the old hands who shook their heads at the young Buck who smoked cigars and looked over fences at the cover side were obliged to own after a breather of fifty minutes," that "Egad! the young dog rode well; aye almost like they did, when first blooded by Peter Beckford, the Lord knows how many years ago." George, who hunted the Puckeridge, though bitter against "them collegers" as he termed the Cambridge men in general, swore "that young Master Vivian was a *rum un* to stick over a stiff country, and then he had such an eye and ear for a hound that altogether he was the most gentlemanliest man to his mind as ever come out of Cambridge."

About a year after Vivian had taken his degree I acceded to his repeated request of paying him a visit at his estate in Hants. Vivian

* A very killing manner of fly-fishing in small streams in the May-fly season, and much in vogue with the Hampshire fish poachers. Two men on the opposite banks of a trout stream join their lines, and suspend at right angles to their joint line a yard of gut and a live May-fly on a hook similar to that used in *dapping* in playing a fish, the one party winds up, in proportion as the other gives line, to the fish, so that the heaviest trout has no chance of getting away. This method from the command which it gives over the disposition of the fly, is I think more killing than either *dapping* with the live, or *whipping* with the artificial May-fly—perhaps, on that account, it is considered as unsportsman-like and but little better than poaching.

Park was situated in a beautiful country at a little distance from the scene of our boyish friendship, Winchester. I found him domesticated with his mother and sister, the former a mild affectionate old lady and the latter a—but I forgot—I need not describe her as you were at St. George's when Lucy Vivian became mine for ever. In addition to this family party, Vivian's maternal uncle with his only daughter made up the happy circle into which I was introduced one fine September afternoon under the auspicious coachmanship of Jack Peers of the Nimrod. What with our guns and pointers out of doors, and other agreeable occupations within, the time flew so lightly over my head that I was quite astonished when Vivian said to me at the breakfast-table "By the way, next Monday is the first of November; my uncle can ride old Blossom, and you shall have the chesnut colt to see how we manage things in this part of the country." Then turning to the ladies, "you will not I hope think the drive to Netherton too far." It was customary in the hunt of which my host was a member (as I believe it is in many others) for the ladies to make their appearance at the place of meeting on the first day of November, and thus to grace the opening of a season so welcome to their husbands, lovers, and brothers. Julia, for that was the name of Vivian's pretty cousin, was in raptures at the idea, but a cloud came over her sunny face when Lucy observed, with the ever active anxiety of a sister, "that it would be a pretty sight, but then, that hunting was so dangerous." I ought to have told you that this pretty cousin, (for oh, what dangerous creatures pretty cousins are,) had a few days before promised her hand to Vivian, to whose noble nature few women could have denied their affections, and, in truth, the honest love of Vivian was fully rewarded by the retiring but warm affection of the lovely Julia. The marriage day had scarce been mentioned, but it was to have been fixed before the approaching Christmas. On the appointed morning we all assembled at an early breakfast. Julia sat silent, and as I thought sad, but perhaps she was intent upon admiring her handsome Fred. in his hunting costume; certainly her usual flow of spirits had deserted her. Having handed the ladies and the old gentleman into the barouche drawn by four light, well fed greys, we mounted our hacks and escorted them to the fixture. Never was there a fairer sight than that which welcomed our arrival at Netherton Grose. The road which wound underneath the hill on which the cover stood, was thickly studded with vehicles. There was the patrician calèche displaying its fair burden of ladies, cachemires, and lap-dogs. The tandem driven by a well appointed son of Mars, whose swallow tailed scarlet was partly revealed to the public gaze between the treacherous skirts of a most hirsute upper Benjamin;—his tiger ensconced in the minute dicky behind, looked down, as though in contempt at any thing that could take place at such a distance from that *Kibbeh* of all Cab-boys, the United Service Club House. There was the gig of the honest yeoman, whose blowsy dame had been just consigned to the tender attentions of Jem, an unhappy looking, red waistcoated lad, who had brought the farmer's horse to cover, whilst the farmer was to be

seen settling himself in his stirrups and scrutinizing his mahogany coloured tops, green-coat, and plated buttons, with as much care as the noble exquisite, his neighbour, seems to be bestowing on the adjustment of his neat and immaculate leathers, and most irreproachable Hobys. But hark, the crack of a whip is heard, and the harsh note of a whipper-in with a "Get away to him, Milliner." All eyes are turned towards the hedge that skirts the gorse field, a bridle gate is opened, and now we have a view of the whole pack, their gallant owner, and huntsman, T. A. Smith, his two whips, and a boy of four and a half stone weight who rides his master's second horse, and rides him well though his legs do not reach below the flap of the hunting saddle. This then is Tom Smith—I felt my heart beat quicker as I looked upon this mighty hunter, the boldest of all bold riders whether at Melton or in the provincials;—This then is THE Tom Smith, whose feats are celebrated, and whose leaps are thought worthy "*monstrari digito*" even at Melton. Leaving his hounds for a few minutes, he chatted with his acquaintances, and seemed justly proud of the many encomiums passed on his hunting *menage*. I never saw a more business like look than his when he trotted off with the hounds; and putting his horse over a bank and ditch was in a moment in the midst of the cover. The hounds had left his horse's heels and were busy in the cover when I mounted my hunter. Vivian was talking to Julia; she bent her head as he leant against the carriage door and said, "For my sake, dearest Fred, be not too rash." I saw a tear glistening in her eye; but Vivian seemed not to observe it as nodding gaily he sprang into his saddle and rode with me towards the cover. A challenge is heard which is followed by a rate and "ware-hare, Villager!" from Dick Burton, the first whip; but Villager will take no denial. And hark to Wellington, Comedy, and Champion! who now are speaking in the thickest part of the cover. Soon the jolly chorus of the pack proclaims a fox on foot, and tally ho! is heard from one of the riders in the gorse. He seems to make for the side of the gorse farthest from the carriages, and Tom Smith (who is not thinking about the ladies just now) hopes he will too, for though the country in that direction is strong, it holds a good scent, and is stiffly enclosed, which perhaps reminds him of Northamptonshire. The Fox is game and breaks cover, but just as tally ho resounds from a hundred voices, and Smith blows his horn leaves the gorse, a crowd of foot people consisting of men, gamekeepers, &c. &c. head the fox and he is fairly mobbed back under Smith's horse into the cover. "D——d yahoos" says Smith. And see the fox meets the hounds and is now down in the midst of them.—No,—what a narrow escape! So thinks the fox; therefore, feeling no wish to be chopped, he gallantly leaves the cover, crosses the road under the carriages and is out of sight up the opposite hedge row in a second. This is the happy moment for all. "Dear me, what a pretty little thing, O I hope it will not be caught" cries the lady. "That's the audacious little warmunt as eat my goose" says the farmer's wife; and "Gone away," "Hark forward, hark!" and "tally ho!" resound on all quarters. The hounds cross the road making the downs re-echo to their

music, and Smith with one of his thrilling holloas and three notes on the horn, caps them and cheers them on the scent. See how greedily they press for the lead;—the wattle fence that skirts the road lends and crackles under their weight;—some horsemen anxious to shew off, put their horses at the fence “Hold hard gentleman” says Smith, “Thank you, Sir, you have just ridden over the best hound in the pack.” All the hounds are over, and a rush is made at the fence like a cavalry charge. The wattle is rotten and no damage occurs even to those whose horses do not clear the enclosure, and away we sail over an open country to a cover about three miles distant. One of the whips is gone round to see if the Fox breaks cover on the farther side, and Smith is crushing along through the hazel trees; most of the field keep as near the hounds as they can by following the roads which intersect the wood. The hounds have evidently over-run the scent. Smith having tried through the cover without touching on it, and having a peculiar objection to casting back or pottering about an empty cover, gallops on to find a fresh fox. In the mean time, the ladies being able neither to see or hear anything more of the hounds, give the word “Home,” and are soon in their comfortable drawing room at Vivian Park. Julia and her cousin, employ their time after luncheon by sauntering about the pleasure grounds, and wondering when Fred. and his friend will come home. We tried cover after without success, and the far-comers were beginning to light their cigars, and ask the nearest way to their respective homes when we had a most beautiful find. Do you remember how we laughed when T.’s gamekeeper told us that “*the most unlikely looking places in nature is often times more likely than them places as looks most likely.*” We certainly found our second fox in one of the least likely places that I ever saw. We had left the downs and were crossing a valley at about four miles distance from Vivian Park, when to our delight a fox was tallied out of an ozier bed not extending over half an acre of ground. The day was hot, but the scent lay in the valley beyond all price; and having left the water meadows, the fox made along a gentle slope and crossed the Vivian Park paling with the hounds close at his brush. Smith went at the paling, and as his horse was blown, he got a fall, but found himself and horse on the same side with the hounds which was all that he cared for. Vivian followed, and his hunter, a thorough bred mare, carried him over safe. As my colt was green and went at every thing with his head up in the air, I knew it was of no use to put him at a paling which was five feet high, therefore went round to the gamekeeper’s lodge and was followed by most of those that were up, for their horses were blown and they did not fancy the timber. The fox was running short in the plantations, and I knew that he could not live long, when I met Vivian between the plantations and pleasure ground; he was waving his handkerchief to Julia who was standing on the lawn before the house. I observed that his mare was much distressed, but had not time to speak, when the fox broke cover, and crossing over the lawn was in a moment in a shrubbery on the other side.

I (who you know am no fire-eater) galloped along the carriage road and was making the best of my way to join the hounds who were now running their fox in the garden—whilst Vivian, following the line which the hounds took, rode at the wire fence which skirted the lawn: it was over grown with a quick hedge and his mare cleared it easily. It was now necessary for them to cross this fence again or a ha-ha which run at right angles to it and over which was the nearest way to the hounds. Vivian, I suppose, felt his mare was a little done and therefore preferred the iron fence to the ha-ha which was an ugly place. The fence was one of those which are called invisible, and to which many horses have a great objection. The mare refused it, and Vivian rattled her at the ha-ha. Alas, that I should have to relate the catastrophe! It was at this moment that I passed the house. A shriek, piercing, and bitter, if I may so express it, caused me to stop my horse, I turned and saw Lucy to all appearance lifeless on the ground. A crowd of servants had gathered round the ha-ha, and were restraining by force and entreaties the passionate gestures of the unhappy Julia: her words to “save him, save him” still ring in my ear. I was afterwards told by the bystanders (who had been collected in front of the house by the novel spectacle of a Fox-hunt) that the mare had leapt short, and, falling backwards, had literally impaled the unfortunate Vivian.

The farce of sending for medical aid was enacted, but breath had deserted my poor friend before he was carried into the house. Julia you will have long ago recognized as the lady whose pensive beauty interested you so much. She followed her lover to the grave a few weeks ago, and died, if not of, certainly with a broken heart.

BREEDING AND EDUCATION OF HOUNDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR-MR. EDITOR,—I have been somewhat surprised and disappointed since the publication of your valuable Magazine, that you have not yet had many contributions on the “Breeding and Education of Dogs,” from the noble high couraged fox-hound down to the varmint terrier. I am sure I cannot account for it, being confident that a hint from you that such contributions would be acceptable, would be quite sufficient, as there are many able and willing sportsmen, who have invaluable notes by them, which would not only be interesting, but of the greatest service to the rising generation: and no one will be more thankful for a hint on any sporting subject than myself.

On my arrival in the Upper Provinces, I was highly delighted to find how much the love of hunting had increased since my

last visit. There are now I am happy to say, very few stations without a bobbery; and some which I have seen where hounds and half-breds greatly predominating are first rate; and plainly shew, I think, that the present system of educating dogs, must be much better than it used to be; for I remember some years ago, it was the common complaint that dogs would not live in this country. Indeed, as far as my own poor experience goes, I see no reason, why such numbers of fine dogs should die yearly as they do even under the present system. I think there must be something wrong in the kennel management in the hot weather. I am sure there can be no valid reason why there should not be a good pack of dog; (I want say hounds, as the expense, in the first instance, is great,) at all the stations above Cawnpore, as their vicinity to the hills is so great an advantage in breeding; and I have seen some dogs bred there which would not disgrace a pack at home by any means.

The best packs at present in the Upper Provinces that I have seen, are the Mussoorie Hounds, and which hunted last year at Kurnaul, where, I hear, they gave universal satisfaction, Mynpoorie also boasts a capital pack and which bids fair next season to be splendid as the spirited owner or owners, (for I think there are two) have spared neither expense nor trouble in breeding and procuring pups for the next years entry, which will be strong and very good. At Cawnpore there is a very good pack, but something radically wrong about the interior management, as they seldom now have a tolerable run. I say now, because until the late owner parted with them they had some capital runs. Meerut has a small cry of beagles and terriers; a nice little cry enough but not quite the thing, I think, for the first of Mootussil stations. Kurnaul also boasts a second pack, the spirited proprietor of which in general hunts the Mussoorie pack: they are half-bred, and I am sorry to hear mostly run mute. At Bareilly they have a good pack, the great part of which are imported, or from imported hounds, but I hear last year they had but poor sport, and were very unfortunate in their kennel. A hint from you as before, Mr. Editor, will be quite sufficient to cause the owner of these capital packs to give you an account of many splendid runs which they had during last season, and as the dogs of these several packs are in first rate order; if they would contribute their mite of information on kennel managements and breeding, in both of which departments they seem to have succeeded so well, I am sure that such information would be highly gratifying to all sportsmen but to none more than

JUVENTS.

NOTE.—We have already had "a day with the *Mussoorie* hounds," and would give a new hat for an account of the Cawnpore, Meerut, Bareilly and Kurnaul packs.—ED.

10 O'K.—ON THE USE OF MARES.

"A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !"

O'K, live for ever ! for whatever may be your hobby, you are sure to ride it right well ; and on the present occasion, you have made so much of your mare, as to be within an ace of verifying the old saying, that "The grey mare is the better horse." I apprehend too, that you will practically establish it, with another grey mare, at our next meeting ; but as you are too good a sportsman, ever to wish to walk over for half the purse, I must just mount an Arab on both occasions ; and as my old friend *Timmus B k-r* used to say, "Dang it ! if I don't win I'll gie on a hurry." True, O'K ! "Money has disappeared" and I fancy *the crocodile* has put it all into his *side pocket*, "*Hinc illæ lachrymæ*!"—"credit has taken the wings of the morning" so it is up too early, I fear, for us ever to lay salt on its tail ; and that *clipper* yclept "Bad Times" presses us so hard, that I fear we shall both be dead beat ; but "Nil desperandum !" says Horace ;—"Dekha Chahye !" says Roger. You would have us cut our coats, lest, peradventure, they cut us ; but though the "silver age" is gone, and the "rupee tree" is dead, let us not by such an act of suicide, as curtailing our garments of their fair proportions, give to the present the name of the "Clipping age."

Phænomena's performance on the road, (128 miles in 23 hours) from which she got that name, was very great, for a mare of her age ; and when she was brought on the turf, by my friend to whom she then belonged, so confident was he of her success there too, that he named her "The Maid of all work," adding most emphatically, that no work could come amiss to her ; and he was not far wrong, for she commenced business at a great rate, sweeping away every thing, as easily as any other Maid of all work could sweep away cobwebs ; but there was, a "rod in pickle for her." The beautiful little Arab Pickle belonged then to her old master, who took the long ride on her ; and he and that fine Sportsman the late Mr. Treves, matched the little fellow, against this *great big kill devil* of a mare, for 200 gold mohurs, two miles 8st. each, with a proviso, that poor Mansfield, who was then employed by the "Maid's" master, should ride Pickle ; and it came off on the first day of the Barrackpore meeting, the 22d of February, 1813. It was a great betting race. The sporting owner of "The Maid" backed her with great spirit, and at starting the odds were three to two on her ; but Pickle's party were very confident too, for his owner declared, that the mare had not "the heart of a hen ;" and that whenever she was caught, she would "cock up her tail and be done with it." Pickle was always a timid horse at first ; and every body pitied him, when he went to the two mile post, with his dejected look, and perspiration starting at every pore, evidently terrified, at the formidable appearance of his opponent ; and not without good

reason for, as Dennis-Fitz Patrick remarked to Frank Buckle, when bringing up Diamond to start against Hambletonian, it was like "a Mare running against her foal." The foal however had it this time, for after the Mare had led rather more than half a mile, 'Pickle' closed and beat her quite easy, more than half a mile from home, coming in in a canter in 4. 11.—and sure enough, the Mare did *cock up her tail and cut it, as soon as she was caught.*

Two days after, they met again in a handicap plate, at 8st. 7 each; heats, twice round the course; and as every ounce over 8st. 4. was always reckoned a complete stopper to Pickle, the confidence of the sporting Colonel and the mare's party was in no way abated; particularly as honest Tom Baker, who rode her in the first race, got all the blame of losing it, though he deserved none, and she had now the advantage of Mansfield to ride her, while there was nothing for it but to put up a *Gentleman Jack* to steer Pickle, who had never been on his back, and had never ridden a race of any consequence. The good little horse again came to the post, in great alarm at the *big baste*, but notwithstanding such great disadvantages, he beat her as easily as he had done before; and for the second heat, he came up quite confident and gay, and took the lead and kept it, all the way, with a strong pull on him. After his passing the post, in the first round of this heat, his owner made a bet, that he would distance the mare; and having ridden across the plain, he told Pickle's rider to push on and do so, and it was done with ease.

Poor 'Pickle' died the year after, on his passage to England. The 'Maid of all work' died some years after in the stud of the late Mr. Majoribanks, and the only two foals she ever had died at the same time.

On the subject of mares in harness, I have had a good deal of experience; and I agree that as long as a mare is of a cool temperament and quiet disposition, she is as good for that purpose as a horse, though certainly not so shewy; but if she is otherwise, and ever shews (not the cloven foot but) a pair of heels, the sooner she is discarded the better, for in nine cases out of ten, she will frequently repeat the favor, of shewing her heels to her driver; and if *seeing is not believing*, she will further convince him, that *feeling has no fellow*. On one part of the subject however, we differ. I have tried working the same mares, in harness and in saddle, and I do not think it answers well; for the former, it makes their trot uneven and unsteady; and for the latter, it shortens their paces, makes their canter rough, spoils their mouths, and renders them unsafe. In short it makes them like "Jack of all trades,—master of none."

For saddle, give me a good Arab! and I have heard that my good friend, who so freely backed his "Maid of all work" against little 'Pickle,' and on being beat, as freely acknowledged his mistake, and who is now, I trust, enjoying himself in his native land, declare

that it does not contain a horse, so pleasant to ride as a "good little Arab."

Adieu! My dear O'K! The 'Maid of all work,' as a roadster, was a perfect "Colossus of Rhodes" and she was almost as big; but in comparing her with Arabs, pray recollect, that though one died in attempting to accompany her, in her *gigantic feat*, she was afterwards beaten with ease, by another named

June 10th, 1833.

PICKLE.

ON THE FOWLING PIECE.

"The unerring aim! let no man but Pistol boast of it."

SCOTT.

India has had its Heaven born General, and, if we believe some, it is ripe with Heaven born shots. We hear of such a one killing eighty brace of quails before breakfast, missing only one shot; another goes out shooting all day and does not miss once, and a third knocks down his birds at eighty to one hundred yards at every shot. It is not to such great guns that I address myself, although a little reflection ought to teach them the absurdity of their boasting; but we are slow to think on that which, if considered dispassionately, would hurt our vanity. I recollect a brother officer who had been out fishing and came to the mess rather early in the evening:—to the first acquaintance who arrived and put the usual question,—what sport? he replied, he had only killed one the length of that, pointing at the same time to his hand. On another friend dropping in, and putting the question, the fish grew to the length of the elbow, and by the time the whole party had assembled it had got as large as the whole length of his arm. The world generously reckons this kind of fibbing the most innocent of any, and it is not my intention or business here to attack the follies of the age, but to draw the attention of the younger and less successful sportsman to the fact, that although he makes a large proportion of misses to his hits, he notwithstanding may be a very fair shot, and to remind him in case of despondency that, to unceasing industry nothing is impracticable that is not physically impossible.

The art of taking aim with the fowling piece at a flying mark consists in deliberation and coolness, and not in pinching and squinting with our eyes, squeezing up our elbows and distorting the whole frame as many suppose. The eyes should be both open and directed attentively to the object while the gun should be drawn deliberately to the shoulder without losing sight for one moment of the bird: look stedfastly, not minding a correct aim so much as to endeavour to see the shots strike the object and the bird to fall. There is no necessity to

press the cheek close down to the stock ; if it has bend enough it will come up sufficiently ; and the gun ought to be perfectly free to allow the hand to follow the eye. But attention should be paid that the center of view is in a vertical line with the barrel, otherwise the aim will be taken to the right or left. He should take plenty of time, once the gun is at his shoulder, to ensure all being right. If more than one bird rises, consider instantly, but well, which bird you ought to fire at first, to secure the proper advantages from a double gun. The marksman ought to be quick and decided in all his movements to give the game no chance of getting out of distance till the gun is at his shoulder, when deliberation and coolness must follow to ensure success.

In my last paper I mentioned that No. eight shot, at thirty yards, was equally spread in a circle of three feet in diameter, and after all it appears no difficult matter to give a gun justice in taking aim, for if at this distance the aim had been out a foot there would have been equal chances of killing the birds. By a number of experiments I have made out thirty yards (the usual distance birds are killed at) with half oz. of No. seven shot, and assuming a circle of three inches in diameter or seven square inches equal to the body of a partridge, I found on an average that two and half pellets would strike each bird. Having plucked a number of partridge, killed with the same shots in fair shooting, I found four pellets the average number in each bird. In the experiments at the mark, the shot scattered and clouded in such a manner occasionally that some spots as large as the body of partridge were untouched, while other places were filled with the marks ; all tending to prove that the certainty of killing a bird at thirty yards is considerably reduced, and at forty five yards there was but a bare chance left, as proved by similar experiments, and as the distance increases the chances of course proceed in favor of the bird. Most sportsmen must have experienced extraordinary instances of clouding and scattering of shots. I have known a hare nearly cut in two at ten yards and a brace of wild ducks killed by a close carrying gun although one duck had risen ten feet above the water where the other remained sitting. These remarks may be of comfort to some sportsmen who find themselves not always in the habit of killing so well as they expect, particularly when they hear of such feats as are occasionally talked of. Some extraordinary runs of good luck occasionally take place, which we experience in all games of chance, and there are few who have not in their turn had a run of the same kind, which made themselves astonished at their unusual success, these lucky days form cases of exception, which sanguine dispositions take for the rule.

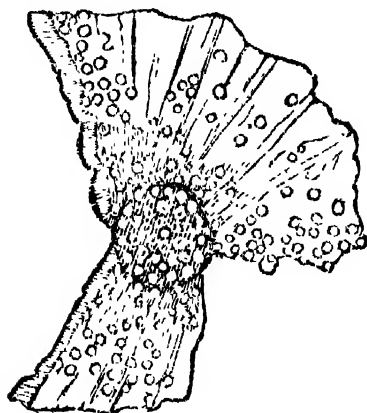
During my experience with the gun I have always found a bird flying straight away the most difficult to bring down. Colonel Hawker tells us to aim very low at a bird flying away, and between the ears of a hare running away. This at first seems a contradiction,

as the latter is nothing more than a direction to shoot high enough, but when we consider that a partridge in flying straight away takes a direction below the horizontal line from the eye, and that a hare pur-suing its course, perceptibly rises in the horizontal line to the eye, to the distance of at least one hundred yards, it is a direction very necessary to remember, as in all other instances we are directed to fire high. I recommend to fire well ahead at game crossing; for if the aim is taken a foot and a half too forward, still the spread of the shots is so great and equal at that distance that we lose nothing, and the bird is certain of receiving shots from the rear of the charge which would not possibly touch it if we happened to aim directly at, or a few inches behind the bird. Besides shot as well as ball takes time in reaching its destination while the game is progressing; which the marksmen will soon find out if he pays attention, and experience will teach him to remark that firing behind the birds is his besetting sin,

A good marksman will generally prefer large, and an indifferent one small shot. Books on the subject tell us the right kind for different sorts of game, but in this country a person going out shooting expects to find such a variety that he must use shot which will best suit them all. No. 7 will be found to answer every purpose, a pellet of it being reckoned equal to one of No. 4 at forty yards distance although I doubt this assertion. A mixture of shots has an advantage to an indifferent marksman. In cross shooting if he fires well ahead, the large shots will always reach the object before the smaller and hence a greater scope is given to his aim. Flint guns possess this advantage over detonators, of throwing the shots in a detailed form, and hence some prefer these guns still, fancying they kill better: this can be made apparent to any person who doubts it by his standing behind a door at sixty yards distance while the guns are fired against it, the flint charge will come up in detail, while that from the detonator will comparatively speaking be heard to strike in a body: the shot of the former will be perceptibly longer in reaching its destination after the report than the latter which is the best proof of the detonators strong shooting if there is any proof in the assertion of philosophers that motion is power. A mixture of Nos. 5 and 8 will contain the same number of pellets as No. 7. I have used it and found it very killing, but on the whole I prefer unmixed shot.

The sporting world has lately been favoured with various inventions of cartridges, the best use of which is to prevent the gun from being loaded; a great object certainly in a long day's shooting, and which advantage may be equally obtained by using cartridges of common country paper, by making them properly. A cartridge for one half of its length will only have one fly of paper, and the bottom not more than three for about one fourth of its circumference; the paper being brittle, the discharge never fails of breaking them, and there is little chance of their balling. The shape and size of the paper should be a right angled triangle, the base and perpendicular four and half

inches: the cartridge primer should be placed on the base and the paper rolled upon it, the corner should be pasted and folded up and the primer removed. I have tried many experiments with these cartridges, and in every instance they were properly burst, some of the pieces were picked up and this is a sketch of the largest that could be found. The cartridges filled the bore rather loosely. The broken



paper of the fired cartridges was deeply indented with the pellets, and the friction had been so great some of them had pressed through too flies of paper, which accounts for the bore being so much leaded from loose shot. Any difference of throwing the shot close was in favor of the cartridge, particularly at short distances; but the gun after fifty or forty shots was much cleaner than if loose shot had been used. In using any sort of cartridges the chances of missing at close dis-

tance is increased, unless the aim has been very fine, which will then counterbalance a few extra long shots they may help us out with occasionally.

We have also had a variety of wadding every one better than another. The common bullock's hide in this country is as good as the very best of them, and if greased, will possess all the anticorrosive and springy qualities of the London article. I have long thought that a circular wadding in the form of a ball would be better than any: it ought to be made of light stuff so as not to be more dangerous in case of accidents than the kinds now in use. A wadding of this description would secure the whole effective force of the power being behind the shot instead of mixing with it, which it must do the instant the ordinary wadding moves to one side, melting or injuring a quantity of shot in the barrel and causing so much lead to attach to it besides destroying the force of the discharge.

RIFLE.

ELEPHANT SHOOTING.

—“Th' unwieldy Elephant”
To make them mirth, used all his might.

Milton.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—A party consisting of four gentlemen left Meerutt on the 19th of May, to pay a parting visit for the season, to a favorite line of country, comprized in the Khader, or the low lands adjoining the Ganges.

I may on some future occasion give your readers an account of the general Sport they met with : at present it is my intention to confine myself to a description of a rencontre with a remarkably fine single Male Elephant, which they were fortunate enough to kill after a very hazardous and prolonged contest of nearly three hours.

The party had received information from various quarters of the elephant in question having been seen in the Hustinapoor swamps, and the immediate neighbourhood, but nothing satisfactory was heard of his movements until the evening of the 21st when, on their return to their tents with a couple of Tigers on their pads, they found their indefatigable Shikarrie, Budgroo, who had been deputed to visit the Selimpore Jheel, his face radiant with smiles, and his figure swelling with unusual importance, ready to receive them. He brought the stirring intelligence that this celebrated Elephant, whose ravages had extended from Hurdwar to Ghuzmukteesur, and whose presence was hailed by the people in the vicinities, with about the same degree of pleasure, that would attend the advent of a band of marauding Mahrattas, had a few days before crossed the river from Hustinapoor, and was then within 15 coss of the encampment: and what added double excitement, was the additional communication that he was an Alera, which term would seem to imply, an outcast from the society of the species, on account of his ungovernable propensities. You may imagine the delight of the whole party, at this unexpected piece of good fortune. The necessary orders, were forthwith given, and next day at about 1. p. m. they reach'd the village of Selimpore, situated at a mile and half from the Jheel where the elephant had taken up his quarters. It no sooner became known that it was the intention of the party to attack, than crowds of people turned out from the surrounding villages, crowned a neighbouring eminence, and lined the bank of the river, the former ready for a start, and the latter for a plunge, should a too near approach of their enemy render either advisable. Numerous were the stories now current, of his savage nature, of his fierce and determined qualities, —of his having already put to flight more than one shikarrie party,—nor were hints wanting, that discretion on their parts would be the wiser course, indeed that they had better leave him as he had been for years, the undisturbed monarch of the jungles.

It was here that the party became aware, that his vindictiveness and vice were of no common order ; for since his arrival, several natives had been sacrificed during his depredations on their fields and Melon Khates. On reaching the jungle, it was found to be very extensive, and in many parts very swampy consisting of Potail and Null. The line was soon formed, and it was agreed, that not a shot was to be fired, but at the Elephant or Tigers, should they get up. After beating for a short time, the Elephants began to give the usual intimation of a Tiger being on foot, and it was whilst momentarily expecting that one would make his rush, that they were diverted from the pursuit by the exciting cry of "The Elephant's a head." All eyes

were instantly turned in the direction indicated, and he was seen at a distance of about 200 yards moving slowly and majestically in a direction nearly parallel to the line. The party now closed in, and a volley was fired, which, though several of the balls struck him, caused no other apparent effect than a slight acceleration of his pace. All still was now hoisted in pursuit, and he made for the open ground on the bank of the river, and leaving the jungle on the left, he continued to skirt it for about a mile, the party following in a most disorderly manner. He then came to a stop, on a spot unencumbered with jungle, and here waited their approach, apparently determined to measure his strength with them. It was now thought advisable to assume a more compact form, than that which the confusion attending the chase had caused, and scarcely had the four Howdah Elephants taken their place in front backed by the Pad Elephants in the rear (for neither threats or entreaties would prevail on the Mahoots of the latter to assume any other place) when the Alcea, who had hitherto remained motionless, except occasionally flapping his huge ears, suddenly advanced three or four paces and placing himself opposite the center of the line, was in an instant in full career towards them. When he had arrived within 80 or 100 yards, the fire commenced,

which fell fast and thick about his head, must have generated any other feeling, but that of security in the minds of all engaged, in this spirit stirring encounter. He was now within a very short distance, still holding on his course with unabated speed, when some ball struck him, evidently causing great agony; for throwing up his trunk, and striking it about his head in a most furious manner, he diverged a little to the right, and passed close to the left flank.

Leaving the plain, he now made for the heaviest part of the jungle, whilst the party lost no time in re-loading, and in proceeding in the direction he had taken. At this time apprehension was felt that he was lost, at least for that day, as the jungle became so thick, and the ground so swampy, as to be nearly impenetrable to the Elephants, greatly fatigued as they were, from their march in the morning, and the day's work. Whilst deliberating what was to be done, a man who had been standing up in the khumeess of a howdah, shouted out that he was visible at a few hundred yards off to the left, his attention having been drawn to that direction, by seeing a quantity of mud thrown up into the air; this doubtless was with a view to the closing of his wounds.

The party was now quite refreshed, for the soda water had been in great request during the consultation, and once more the line was formed to meet their antagonist.

After struggling through some very heavy ground, they came to an open circular space, surrounded on all sides by high null, on the opposite side of which the noble brute was standing, the greater part of his body being concealed; but no sooner had the line, closely wedged together, emerged from the denser jungle in their rear, than down

he came, crushing the jungle before him with an ease that made the party feel, that their safety would depend on their steadiness. It was at the very verge of the space attended to, that he paused for three or four seconds. "Steady" was the word given, and a more steady and murderous fire was never sustained by the same number of individuals, not a shot that did not tell on his fine expansive forehead, or on the upper part of his trunk, from which streams of blood were spouting with great copiousness; and now on he came headlong at the party, and was again within a few yards of them before he was turned, but he could not do otherwise, for it was impossible for any living creature to undergo such a well directed and continued fire. The party now followed him as fast as the nature of the ground would permit, and on coming to the edge of the jungle they ascertained from some natives who had been spectators of the early part of the fight, that he had proceeded to the spot on which he had first given them battle.

Thither they followed, and found the report to be true.

The line was formed for the third time, with the greatest care; even the natives acted with an alacrity, that seemed to shew, they now were able to appreciate "close order." From the numerous wounds which he had previously received, it was supposed that, galled and irritated by them to madness, he would this round, if ever, break their phalanx. Not a word was spoken. The line advanced slowly towards him, and when at about 300 yards distant, onward he came with an apparent determination to sweep all before him. The line now halted to receive him; he did the same, and evidently awaited its approach. 'Forward' was the word, but slowly and cautiously, that no gap might appear: no sooner however was it put in motion, than he made a rush forward to meet it. It is impossible to do justice to the appearance of the noble animal as he now came on streaming with blood, and with fury expressed in every action; to all it was evident that he was desperate, and reckless of the balls which rained on every part of his head—and not one of the party, that did not expect but that he would make good his charge. A few feet more and he would have been in violent collision with the line; but Fortune was their friend; for at this crisis, one or more balls penetrated his left eye, on which he stopped frantic with pain, and, as if totally unconscious of every thing but the agony which he was enduring, he allowed volley after volley to be poured into him, without making any attempt at resistance or escape for some time. He now moved slowly off, and went into the jungle for a short distance closely pursued.

It was now clear that he could not escape, and it was proposed to drive him out into the plain; this however was not an easy matter, for having in some measure recovered from the effects of the shot in the eye, he again became formidable. In the attempt to drive him into the plain, he made several desperate charges, in one of which his remaining eye was also shot out, after which he became perfectly outrageous, and stupid, sometimes allowing himself to be urged for-

ward for a few yards, and at others making heedless charges into the midst of the party. On one occasion the elephants having got jammed together, he came in contact with a howdah elephant, which even in his then weakened condition, he almost overthrew, and the gentleman, who was on it declared, that he never was so *shocked* in all his life. Beyond this it is painful to describe the hideous spectacle which presented itself, the noble creature covered with wounds—his forehead, trunk, and large tusks crimsoned with his blood—though blind, still fearlessly presenting his battered front to his implacable enemies—at one time supporting his tottering frame, at another staggering forward with the hopeless endeavor to drive them off.

He now shewed symptoms of his dying moment being near at hand, for as his strength forsook him, he gradually extended his legs, in order to support himself, but it was useless. He was at a stand still, and shot after shot rattled into his head, and now he gently doubled first his hind leg, and then his fore leg, under him, and sunk slowly, and majestically on his side without a groan. His fall was hailed with three cheers from the sportsmen and by a loud cry of “*Ya Hoossein*” from the Mahouts and spectators, who now crowded round his prostrate carcase, and vented their spite on it by blows with tulwars and latties.

The following are the measurements of him, which were taken as he lay along the ground, and it will be observed that the circumference of the foot exactly equals half his height, a rule which is said invariably to hold good. The party were astonished at the enormous size of his neck and breadth of his head—no man could possibly have crossed his legs on the former—on account of its thickness.

	<i>Feet. Inches.</i>	
Height at the shoulder,	10	6
Round the fore foot,	5	3
Length of tusks from the eye,	4	8
Round the trunk at the tusks,	4	4½
From ear to ear over the crown of the head,	4	1
Round the neck,	13	6
From the crown of the head to the end of the trunk,	11	1
Extreme length from the end of the trunk to the end of the tail,	31	2

The Mahouts, who looked on him with the eyes of amateurs, declared that they had never seen so large and perfect an elephant; the soles of his feet were complete models, perfectly impervious to injury either from stones or thorns. His age they conjectured to be between 40 and 50 years. The above dimensions on being compared with some African elephants may be considered as nothing extraordinary, but it is rare indeed, that elephants of this part of the country are found of such a size. The zemindars of the neighbouring villages, took every opportunity of expressing their gratitude to us, for his destruction.

They stated that in addition to the devastation committed on their crops, upwards of 50 men annually lost their lives by him. He

was in the habit of going up to the mechauns, on which the people lay during the night, protecting their fields from the depredations of the Deer, Hogs, &c. and taking them quietly out, he most methodically placed them under his foot, gave them a gentle squeeze and then a toss into the air, after which he quietly cat his fill, and returned to his jungles, again to play the same game on the succeeding night. It was at one time proposed to apply to Government for a reward to be distributed amongst the Mahouts engaged in the contest, forwarding at the same time a statement of the injury their revenue had sustained during the last 25 years, from his ravages; but a little consideration made us aware, Mr. Editor, that it would be a mere waste of pen, ink, paper and time, —he was *now* dead,—and this being a material feature in the case, due advantage would have been taken of it, to withhold anything that their *liberality* might have prompted them to offer during his existence.

I remain, Mr. Editor,
Your most obedient servant,

Camp near Meerut, }
18th June, 1833. }

GUNGA.

A DOGMATICAL CHAPERONE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received a few days ago, a communication from a chuprassey, in charge of some hounds at Missouri in the Hills, but not being good at *Shikceetch*, I ordered my Moonshee to translate it. I send you his version of my kennel report, and if you think it likely to amuse your readers, pray give it, or as much of it as you like, a place in your excellent Magazine.

Your's obediently,

DASHWOOD.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF CHET SINGH OF HILL.

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

That your petitioner on the 4th May, 1833, sent a letter; your honour ~~shall~~ have found it, but your petitioner finding again a letter of Baboo, astonished, and he thought that request has not been arrived; therefore, he petitioned again that by blessing of God, all dogs and bitches are quiet well. In 4th May of same year, a bitch by name Juzes (Dutchess) she brought six young dogs in bed, also they are all in health, in the 12th of same month Salaw dog (Sailor) by the lust had violated on a bitch by the name Rumpus (Rompish) in the presence Mr. —, in the mean time, the aforesaid gentleman drove him. Sir, ~~every~~ day your horse he goes to bring gram from Razpoor, therefore ~~is~~ is lame, and he cannot go two or three miles, therefore your pe-

petitioner requests your honour please to order soonly whatever is proper for your horse. The bitch Rozmun (Rosamond) from 20 May of the same year, is very lustful, because Bujler (Batchelor) male dog will remain in society of her. Bloble (Blue bell) bitch is pregnant between in the month of June she will produce young dogs, therefore mehtor wants another muchan for her. Sir, day and night in hill, the rain and the had are raining, therefore your petitioner is very sorry for your dogs. Sir, one day your petitioner was much grieved to cause to bring water for dogs, but from the kindness Mr. — having found a pot he did cause to bring water for your dogs.

Sir, with innumerable obeisance,

Your most obedient ser vant,

CHET SINGH.

BERHAMPORE HOUNDS—BREEDING AND REARING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—As it is right and proper that you should know of all sporting proceedings carried on in *your country*, I sit down to give you an account of our little pack, which was established in October last by a few gents, lovers of sport.

It consists at present of about twelve couple of healthy, hard-working hounds, of which only two couple are thorough-bred, the rest are half and three parts bred. We have had many clipping runs this season, and when we get into our jumping country, (old mulberry gardens) I assure you, it requires bold riding to keep a good place; for the ditches are so deep, that if you get into them instead of over them, you may find yourself pounded for ten minutes, which, like an inch to a man's nose, is a great matter when hounds are running merrily.

The unusual heat of the weather has been much against us; as *all* our dogs are young and require work to keep them in order; nevertheless I was astonished and delighted with their behaviour the last day I was out. They carried their jackall in great style through a large and jungly village, every hound talking to him and working in such real earnest, that I began to fear we should have whoo hoop! too soon. He was a stout jackall, however, and took us for some miles over the open, at a racing pace; he was at last after a long run, viewed and run into, every hound at his brush.

Next year, if we are fortunate, there will be a capital entry of young ones, and I prophesy good sport.

If you think this worthy of insertion in the *Maga*, do so, and as I am "a penny a line man," pay me by giving the Berhamporees a hint to subscribe. Tell them, that a few good scurries with the hounds will quite supercede the necessity of calomel and other condiments,

and effectually banish the Blue Devils, add ten years to their lives, and in fact make them better and happier men !

Your's truly,

Berhampore, June 20.

RATTLER.

P. S.—The best way to get half breeds to give tongue, is to work them (with one or two well tongued old ones) in heavy corn where they must all keep together ; a very few days work in really heavy jungle will generally suffice.

R.

NOTE.—The Berhamporites will surely take RATTLER's counsel without any additional hint from us.—ED.

SLINGING OF WILD ELEPHANTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—A friend of mine wishing to add to his *Stud* of Elephants, I crossed the river with him a few days ago, to look at some fresh ones, which had first arrived from Assam, and, as we neared the Ghaut on our return he (pointing to the bank) said, “is not that your daw-k-man standing there?” “It is so,” I replied. “Then, by Jingo (giving his thigh a slap which might have been heard half a mile off) we shall have the Sporting Magazine, for the daw-k of the 1st comes in to-day,” and he was so impatient to get hold of it, that, springing from the “Seringer” before any one laid hold to steady it, he measured his length in the mud. Ha-ha-ha!—I thought I should have fallen over board laughing—he joined in the laugh, seized the daw-k, and found, “No magazine.” Could you have seen his muddy, disappointed face, you would have “cracked your sides.” A little soap and water and a glass of beer soon put matters to rights. Soon after the Mag. *did* come, and I gave it to him to skim over whilst I read some letters. After a little he said “the Sporting Magazine improves every number, but nothing has yet appeared in it about elephants ;—why don't you write something ?” “Me write ? why I never attempted such a thing” —“Why not try ?” “Because I am sure the Editor would reject my letter.” “Oh, never mind that,” he rejoined, “he will never know who it came from, and if he should, what does it signify ?” “There is something in that—so let me see—shall I give him a description of elephant slinging ?” “Do by all means ; I dare say the folks below know little or nothing about it”—“And—you floundering in the mud ?” “As much about elephants as you please, but not a word about the *mud*.” So Mr. Editor, my friend going off to square his horse's tail, I was left alone, and wrote the enclosed which I forward to you to dispose of in any way you please.

Your's very truly,

H.

SLINGING WILD ELEPHANTS.

Females are generally preferred for this purpose, as being faster, and less liable to injury from the wild males. When employed catching, they have no pads on, the weight would impede them, nor could they make way so well through the heavy jungle with them as bare backed. They have merely a rope, passed twice or thrice round the body, and tied at the side, for the sling to be fastened to. The Mahout who slings, must be a bold, resolute fellow, with an assistant, on whom he can depend, as he would find himself in a duced awkward situation after slinging an elephant if he had no one to assist him to secure it. On falling in with a herd, the Mahouts single out one, and endeavour to separate it from its companions, chase it as hard as the Koomkees can pelt,* who, being in better wind than the wild one, usually overtake it after a run of a mile or two. Should they fail, they follow the herd and content themselves with slinging the first tolerable one they come up with. The manner of slinging is this.—As soon as the elephant stops, the Mahout drives the Koomkee up to it, and standing up endeavours to throw the noose over its head and face—and if it will but charge he seldom fails. The elephant feeling the noose dangling about its face rolls up its trunk, in the hope of getting rid of it, and by doing so, helps to snare itself, as the noose then slips under the throat. A knowing Koomkee now plants herself as firm as possible, leaning her whole weight to one side, with one foot advanced ready to meet the struggles of the wild one, who no sooner finds itself entangled than it rushes in with great violence: after pulling the Koomkee some distance before she can bring it up, it then runs round and round, the Koomkee turning with it or the rope would get twisted about her. After a few turns it stops, when the second Koomkee comes into play; she comes up on the other side; another sling is cast, and they have the ‘Lady or Gentleman’ which ever it may be, fast between them. The Mahout must now fix the noose so as it may not become either too tight or too loose; this is certainly rather a dangerous job, but the Koomkees are generally so well trained that an accident very rarely occurs. The Koomkee goes gradually up to it, smells to its mouth, passes its trunk over its eye, and uses all kind of *pretty insinuating*; means to draw its attention from the man who firmly secures the noose with a small rope he carries for that purpose. This is done on the other side, and the elephant then led away between them to some place convenient for water and fodder,† where it is secured to a tree or a strong stake driven into the ground, its legs being just well tied together. When they have caught as many as they can

* To urge the Koomkees to the utmost of their speed, the Mahouts usually carry a small log of wood slung to a piece of rope. With this, they bang the poor devil most unmercifully just above the tail; this causes a hard swelling by which a Koomkee can always be known; it is not only an eyesore, but often makes the animal very uneasy in her paces.

† A large sulky male often makes a third Koomkee necessary who assists by pushing it on, and giving it an occasional thump with her trunk.

manage, they prepare to remove them to the place where it is intended to train them ; a strong rope is fastened round the neck of each and tied to the Koomkee. Each Koomkee will lead from two to four or even six, according to their size. In this manner they are taken perhaps a journey of two months, as they travel very slowly, feeding as they go along,

Banks of the Burhampooter, 10th June,

H.

THE RAJPOOTANA'S PRATO MARTYR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR MR EDITOR,—I hasten to communicate for publication in your “most impartial and widely circulated Journal” some account of a match which went off here last evening, and which I assure you has created a great deal of interest among us Nimrods in embryo.

We have among us here “a flash man upon his pins,” a regular “out and out light weighter”—a very “Barclay,”—and we have also a jolly “heavy un” whose comfortable appearance and good humoured face bespeak him rather a friend to a well covered table than a consumer of the fasting fare of training. Between these “choice spirits” said match was made, 100 rupees a side, to run two miles (to and back), fair start,—the little one *barefooted*. Now in order to explain the latter clause I must inform you that in this delightful district at this delightful season, (105° in the shade) the ground is one vast plain of sand, mixed up with which (and in about the same proportion that the plums bear to the dough in a well made pudding, such as you and I have often eaten, Mr. Editor, in “merry England,”) is a species of thorn, resembling exceedingly in the number and arrangement of its prongs “the back of the fretful porcupine,” one which fails not to seize “with loving kiss,” upon the foot of the “unwary treader on uncertain ground.” Reckless however of this chevaux de-frise-like obstacle, the bold light weight started for his race (nerved for the suffering by an additional “bumper of Burgundy,”—not as good, however, as you drink, Mr. Editor, for a thousand miles jolting forth most sadly disservice “the nectar of the Gods”) in good style. He soon passed the “heavy un” who, cased in a pair of Hobbs’s best, bade defiance to the “Zubbur dustees” and kept his pace as tightly as his well fed person would admit. Near a mile had been covered, and “many a time and oft” did the young one halt to extract from his suffering sole the insidious enemy, and much advantage did his antagonist derive therefrom. They were now “neck and neck” and truly the little one’s powers of endurance were severely tested. He bore up however with the spirit of a martyr and finally came in first!—the jolly “fat un” having given up in pity to his sore and lacerated “understandings”. Verily, Mr. Editor, never did we see one hundred rupees more dearly earned. After being seated

about 15 minutes, while the ensanguined stream was washed from his gaping wounds, he was completely unable to stand from the swollen state of his feet. This prevented his being honored with an oration which was intended. Four sable slaves bore him home in a triumphal car (mis-called a palkee) and he was placed on the doctor's list where he is likely to remain a good month yet. Perhaps, my dear Mr. Editor, you would throw a little salve upon his wounds and offer some consolation by a word or two of editorial (Hibernice) "pallaver" upon the spirit and game of our "St. Stephen," for after "the most careful and diligent" examination and careful perusal of all the authors who have written "about the States," from Mahkum and Joy Sing to Col. Todd and Reginald Heber, I pronounce our "tight little light weight" the *prato mariyr* of Rajwara.

Your "constant reader" and ardent admirer,

Nusserebaul, May 25, 1833.

ERAH SUCRAM.

NOTE.—Our correspondent does not give us the *time* of this *sharp* struggle.—ED.

HIGHLAND DEER STALKING.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer.

Buns.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,—Your printer's devil is no go. It would take up this sheet of paper to enumerate the mis-prints in my last letter, and one is too, too bad. There did I make use of such a beautiful metaphor—"dropping the curtain of silence," your devil makes it "stopping the curtain of silence." This is discouraging. Give the imp three cuts of a stirrup leather over the seat of honor and mosquito bites.

But let us to the mountains—and our present pursuit is deer stalking. It is the month of August, when the deer are in their finest condition. The weather has lately been too wet for shooting or any other out-door occupation. Day after day have strong west winds blown in painful severity. The mountains are capped in perpetual clouds, that now and then burst down upon the low lands in torrents of rain. The sun has scarce peeped out for a week, but at length breaks forth in his splendour upon glen and strath and conic. It is after such weather that one has the best chance of being successful in deer stalking. They seek shelter from the pelting of the storm in the lowest parts of the hunting ground, and where the country is wooded one is sure to find them.

In August, 1825, I was at Applecross—then the residence of the late Thomas Mackenzie, Esq. Member of Parliament for Rosshire; and after several days of boisterous weather such as I have describ-

ed, it cleared up to a beautiful afternoon. The west wind blew pure as the sweet south when it breathes over a bed of violets. The very peaks of the mountain ranges were yet enveloped in a light grey mist. Masses of white clouds floated high in the heavens, borne along swiftly by the remains of the tempest. In the bottom of the glen the vegetation looked fresh and beautiful. The sun shone out in great brilliancy; and up the sides of the nearest mountains, the lowing herds were winding their way, to their pasturage. Down the mountain sides dashed a hundred torrents. We wish we could put a description of them into language as simple, as pure, and as beautiful as the following from the pen of Burns:—

“ Whyles owre a lim the burnie plays,
As thr’ the glen it wimplit,
Whyles round a rocky star it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimplit;
Whyles glitter’d to the nightly rays,
Wi’ bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Beneath the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.”

This will do, but the course of our burnies did not run so smooth, as where Leezie went to dip her left sark-sleeve. (Vide Burns’s poem of Halloween.)

Enter Donald Bean, quondam notorious poacher, and now game keeper to the Laird,* to say that though there was but a wee bit of the day left, there was a chance of getting a shot up the big burn or in *Conic nari ciaed crockh*, anglice, the Dell of the hundred knolls; and off Donald and I set to these haunts of the red deer. It was one good Highland mile to the nearest end of the big burn; our route lay over an open, low moorland, not far from the banks of the river that runs through the valley of Applecross. Donald made good use of the heel and toe, and such a bit of a pigmy to put a man’s manhood to the trial—but to use the expression of a very respected friend of mine, he was a tidy bit of stuff, clothed in a coarse kilt jacket, an old tartan philabeg, with worsted stockings tied under the knee with red garters, a little bit of a blue bonnet, from under which his yellowish white hair fell down to his shoulders. Donald would, as to dress, have made no bad representative of the Dougal creature, nor was his character for cunning and sagacity less in keeping. The open moor was soon passed, and we reached the end of the big burn where it fell into the river. Following its course about a quarter of a mile it swept abruptly round a steep point of rock, and the scene was instantly changed from one of comparative tameness to one of solitude and grandeur. The burn ran over a bed of pebbles rapid and angrily; on one side the ground rose rocky and perpendicular, on

* When Mr. Mackenzie died in the flower of his age, and full of the promise of being, if he had been spared, an honor to his country, he left Donald a pension, a down favorite gun, and permission to kill two deer every year.

the other somewhat less precipitous, and thickly wooded with an under cover of fern reaching up above the knees. Looking back, our view had been cut off from the scene of comparative cultivation the main valley presented by the sudden turn already mentioned. Looking forward, the wild glen lay before us, apparently interminable, and on each side the scene was closed by the abrupt sides of the mountain. Donald made signs now to be prepared, for a deer was starting up from among the ferns through which we passed in a due westerly direction; the wind thus favoring us. We might have spoken without fear of disturbing the game, for the burn, swollen by such torrents of rain, spoke loudly, and the wind howled among the trees. As Donald approached the well known favored parts of the ground, his hand was on his gun lock, and his eye swept keenly over every brake and angle of the ground. It required some strong excitement to compensate for so toilsome a walk as we were now engaged in. The ground was exceedingly rough and uneven, and the long ferns wet us through; nor were we at this stage of our progress likely to meet with the reward. Not a living creature moved in the big burn. Donald was now less on the alert and less cautious. He spoke aloud his surprise at the glen being empty, but moved along quickly, as he said, in the idiom of his native language, that he might yet have time to throw his eye into "*Conie nair eraid crookh*" before nightfall. The burn was now opening into a less abrupt ascent on each side, and we were soon at the end of its wooded part. The water dividing part of the burn into several small rivulets, the land opened into a wide conie studded with knolls singularly uniform in their form and in their distance from each others. Ere he emerged from the wood, Donald took a keen and earnest view of the ground through the conie, and presently he dropped flat upon the ground and bid me do the same. Then raising himself cautiously on his knees he pointed out a fine herd of deer grazing among the hillocks. Having taken as much observation of the ground as he thought necessary, Donald rolled himself down the steep side of the burn followed by me till he reached the bed of the stream. We had entirely lost sight of the deer and this was our object. To make our way now was a difficult, and almost a perilous task. Emerge from the bed of the stream we dare not, and we could only keep to it by making springs, from one ledge of rock to another, getting more into the Conie. The knolls served to screen us from the watchful animals we were nearing upon. As we got farther on, Donald trod cautiously and even threw his brogues shoes off. Now and then he would throw up some light grass to shew how the wind blew. It came in fitful gusts, and whenever he felt it blowing upon the deer, he sat down. Thus did we approach most cautiously and by very slow progress, but we had not yet got over the most difficult part of the ground. Between the present rough ground where we were making our stealthy approaches, and where the deer stood, there was an open space of about 50 yards, and over this we must pass some way or other ere we could get a shot. As we opened upon it, there were two or three deer

grazing on the knolls opposite and with their heads turned towards us. We crept close to the ground. The deer presently walked (feeding on their way) out of sight, and we made a rush across the open plain, and were almost under cover on the opposite side when a stag popped his head over the hillock, turning back instantly. My first act was to drop down. Not so Donald, he sped like lightning up the hillock side and had gained ground upon me; ere I could gain sight of the deer, he had discharged two barrels, but without effect, for when I came up to him the whole group were huddled together and scampering off. I raised my gun, fired into the middle of them, and by great good luck a stag fell. I need not describe the trouble of getting home with our prize. But, reader, be thou Scot or English, try, if thou hast an opportunity, the noble science of deer stalking and if thou requirest a further stimulus to the sylvan sport throw down this prosy chapter, and read the Highland Smugglers, and Waverley and Shakespeare.

I am, Dear Mr. Editor, yours,

SKY-SCRAPER.

P. S. I may be thought to make myself the hero of my own story at Donald Bean's expence. I can only say that Donald was a bad shot, and that this part of my story, like the whole of it, is founded upon fact.

NOTE.—SKY-SCRAPER complains of our devils. It is his own fault—he writes such a *devil of a jist*.—ED.

TARRA HOG HUNT.

Established 8th March 1833, (during the Hoolie Holidays or Festival) at Tarra Gunge, by six Individuals stationed at Mymunsing, Furreedpore and Jumalpore.

“*Tria juncta in uno.*”

The following rules are agreed to:—

That the entrance by original Members to establish the Hunt be ~~One~~ **One** Mohur, and that such Members be admitted till the 1st of June next.

That subsequent to the above date any Gentleman wishing to become a Member, shall be proposed by an original Member.

That any Gentleman so proposed must have been at the death of at least ten Hogs and killed five with his own spear; that is, must have taken five first spears.

That any Gentleman (being so qualified) on being proposed shall be ~~balloted for~~ **balloted for**, and unless negatived by one vote, be considered duly elected a Member of the Tarra Hog Hunt.

The Ballot shall take place in the following manner:—

The Member proposing any Gentleman (duly qualified) shall make application to five other Members for their votes, which shall be returned in a sealed paper to the Secretary, who, after receiving all the votes, shall open the papers and communicate the result of the Ballot to the Member proposing the candidate, and also to the several voters.

If the candidate be elected he shall pay Two Gold Mohurs entrance or bonus to the Fund.

The following rules are agreed to for keeping up the Hunt:—

That the six Senior Members of the Hunt shall form a Committee, and a vacancy occasioned by absence or otherwise shall be filled by the next Senior Member on the list.

As it may seldom again occur that six Members forming the Committee reside at one station, it is agreed, that those stationed at Jumalpoore and Mymensing shall be competent to decide on all matters relating to the Tarra Hog Hunt.

That a Tent be purchased to dine in, &c. and be kept at some central place.

That at any regular meeting of the Hunt, each Member pay a chequin towards contingent expences and presents to the Mahouts, &c.

That any Member, wilfully spearing and killing a Sow be fined One Gold Mohur, to be disposed of as above, or to go to the Fund.

That to shoot at a Hog, *with intent to kill*, except in self-preservation (or that of others) may justify it, to occasion the expulsion of any Member guilty of so unsportsman-like an offence.

Agreed, that the Members of the Hunt do meet with bold horses, sharp spears, and light hearts as often as may be practicable. Tally Ho!!!

Resolved, that Mr. E. Hay, be appointed Secretary and Treasurer to the Hunt.

Original Members

C. Cheap,
J. Shaw,
R. B. Garrett,
Edward Hay,
J. Dunbar,
A. Younghusband,
W. A. Green,

Date of their becoming Members.

8th March, 1833.

29th April, 1833.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

“ How came your knavery by such experience ?” *Fair Play.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—GRENELEFE has made some captious remarks on my paper on the Rifle. It will not be difficult to shew that he knows as much of Robin Hood and Little John, as he does of the subject he attempts.

Let any person who has a rifle carrying a ball of eighty or more to the pound, try it at a target, at two hundred yards, when a good steady breeze is blowing, and let him mark how his ball is deflected by the wind. The American Riflemen were dangerous only in woods where they had cover, and where they could not have a sight of their enemy at any great distance; and their having killed so many of our officers is no proof of their having used small balls or shot at long distances. I have a Pea Rifle, carrying a ball of one hundred and twenty to the pound, which is perfectly useless at one hundred yards when a breeze is blowing, in consequence of the wind affecting the bullet's flight. Several rifles of the very same description were sent out to America by the maker. If the American rifles are so vastly superior, why have they not been introduced in England? Their famous trotting horse found his way, and so would any thing else that possessed merit such as GRENELEFE asserts of their rifles, and as the Americans are great exporters why don't they send to the Calcutta market some of these *extremely moderate priced and genuine* rifles by their *well known and excellent* maker? I should be happy to take some on spec: and if they proved half as good as they are stated to be, they would meet with a ready sale and Jonathan might make a good thing of it.

GRENELEFE is so far right in stating that the absence of windage by equal resistance of every part of the barrel makes them carry truer than common guns; but this is not the only reason, otherwise a plain cylinder tightly fitted would carry as well as a rifle. Professors of mathematics have been mis-stated in their opinion on the subject. Under the article “Gunnery” in an old Encyclopædia before me, I beg to quote as follows, and which contains the best reason that can be given for the superiority of rifle barrels, although by a professor of mathematics,—Dr. Hutton:—

“ The greatest irregularities in the motion of bullets are, as we have seen, owing to the whirling motion on their axis acquired by their friction against the sides of the piece. The best method hitherto known of preventing this is by the use of pieces with rifle barrels. These pieces have the insides of their cylinders cut with a number of spiral channels, so that it is in reality a female screw varying from the common screws only, in this that

its threads or rifles are less deflected and approach more to a right line; it being usual for the threads with which the rifle barrel is indented to take little more than one turn in its whole length."

"From the whirling motion communicated by the rifles it happens that when the piece is fired that the indented zone of the bullet follows the sweep of the rifles, and thereby, besides its progressive motion, acquires a circular motion round the axis of the piece; which circular motion will be continued to the bullet after its separation from the piece; and thus a bullet discharged from a rifle barrel is constantly made to whirl round an axis which is coincident with the line of its flight. *By this whirling on its axis*, the aberration of the bullet which proves so prejudicial to all operations in gunnery, is almost totally prevented."

You will observe this is a very different account from Mr. GRENELEFE'S; and professors of mathematics are not so green after all, although he has the temerity to charge them with writing nonsense. Would the gentlemen who killed the elephant near Meerutt the other day, have found a ball of one hundred to the pound of much service to them? Tigers, hogs, and deer are often fired at while they are moving in jahoo jungle, putel, and thick bushy grass, and often before they are seen, the motion of the jungle directing the sportsmen's aim, and which jungle and grass must be cut through by the bullet before the object is struck; and what use would a pea rifle be in such a case as this? A small ball, striking a vital part, if it could but reach it, may do its business as well as a large one, but it is seldom in shooting at running objects in jungle that a steady aim can be had, and a *tearing* ball is absolutely necessary to bring the animal up, as well as to make good its progress through thick grass and twigs of jahoo jungle, while in the open air the effect of wind would at distances of upwards of one hundred yards be enough to deflect the ball, and for this last reason in particular Colonel Macaroni recommends a rifle carrying a ball of sixteen to the pound.

The shooting of Turkey heads is an old story of Cooper's, the American Novelist, and can be backed by many a good story of our own "*Countree*." The *Calcutta Literary Gazette* lately republished an account of a shooting match in Germany, where the marksmen struck a crown piece every time at three hundred yards, thus beating Jonathau by chalks, albeit, I guess, the Americans are not bad hands at a *teetle* exaggeration either.

What has been said on the subject is sufficient for any one to try the different guns described and judge for himself. I recommend GRENELEFE however to practise, and take the field as a sportsman in this country before he lucubrates further on the subject as he shews himself to be a regular *Green horn*, and I, therefore, do not consider it worth troubling you by noticing him further.

Your obedient servant,

Upper Provinces, June 13, 1833,

RIFLE.

FEEDING OF HORSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE,

SIR,—As the Editor of an entertaining, well conducted, and well supported periodical, I think it behoves you to elicit a continuation of the letters on horses and breeding from that able and interesting correspondent O. K. (but I hope I am here anticipated.) His experience (twenty three years) ought not to be thrown away. The number of Nags (and *riglar* dustmen they were) that have passed through his hands, together with his knowledge of horse flesh, ought of itself to incite him to carry on the good work he has begun. Indeed I might add that all who keep horses will have equal reason with myself to laud him for the valuable information he has already given in the English *Sporting Magazine*. I've taken up the pen, not to argue but to put a few questions to one or two things that were not quite intelligible to me, in his last letter, as far as relates to this country. The first question I intend asking, is concerning feeding. NIMROD and O. K. recommend high feeding; the former preserves it throughout the year, the latter of course does the same, NIMROD being his oracle. But, may I ask O. K.—is high feeding to be kept up in this country in the few months of blood heat when the thermometer, I strongly suspect, in a stable could not be lower than 96, if so low (we'll keep within the mark)? NIMROD, as I said above, preserves the high feeding throughout the summer, (frequently letting slip an admission of its same baleful tendency) giving alteratives. Indeed, says he, without the use of alterative medicines exclusively of physic, no hunter can be got into blooming condition. Work must be given to horses in high feeding: if not exercised, inflammation will, from the heat of the blood, be the consequence. Now NIMROD says, (p. 45) in his comparison between the race horse and hunter, "each must have work and each must have rest,—one rests in winter the other in summer." Neither of them can be always on their legs, or they will be equally stale in their way. What then must be done? rest they must have, high feeding requires exercise, both may rest and sufficient exercise they can't get,—then physic is the remedy. What conclusion is drawn from this? Feed high to keep good flesh; administer physic to reduce inflammation. Feeding and physic all summer. This leads to another question. From this treatment what would be the system of the horse, natural or unnatural? I'll give in answer the dying man's speech, as related by NIMROD:—"I was well,—I wished to be better and here I am," said one who attempted to mend a good constitution. The proper answer remains with more experienced judges than myself. In England the summer is neither so long nor so hot as the warm weather in this country. Ought not therefore the heat and the length of time to make a little difference in the feeding? What might O. K.'s opinion be of half and half for hunters and racers? Buggy horses being in continual use ought to receive their regular food. By half and half I mean bran and oats, or gram and bran, as oats are

not always within reach. I would next wish to draw O. K.'s attention to breeding as regards crossing with the Arab and English, and the manner of bringing up the foals till they are fit for work. There is an article breeding written by him in the *English Sporting Magazine*, but as that is a little time back, and he has since read NIMROD, I have no doubt he can add more and correct a former opinion. What might he think the produce of an Arab, with a mare whose sires have been thorough bred English two or three generations back, would be? One thing, however, I differ with O. K. in and that is,—depending more on the dam than the sire (here goes NIMROD again). O. K. mentions the produce of such and such mares were clippers. I am sorry that I am not versed in the *Racing Calendar* to oppose him with the produce of horses. I could mention winners, but I forget the sires and that's what I want. How is it that the produce of ordinary mares by celebrated horses made such a show? The dam of Marske, sire of Eclipse, had never been trained, and the dam of Filha da Puta was only three quarters bred. Were the mares he quotes put to indifferent horses, or were the sires the produce of those very mares not celebrated? This he ought to have told us when he mentioned the produce of such and such mare won thirty times in 1832. Now for the subject of stallions: how are they to be fed,—high or not? Hankey Smith says not; and adduces the case of Marske, sire of Eclipse, which subsequently got an own brother to that celebrated horse, viz. Hyperion, afterwards Garrick, that turned out a very inferior horse. "The reputation of the son," says Smith "procured for both sire and dam superior treatment," and lo! what a falling off was there!

Mr. Editor, I am afraid I have been more prosy than I ought or intended. But follow the Government plan, cut away, leave no more than you think is actually necessary, make a clean sweep of the whole. If, in your opinion, not fit for your *Magazine*, let loose your Printer's diabolus. I shan't be offended, but on the contrary be obliged to you for not exposing

Yours obediently,

Central India, June 14, 1833.

TAM.

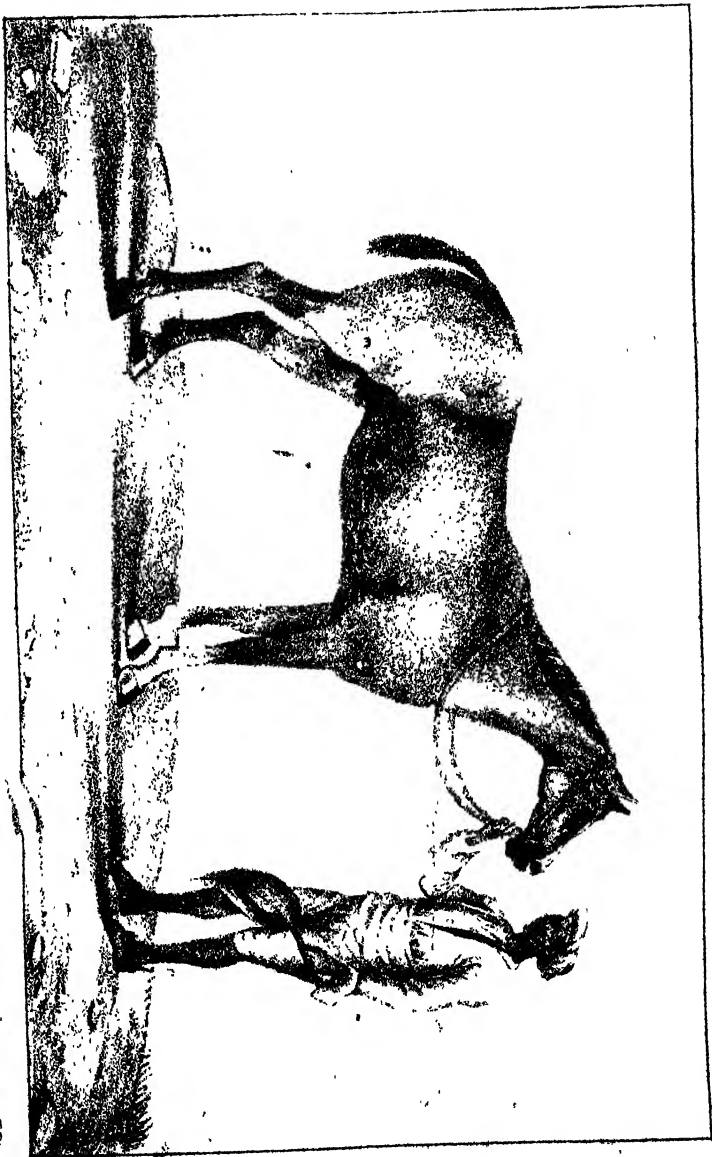
MY FIRST ESSAY WITH WILD BUFFALOES AND THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Not being, as *my friend* R. C. F., would say, a man "good at my pen," I must trust to you, your devil, or any other friend you please, to correct any too-glaring mistakes, which may be found in this my first essay,—though with regard to facts, it is most strictly true, and I trust, tho' "de gustibus non &c." if it shall prove, only half as piquant to your editorial palate, as the tongues of the slain were to mine, you will not refuse it a page in *Maga*.

"On the 17th February last, about twenty miles below Gowhati*, as sauntering along the bank of the Burrampooter, "whistling as I went for want of thought," I happened to stumble upon some snipe, in a burnt cuggra jungle, near the mouth of a dry nullah. Now my larder having exhibited a "beggarly account of empty boxes" for a long time, such an opportunity was not to be missed, so I immediately made the necessary arrangement and sallied forth, my mouth watering with the idea of dining on trail toast &c., and had reached the top of the sand bank, at which my boats run luggard, when I was brought to a full stop by seeing about eighty yards before me, the heads of three buffaloes, appearing above a little bank. Two, as they afterwards proved, three parts-grown-calves, and an old cow. On seeing these beasts, I made off to my boat, and having furnished myself with a good supply of balls, and a second gun, in the shape of a cut down musket, returned to the attack. During my absence the beasts had not moved, so as I love to have "first say" I howled at their heads with brown Bess, but from being like gentle Master Davis, the cow-keeper in Tothil fields, "a little Nervous" or some such cause, was too high. Alarmed by this the buffaloes came on to the middle of the sand, when with a right and left shot, as quick as thought, I hit one of the calves and the old lady, the latter in the breast, when like a "Toom braker," or "empty pair of Jack boots," she toppled over stone dead. Several other buffaloes having, by this time, joined the party, and having loaded, I took two more shots at the wounded calf, still having an eye to my empty larder, and killed it, on which the others retreated slowly towards the jungle, snuffing the air like the Highlanders, and as Paddy Holmes would say "fairly bothered." I again fired two more shots at them as they went off, wounding one in the leg, which had the effect of clearing the ground, and leaving me as I thought, master of the field. I now called out hastily for saws and hatchets, intending to "Horn" and "Tongue" my prizes forthwith, and with that intent, had all but reached them, when five more buffaloes made their appearance in front, two a little to the left, and three to the right, at the edge of the jungle, about one hundred yards off. I was now rather in a stew, as they are devils in a fury, and a heavy sand is not the best running ground in the world; but as they stood still, on seeing me, I resolved to try a shot after my friend Wynell's fashion when wishing to make sure, on one knee, and faith it's no bad one, as the eating the pudding was proof of. The first shot, to the left, I hit a bull behind the shoulder, which dropped him dead within seventy yards of the place, and the next to the right, taking another fair in his chest, as he stood looking on, drove him with a tremendous push into the jungle and brought him up within two hundred yards, where he died. Thus ended about twenty minutes amusement on foot, having in nine shots killed three large buffaloes and a calf, and wounded one other. The three large ones I filled with a single ball, and there were two in the calf. I

benefit of country Gentlemen, as Jack Fuller used to say, Gowhati is in the



*Drawn on Stone
by J. Bennett*

*STILLY.
for the British Sporting Magazine*

*Lithographed by J. Black
From the Original*

certainly was extremely fortunate in getting so near the animals, and having plenty of time to take aim, as they never shewed the slightest symptoms of charging; but the balls I used were large, thirteen to the pound, and now I may remark that though I had such luck this time, I have since seen eighteen balls fired into one buffalo, none less than those of mine, and two ounce ones, without effectually killing it. What in such a carcass would one of Jonathan's balls be, one hundred to the pound? It is true if any ball, may I believe if a No. B. shot was to strike an elephant in the centre of his forehead, so as to penetrate, it would kill him,—the cavities immediately leading to the brain from that spot. But into his, or a buffalo's ribs, shoulders or flanks, they have not weight enough to penetrate *the skin*, much less to break a bone; and I am quite confident that either animal, could carry off one hundred of them without the slightest injury. But hold hard! I have, since the date of this, had several "rancounters," as Mrs. Heulebergh has it, with such animals, both on foot and on elephants, and can mayhap tell you a pleasant story hereafter; so if this suits you, you shall hear again, or not, from.

Your sincere admirer,

June 23d, 1833.

SHUKAROPHILOS.

NARR.—It does suit us. Let us hear by all means,—I do.

THE RIFLE.

"We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,"

Dryden.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.*

SIR,—Does your correspondent GRENELEFE really believe (I believe he knows nothing about it) that a gun carrying a ball of one hundred to the pound, would penetrate the massive shoulder of a tiger (a jungle tiger) at 60 yards distance? I have just tried one at that distance at a one inch mango wood plank, which it barely went through, making a faint mark in the next.

I shall always hope to see A TRUE BRITON, armed with a piece carrying something as near a musquet ball as possible. With fair play he has shown himself with such arms superior to the whole world, and neither needs or wants a tool either for defence or attack, although so kindly offered him by your correspondent. The Americans, in their war of independence, certainly did butcher many of our brave officers with their rifles, (*quere*, were they small ones?) in the thick woods, where their bush rangers had a vast superiority from their knowledge of the country. But what use did they make of their rifles in the last war? How many of these Potnotic riflemen met our troops on their way to Washington? or attempted to make opposition or defend themselves in the streets so favorable for the purpose? How many of them followed the retreat and harrassed our rear, although our force was

unsupported, and might have easily been severely punished by bold light troops? Does GRENELLFE really think that Mr. Trijon of America, is to be compared as a maker of fire arms or rifles with the first rate London makers, or, is he as a friend giving him a little bit of a puff? * * * *

Does GRENELLFE really suppose that he has stated the true and correct reason why a rifle carries a ball better than a plain barret, and that, as he says, Professors of Mathematics have written nothing but nonsense on the subject? Allow me to tell him he is a * * * * for his pains. Such temerity as he exposes in making the assertion, must arise from an overweening confidence and presumption.

* * * * *

A carbine, single barreled rifle, weighing 7½ pounds, is not to be sneezed at; I had a rifle of this description which fully answered every purpose at 150 yards, although for my own choice (when I had not to carry it) I would prefer the gun of 10 pound weight; but I would like to see brother Jonathan beard the tiger in his den with his pea rifle, or attempt to shoot deer at 200 yards except in perfect calm weather when there is not as much wind as would blow the smoke off his pork and mollasey, and then when he did hit the animal, merely to torture it, or of what use would a small ball be in such shooting as "Rifle" mentions in his paragraph?

I am, Mr. Editor, your constant reader and well wisher.

Western Provinces, ?
June 1833

OLD BRUFON.

NOTE.—This is the first letter since we commenced the grateful task of entering for the amusement and instruction of sportsmen, that we have had occasion to emascuate, and we hope it will be the last. As much argument as you please Gentlemen, but no abuse,—no personality. You must be aware that sporting is the occupation of well bred men, and that the employment of "scurrilous abuse" is only calculated to bring our craft into disrepute. Write nothing of a man, that you would not say to him, and we shall get on smoothly enough.—ED.

"TALLY HO!"

Phil-Payne.

"By that one little word
"How many thoughts are stirr'd."

Wordsworth.

Thronged is the meet, the huntsman waves his cap, and gives *one* cheer,
And every hound is crashing through the gorse;
Look how their glossy skins and spotted sides appear
Lying amid the furze; how still and breathless stand each man and horse.
Now, my Rascals! have at him there!
Hear the heavenly crash,—a Tally Ho! Gone, Gone away!
Oh, he that once has heard that thrilling melody remember'st not for *aye*
P. P. FIGGINS.

BREEDING OF HOUNDS.

• TO THE EDITOR OF THE *BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE*.

DEAR SIR,—Observing in your number for June, a query from a “*WOULD BE TOP SAWYER*,” relative to the best sort of bitch to cross with a hound to obtain half-breds, I am tempted to offer my opinion on a subject on which so many of your sporting friends must feel interested. I form my opinion on an experience of some years, having been in the habit of breeding for the last nine years, and I am sure if the cross I shall recommend is tried, the produce will be found equally as good as any other half-bred, and better able to stand the climate. I conceive that as far as goodness of nose and note is concerned, the cross between the fox-hound and pointer will stand pre-eminently, but the object wished to be gained by having half-breds, viz. ability to stand the climate, is entirely lost. No one would wish to breed half-breds were it not for the dreadful mortality which exists among English hounds. Now the pointer, being as liable to sickness as any hound, I consider it would be far preferable to get thorough-bred dogs at once, than breed half-hounds equally as liable to sickness.

The breed which I feel convinced will answer any purpose required of them, and which are most likely to stand the climate, is that between the fox-hound or harrier, and the pariah or country dog. The produce from the first cross have, in many instances, turned out very well. I have seen some with a regular hound-note, which run as well as any half-breds I ever saw. The second cross have invariably turned out well, and are much to be preferred. They are generally of a good size, very fast, run true, give tongue freely, and stand the climate better than any dogs I have seen. A horse artillery serjeant, from Dum Dum, sold a litter of six by “*Twister*” (an old friend in the Calcutta pack) to an officer in whose possession I saw them in Meerutt, and who now has them I believe in the hills; they were as fine pups as I have seen bred in India, and I mistake much if some of them (two in particular, the color of the sire,) will not stand two or three and twenty inches high, when full grown. Their mother was by a hound out of a pariah.

When I recommend breeding from a pariah bitch, I do not intend that they should be taken indiscriminately. There is as much difference in the quality of pariah, as there is in that of any other breed of dogs. Many are to be seen hunting by themselves in the rates, others have been hunted with hounds, and with the exception of running mute, have performed very well; if one of these can be obtained so much the better. To those who will try the cross above mentioned, I recommend great care in the choice of a bitch to breed from; I should choose one as roomy over the loins as possible, with

good breadth over the back, straight and strong on the legs, good round feet, clean on the skin and healthy. If one can be obtained of a good color, and not too long in the nose, so much the better. Many very capital bitches are to be procured from the Kunjurs or Gossys of India. If the bitch can be obtained some time previous to her going to heat so much the better, as she will become used to a European, and may be let loose while in pup. She ought to be fed well, taking care that she does not get *too fat*, as that would not only make the pups small, but render her more liable to accidents in pup. If from the first produce, care is taken in selecting the best bitches, and then making a second cross with the hound, I can assure those who will try it, they will not repent having done so. No bitch should be ward off till she is 14 or 15 months old. My friend the "WOULD BE FOR SAWYER," who I take to be a tramp, asks, what is the best method of rearing puppies? I cannot say I know the best way, but if the method I have adopted, and certainly with success, will be acceptable to any of your readers, I will attempt the subject in a future letter.

Calcutta, 24th June, 1833.

TALLY HO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—With regard to the rearing of pups of which A WOULD BE FOR SAWYER has spoken, the mortality (where many are reared together in this country, as must naturally be the case when a pack is kept at a station in the Upper Provinces) is decidedly very great. Now, in the first place, I attribute a great deal of the disease amongst pups to their being kept confined together in numbers, for, however clean you keep them, the effluvia from their bodies tends not only to create distemper, but also to encourage debility, whereby is laid the foundation of other diseases. Secondly, whelps like other young animals being exceedingly subject to acidity of stomach, are tempted to eat all kinds of trash, such as dirt, horse dung, &c. which although it relieves in a small degree the gnawing sensation in their stomachs, created by the acid, still this remedy "if it may be so called" is as bad as the disease, for it tends not only to generate worms but also a kind of dysentery which wastes away and eventually kills the pup. Having now gone so far, there remains to be told what I consider the best remedy for these evils. In England, as I dare say most of your readers are well aware, whelps, after weaning, are distributed amongst the tenants and cottagers in the neighbourhood, and taken up again when old enough for the kennel; thus the evil arising from numbers is avoided, and they learn their names, become more sagacious and tractable than if they had been kept *en masse*. Although this ex-

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All whelps but particularly the hound species, when fed together, bolt their food most voraciously, and thereby distend the stomach with wind to an immense size, which occurring daily, weakens that vital organ and lessens its power of digestion.

cellent plan cannot be adopted in this country, a few real lovers of the chase might be induced to take charge of a couple of pups each, which would be a great help. All could not be disposed of in this manner, so I think four or five couple of the remainder may be kept together (but not more). They should have a kennel about fifteen feet square and rather lofty, (as height tends greatly to coolness) with a yard about twenty-five feet square, paved round, and perhaps a wall to the East would be a good thing. The kennel should be kept *particularly clean* as well as the pups, well ventilated, and I recommend leaping the walls occasionally. The pups should go out morning and evening for exercise; each be called out and fed separately.* A little flour of sulphur and black salt† is good now and then in their food, which should consist of otta chupatters in soup with a little meat given morning and evening. See that there is always fresh water in the kennel, and that they have charpoys to lie on. Now to relieve the acidity of the stomach, put three or four lumps of chalk in, which they will gnaw and eat as they require it, and will be found much less inclined to eat trash. A lump of black salt also is a good thing. I have constantly observed pups eating dirt and even bits of brick and wood, all in consequence of this and I suspect. I will here give an instance of their avidity for chalk which recently occurred in my own kennel. I had eight pups out of a pointer bitch by a terrier, three months old, which I observed daily wasting away to skeletons, and invariably the moment they were loose looking out for some rubbish or dirt to eat. I sent for some chalk and they devoured two or three pieces in the course of half an hour; after this they were not so keenly on the lookout for trash, and in the course of six days were quite different pups. They are now all alive and fine healthy pups four months old, although we have had cruel weather. I wish you could persuade some of your able friends to give us a series of letters on the kennel management of a pack of hounds in India. I should think your friend, A. WOODBURN SAWYER, with fifteen couple of hounds, good management, and moderate luck, ought not to require any half-breeds. However the cross to be most sure of music, I should say is between the hound and spaniel; next, the terrier; but not the crosses for beauty certainly. I read an account of the run the little pack he speaks of had with a wolf last cold weather, and hope we shall hear something more of their performances this next season. We have a small pack here, young, but tolerably good looking; should they not belie their present appearance, and afford any good sport, you shall hear more of them hereafter.

Your's &c.

Mofussil, June 14, 1833.

OSTIR.

P. S. — When pups can be sent to the hills I believe it is the best plan, and the extra expence ought not to be thought of.

* Flour of sulphur by weight four, black salt one, finely lixiviated and mixed. A tea spoonful for a pup of four months,—more or less for old or younger dog.

† I think more so in this country than in England, perhaps owing to the climate.

HOGS, BOARS, PIGS, &c.

' *Hic niger est—hæc tu Romæ caveto.* '

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE*.

SIR,--That line would almost make one believe, notwithstanding he shewed somewhat of the white feather at Phillippi, that the man who wrote it, and whom I doubt not, most of your readers claim as an old acquaintance, was himself a bit of a Pig sticker, for often have the words come across my mind, as I have seen a rattling young boar, charging down right and left, and making his enemies respect his desperate courage. However, after all, as far as my knowledge of the history of hog-hunting goes, riding hogs down and spearing them, had not come into fashion in the days of Augustus, and I fancy his courtiers, of whom my jolly poet was one, were well enough pleased to feast upon the porkers that were brought from the woods of Arcadia, without the trouble or the pleasure of killing them.—“*Hic Niger est*,” that is, the boar, whose life and adventures are now about to be given to the world, is, or rather *was* black, for alas! poor fellow, he fell beneath the very hand which now attempts to tell his story, and his bones lie whitening on the banks of the Burrumpooter. In saying that this, my own particular pig for the time being, was black, it is necessary to explain to those of your many readers, who are yet uninitiated in the mysteries of that noble sport, hog-hunting, that, with regard to colour, there are four kinds, of boars well known to every lover of the spear:--the brown, the black, the blue, and the rusty grey. Young hogs, I should think, as far as three or four years old, come under the first head. They are generally short, narrow-backed, and not over-fed, and both in running and when brought to the charge, carry the head very low; the hair about the flanks, back, and quarters, as of a brownish tinge; and the tusks are mostly very small but sharp; and I have seen one of these same brown fellows behave nobly. Either in the run, they will avoid the charge as long as possible, turning often, and giving the horseman the slip the moment he fancies himself sure of a fair hit. They run a good pace, but have not seen years enough to give the bottom of the black boar, under which head may be classed those from four to eight years old. These Boars are sometimes to be found very lean, long, and lanky, but in general they are in fine case and staunch, from thirty-two to thirty-six inches high, having round and full quarters, short back, thick neck, and a quick eye, which is turned upon their adversaries with the fierce glare of hate and revenge. They run both fast and far, carry the head well up as they go, and decidedly show more sport than any other when brought to bay. A cowardly boar of this kind is rarely met

with, and the havoc they make amongst the horse flesh is sometimes dreadful; the tusks, when taken out of the head, generally measure from five to ten inches long. The third class or blue, might, I think, claim all boars from the age of eight to fourteen—these stand from thirty-four to forty inches high, and have little, except the blue tinge, to distinguish them from the black fellows. The muscles are more fully developed however, and a young hand would be astonished to see the strength in the neck and fore-arm of one of these jolly fellows. They have a cross of fine bristles, and a coarse hide, which has more or less of the blue colour according to the age, and are generally in capital condition. The snout is well ringed by the tusks, which come crawling up from the under jaw, and give the sportsman a fair estimate of the desperate game before him, and the consequence of his not acquitting himself well in the fight. They do not run, I think, either so fast or so true as their black brethren; and indeed, I have known cases where they would not run at all, but stood to their ground and let their enemies do their worst. When a boar of this kind is ridden down he seldom attempts to skulk, but comes sharp round on the charge, with a grunt which takes the courage out of many a good dog. He will then stand still, moving his tail slowly from one side to the other, grinding his tusks, and sometimes taking a step or two forward, as if meditating a charge. If he finds his foes keep a respectable distance, he moves slowly off in the direction of the nearest jungle, or towards the water, and comes dashing down again the moment he finds the hunter coming at him. When he gets a deadly spear, and sinks at last, he dies like a hero, true game, his last look, being one of hate and defiance to his tormentors. The fourth and last kind is,—the rusty grey, under which head may be taken all boars of upwards of fourteen years of age. These hoary rascals have seldom much hair of any kind upon them; they have, of course, long attained their full size, but the advances of age are evident, the skin, which is thick and coarse, hangs loosely on their flanks, and sometimes they have lost one or both their tusks, and the head looks very long, hard, and fleshless; they usually lie either by themselves in some snug retired jungle, or are to be found with a sow, and some twenty little ones round her. These venerable patriarchs, like all other old gentlemen who have seen their children's children, are not much addicted to running; and I have known them actually forced out of the jungle, by the tusks of the elephants, and then not run above one hundred yards. They are generally slow, and heavy in their motions, although I have known an old chap of this sort, as if his spirit once more partook for a moment of the light and vigour of former days, make a noble charge at a whole line of elephants, and force his way into the thick jungle in spite of all opposition.

And now, Mr. Editor, for the black Boar alluded to at the beginning of my letter. Of his early days I can say nothing, save that I fancy he must have seen the light in some of those jungles which skirt the southern bank of the Burrumpootur, about eight miles above Jumal-

poore, for on a *chur* opposite. I met him for the first and last time. It was I think in May, 1829, that my friend Capt. Ewent of the 54th N. I. and I, after having floored so many hogs nearer home that we were fain to look for fresh ground, agreed to have a day on *Poorrier Chur*, about six miles up the river from Jumalpoore. We had had good accounts of the place, and looked for sport, although the jungle generally begins to grow again in May. We had been out an hour or two without a run, although the hogs were numerous in the large jungle in those days; however, we were not easily discouraged, and we resolved to follow the advice of a Mr. Rollo, who had just joined us, and who lived in the immediate neighbourhood. He wished us to look at a *Chur* a little farther down, newly formed with a few paddy fields, and some haggia jungle on it, of which last the hogs are very fond. But before telling you the result of this advice, I must describe our friend as he appeared in the field that day. He was mounted on a dra mare, whose appearance told that an Indigo Planter's work was no sinecure. I really forget whether or not, on this occasion he had a hat, although I rather think he discarded that piece of his outward gear, as inconvenient, and enveloped his cocoa nut in a pocket-handkerchief. No corls adorned his nether man, nor moreover were his legs incased in boots, (either tops or Wellingtons,) where into he might affix a pair of spurs, but this was of the less consequence, as he had no spurs to fix, and necessity being ever the mother of invention, he had struck out a bright thought just before starting to join us: his feet were shod with white slippers, and through the back part of these, he had forced two small tacks or nails in such a manner, that the head rested against his heel, and the point protruded outwards, a contrivance which he assured us would do just as well as the best pair of spurs in the country. To Mr. Rollo I consider the honour of this splendid invention is solely due, and he seemed not a little proud of it, as he took Ewent aside in the jungle, and pointed out to him the mode in which he had armed his heels with considerable self-satisfaction. But to return, we proceeded to the new ground, and had hardly got the elephants into the haggia, when out bolted a splendid black boar. Let memory dwell for a moment on the scene! I think I see him now, halting for a short space, as he cleared the jungle, shaking the dew from his bristly back, and then dashing forward to his point, which was a jungle about half a mile off. The ground just at starting was soft and full of ugly cracks, which were likely to bring a horse down, but about two hundred yards further on, it was as good as the Calcutta Course. I was well out, when the boar broke, whereas Ewent was still in the rear of the bad ground. Many is the hard struggle we have had in a friendly way, and as I knew he would make quick work of it over the ground, bad as it was, and had moreover the fastest horse, away I went after the pig, as fast as my nag's legs could carry him. About half way over the plain, was a small patch of *Thow* jungle, into which the rascal went, just as I was preparing to fetch him a clip. He gave me no time, to think of what

was next to be done, for the moment I got near the jungle, down he came at a most thundering pace, and made a most desperate charge at the horse's shoulder. I was mounted on an old Arab:—he stood like a rock, and just as the boar took his spring, I caught him with my spear right in the neck, and sent him down again in no time. Just then Ewent came up, and as the boar moved out into the plain, he went to work with him immediately. Ewent's horse had never been up to a hog before, and was a good deal alarmed, and no wonder, for a more savage boar I have never met with. It was with the greatest difficulty that Ewent could keep his horse's head to the hog; he gave one or two of the most extraordinary grunts I ever heard and rushing to the charge, leaped up almost to the withers of the horse, covering him with blood, which was spouting from the wound in his neck. Luckily the charge did not take effect, otherwise, mare or horse must have suffered dreadfully from the tusks, as Ewent had so much to do in careering up his beast, that he could not get a fair hit at the hog. I really know not how he escaped without damage, for the charge was a most determined one, and the horse almost unmanageable. At this juncture up came our friend Rollo, who after duly considering the present aspect of affairs declined interfering with so savage a pig, while he stood at bay. When the brute began to move off again towards the jungle, Rollo put the dam mare into a canter, and as he passed the hog, at a distance, which evinced a proper consideration for his own individual safety, he threw his spear at him, but unfortunately he had forgotten to fix the spear-head on properly so that the shaft and the iron parted company, in their downward flight. Ewent and I then went in again, and a spear having caught the rascal just behind the shoulder, he was compelled to give in, and casting a last look upon earth, air, and sky, he fairly slipped his wind. A better and more resolute hog, a man could not wish to see, he seemed determined on mischief, for I had scarcely time to gather my horse together, after the rattling pace we had been going, when he came down upon me, with reckless impetuosity, and the next charge at Ewent was altogether one of the most extraordinary, from the grunting of the boar, and the way in which he repeatedly bounded from the ground, I ever saw. Peace be with him! It was his fate to die nobly, and every boar, as well as every dog has his day! After drawing breath and breathing our nags about for ten minutes, we returned to the baggia jungle, and the elephant immediately came upon a Boar, which our beaters tried in vain to turn out; so at last, I was determined to have a look at him, where he stood; and accordingly crammed my horse into the jungle, and there I found an old full sized boar. As nothing would persuade the old hog to move, I resolved to try the effect of cold steel, and accordingly planted a spear right in his back, which instead of making him run, brought him to the ground. He was a very large boar, and well armed with large tusks, but he had been wounded, probably by some brother pig in an affair of gallantry, and seemed to have lost the use of a leg, which accounted for his objections to running. It was now so dreadfully

hot, that we were fain to get to the shelter of a Gohalee where our horses had stood during the night. A cold bath, a change of clothes, and a good breakfast, soon made us vastly comfortable. We fought in fancy our battle with the boar once again, talked of days past and yet to come, listened to our friend Rollo's stories, some of which smacked of the marvellous, and when the sun began to sink into the west, we two, took our journey homewards, wishing that we might often meet with such boars as the rattling fellow who had shewn such fight in the morning.

ROBIN HOOD.

SPORT IN THE BOMBAY TERRITORIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having just received the last No. of the B. S. M. I see in it a wish expressed to know something about the hunting on the Bombay side of India. If the following extract from a letter dated 'Shollapoor' is of any use, it is at your service. In answer to enquiries of mine the writer, after speaking of pigsticking, says "We have a *splendid* pack here but no grass or turf, a few stones like a London pavement, all picked up but not carried away; just fancy a street mending with flag-stones scattered here and there, and then fancy some 15 or 20 *little* dogs, some turnspits, some half terriers, and some whole and other curs of low degree, following at a slapping pace an animal that was a fox or hare the night before, but now with a lot of asafetida turned into a regular stink-pot rolling over the ground! So you see though we may not have such good turf or grass as you have, yet we of the Deccan have *something* else to make a scent. It is cruel slow work but is better than lying in bed. We have splendid coursing &c. &c. &c.

I do not know what they may have at Ahmednaggur but this certainly does give one an idea that the hunting on the Bombay side is cruel slow work. By the bye, Mr. Editor, was not the Arab steeple chase worth a little more notice? I hope you will give us a more full account of the mixed horse one, such as the height of the made fences &c. &c.

I am, Dear Sir, your's truly,

TURK.

A WORD FROM NIM EAST:—STEEPLE CHASE AND "EVERY THING IN THE WORLD".

List! List! Oh, List!

MY DEAR EDITOR,—“ Loud roars the dreadful thunder, the rains „deluge shower” and all that—whereby I fear me I shall be unable to keep tryst to night at “the crib.”—Verily the *Prince* of the powers of darkness seems to be the reigning (raining?) power to night—and one of Stewart's best buggy lamps would “*pale*” as “inflectual a fire” as an inch of farthing mould in a scooped out turnip be-

neath the influence of His Murky Majesty—therefore let it be ever “so pleasing a night to other honest men” I cannot quit the capital to-night.

Thine,

N. E.

• P. S.—Now I think of it, you may like to hear the result of the last steeple chase, for all horses (except English) over the same ground at Hum-Dum; it came off on, I think, Monday the 1st July. Only four started, a dun country bred horse, well known in the hunt, yelped “*Café au Lait*,” the winner of the previous “Arab Race,”—“*Tony Lumpkin*,” the chesnut Arab “*Sinbad*,” and a chesnut Arab “*Tiny*” late *Lobster*, a well known good and honest little horse. The stopper spoken of in the account of the preceding race had been altered in appearance at least, though the general remark was that it was still hardly a fair jump where Arabs were running, and not a place which horses would be likely to rise at. The event will in a measure prove the justness of these remarks. Two hurdle fences, strong as English gates, and measuring in height about 4 feet 4 inches, and very stiff, were introduced at the distance of about a mile from the ‘start;’ they seemed to be viewed with hardly approving looks by those concerned, as we rode over the ground before the race. The arrangements with regard to the flags were better than upon the former occasion, and those on the right hand were now red. However there is no use in making a long story of it:—let us fancy the word “off” given—away they go—well together for the first mile, indeed up to the stiff rails, over these *Tony Lumpkin* comes well and cleverly, followed by *Café au Lait* and *Sinbad*, nearly abreast of each other, and the rear brought up by little *Tiny* who also got over. The lead was kept by *Tony*, who landed clear of the second rail also, *Sinbad*, shewing a disposition to swerve, drove the *Dun* horse (who was on his left) off his line, and they both broke through the top rail on the side, though within the flags. *Sinbad* had nearly run up to *Tony* when they came to the large ditch, measuring, I believe, very nearly, if not quite, 15 feet; a small bank on the side they rode from made it what is called a fly-leap. Both Arabs were rattled at it (to use a vulgar saying) at a pace nearly as fast as that at which they would have gone if a certain nameless gentleman had ‘kicked them end ways.’ Both made a gallant spring at it:—both got all but over, and both staggered and rolled head over heels in the dust. *Tiny*’s rider in the meantime had got a heavy ‘header’ over the last rail, and *Café au Lait* had (to make all sure) turned back to leap the second rail again. So that at this instant of time the race presented a remarkably singular picture,—two Gentlemen on the ground rolling side by side,—in the distance a third, laying on the right side of the railing with his horse upon him, and the fourth party in the contest with his head turned in an exactly opposite direction from that in which the winning post was situated, and seemingly going back again at a slow trot. Things however did not long remain in this situation; the two leading Gents having got to saddle and being under way, the *Dun* and *Tiny* were also quickening their movements and had crawled through the ditch which had

proved so disastrous to the *Arabs*, and they all four once more met at the old Ochterlony Bank, were they were detained some little time, none of the nags appearing inclined to face it. At last the country-bred got cleverly but not cleanly over, (his length of limb giving a decided advantage at such a place,) and went away. Little *Tiny* run up the bank like a cat and followed him, and the other two, *experience* telling them their chance was up—*gave in*—and thus by one villainous bank, (in my honest opinion not a fair jump) was a most interesting race spoilt. There were those who thought that had this leap not been were it was, the result might have been different; without saying this, there can be no question that the whole thing would have been twice as interesting, the two *Arabs* who were shut out, having been over the same ground in the previous race and taken all the jumps cleverly. The race was won by ‘*Café au Lait*,’ his owner and rider, a gentleman whose collar in the hunting field I am happy to say is *Blue*, performing througho it in the most workman-like style, and if the fight had been to be harder fought, the want of condition in his nag alone would have furnished a possibility of his losing. *Tiny* was also well ridden; and two rather severe falls seemed in no way to abate the pluck displayed throughout. The others are, as the auctioneers say, too well known by Sport men to call for a word from me, as to their powers of performance across a country. I only wish for their sake, the villainous leap alluded to, had been at the bottom of the Bay of Bengal.

I had some other little matters to mention, but this has been such a long story that I must defer my intention till a more convenient time. I remember in the first number of the ‘*Magazine*’ expressing a most earnest wish that it might flourish like a ‘young bay tree,’ and I should hope its prosperity is now established beyond question, the increase in contributors being the grand ultimatum. When I see such approved hands as O. K., PICKLE, *cum multis alis* putting their shoulders to the wheel, all fears for the well doing of the *Magazine* have “vanished into thin air.” You were right, quite right, to mutilate any letter going beyond the bounds of proper sportsman-like feeling in the discussion of sporting subjects. I speak of the one about *guns*. I have been reading the March number of the new *Sporting Magazine* and am sorry to see a paper professing to notice a letter of DASITWOOD in vindication of certain charges laid at his door, which letter is most temperately written throughout; not so the Editor’s paper, it abounds in scurrility and abuse. “Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness” have as little to do with sport and sportsmen as Lord Grey has with making the Cham of Tartary’s shirt, if that respectable individual ever patronizes such articles of clothing. As I have said on a former occasion, I am glad to see many letters published, and to be published, concerning the breeding and rearing of hounds. I mean to try the subject myself some day *by authority*, and till then will only say my opinion is—“Breed not mongrels;” there is no good cross with a fox hound, certainly not in the first generation.

As for your friend who talks of *pariah dogs*, tell him *Twister* is well and hearty, the mother of the pups spoken of was no *pariah*—If the answer of the *cross breeders* is “we cannot procure hounds in numbers sufficient for purposes of sport,” ask them to read an account in the new *Sporting Magazine* for February or March, of how *one* couple of hounds in Northumberland ran and killed their fox upon two occasions through close woody country after two hours hard running. Where is the “*real thing*” in hunting if scent and voice are dispensed with? Where the first, the chief perfection in fox hounds—the *carrying a good head in chase*? Where the pace, such for instance as the 22 minutes described by Nimrod with the Duke of Rutland’s hounds? when *Shaw* the huntsman, a real good one, swore he was beat two miles in twenty two minutes; when old Story on “locks-pinner” the racer, the only horse who lay well with the hounds, “though several thorough bred ones and one plate horse was out?” I am no advocate for such ‘pace’ always, but without the “good head” the nose, &c. of the fox hound, such a run would never have been recorded, and how are mongrels and curs to do such deeds? No,—breed hounds, if they live, and they *do* and *will* in Calcutta surely. In the Upper Provinces they will have an increased chance of doing so. Besides, *breed*, and the progeny will in my poor opinion be far better than the parent, and will not degenerate in other qualities. There are (I hope) a *Radical* and a “*Runniger*” in the Turbott park who will go through a day’s work with imported hounds and not “come halting off.” I must however say *Buona notte*—and the only good result from writing this long letter will be that the bearer thereof will have a dry walk to the Crib; the rain has ceased “and all the clouds that loar’d around our house (in Chowringhee?) are in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.”

NIM EAST.

THE EDITOR'S TABLETS.

Here’s a mass!—This comes of a man going upon his own bottom, and thrusting three irons into the furnace at one and the same moment. It is but nine a. m., and there lie twenty letters, and here stand three printers, each on a different errand.—“*Copy* for the *John Bull*, Sir,” cries one. “Correct this sheet of the *United Service Journal*,” exclaims another,—“Write three pages for the *Sporting Magazine*” says the third,—and then enter the Jemadar with “*Kho damood, Capt. Timkins Sahib, jwab maanika*,” “*Vukeel Mufkins Sahib ke adme hazir hy*, &c. “So addled in our cranium meet” the various topics which form our stock in trade, that it is half past nine before we know where to begin, and then, like Tate Wilkinson and Mrs. Siddons and the rats, we weave our subjects into one another and produce for the benefit of some particular friend a most exquisite labyrinth from which not even Ariadne’s clue could extri-

cate him. It was only this very day month, we thus wrote to NIM EAST, and as a matter of course received for reply, "What *are* you up to?—what *are* you arter?"

"Dear Nim,—In sending you No 5 of the Mag. which, from circumstances I will hereafter explain, is a remarkably small number,* I must express my regret that the exquisite Thespian Reminiscences are so full of errors. The fact is, that until the Infant School system has been brought fairly into operation by Indophilus, no military journal can expect to exercise an influence in the kennel. The Coercion Bill militates against it, and Lord Grey might as well attempt to force Steam Navigation to Suez upon the huntsman of the Entally Pack, as the advocates of a really serviceable Retiring Fund hope to clear the Mahratta Ditch without being pounded. Look for example at Reg. IV. of 1827 and the minutes of council on the salt question. Does it not establish to a moral, that a thorough bred Arab should serve fifteen campaigns under Lord Lake before he is entitled to the Oil-Reckonings? Gentlemen of the Indian Army, the Delhi Races, &c. &c."

No wonder Nim said 'what are you arter?'—But let us whip in our thoughts a bit. We are now on the Sporting Magazine;—Breeding of Hounds, Hunting of Elephants, Rifle and Fowling piece shooting, have been fairly discussed;—the forty pages of original matter (the established monthly quantity) have been printed, and nothing is wanted but the Editorial wind up, and the Notice to Correspondents. Well, let us see—shall we—oh—here!—Antonio de Souza!—What, have you no *Bat Check*† this month?—"No—Sir—Mr G—— the reporter, says, last time Master talk conversation with Mr. Nimmust then him tell too much funny words 'bout different thing, and reporter is so much laughing himself never can be write one line!"—Why, what stuff is this?—surely our chat was deliberate and rational enough for ordinary stenographers. Call Mr. G——. (*Enter Reporter grinning like a Cheshire Cat*)—Well, Mr. G——. How is this?—The conversation of the last evening, in which Mr. East honored me with his company, it seems is not recorded in your tablets?"—"No, Sir—oh—ho! ho!—Don't you remember, Sir, just after you sat down to supper, Mr. East began the rum story about Lord Amherst and the jackall, and Mrs. Mangosteen's bustle, and you followed it up with anecdotes of the Persian barber, and your own breeches?" Well, Sir!—"Well Sir, no sooner had Mr. East uttered the word 'Jerry-go-nimbles' than off I went at score and laughed away like *any thing*, until I couldn't see to write

* It may be as well to explain here that it arose from a misconception on our printer's part. We agreed to print the Magazine last month for Messrs. S. Smith and Co. and to give a certain number of sheets for a specified consideration. Mr. Smith's sheets consist of 16 pages, and ours of 8 only—a monstrous difference which we did not discover until the book was bound and ready for delivery.

† We are advised by an out and out linguist that this is the proper orthography.

a bit, and so, Sir, all the fun was lost to posterity.—Oh, ho! ho! ho!—ha, ha, ha!—the very recollection of it convulses me.—Jerry-go"—Then, Sir, depart if you please, and I will get another reporter.*—My wit at any rate shall not be slighted thus—

• What's to be done? We must look over our memoranda and some of this correspondence '*Dacca Aquatics*,' '*O. K. on the diseases of horses*' (Hurra! why did it not arrive a week ago?)—'*Pickle, on the use of Mares*,' '*The Harra Hunt*,' '*Pilgrim on Rifle Shooting*' '*Tiger Shooting in the Goruckpore district*' '*An Old Sportsman, with a plan of a new Howdah*'—(Bravo!—almost enough already for No. 7)—But stay—what is here?—um—um—"make what use you like—old friends—capital sport—the Reminiscences"—Oh, ay, this letter must not be postponed:—it is too good a batch of testimonies and souvenirs.

RACES—THE THESPIC REMINISCENCES

"Races at the time you speak of were exquisite enjoyments, because they partook of stolen pleasures, being conducted rather on the sly—at least people were shy of making them public for Lord Wellesley had threatened to play *Old Gooseberry* with all sportmen. However, to do him justice, he acted by order of the Court of Directors. Lord Minto did not trouble his head about the matter, but still races were like *Fairies*, *the less that was said about them, either good or bad, the better*. The Noble Lord Hastings was the man to my mind. He openly patronized the Races and every other sport. A friend of mine, one of his staff, was with me last week, and I was reading to him the fine description of the old nobleman in the *Thespic Reminiscences*. I confess I felt my own voice getting a little thick, and on looking on him I saw the big tears chasing one another fast down his cheeks. I was obliged to stop!——"

JOHN COOK

"Nim East's description of John Cook in the last *Shikaree Bat Chit* was just and well merited. John came out a quiet, civil, country lad in the beginning of 1820, in charge of two English horses named *Dobbin* and *David*, and I saw him walk with them into the very yard which afterwards became his own. Outram, who had it then, a very good man, was so much taken with John's quiet obliging way, that though he did not want a helper at the time he gave him *khana-puene*, and when a place became vacant John was put into it, and it was not many years before he reached the top of the tree. When I was last in Calcutta, congratulating John Cook on getting on so well, he said "he should ever feel indebted to me for the advice I gave him when first he came out—to keep from drink, and to be civil, open and straight forward.—I hope others will follow his ex-

* He has since expressed contrition and we have restored him to our employ.—

ample. How my pen runs on ! But poor John was a great favorite of mine—I anticipated much pleasure in seeing him on my next visit to Calcutta—and had I been there I should have been one of those who by following his remains to the grave paid the last tribute to honest worth. I saw John save the life of the late Mr. Smith of Fergusson and Co's house, at great risk to his own, by rushing forward and stopping his buggy horse, which was running away in the end of 1825, and in his quiet, unobtrusive way he seemed to think he had done nothing to merit the praises that were bestowed on him."

Let us see—are there any other communications demanding immediate notice ?—um—um—" My dear Editor," " My dear fellow,"—" Yours sincerely,"—" Happy to do any thing for you," &c. Now this is one of the greatest charms of our vocation :—this is one of the most beautiful commentaries on sportsmanship, and an illustration of its agency in expanding the human heart. We know not one in fifty of our *Molussil* correspondents, and yet there are several *inconnus* who write to us in terms of affection which, amongst ordinary men, are only the result of a long intimacy. The Editor of the daily paper is exposed to a multitude of uncivil epistles in respect to his own opinions and the printers' offences,—he who conducts a literary journal is the perpetual slave of the discontents and cavillings of incompetent and disappointed scribblers,—but, your sporting Editor !—he is apparently the *pet* of the craft—his misdeeds are viewed with indulgence, his well intentioned efforts lauded and encouraged—his successes celebrated, and crowned with substantial marks of regard. *Deo volente*, we purpose, between October 1834 and May 1835, making a tour of the great sporting stations within reach, and confident in the friendliness and hospitality of our supporters, we do not intend to carry with us a single letter of introduction, or a single recommendation beyond two well bound volumes of the *Bengal Sporting Magazine*, and a complete Racing Calendar from A. D. 1800 up to this present 1st August 1833. Our hearts throb with anticipations of delight,—feasting here, dancing there—shooting to-day, hunting to-morrow, and in the J. D. C. R.'S STAND the next,—And then a series of glorious papers in the third volume of MAGA—headed "THE EDITOR'S TOUR," with notes descriptive, illustrative, historical and critical. Oh—h—h !—Hold hard ! Our feelings are running out of the course.—To return—we have looked over our table, and we find nothing worth giving immediately to our readers, except this *gentle hint*,

NATIVE IRREGULAR CAVALRY SPORTS.

" Could not some of your up country correspondents give you a description of the various feats performed by the *native* Native Cavalry ? I mean such as raising the tent peg, running at the ring &c., such as Skinner's horse practise. I long for the cold weather for your MAGA will then be even more delightful than at present &c. &c.

THE ENGLISH SPORTING PERIODICALS.—Three or four months ago we spoke of these publications, and gave the preference to the new candidate. We spoke on the authority of one number; but it appears that '*ex uno disci omnes*' was not an applicable maxim in this instance. Every subsequent number has served to shew that the advantage of the young periodical was but temporary. The old Magazine has again come out amazingly strong, beating *Nimrod's adropter* fairly out of the field.

CHOWRINGHEE THEATRE.—Sporting readers do not require to be told that 'giving a man a benefit,' implies the donation of something that the receiver would rather be without. Of this character has been the benefit of Mrs. Black, who, when Time was young, hexametered in the appellation of Wilson, and who, having deeply studied the American edition of the "*The Rights of Women*," determined not to be left to the miserable, though certain effects, of a fixed stipend, while Mrs. Francis and Mrs. Leach revelled in the joys, of 'the use of the house.' Her night — was not a "(k)night of a gay and gallant men" —

The *stax* had the night
From Chowringhee, that night,

and the whole business was left to a remarkably select audience, and a few of the *Hugmarket* company of amateurs.

RACES TO COME.

BENARES RACE MEETING,--For 1834

FIRST DAY, THE 15th OF JANUARY, 1834

1st Race. -- A purse of 20 G. Ms. for all Maiden Arabs, Calcutta weight for age, Heats, R. C. Entrance 5 G. Ms.

2nd Race. -- A purse of 15 G. Ms. for all Maiden Country bred horses, Heats R. C., weight for age, 2 years old, a feather, 3 years 7st. 15b., 4 years 8st. 5lb., 5 years 8st. 12lb., 6 years and aged 9st. 2lb. Entrance 5 G. Ms.

3rd Race. -- A purse, of 10 G. Ms. for all Geldings, weight for inches, 14 hands carrying 8st. 7lb., heats 1½ miles. Entrance 3 G. Ms.

SECOND DAY.

1st Race. -- Purse of 20 G. Ms. for all Arabs, twice round the Course, carrying 8st. 7lb. each. Maidens allowed 5lb. the winner of the Maiden purse 1st day not entitled to this allowance. Entrance 5 G. Ms.

2nd Race. -- A purse of 10 G. Ms. for all Ponies, 7st. 7lb. each, R. C. Heats. Entrance 3 G. Ms., Maidens allowed 5lb.

3rd Race. -- Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. each with 10 added from the fund for all Country bred horses weight for age 1 mile and a half.

THIRD DAY.

1st Race. -- Purse of 15 G. Ms. for all horse, weight for age 1 mile and ½ heats. Entrance 5 G. Ms., Arabs allowed 5lb.

2nd Race.—A Give and Take Plate of 10 G. Ms. for all horses, 2 miles, those under 14 hands, allowed, and those above to carry 7lbs. for each inch. Calcutta weight for age. Entrance 5 G. Ms.

3d Race.—A Welter Stakes for all horses 11st. 7lbs. each, Arabs allowed 10lbs, Gentlemen riders R. C. and a dist. Entrance 5 G. Ms. with 15 added from the fund.

FOURTH DAY.

1st Race—A purse of 20 G. Ms. for all horses that have started for public money during the meeting. R. C. and a distance, heat, to be handicapped by the Stewards. Entrance 5 G. Ms. Forfeit 3 G. Ms.

2nd Race.—A Hack Stakes for 3 G. Ms. each with a 100 Rupees added from the fund for all horses carrying 10st. R. C. and a dist. Gentlemen Riders, the winner to be sold for 400 Rupees if claimed.

3d Race.—A Gold Cup valued at 800 Rupees by subscription for Maiden Arabs 8st. 7lbs. each, Heats R. C. and a dist. Surplus in specie to the 2d horse. Entrance 5 G. Ms. None but a subscriber can enter a horse

FIFTH DAY.

1st Race.—A Ladies Purse of ——— for all the winners of public money during the meeting, to be handicapped by the Stewards, twice round the Course. Entrance 6 G. Ms.

3d Race.—A Hunters Stakes of 2 G. Ms. each with 10 added from the fund horses under 14 hands 1 inch to carry 8st. 7lbs. 14 hands 2 inches 9st., 14 hands 3 inches 9st. 7lbs., 15 hands and upwards 10st. Gentlemen Riders.

The Hunters Course 6 leaps.

The 5th day's Sport will depend on the state of the funds at the discretion of the Stewards.

J. JAWERS.

T. THOMAS.

F. R. DAVIDSON.

} Stewards.

C. ST. GEORGE, Secy.

RULES OF THE BENARES RACE MEETING, FOR 1834.

1st.—The General Rules for Racing as laid down in the Racing Calendar to be applicable to these Races.

2d.—All disputes to be settled by the Stewards and their decision to be final. If there should be only two Stewards present they are to fix upon a third person in lieu of the absent Steward.

3d.—No horse to start for public money, the owner of which has not subscribed 50 Rupees. Each member of confederacy to pay 50 Rupees.

4th.—Sealed nominations to be sent to the Secretary by 12 o'clock the day before each Race not otherwise provided for, to be opened at 1 o'clock.

5th.—Maidens at the commencement to be Maidens throughout the Meeting unless otherwise provided.

6th.—Each winning horse to pay 8 Rupees, others 4 Rupees for Race Course repairs, &c. This is applicable to every time a horse may be entered.

7th.—Mares and Gelding, allowed 3lbs.

8th.—A quarter of an inch allowed for measuring in plates.

9th.—Imported English horses excluded from running for public money.

10th.—Should there not be sufficient funds to pay the purses, an equal percentage to be deducted.

11th.—In case of unfavourable weather, the Race or Races can be postponed at the discretion of the Stewards.

12th.—No horse to start whose entrance money has not been lodged with the Secretary previous to starting.

13th.—It is optional with the Stewards to decide on any private Race the stakes of which have not been lodged in their hands.

14th.—Where only one horse is entered for any purse the owner to receive half the purse and the entrances but can only receive once with the same horse.

15th.—For selling purses the preference to be given to the owners of horses as they come in if claimed within a quarter of an hour after the last is weighed the horse to be sold with his engagements.

16th.—The Steward appointed to start the horses will give the word "Bring up your horses," (no other caution will be given,) and the word "off" from the Steward to constitute a fair start.

17th.—All confederacies to be declared.

18th.—All horses to be arched and measured the day before the meeting of the Stewards and both are to hold good during the meeting.

19th.—1st. Bugle for saddling—after the lapse of 15 minutes 2d Bugle for mounting.

C. SP. GEORGE Secy.

DELHI RACES, —FEBRUARY, 1834.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, 4TH FEBRUARY, 1834.

1st Race.—A purse of 40 G. M's. for Maiden, Cape and Country bred Horses— heats round the course, 2 years old, a feather, 3 years 7st. 4 years 8st 2lbs. 5 years 8st. 10lbs. 6 and age 13st. Entrance 10 G. Ms.

2nd Race.—The Mogul purse of 40 G. M's. for Maiden Arabs, heats, round the course and a distance—8st 7lbs each Entrance 10 G. Ms.

3rd Race.—Sweepstakes of 5 G. M's. with 15 G. M's. added from the Fund, all for Horses mile, 9st. each—Arabs allowed 7lbs. The winner to be sold for 1,200 Rupees.

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, 6TH FEBRUARY, 1834.

1st Race.—Give and take purse of 20 G. Ms. for all Horses weight for inches— 14 hands to carry 9st. Heats 1½ mile. Entrance 5 G. Ms.

2nd Race.—Welter Stakes of 10 G. Ms each, with 15 G. Ms. added from the Fund, for all Horses 11st. 7lb. each, Gentlemen Riders, 1½ mile, Arabs allowed 7lbs. Horses which have started and not won before the day of running, allowed 4lbs.—Horses that have never started 7lbs.—to close and name to the Secretary the day before the meeting.

3rd Race. Pony purse of 15 G. Ms. Heats 1½ mile—13 hands carrying 8st weight for inches, —Entrance 3 G. M's.—Maidens allowed 5lbs.

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY, 8TH FEBRUARY, 1834.

1st Race.—A purse of 40 G. Ms. for all Arabs— heats miles—8st. 7lbs. Entrance 10 G. M's.

2nd Race.—A purse of 20 G. Ms. for all Galloways, weight for inches 14 hands 8st. 7lbs. Heats round the course Entrance 4 G. M's.

3rd Race.—Craven Stakes of G. Ms n. f.—for all country bred Horses, Maidens allowed 4lb. The winner of the Maiden country bred purse 1st day, not entitled to this allowance.

To close the day before the meeting, and nominations to be sent to the Secretary, the day before the race—Newmarket Craven weights and distance.

FOURTH DAY, TUESDAY, 11TH FEBRUARY, 1834.

1st Race.—Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. with 20 added from the Fund, for Maiden Arabs, 3 miles, 8st. 7lbs. each—winner during the meeting, of one race to carry 4lbs.—of 2 or more Races 7lbs. extra.

2nd Race.—Hack Sweepstakes, for all Horses 3 G. Ms. each, with 10 G. M's. added from the Fund—Heats ½ mile—catch weights—Gentlemen riders—The winner to be sold for 500 Rupees.

3rd Race.—A Native Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms with 25 G. Ms. added from the Fund, for all Horses, 1 mile. bona-fide property of Native Gentlemen—catch weights, Native Gentlemen riders—rules regarding crossing and jostling not applicable to this Race—No Race unless three Horses start.

FIFTH DAY, THURSDAY, 13TH FEBRUARY, 1834.

1st Race—Winners purse of 20 G. Ms for all horses that have during the meeting, won public money : for which they must enter, Hacks and Ponies excepted. Once round the course and a distance ; to be handicapped by the Stewards. Entrance 10 G. M's. Horses that do not stand the handicap to pay half forfeit.

2nd Race.—Beaten Purse of 15 G. M. to be handicapped by the Stewards, Entrance, 3 G. M's. Horses that do not stand the handicap to forfeit 2 G. M's.

J. H. Phillips, *Secretary*.

Stewards.—Captain Dwyer, M. Blake, Esq., Lieutenants Hay, Gwatkin and Macgrath.

Secretary and Treasurer.—J. H. Phillips.

Clerk of the Course.—J. Oatley.

RULES FOR THE DELHI RACE MEETING IN FEBRUARY, 1834.

1.—The general rules of Racing as laid down in the Racing Calendar to be applicable to these Races on all points not herein otherwise specified.

2.—All disputes to be settled by the Stewards, and 2 referees to be chosen for parties concerned if there be only two Stewards present, they are to fix upon a third person in lieu of the absent Steward or Stewards.—The Stewards will not give an opinion upon any private race which may be disputed, unless the stakes be previously lodged in the Secretary's hand.—nor will they decide on any contested point unless reduced to writing, and the parties consenting to their decision being final.

3.—All horses must be entered before 2 p. m. on the day previous to the race, unless otherwise provided for. Nominations to be sent to the Secretary.—The amount of entrances or subscriptions to be forwarded at the same time—and no horse to be allowed to start unless such entrance or subscription be made good.

4.—No horse to be allowed to start whose owner has not subscribed 50 Rupees or upwards, each member of a confederacy to subscribe 50 Rupees and all confederacies to be declared in writing to the Secretary or Steward before the 1st day of the meeting.

5.—Winning horses to pay 8 Rupees for Race course repairs, and losing horses 4 Rupees, also each horse training on the course to pay 4 Rupees.

6.—Two horses to start for each public purse ; if only one appear at the post, the owner to receive half the purse and the entrances or forfeits. A horse can only walk over once for public money during the meeting.

7. A sweepstakes, when public money is added, to be considered II. F. if declared the day before the race ; unless provided for. Should only one horse enter, the public money to revert to the fund.

8.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb. in all Purse, Plates, Cups, or Sweepstakes to which public money is given ; for private matches the allowance must be specified, to be claimed.

9.—Horses measuring in shoes allowed $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch.

10.—For the selling purses, &c. the preference to be given to the owner of the Horses as they come in, if claimed within a quarter of an hour after the last Jockey is weighed. The horse to be sold with his engagements. Vide Rule No 58 of the Jockey Club Regulations of 1828.

11.—The ages of Arabs to be decided by the Stewards, a horse to be aged, or measured, must be in attendance at two o'clock the day before the running.

12.—Should there not be sufficient funds to pay all the purses &c. an equal per centage to be deducted.

13.—A Race once judged cannot be run over again.

14.—In case of unfavorable weather the Stewards have the power to postpone the Races until such time as they think proper.

15.—The Steward appointed to start the horses will give the word "Bring up your horses to the Post,"—no other caution will be given and the word "Off," from the Steward to constitute a fair start ; no horse to be considered distanced unless one of the Stewards be at the distance post and by him declared so.

16.—Settling day, the day after the Races.

17.—An ordinary will be held on each evening preceding the days of running ; of the place of meeting, and terms for dinner timely notice will be given.

18.—English imported Horses, excluded from running for public money.

J. H. Phillips, *Secretary*,

Selections.

RACES ON THE TAPIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DELHI GAZETTE.

DEAR SIR,—The letter of *Observer*, published in the *Meerut Observer* of the 13th instant, will I have no doubt attract the attention of all Sportsmen to the subject of the different race meetings in these provinces advertised for the ensuing cold season. The race for the Allyghur cup will certainly be a good one, for there are many very superior horses coming from different parts of India to have a shy for the glittering prize.

Allow me to correct an error in *Observer's* letter—Clem, the winner of the Subscription Cup last year, carried 8st. 11lbs., Begum 8st. 1lb, and Flora 7st. 11lbs.—For the Native Gentleman's Cup, Clem, the winner carried 9st 1lb., beating Nora Creena, 8st 1lb and he won both his races without distress.

It is reported that "Tumbler," the Cape horse which has been running so well in Calcutta for the last three seasons, is now on his way up the country, and there are also two other Cape horses on their road, viz. Sweet William and Hannibal. These two horses are said to be very superior animals, but they have never to my knowledge appeared in public on an Indian race course. Report says they are bound for the stables of an old and experienced Turfite at Allyghur. Fascinator, a Cape horse, lately imported from the Isle of France is in the stable with Infidel, which latter horse from his very extraordinary performances last year at Cawnpore, will no doubt be very forward for the Allyghur cup if all right the day of the race, and as he is in very good hands I do not think it will be safe to be "heavy" against him. Flora is no longer in this part of the country, but is gone with her sporting owner to try her against the Arabs, over the Race courses of Central India. I am sorry to say that the well known Arab, Chester, died on his march from Agrato Neemuch. In the hands of his late owner he run with great success, but was drafted from the first training stable he was in as useless, and for a very small sum. Lunatic, the Guzerat Horse, is also expected in these parts and from his running on the Bombay side of the country, will prove an awkward customer—'Edwy' the little horse which ran so well in Calcutta last year, is, I hear, at Cawnpore, so that there is no want of horses.

I beg to call the attention of Sportsmen to the following fact, viz. that there are no less than seven cups to be run for in these provinces next cold season. The Lancers' cup at Cawnpore, three cups at Allyghur, two cups at Meerut, and one at Agra. It is to be hoped for the benefit of sport that the stewards of the different Race meetings will so arrange them as to enable the owners of horses to visit them all in succession; for where there are most Race Horses, there will be the greatest competition, and consequently the finest sport.

I remain Dear Sir,
Your's faithfully

MAMELUKE.

Western Provinces, }
16th June 1833. }

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DELHI GAZETTE.

SIR,—In the short notice I sent to you last week of the Horses expected to appear in these Provinces at the different meetings for the ensuing cold season, I omitted to call the attention of all Lovers of the Sport, to the fact of a Race Course having been newly established at Delhi.

The meeting is fixed early in February 1834. The purses have already been subscribed to most liberally, and the Sporting manner in which the different Races have been drawn up, holds out every prospect of brilliant success. For this excellent arrangement we are indebted to those Gentlemen who have so kindly taken upon themselves the offices of Stewards, and under their auspices good Sport, and amusement of all kinds will assuredly enliven the meeting. It is to be hoped that Gentlemen on viewing the Prospectus, which has been widely circulated, will send their horses to contend for the different prizes, so liberally provided for their entertainment.

Delhi is but a small station after all, and a new Race Course has always difficulties to contend with ~~that~~ an old established one has conquered. The owners of valuable Race horses feel doubtful of the arrangements likely to be made—the state of the course &c. In this instance, I am happy to have it in my power to state that the appointment of the present Stewards ensure every attention to the general wishes of the Sporting Community, and with respect to the course, I venture to predict, that, with the care which will be bestowed on it during the approaching racing season, it will prove superior to many of the Courses of Upper India, and inferior to none. It is well situated for all parties, being in front of the Parade ground of the Cantonments.

The Delhi Residency having departed this life by an order of Government to that effect, we have lost the support which would otherwise have been given to the meeting by the amiable Gentleman, who filled the responsible situation of Resident at Delhi—and the Court of the Great Mogul, shorn of it's former splendour, now communicates with Government thro' the medium of an Agency.

The Residency itself is stripped of all it's glory, and in that magnificent room where formerly,

“ The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
 * * * * * and when
 Music arose with it's voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spoke again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell ;”

all, all is changed. Bare walls, and naked roofs have succeeded to costly furniture and glittering chandeliers. The voice of mirth is exchanged for that of misery and wretchedness. In fact, it has become a Cutcherry, in which good, bad and indifferent crowd in office days; to hear what is going on, or to have their cases decided by the talented Officer who now fills the judgment seat in that hall.

These remarks however have but little to do with Races. And in spite of my lucubrations, I think I can venture to ensure to the Gentlemen who will visit us, good sport in the morning, and to the fair Ladies who will honor us with their presence to some evening amusement, not altogether unworthy of their attendance and patronage.

I am sir, your faithfully,
 MAMELUKE.

Western Provinces, }
 20th June 1833. }

P. S.—Since writing the above I have seen the announcement of the death of Captain Dwyer of the 42d Regiment Native Infantry, at Seharanpore.

As that Gentleman had been unanimously chosen one of our Stewards, I hope that in lamenting his loss in a public capacity, it may not be deemed inadmissible to add a few words in respect to his memory. I knew him some years, at a different station, and altho' the sacred name of friendship could not be applied to our intimacy, yet ample opportunity was afforded to enable me to form a tolerably correct estimate of his character. To the most honorable feelings, were joined the upright and unbending honor of the officer and man, to his relatives and friends his loss is irreparable, to his acquaintance and his Regiment, a source of deep regret. He is gone to that bourne from whence "no traveller returns," and

"They bore him to a Soldier's grave,
He died a good one and a brave,
Requiescat in pace !

THE NEW BOMBAY TURF CLUB.

A meeting of the New Bombay Turf Club was held on Wednesday last, at the Byculla race stand, for the purpose of framing rules for conducting this Club, which has, by the exertions of two or three gentlemen, been established, without, we understand, a single person having been asked to become a member. The Secretary opened the meeting and stated, that he was directed by the Committee to propose that Mr. Newnham should be appointed President of all general meetings, and that Major Powell should be appointed Vice, which was carried unanimously. Mr. Newnham took the chair, and in a neat and appropriate speech addressed the meeting; we cannot but regret having had no short hand writer present, to take down the words as they fell from the honorable gentleman, but as far as we can collect without attempting to give more than the substance of the speech—he commenced by proposing that the name of the Club should be changed, as many considering that there is a great deal in a name, had objected to join the Club under its present sporting designation, and as many others, who were members, were perfectly guiltless of any knowledge of sporting matters, to say nothing of the Secretary to the Ahmedabad Turf Club having been put to fault expecting that, in the formation of a sister Club, some communication should have been made to Ahmedabad, he therefore proposed that it should be in future called the "Byculla Club," a name far more appropriate than either the "New Turf Club" or the "Bombay Club" neither of which, in fact did this Club purport to be. This proposition was carried by acclamation; and after addressing a few words of congratulation on the happy auspices under which the Club had commenced, and of hopes that the same auspices would continue to favor it, the hon. gentleman sat down amongst the plaudits of the Meeting.

The Secretary then proceeded to read the Rules of the Club, of which the more important were that the Club should for the present be confined to 150 Members (there are at present about 80) that the entrance money until the 1st January 1834 should be Rs. 100 instead of 150 as before proposed, that they should be elected by a ballot of 12 members at least, and that one black ball in six should exclude—provision was likewise made for admitting persons resident for a short period in Bombay, and not on the Bombay Establishment, as honorary members on their paying the monthly subscription of resident members, which, for the present, has been fixed at Rs. 10 per mensem, but which, as the Club flourishes, will be proportion-

ably reduced. Honorary members are to be proposed and ballotted for, after 24 hours, and then again every month during their stay in Bombay—the horse committee was also confirmed to have the entire management of the affairs of the Club, with other Rules of minor importance—with regard to the limitation of the stakes to be played for the rooms, which were to be set apart for smoking, and to all play being prohibited of a Sunday. It was likewise ruled, that the Bungalow should be given up during the hours of running in the racing season to the public. After some conversation on general matters, regarding the horse committee, public dinners, and printing the rules, &c. and a concluding speech from the President—the thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted to Mr. Newnham for his courteous and able conduct in the chair.

We understand that the first horse dinner took place on Monday, when about 80 Members assembled. Harmony and good fellowship were the order of the day. The wines were excellent, and Abou Beker, the Steward, proved himself an excellent artiste. On this occasion, Mr. Newnham presented Captain Pringle with a superb piece of Plate, which had been given to the Turf by that public spirited individual on quitting the Course himself, and won by Captain Pringle at the last Meeting in February.

It has just arrived from England, and its beauty of design and elaborate workmanship, called forth the admiration of all present.—*Bombay Gazette June 19.*

A SCOTTISH BATTUE.

Shooting the Roe-Deer.—The coverts which roe-deer haunt are always of great extent, and when an appointment is made for a battue, the time is fixed as early as convenient, in order to get the shooters to their stations as silently as possible, which generally occupies some time. The arrangement of this is usually left to the keeper, as it requires an intimate knowledge of the plantations or coverts, the deer having certain paths and passes which they almost always traverse, according as the wind is. When sufficient time has been allowed, which, when a covert or planting extends for miles, and it does oftener than not, takes a couple of hours, a band of dogs and beaters go in a line, which, if possible, extends across the whole covert, and drive even on down wind; the roes move as they advance; and when they get near the verges of the covert, where, at different intervals, far enough asunder (at least they should be) to be out of shot of one another, the shooters are lying in ambush, in this manner shots are always got; but they are frequently missed by inexperienced hands, although they may otherwise be good hands. A roe, when driven to such extremity, goes like the wind, and though a large mark, its motion is bounding, and those bounds high. Most people assert, and consequently advise a beginner to that effect, that the best place to fire at a roe is just behind the shoulder; so it may, were they also to advise firing half the animal's length before it, and proportionably high, to obviate the effects of its bounds. But the right place to fire at a roe is right at its head; if you cover fair, it is a deadly place; but, as he generally is at speed, by so aiming, let him bound as he may, you catch him just behind the shoulder. I was a little time finding out this, after being teased well for missing by some friends, who would have left me in ignorance until now with great complacency. Anxiety frequently also battles people who have not had much practice, and although, if properly taken, a roe may, with large shot, be as easily killed as a hare, they are easier missed than any good shot who has not tried it would imagine.—*Sporting Magazine.*

THE RACER ECLIPSE.

1764. Eclipse was allowed to be the fleetest horse that ever ran in England since the time of Childers. After winning King's plates and other prizes to a great amount, he was kept as a stallion, and gained to his owner for forty mares, the great sum of thirty guineas each.

Eclipse was got by Marsk, a grandson, through Squirt of Burtlet's Childers, out of Spiletta, by Regulus, son of the Godolphin Barb, out of Mother Western, by a son of Snake, full brother to William's Squirrel; her dam by old Montague, grandam by Hautboy, out of a daughter of Brimmer, whose pedigree was not preserved. Eclipse was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, and foaled during the great eclipse of 1764, whence the name given him by the royal Duke; at the sale of whose stud he was purchased, a colt, for seventy-five guineas, by Mr. Wildman, the sporting sheep salesman at Smithfield, who had a good stud, and trained race-horses at Mickleham, near Epsom. This person had a friend in the service of the Duke, who gave him a hint of the superior points in the form of this horse, and he hastened to attend the sale; but, before his arrival, he had been knocked down at seventy guineas. He, however, instantly appealed to his watch, which he knew to be an exceedingly correct time-piece, and found that the appointed hour of sale had not yet arrived by a few minutes, according to advertisement. He then persisted that the sale had not been a lawful one, and that the lots knocked down should be again put up, which was accordingly done, and Eclipse was purchased by him for the sum of seventy-five guineas.

For what reason, we have never been able to learn, this celebrated horse was never raced till he was five years of age, at which time he was entered at Epsom for the maiden plate of fifty pounds. At his first trial, such were the expectations of the knowing ones, that four to one were betted in his favour. At the second and winning heat of this race, all the five horses were close together at the three-mile-post, when some of the jockeys used their whips. At this time Eclipse was going at an easy gallop, when he took alarm at the crack of the whip, bounded off at full speed, and although Oakley his rider, was a man of powerful arm, he was not to be restrained, and, in consequence, distanced the whole of his competitors.

In the year 1770, Eclipse ran over the course of York, for the subscription purse, against two aged horses then in high repute, Tortoise and Bellario. He took the lead, and the jockey being unable to hold him in, he was fully a distance before the other two horses at the end of the first two miles, and won the race with the greatest ease. At starting, twenty, and in running, one hundred guineas to one, were offered on him.

Before Eclipse ran for the King's plate at Winchester in 1769, Mr. O'Kelly purchased the half share of him for six hundred and fifty guineas. He afterwards became his sole proprietor for an additional sum of one thousand guineas. It is said that some of the Bedford family asked O'Kelly, in 1779, how much he would take for Eclipse, when he replied, 'By the mass, my lord, it is not all Bedford Level that would purchase him!' It is said, that about this period he asked from another person the modest sum of £25,000 down, and an annuity of £500 a-year on his own life; and the privilege of sending to him annually six mares. Mr. O'Kelly said he had cleared by this horse £25,000, and his statement is supposed to be correct.

Eclipse seemed to combine all the qualities which constitute an excellent racer; his stoutness, form, and action, were excellent; he had a vast stride,

and certainly never horse threw his haunches below him with more vigour or effect; and his hind legs were so spread in his gallop, 'that a wheel barrow might have been driven between them;' his ability was great, and his speed extraordinary, but we cannot estimate it justly, as no horse of his day could be compared to him. The only contemporary which was supposed at all equal to him was Mr. Shaftog's famous horse Goldfinder. He was never beaten, and was to have been matched against Eclipse for the King's plate on the following year, but he broke down at Newmarket in the October meeting.

Eclipse won eleven King's plates, in ten of which he carried twelve stone, and in the other ten. It was calculated, that within the course of twenty-three years, three hundred and forty-four winners, the progeny of this animal, produced to their owners the enormous sum of £158,071, 12s. sterling, exclusive of various prizes. The prevailing excellence of all this horse's progeny was great speed, and they took up their feet in the gallop with wonderful activity; they were not generally famed for stoutness, but almost all of them were horses of fine temper, seldom or never betraying restiveness.

The points of Eclipse to which I would particularly direct the attention of the breeder and sportsman are, the curve or setting on of his head, the shortness of his forequarter, the flant, and substance of his shoulders, the length of his waist, and breadth of his loins; the extent of his quarters, and the length and substance of his thighs and fore-arms. Although he was a powerful horse, he was, nevertheless, thick in the wind; and in a sweat, or hard exercise, he was heard to blow at a considerable distance. This famous horse died on the 27th February, 1789, at Canons, aged 26 years. His heart was taken out, and it weighed 14 lbs.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE RING FOR 1832.

January 3d.—Birchall beat Tunney, 25*l.* aside, at Holly Bush, near Chester, 102 rounds, 1 hour and 20 minutes.

17th.—Harry Jones beat Perkins, 50*l.* aside, at Hurly Bottom, 22 rounds, 46 minutes.

31st.—Bill Hutch beat Tom Jones, 10*l.* aside, at Milton's Field, Warrington, 73 rounds, 1 hour and 33 minutes.

March 27th.—Swift beat Noon, 25*l.* aside, at Colney Heath, 65 rounds, 2 hours and 10 minutes; Noon hit foul—A wrangle.

April 3d.—Smith beat Adams, 25*l.* aside, at Colney Heath, 125 rounds, 2 hours and 40 minutes; a desperate fight.

—M'Keever beat Pick, 5 sovs. and a purse, same ring, 50 rounds, 1 hour 15 minutes.

May 8th.—Deaf Burke beat Carter, 10*l.* aside, at the Barge House, Woolwich, 11 rounds, 25 minutes.

21st.—Andrew Jones beat Bill Hutch, 25*l.* aside, at Milton's Field, Warrington, 56 rounds, 1 hour and 32 minutes.

24th.—Charles beat Trainer, 50*l.* aside, at Monmouth Cap, 9 rounds, 15 minutes.

30th.—Adams beat Mayfield, 20*l.* aside, at Colney Heath, 19 rounds.

26th.—Abbot beat Search, 5*l*. aside, on Old Oak Common, 7 rounds.
 — Bill Atkinson beat Wootton, 50*l*. aside, at Sawley, Nottingham, 96 rounds, 3 hours.

July 30th.—Noon beat Briton, 10*l*. aside, at Chat Moss, 28 rounds, 1 hour and 55 minutes.

• August 21st.—Lemney beat Sullivan, 10*l*. aside, at Northfleet, 28 rounds, 47 minutes.

October 3d.—Gypsey Cooper beat Saunders, 5*l* aside, at Croydon Fair, 1 hour and 30 minutes; and turn-up.

November 20th.—Swift beat Collins, 10*l*. aside, at Whetstone, 21 rounds, 27 minutes.

27th.—Corbett beat Matthews, at Maxtoke, near Birmingham, 17 rounds.

December 18th.—Swift beat Brown, the Sprig of Myrtle, 10*l*. aside, at Colney Hatch, 12 rounds, 24 minutes.

26th.—Looney beat Fisher, 20*l*. aside, at Runcorn, Cheshire, 87 rounds 3 hours and 13 minutes.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

A Gentleman of this city with a rifle hit the size of a six cent piece, at the distance of 30 yards, 31 times in 36 shots. This unusual performance was made in deciding a wager, that in 50 shots he would have a clear majority of 24 hits. The firing was from a rest in an open field with a rifle carrying about 40 balls to a pound, and sighted in the usual manner. The object shot was a piece of white cord, cut in the form of a six cent piece, and pasted on a dark ground. What is remarkable, he accomplished 16 hits in succession and eight of the number carried away the centre of the object shot.
 —*New York Courier.*

SALMON FISHING IN IRELAND.

To those unacquainted with the method of taking Salmon, a brief detail may not be uninteresting; premising that in other fisheries different means are employed, yet the simplest and general method is that used at Aughnish.

About March, fly-fishing commences, and a strong and active spring fish will then frequently be killed, if the river is sufficiently supplied with water, and the wind brisk and *westerly*. As the season advances, the fishing materially improves; and from the month of April, Salmon in the highest condition, with red and white trout will rise freely at the fly. In June however, the regular fishing with nets commences, the wier is raised to stop the passage of the fish, and the river water vented through a small aperture provided with a trap, or, as it is technically called a *box*. By these traps and artificial canals, in other fisheries, the salmon is principally taken; but here, except some straggling fish, the box produces little.

The fishing is confined to the estuary, where the river meets the sea. Here, according to naturalists, the salmon undergoes a probationary course before they exchange the salt for the fresh water, as a sudden change from either would be fatal to the fish, and a temporary sojourn in water of an interme-

diate quality, (brackish) is supposed to be requisite before they can leave either the ocean or the river.

The draughting is carried on at the last quarter of the ebb, and during the first of flood; five or six boats, with as many men in each, are necessary. When the salmon are seen, the nearest boat starts off, leaving a man on shore, with a rope attached to one extremity of the net, which is rapidly thrown over as the boat makes an extensive circle round the place where the fish are supposed to lie, and returning to the shore, the curve of the net is gradually decreased. Stones are flung in at each extremity, to prevent the salmon from escaping when the net reaches the bank, the semi-circle is complete, and all within effectually secured. The fish are then carefully landed, and at a single draught five hundred salmon have been taken. This is, however, an event of rare occurrence, and unless the net were powerfully strong, and the fishers skillful, a fracture, and consequently a general escape would be inevitable. The fishing here is exceedingly precarious. If the season be favorable, from the 1st of July to the 12th of August, the daily average would be probably five hundred salmon, exclusive of an immense quantity of white trouts. But success depends entirely upon the weather. Should the season prove rainy or tempestuous, the salmon directly leave the estuary, and remain at sea until the water clears and the storm abates;—and the time allowed by law often expires before a moiety of the fish can be secured.

It is extraordinary how much the flavour and quality of the salmon depends on circumstances apparently of trifling moment. A single day in the river will injure and a flood spoil their condition; and a difference between a fish taken in the nets and one killed with a rod, will be easily perceptible.

Although this water angling may be considered as ending in September, yet through the succeeding months till spring, the fish rise freely at a fly. But the sport is very indifferent, compared with summer angling; the salmon has lost his energy, he struggles *laboriously* to get away; but his play is different from the gallant resistance he would have offered had you hooked him in July. I have lawled and turned out again as many as nine salmon in one day, and their united exertion did not afford me half the amusement I have received from the conquest of one sprightly summer fish. Salmon appear to lose beauty and energy together. They are now reddish, dull, dark-spotted, perch-coloured fish, and seem a different species from the sparkling, silvery creatures we saw them when they first left the sea.

As an esculent they are utterly worthless—soft, flabby and flavourless, if brought to table; and instead of the delicate pink hue they exhibited when in condition, they present a sickly, unhealthy, white appearance, that betrays how complete the change is that they have recently undergone.

And yet at this period they suffer most from night-fishers. This species of poaching is as difficult to detect as it is ruinous in its consequences. It is believed that the destruction of a few breeding fish may cost the proprietor one thousand; such being the astonishing fecundity of the pregnant salmon! Night fishing is carried on when the river is low, and the night moonless. The poacher with a gaff and torch, selects some gravelly ford—for there, by a law of nature the salmon resort, to form beds in the streams, wherein to deposit their ova; and they continue working on the sand until they are discovered by the torch-light, and gaffed by the plunderer. Hundreds of the breeding fish are annually thus destroyed; and although the greater fisheries may be tolerably protected, it is impossible to secure the mountain-stream from depredation. If detected, the legal penalty upon poaching is trifling; and as appeals on very frivolous grounds are allowed from the summary convictions of magistrates, it too frequently happens that delinquents evade the punitive consequences attendant on discovery.—*Wild Sports of the West.*

SINGULAR FEAT.

A farmer in the parish of Mather trotted to Frascuburgh, on his own mule, a distance of four miles and back again, in half an hour. He alighted and took some refreshment, and again performed the same journey in an hour with a boll of meal on his back.—*Scotsman, January 19.*

ON ARABIAN HORSES.

The collective term whereby the Arabs designate horses in general is *khayl*. They distribute them commonly into five great races, all originally from Nejed, and they have been studious, from time immemorial, to preserve with religious care the purity of the races. Some authors trace them back to the most remote period of paganism, assigning as their sire the famous stallion Mashoor, the property of Okrar, chief of the tribe of Beni Obeyda. Others assert merely that they are the issue of the five favourite mares of the prophet, named Rabdha, Noama, Wajza, Sabha, and Hezana. Whatever be the fact, the following are the names of the races, which, according to the vulgar notion, are derived from different districts of Nejed, where they were born:—Sakla wooyeh, Kohayleh, Manakieh, Jelfiyeth, Thoocysiyeh. The first is subdivided into Jedran, Abriyeh and Nejm-el-subh. The second into Ajooz, Kerda, Sheykha, Dabbah, Ebn ghoocysheh, Khumeysch, and Abu moarrafa. The third into Shemaytha and Ashayr. The fourth presents a single branch only, that of Estemblath. The fifth has none. Besides these principal races, the Arabs have several others less esteemed, namely those of Henaydi, Abu ukooob, Abayan, Sheraki, Shooeyman, Hadbeh, Wedna, Medhemem, Khabitha, Ameriyeh, and Sada thookan. The different races have not any characteristic marks whereby they can be distinguished from each other. They can be recognized only by means of certificates* of their genealogy, drawn up by their proprietors, and attested, in which the issue, masculine and feminine, are specified with great exactness: so that an Arabian horse offered for sale is usually provided with his title of nobility.

The noblest conquest ever made by man, was that of that proud animal the horse, which partakes with him the fatigues and the glory of war: but no nation knows so well how to appreciate it as the Bedouins. We must visit the deserts of Nejed, its native country, and those of the Hejjaz and of Yemen, where this animal multiplied at an early period, to judge of the interest with which it inspires them, and to learn the different races to which it may belong, and which the princes of Asia, as well as those of Europe, have always been desirous of naturalizing and propagating in their territories. The fraternal affection, the decided predilection, which the Arabs entertain for their horses, are founded not only on their utility to them in their active and wandering life, but also on an ancient prejudice, which induces them to regard horses as beings endowed with noble and generous sentiments, and an intelligence superior to that of other animals. Thus they are accustomed to say: "after man, the most eminent creature is the horse; the best employment is that of rearing it; the most agreeable posture is that of sitting on its back; the most meritorious of domestic actions is that of feeding it." They add, after their prophet: "as many grains of barley as are contained in the food we give to a horse, so many indulgences do we daily

* See copy of a certificate of an Arabian horse, *Asiat. Journ.* vol. ix. p. 679

gain by giving it." Mahomet said, moreover, to his disciples: "I particularly recommend to your attention the brood-mares, because their back is a seat of honour, and their belly an inexhaustible treasure." The following is the same legislator's account of the formation of the horse: "When God wished to create it, he called the south wind, and said, 'I desire to draw from out of thee a new being; condense thyself, by parting with fluidity;,' and he was obeyed. He then took a handful of this element, now become tangible, blew upon it, and the horse was produced. 'Thou shalt be for man,' said the Lord, "a source of happiness and wealth; he will render himself illustrious by assisting thee." "

History has commemorated the names of celebrated horses of antiquity, both Arabian and Persian. Amongst the latter, Rakh was that of Rostam, one of the heroes of the *Shah Nameh*. Shableez was the steed of Khosroo Parvez, the Sassanide king of Persia, and Gulgoon that of Sheeren, wife of that prince. Dahes was a famous Arabian horse, and Ghadra a mare of the same race. The former's master was Kays ibn Zohayr, of the tribe of Dobian; the latter belonged to Hammal ibn Deor. These two warlike animals, contending in a race, during the sports and amusements of a national festival, occasioned a disastrous war between the two tribes by whom they were respectively possessed, which lasted forty years. D'Herbelot speaks* of the *Kamel-el-sanateyn*, a work which treats of the keeping and physicking horses. Another work still more curious has the title of "Summary of all that can be desired to be learned respecting the different Races of Horses." According to this author, these races sprung from a stallion and a mare named Zad-al-rakeb and Seidet Shekban, which belonged to Muthayer ibn Oshaym, one of the most ancient chiefs of the tribe of Yemen. It is in the same book that mention is made of the Safnat, horses of the species of those which were offered as a present to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba. The author gives a table, according to which there exist 136 races of Arabian horses, three Persian, nine Turkoman, and seven Kurd.

Arabian horses are in general of a delicate constitution, but accustomed to the fatigues of long marches, light, active, and of surprising swiftness. They have little belly, small ears, and a short, scanty tail. These are the distinctive marks by which they may be recognized at first sight. It may be added, that they are almost invariably exempt from apparent deformities, and so gentle, so docile, that they allow themselves to be rubbed down and managed by women and children, with whom they often sleep in the same tent. Till the age of four years, they are ridden without a saddle, and not shod. They will endure thirst for days together, and are commonly fed with camel's milk alone.

The physical qualities which the Arabs prize most in a horse, are the following:—neck long and arched; delicately formed ears, almost touching each other at the ends; head small; eyes large and full of fire; lower jaw lean; muzzle bare; wide nostrils; belly not too broad; sinewy legs; pasterns short and flexible; hoofs hard and ample; chest broad; rump high and rounded. Whenever the animal combines the three beauties of head, neck, and rump, they regard it as perfect. This is what Horace has laconically expressed in this verse:

Pulchræ clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervice.

It will not be useless to remark, that, amongst the natural signs of the horse, several are esteemed by the Arabs sinister and unfavourable, and some

they believe to be capable of producing happiness to the owner of the horse. It is needless to give this double enumeration.

The different colours of Arabian horses are clear bay (*ahmar*), brown bay (*adhem*), sorrel (*ashckwar*), white (*ahudh*), pure grey (*azrak*), mottled grey (*raktha*), and bluish grey (*akhldhar*). Blacks and light bays (*aswad* and *ashehab*) are unknown in Arabia; they are found only in Persia, Tartary, and Turkey.

The races of Nejed are commonly regarded as the noblest; those of the Hejjaz as the handsomest; those of Yemen as the most durable; those of Seria as the richest in colour; those of Mesopotamia as the most quiet; those of Egypt as the swiftest; those of Barbary as the most prolific, and those of Persia and Kurdistan as the most warlike.

Eulogies of the horse abound in Oriental writings, including the *Old Testament* and the *Koran*. The description of the war-horse in the *Book of Job* is well-known.

The *Maallaka* of Lelid and that of Amr-el-Kays contain highly-wrought descriptions of the horse. In the latter it is said; "he has the reins of a gazelle and the legs of an ostrich; he trots like the wolf and gallops like the fox; his haunches are large and strong; when you look at him behind, his tail, which trails on the ground, covers the space between his legs; when he stands beside my tent, the glittering polish of his back is like that of marble, on which perfumes have been rubbed for a young bride on her wedding-day."

The most pompous encomium on the horse that could possibly be made, by exhausting all the resources of the Asiatic style is unquestionably that which occurs in the collection of fugitive pieces of Gefeeri, a Persian poet but little known, but whose elegant and fertile muse might rival those of Nizami and Anvari. "This courser," he observes, "is so full of mettle, that one might say it was quicksilver that flowed in his veins. At the sight of his graceful and elegant figure, the antelope hangs its head in modest confusion. The warlike leopard would exchange the terrible claws with which he is armed for his hoofs. Like the earth itself, always well-poised in his motions, not less rapid than the torrent which has forced its bounds, he equals fire in ardour and wind in swiftness. His forehead, shaded with a fore-top which Aurora seems to have taken delight in painting with her own delicate hand, is the seat of pride. Audacity sparkles like lightning in his looks: his nostrils are inflamed: he has the courage of the lion, the docility of the dog, and the strength of the elephant."

Horse-racing was much in vogue amongst the ancient Arabs, as it is still amongst their descendants; but the national and solemn exercises, denominated *Messabeka*, have at all times occasioned bloody quarrels between the tribes, whose chiefs upon those occasions disputed the honour of pre-eminence. Horse-races existed in Persia, and do so still, under the name of *Asb-dicani*. The present Shah, who has a numerous stud, usually attends them: his favourite horses appear first in the list, mounted by young and elegant jockies; and he proclaims the conquerors, distributing the customary prizes with his own hand.

The Persian and Turkoman horses, whose figures are* much alike, differ from the Arabians in this, that they are more corpulent and their coat is not so soft to the touch. Moreover, it is an opinion pretty generally received in the East, that the latter are especially distinguished from the others by the repugnance they evince towards clear water, whilst that which is turbid pleases them to such a degree, that they never fail to prance about in any they may pass through*.

* The writer might have added that there is more vice in the Persian than the Arab horses.—ED. B. S. M.

The finest horses of Arabia are now met with amongst the Anazes, and particularly amongst the Rovalas, a principal branch of that great tribe of the desert; those of Persia in Khorasan; those of the Kurds on the northern and eastern frontiers of the same kingdom, and those of the Turkomans towards the shores of the Caspian Sea and in Syria.

Speaking of horsemen, it is proverbially said; "the Arab is without grace, he mounts mechanically; the Persian is dextrous and impetuous; the Kurd awkward but intrepid, and the Turkoman proud and terrible."

GUNPOWDER.

Gunpowder is composed of very light charcoal, sulphur, and well refined saltpetre. The powder used by sportsmen in shooting game, is generally composed of six parts of saltpetre, one of charcoal and one of sulphur; but those proportions as well as the introductions of other ingredients, and the sizes of the grains, are undoubtedly varied by the different manufacturers in composition of the powders of the same denomination, and always kept profoundly secret.

The materials are put into a wooden trough, where they are ground together to render the contact of the nitrous and combustible particles intimate and equal throughout the whole mass. The mixture is occasionally sprinkled with water, to form an amalgam, which is afterwards granulated, and to prevent the finer particles of the sulphur and the charcoal from flying off, which would necessarily alter the proportion of the composition. The powder makers employ more or less time in the operation of grinding, in proportion to the quality of the saltpetre, where they conceive that the ingredients are properly mixed together, they form the paste from those little grains, which being dried, obtain the name of gunpowder.

There are two general methods of examining gunpowder, one with regard to its purity, the other with regard to its strength.

Its purity is known by laying two or three little heaps near each other upon white paper, and firing one of them. For if this takes fire readily, and the smoke rise upright, without leaving any dross or feculent matter behind, and without burning the paper, or firing the other heaps, it is esteemed a sign that the sulphur and nitre were well purified, that the coal was good, and that the ingredients were thoroughly incorporated together; but if the other heaps also take fire at the same time, it is presumed that either common salt was mixed with the nitre, or that the coal was not well ground, or the whole mass not well beat or mixed together; and if either the nitre or sulphur be not well purified the paper will be black or spotted.

To determine the *strength* of powder, dry it perfectly, and ascertain how many sheets of paper it will drive the shot through at the distance of ten or twelve yards. In this trial we should be careful to employ the *same sized shot* in each experiment—the quantity both of the shot and powder being regulated by exact weight, otherwise we cannot in this experiment arrive at any certainty in comparing the strength of different powders, or of the same powder at different times.

Mr. Daniel in speaking of gunpowder, gives the following receipt for increasing its strength. We entirely coincide in his opinion, that it is quite unnecessary to augment the force of modern powder, and insert the directions for that purpose, rather for the experimentalist than the sportsman.

"The following method of encreasing the force of gunpowder one third in proportion to its original goodness, was discovered by a physician of Foggano, in Tuscany, whose name was Francisco :—to every pound of powder, add four ounces of quick lime, fresh and well pulverised, let the whole be shaken until the mixture is perfect, and afterwards kept for use in a close stopped vessel. To the chemists is left to decide upon what principle the lime acts in strengthening the powder." The experiment is said to be certain. It is necessary to add, that the powder used in priming, must be unmixed with the lime. Without artificially augmenting the strength of gunpowder, that made by Messrs. Pigeon and Andrews will be found excellent ; and it is to be feared—if a gentleman cannot kill with the above, no chemical preparation will much assist his endeavour."

The concluding observations are taken from a very clever and ingenious work published many years ago, and entitled "An Essay on Shooting."

Powder ought to be kept very dry ; every degree of moisture injures it. A good powder, however, does not readily imbibe moisture ; and, perhaps, there is no greater proof of the bad quality of powder, than its growing damp quickly when exposed to the air. This readiness to become moist, depends upon the saltpetre employed in the composition not having been freed from the common salt it contains in its crude state, and which, in consequence, has a very strong attraction for watery particles.

"Powder may acquire a small degree of dampness, and be freed from it again by drying without much injury to its quality. But if the moisture is considerable, the saltpetre is dissolved and the intimate mixture of the several ingredients thereby entirely destroyed. Drying powder with too great a heat also injures it ; for there is a degree of heat, which, although not sufficient to fire the powder, will yet dissipate the sulphur, and impair the composition by destroying the texture of the grains. The heat of the sun is, perhaps, the greatest it can with safety be exposed to, and, if properly managed, is sufficient for the purpose ; when this cannot be had, the heat of a fire, regulated to the same degree, may be employed ; and for this end, a heated pewter plate is perhaps as good as any thing, because pewter retains so moderate a heat, that there can be little danger of spoiling the powder by producing the consequence before mentioned. It is observable that the damp powder produces a remarkable foulness in the fowling-piece after firing, much beyond what arises from an equal quantity of dry powder, and this seems to arise from the diminution of the activity of the fire in the explosion.

"Unless the sportsman is very particular indeed in the mode of keeping his powder, we would recommend him always to air it, and his flask, before he takes the field.

"Flasks made of copper, or tin, are much better for keeping powder in than those made of leather, or than small casks ; the necks of those should be small and well stopped with cork.—*Wild Sports of the West.*

THE RING.

Slashing Mill between Deaf Burke, of the London Ring, and Henry Macone, the Yorkshire Hero, for twenty sovereigns aside.

This unexpected match was knocked up on Saturday, the 5th instant, at Beverley, where the Deaf 'un was showing off the best specimen he possesses of the milling tactics of the pugilistic ring, accompanied by the renowned Tommy Roundhead, as his *valet de chambre*, and Jones, the Welch champion. During the exhibition, the master of Henry Macone, who is a farmer, offered to

match his man against Burke for the above-mentioned sum, which was eagerly accepted by the Deaf-m, and the fight was arranged to come off on the following Tuesday. Articles were accordingly prepared, and on the day in question it was anxiety to witness the combat. Of Burke little need be said, as he has fought a number of tremendous battles, in all of which he has proved victorious; naturally deaf, and equally so to anything like the word "enough," when engaged in the most arduous conflict. Harry, the Yorkshire Hero, has fought his way to milling notoriety, having defeated some half score yokels of all weights and sizes, being himself a second Shaw in dimensions and stature, standing six feet two inches nearly in height, and otherwise well proportioned. Burke's height is about five feet eight, and, not having been trained, weighed near thirteen stone, whilst that of his adversary was upwards of fifteen stone. The morning of Tuesday was extremely propitious for the event, and the *toddlers* began to shake their trotters towards Lund at an early hour from Hull, Beverley, and all the adjacent towns and villages, and as the event was unexpected, the good folks of Lund thought their village was about to be taken by storm; but as the Yorkers are not exactly flirts, they kept a watchful eye upon the feathered tribe, lest a few of the kind find their way to the mill. Ropes and stakes were procured and a Comma's day appointed, who, in the absence of Tom Oliver, and his old pal, Frosty-faced Fogo, did "thet thing wot's right." At half-past 12 o'clock the ropes and stakes were pitched at Lund, about seven mile from Beverley but a crusty old Black Bork sent his tithing hunters to reap the anticipated pleasures of the day, and a "move" was instantly made "back again," as Sandy would say, about three quarters of a mile, when the track of the "leary cove" was avoided, and here it was thought all would be right, on a spot called Lockington Bottom. Once more the arena was formed, about one o'clock, and at ten minutes past all was in readiness, when nearly two thou and persons had mustered; a number of horsemen, gigs, &c. also graced the ground with their presence. Burke arrived in an open landau, with his friends; and his antagonist in a gig. Burke threw in his white "tile" with an air of confidence, and was soon followed by Yorkee, who appeared equally so. The umpires and referee being chosen, Brown and Pratt, of Hull, two downy coves, doffed their togs to wait upon the Deaf-m, whilst Welsh Jones and Hardman prepared themselves for a similar office on behalf of Maccone. [Here it should be stated, that a serious quarrel having taken place between Burke and Jones was the cause of the latter changing sides.] All being in readiness, peeling commenced, when Burke won the shy for choice, and having shaken hands, prepared for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Yorkee stood up majestically, like the Colossus of Rhodes, and eyed his Dutch-built antagonist with an air of insignificance; and standing with his right leg first, instantly let fly with his favorite left hand, which was well stopped by Burke, who returned the intended compliment ineffectually. A rally took place, when the Deaf-m was bored to the ropes, and both fell. On rising, Burke exclaimed that he had been struck below the belt, though he should take no advantage of "that ere," that he hoped "as how" the umpires would keep a sharp look-out during the fight.

2. Some heavy exchanges: but Burke planted a run-in on Yorkee's snorter, and made him sneeze claret (first blood for the Deaf-m.) A rally, and both down.

3. Yorkee shook his nob like a terrier, and seemed bent upon mischief, which he accomplished by planting a sharp facer upon Burke's mazzard,

which he instantly returned by a tremendous body blow. Both again closed and fell. Two to one upon Burke, but few takers.

• 4. Tremendous hitting on both sides. Burke tipped and fell.

5. Both lively at the scratch. Some heavy exchanges took place, when a close ensue!, and Burke was thrown a heavy cross-buttock. "All right, York," from all parts of the ring, "give two or three more like that, and he'll remember coming to Yorkshire."

6 and 7. These were sharp to both on both sides, but no particular mischief was done.

8. This was a round worth recording; laid down by each, till the Deafun planted his favourite right-hander by under Yorker's left glistener, which, though a tremendous blow, never shook the gigantic frame of the Colossus, who returned a heavy body exchange, and a struggle took place for the throw, when both fell, Burke undermost.

9. Each appeared to steady at the scratch, when Macone lit out and caught his man on the chronometer, which was returned by Burke severely under the lag; closed again, and the Deafun was thrown a tremendous cross-buttock. It was now evident that the glory of the London Ring was at stake, and Yorker was not to be played with.

10 to 14. Burke now made up his mind to mill his man in good earnest, and hitting and getting away was the order of these rounds, though Yorker, from his strength, always held the advantage in boring down his antagonist without distorting his wind.

15. They eyed each other mischievously, when Macone let fly at Burke's cannister, which was instantly returned by the Deafun with a tremendous right-hander, which caught Yorker upon the centre of his nasal organ, and which nearly divided that necessary ornament, and the purple stream flowed abundantly. Both fell, Burke undermost; three and four to one upon Burke.

16 to 21. These rounds were principally in favour of Burke, though he received some severe body blows. Yet from his cautious manner of fighting, though mostly undermost when down, but little injury was visible, whilst the punishment which his adversary took on the scroffitis, began to make him look like anybody but Macone. At the termination of the twenty-fourth round Burke again succeeded in planting his favourite lagger, which resounded to all parts of the ring. In a close both went down, Burke under.

25 to 40. Throughout these rounds Macone roved himself a thorough game fighter, receiving the punishing right hand of the Deafun, till his visage was scored like pork; his strength, however, was scarcely lessened, and though they both fell together, Burke was invariably undermost. A change in the latter round was thought to have taken place on the part of Yorker, but it was like the change of the moon, it was only transitory, though it beamed for a short time in his favour.

41. Macone struggled for victory, though his left shutter was up, and he appeared in half-mourning. He threw out with his left, and caught Burke a misty one on his right glistener, and made it twinkle like a star. Both closed and fell.

21. Yorker, flushed with the hope of victory, made up his mind to win, and "nothing else;" after cautiously sparring a few moments, he threw out with his left, and placed a tremendous hit upon the left side of Burke's mazzard, and grassed him, which was the first and only knock-down blow. Loud cheers for Yorker, who was now booked by the Yokels as a winner.

43 to 50. Burke, nothing daunted from the effects of the last round, now resolved to put all Yorkee's hopes in the back ground. He milled away in all directions till the head of his antagonist was more hideous than a Saracen's, bleeding profusely at every pore, till nature became exhausted, from the loss of claret; his game, however, was unquestionable; he tried to win, but strength and weight were overcome by science, generalship, and pluck—three powerful opponents even in the hands of an inferior combatant. At the termination of the last round poor Mac lifted up his right hand, open, signifying "Enough," and thus ended this fair, manly and honourable battle.

Burke had but few marks about him, but he was heavily punished about the body. Macone was put to bed and instantly bled. Burke returned to Hull to partake of a jolly good supper, as he termed it.

REMARKS.

Although knocked up, at the spur of the moment, this fight would not disgrace the best days of the Belchers or Crib, the honest Champions of the Ring. It was honourable to the combatants, and equally so to those who witnessed it, because Burke, as a stranger, received the greatest attention and fair play from all parties concerned. Burke evidently had his work cut out—his favourite cross-buttock was a dead letter; but when the stature and strength of his antagonist are considered, such a result is not to be wondered at. It has, however, once more proved that his pluck, as a fighter, is unquestionable; and had he lived in "olden times," would have far to reach the top of the tree. Macone, as a country fighter, has proved himself thoroughly "game;" and with the necessary tuition, would shine as a "diamond of the first water" in the London Ring; but as milling is not exactly the most attractive point at the present moment, we would advise him to continue in the bountiful fields of husbandry, rather than risk another trial with men of the same class as the Deaf-man. The battle lasted one hour and thirty-eight minutes, during which time fifty-nine rounds were fought.—*Hull's Life in London, Jan. 13.*

FIGHTS TO COME.

- Mar. 12.—Bill Leoney and Bill Fisher, 25*l.* to 56*l.* (Liverpool).
 April 2.—Harry Jones and Gypsey Cooper, 25*l.* a-side.
 April 2.—Anthony Noon and Jack Lenney, 10*l.* a-side.
 April 2.—Owen Swift and William Murray, 20*l.* a-side.
 May 28.—Simon Byrne and Deaf Burke, 100*l.* a-side.
 June 11.—Young Dutch Sam and Preston, 150*l.* a-side.

YOUNG DUTCH SAM AND HARRY PRESTON.

The long-talked-of match between these men has at length been made. Preston, it will be recollected, appointed to give Sam a meeting at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on Wednesday evening, and, "stowing chaff," to agree to his own terms. The Birmingham Hero arrived in town on Tuesday, and at an early hour on Wednesday evening the Castle was besieged by an overflowing muster of the Fancy Corps. The parlour was soon filled in every anne, and it was resolved, to "keep the thing select," to adjourn to the bar-room up stairs, where none but those who would stand a pint of wine, or its worth in "bumpers of good liquor," were permitted to enter. This arrangement did not prevent the throng above being equal to that below, and

in the best days of Tom Belcher we never saw the garrison of the Castle better manned with veterans of the old school. Preston, who was on his perch, and was distinguished by his "white castor," was the principal object of criticism. He is a fine young man, about 22 years of age, rather taller than Sam, and his present weight we should calculate at upwards of 12st.; but he is in high flesh. He has a full good-humoured face, and appears somewhat round-shouldered, with "lots of muscle," as Major Longbow would say. The contrast between him and Sam, in point of bulk, was manifest; and in general appearance, it was the "London particular" to the "Provincial bumpkin." Still there was a certain air of confidence and good-behaviour about Preston, free from flesh, and marked by becoming diffidence, that made a strong impression in his favour. On the business being brought on the "tapis," Preston said he came prepared to waive all discussion, and at once to agree to Sam's terms—to fight for 150*l.* a-side, in three months, and at Ludlow, if satisfactory arrangement for that purpose could be made. Thus left nothing for Sam to say but that "he was ready," and articles were drawn up, the two men standing side by side, and Sam pitching a little of his metropolitan *badinage* by way of interlude between the acts—all of which Preston took in good part, saying, he would give his antagonist all the best at chaff, but he intended to get the best at fighting:—

At the conclusion of the articles, they were read and approved by the contracting parties, and received with general acclamations. The healths of both men, and "may the best man win," followed and all was life and animation. A friend of Sam's, by way of opening the betting game, offered to back him for fifty even, and Sam offered to stake fifty each on the three events—first blood, first knock down, and winning the battle. Preston, however, was silent, and it appeared that he had come up alone, and had not therefore, any of his admirers on the spot to back his pretensions.—*Bell's Life in London, March 3.*

DEAF BURKE'S BENEFIT.

Deaf Burke had an "overflowing house" at Tom Gaynor's, in Bond-street, on Monday night. It was a lively glimpse at past times, and reminded us of "the Ring as it was," when the knights of the fist had the good sense to assist each other, and render sparring exhibitions worthy the patronage of the Corinthians. The room was thronged with *swells* of the first water, and we were glad to see several Life Guardsmen propose to "take a hand" in the athletic sports of the people—an amusement, in the pursuit of which they are not likely to encounter either *repalers* or *politicians*. The setting-to-through-out was spirited and satisfactory. The Deaf-un picked out a full-sized red-coat for a trial of strength, or rather of skill, and had the good fortune to floor him twice in succession, with the tremendous impetus of his right-handed jaw-crackers. The Deaf-un's practice entitled him to this advantage, and it was acknowledged with great humour by the soldiers, who, as in the days of Shaw and Larkins, would do well to bring their muscles into play by participating in these sports more frequently. The good conduct of Burke, in more instances than one, to which we have recently alluded, entitled him to the countenance which he received on this occasion, and we hope *he*, as well as *all* the members of his *caste*, will remember, that, by *good conduct* alone, can they hope for the revival of the Fancy. Let them beware that the path towards ascendancy is not again *crossed* by trickery or dishonesty. Burke's friends come but slowly to the *scratch*, in assisting him towards his forthcoming fight; but we have no doubt a little *exertion* among the *nobs* will make all right.—*Bell's Life in London, March 3.*

STEEPLE CHACE IN SCOTLAND.

The long-talked of steeple chace came off on Friday week. Uphall was the place of rendezvous, and notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, the village exhibited a busy scene, crowds were hurrying from all quarters and in all sorts of conveyances, anxious to be present at the "spree," a steeple chace being a novelty in the neighbourhood of Modern Athens. At half past twelve the umpire left the yard of the inn, accompanied by the following sporting nags :—

Mr. M. Wilkie's Rainbow, ridden by the owner.
 Mr. T. Scott's Noonday, ridden by Mr. Laing.
 Mr. Dyer's Navarino, ridden by the owner.
 Mr. T. Scott's Twilight, ridden by Mr. W. Spiers.
 Mr. McKenzie Grieve's Dunse Castle, ridden by the owner.
 Mr. Ramsay's Rattlesnake, ridden by Mr. Bonar.
 Mr. Laing's Gallopade, ridden by Mr. Laird.
 Mr. Usher's Coupcart, ridden by the owner.

The ground was admirably well chosen, and kept secret from all parties till the hour of starting. It commenced about a mile to the west of the Livingstone and Bathgate Road, and the winning flag was placed in Dechmont Great Park, making a distance of four miles over a beautiful grass country, intersected by stone walls, a large brook, and all sorts of rascers. The course was marked by flags, and the numerous spectators had a good view of the whole ground from the top of Dechmont Hill, over which the horse passed.

The start was good, the horses getting well away together, and the first few fences were taken in style. Dunse Castle then took the lead, and went away at a raking pace, and never was headed till half a mile from home, when he unfortunately slipped into a boggy drain. Navarino then came up, closely followed, by Twilight and Coupcart, Navarino eventually winning easy. Twilight was second into the winning field, but his rider forgetting the regulations, pulled up, and allowed Coupcart to come in before him. Dunse Castle was fourth, Rainbow fifth, notwithstanding he gave his rider four ugly falls. Noonday fell about a mile from home, owing to "a snob in a black coat" having crossed him when taking a high stone wall. Rattlesnake and Gallopade were no where; the former having fallen, and the latter having pulled up. The pace throughout was tremendous, the four miles being done in 13 minutes.

The gentlemen present were so much gratified and pleased with the sports of the day, that twelve immediately put down their names for a renewal of a steeple chace next season, of five sovs. each, to carry 13 stone.—*Bell's Life in London, March 10.*

TO GENTLEMEN AMATEURS OF COURSING AND WORTHY
 THE ATTENTION OF ALL COURSING MEETINGS.

NEW INVENTED GREYHOUND SLIPS.

MADE BY JOHN WILLIAMS, SADDLER, HIGH-STREET, BRIDGNORTH.

The Proprietor, in announcing the above to the notice of the public, and soliciting their patronage and orders for the same, is proud in submitting the

underneath flattering testimonial of the great approbation in which they are held by the Nobility and Gentry of the immediate county of Salop:—

- We, the undersigned Gentlemen, forming the principal part of the Morfe Coursing Club, do give our testimony as to the merit of William's New Invented Greyhound Slips, which have been used by us during the season, and found to answer every purpose of the inventor. Their neatness and simplicity, being free from any complication in their construction and workmanship, make them superior to any thing of the kind yet brought before the public, and particularly from their being long tried and proved by that most experienced Coursing-keeper, Henry Alder.

To all Gentlemen fond of the attractive and healthful recreation of Coursing they will prove a desideratum long wanting to the different Coursing Clubs in the Kingdom.

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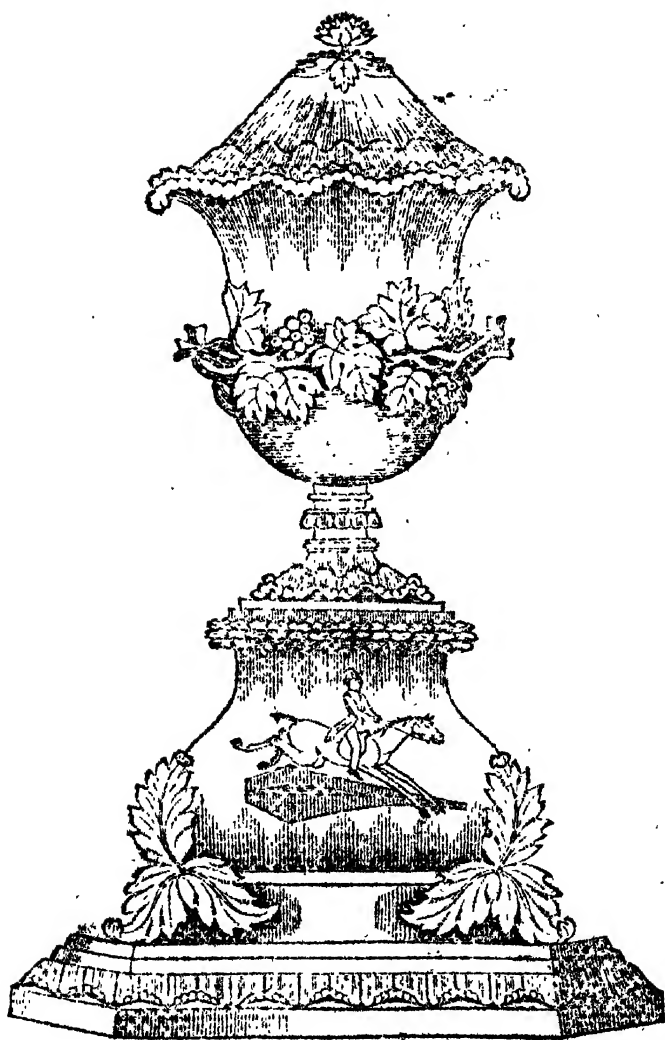
In addition to the above highly-respectable testimonial, the proprietor has only to observe, that the present Invention will do away with that hitherto-complained-of charge of partiality so frequently occurring from the imperfection of the Old Slips, which have been the cause of many wrong decisions of the course, which now, by the use of this Improvement, will be entirely avoided. Price 24s. per set.—*Bell's Life in London, Jan. 6.*

HUNTING.

On Monday last, the crack pack of hounds belonging to R. Lewis, Esq., afforded excellent sport to a field of about forty horsemen. A fine fox having been brought there from Dowardhill, near this town (Monmouth), was turned off in a lawn before the house, and due law having been given, the hounds were laid on, and away they went at a slapping pace to Pautdovan covers; but sly Reynard, thinking "no place like home," did not tarry there, and pushed on to the Grange, belonging to—Grayhurst, Esq.; from thence by the church of Langitlock-vibon-Avel, down to Perthyre-hills, where he swam the river Monnow, which, being very high at the time, impeded the course of the horsemen; but having crossed at the Tump Bridge, they again came up with the hounds at the Buckholdt Wood; Reynard being then very much pressed, proceeded at a rapid pace close by Welsh Newton House, and on to Doward, where, being "quite at home," he wished his pursuers good morning, and sought safety in the rocks. The distance ran was nearly eighteen miles, which was done in a little more than two hours. It was almost impossible that the fox could have chosen a more trying line of country, as it is extremely hilly, with several thick covers and very awkward dingles. About ten gentlemen were in at the close of the hunt, the rest, we presume, remained behind to admire the beauties of the country.—*Bell's Life in London, Jan. 6.*

A BREATHIER WITH MR. HORLOCK'S HOUNDS.

Friday week Mr. Horlock's pack met at Compton House, the seat of W. Heneage, Esq. There were about three score and ten of all sorts at the place of meeting. At a quarter before eleven the hounds began to draw, and whilst exhibiting their instinct to get across the drag, it was announced that the wily varmint had ten minutes before been seen to break from a small undrawn covert. The master of the pack accordingly trotted off in the direction of Cowitch Copse, when, by the waving stems of the steady pack, it soon became evident we were fast getting upon what poor pug might well deem "the Road to Ruin." A fine healthy fox was now viewed, stealing away from a patch of brushwood, shaping his course apparently for Catcomb Wood, and taking in his stride that well-known brook which meanders through the vale. Their noses once fairly down, on went the pack with unerring truth. In the meanwhile our friends at the brookside were variously employed, some on the same side as the hounds, but their horses on the other, adhesive continuations plainly testified. Others, contemplating the death of the water, could not abstain from feeling that a brook (like Parliament) has its "ins and outs," and not wishing to be one of the former, resigned all hopes of getting across. The more determined spirits had before this put their steeds "boldly to the breach," and having been landed, either with or without a buggle, were making their way to the exulting scene of glory. As a better scent never was waited on the gale, or a more sporting country hunted by man, there were raspers to satisfy the veriest glutton, and *passes* sufficiently difficult for hunters the most "cunning of fence." Reynard, with a burning scent, lived before the hounds fifty-five minutes, having traversed in that time about twelve miles of still-enclosed orthodox fox-hunting country. Of the seventy horsemen who started in the morn, a baker's dozen would include those who were "up" when he breathed his last, and the nags of these (like exhausted vessels) had everything in the shape of breath or wind fairly pumped out of them by the killing pace of Mr. Horlock's matchless pack.—*Ibid.*



THE ELLIOT CUP.

ADVICE TO BEGINNERS ON THE TURF IN THE SELECTION AND TRAINING OF ARAB HORSES.

• In this climate, where out of door amusements are so very few, racing, naturally, from its amusing and exciting qualities, occupies the attention of a great many people who at home would never have thought of it further than may be once or twice in the year attending some country meeting for the purpose of enjoying the gaities there going on. But here it is quite different; every one almost takes some interest in them; all subscribe to them, and the stakes are generally made up in a way that puts the young hand more on a par with the old coves than at home. It is to such young hands (some of whom I have seen who, actually, when they commenced their racing career, hardly knew where to look for the cannon bone of a horse, and who afterwards turned out good judges and successful trainers,) that I address these few lines. I am well aware how impossible it is to lay down any positive rule with regard to training where almost every horse has a different constitution, and consequently requires a different degree of work, food, and attention: these rules must, therefore, be taken generally, and deviated from more or less according to the necessity of the case.

In purchasing a horse for a racer, you should be very minute in your examination of him. Let there, first of all, be something pleasing in his whole appearance, nothing awkward or ungainly in his shape; look that the body and legs are in proportion, neither too tall and leggy nor too stout and thin limbed; then examine his head; a broad forehead, prominent eye, small ears, wide and clean jawl, and extended nostrils are signs of blood; see that the jawl is well fitted on to the neck, which ought to be light and rather long than otherwise. The shoulder should be light and slope considerably; if you get a straight shouldered one, all your exertions will never make a racer of him. The chest ought to be open, and the fore-legs well put on so as not to press against it, or be what you call pinned in, when it causes an over friction in galloping; such horses may be very speedy, but will on that account seldom go distance. The arm should be broad and muscular; the leg itself straight, a slight inclination to the stag knee I do not consider objectionable; such horses are said seldom to suffer in the sinews in training. I however, see no cause for such an assertion. The cannon bone should be short, and the leg, below the knee, flat, with prominent sinews; the fetlock very clean and free from puffing with a strong pastern, guarding against its being too straight, there being no elasticity in such, which causes the concussion to be so great as to be apt to break down a horse in training. The hoof should be broad at the heel and well rounded; the girth ought to be large and of great depth, with broad rising loins and a good spreading quarter; considerable length from hip bone to the lock,

with the hind legs well in under him. His action ought to be free, carrying his fore legs smoothly along, not too far from the ground, and bringing the hind ones well forward. These are all good points of course you can seldom pick up a horse with all of them, but if you get pretty near it you will seldom be disappointed altogether in him. Arabs are said to be the most uncertain horses you can possibly select from, as you will find that they go of all shapes and with all kinds of action. I do not deny this; I have seen some very odd looking ones running very well, but if you examine the plurality of the good horses that have appeared on the Indian Turf, you will find that most of them have had appearances in their favour, in particular as far as regards a show of blood and good breeding. Beginners are very apt to fall into the mistake of purchasing a number of horses in the hope of finding one good one amongst them; this is a principle I would advise them very strongly against, as, even if you do succeed, the expence of your stable will be so enormous, with the wear and tear of training and trying so many, that you would be unable to reimburse yourself for such a heavy outlay. I would much rather advise you to be very particular in your first purchases, and if necessary give a good price for a likely horse than buy two indifferent ones for the same money. The expence of procuring two or, at furthest, three fresh horses in the season, is the utmost a person can expect, even if he is lucky to cover by the public stakes, which in my opinion ought always to be kept in view, bets being very uncertain and often not procurable owing to all being of the same way of thinking regarding the powers of the horses.

After having supplied yourself with nags your next object will be to bring them into such condition as to enable you to commence their training. Horses for racing ought to be kept the whole year round in what you may call high case, fed upon hard food, and a good deal of fat left upon them, getting every day rather long walking exercise. Some of my friends I have seen keep their horses at light work all the year round, this I would not advocate unless in cases when the races commence very early in the season, and where the course will enable you during the rains to select pretty dry spots upon which to give them such work. If your horse has during the hot weather been serving you as a hunter or riding nag, you should lay him up a couple of months before you commence work with him, as, I think, the rest with a little physic will do him good, improve his system, and take off any staleness. Training in general begins about the first or middle of August, when most people commence by giving a dose of physic, from four to six drachms of aloes usually, according to the quantity required by your horse; to work him for this, he ought to be prepared by one or two previous days of bran mash. The physic mostly operates in the course of twenty-four hours, and will continue to operate for the same length of time. When it is well set you give the horse his usual hard food, or if he has been kept upon three or four seers a day, you increase it to five,

and decrease his hay in proportion; you now also give him additional walking exercise from two to three hours in the morning, and from two to two in the evening, making your syce step well out with him. In the course of ten or twelve days you give another dose, regulating the quantity, as in the former case, according to his constitution. With regard to physic, horses are very different; some requiring three or four doses before you can reduce their fat and make them fit to commence their slow gallops, with others you will succeed in one or two; having done so you ought immediately to begin work by giving them a slow gallop with their clothes on round the course, say the usual distance of courses in this country, one mile and three quarters. Continue this for eight or ten days, then increase the distance, occasionally making it two miles, and every third or fourth day twice round the course, which carry on for a fortnight or more; should the horse under this have thrown off a good deal of fat and superfluous flesh, I would then reduce it by another dose of physic before I commence upon severer work; should this not be the case, it is unnecessary. You, at this period, commence sweating your horse, but ought to be very careful at first not to over-do the thing; wrap him well up in four or five blankets, send him twice round the course and let him come in the last half mile rather faster than usual, take him immediately to the sweating stable (in which you ought to guard against draft), put on an additional blanket or two, wash his mouth with water, and let him stand for about five minutes, after which uncover him, scrape him well and rub him down quickly until he is perfectly dry, put his clothes on, and let him be rode home. From this time you should gradually increase your horse's pace; at first bringing him in the last half mile a brushing gallop; two or three days after that three quarters of a mile, and so on, and in the intervening days go on with his two mile and twice round the course slow gallops, with a sweat every six or seven days as the horse may require it. Having in this way brought your horse on until within a month or five weeks of the races, it is full time that you should commence what you call your racing gallops, namely, allowing your horse to go round the course, or for two miles or further, (according to what he is likely to be engaged for during the meeting) at his best pace. Now is also the time that racers require the greatest attention; as far as this, most of them receive much about the same treatment, but when the racing gallops commence it is that you must particularly watch him; take care that you do not over-work him nor yet allow him to carry superfluous flesh; let him never get off his food; if he refuses it, you ought to reduce his work, give an occasional cordial ball after a sweat and after a racing gallop. The method I have from this time generally pursued with my horses, varying it of course a little according to their constitutions, is the following:—First day, twice round the course *slow*; (by *slow* I do not mean the pace you go at when taking a canter for your amusement, but at the rate of a mile in three minutes and ten or fifteen

seconds). Second day, once round the course, last mile three quarter speed. Third day, a sweat, regulating its severity according to the flesh my horse carries. Fourth day, a two mile gallop, slow. Fifth day, a racing gallop; and then commence again from first day and so on. With this method I have succeeded with most of my horses, provided they have been in good health and spirits when they commenced their hard work. With regard to the time a good horse runs his first racing gallop in, you will find very few below three minutes and fifty seconds, the plurality of them in fact nearer four minutes; you should carefully note, therefore, by your watch, what time he takes to do every different half mile in, and how much he improves every gallop; this will assist you in regulating his work. I would however advise every young man to have a good trial horse in his own stable, as running by time is very deceptive. I have often seen horses, who would not run the course in three minutes forty five seconds, come on and do it in ten seconds less in a race or trial with another horse, and again I have seen others who when running alone, would run the course in four or five seconds better time than when brought out to meet their match or a superior horse. I would, therefore, as I before said, recommend every one to procure a trial horse, and if he cannot succeed in that, when trying his nag, to place others at different parts of the course to run round with him. Let there be one day between his last trial and the day of his starting, and on which day give him either a very slow gallop once round, or let him rest altogether. You should train two or more horses together as they will always take kinder to their work than when going alone.

You should also be particular with regard to your stable management: give your horse a loose box in as quiet a place as you can, with the windows or openings of sufficient height to prevent any draft on him and not admitting too much light. After your horse returns from his exercise in the morning and has been well groomed, wet flannel bandages put on his legs and got his breakfast, shut the stable door and let him not be disturbed again until tiffin, as most horses will lie down during that period. After tiffin he should be left in the same way until you prepare him for his walking exercise at night. Old grain and oats mixed half and half, in quantities according to what the horse can well digest, not exceeding six seers a day, is the best food to train upon, with a small portion of hay and water three times a day; should your training be late in the morning I would give half a seer early before the horse leaves the stable. If your horse is given to eat his litter you must muzzle him after every meal, or, which I think preferable, where fine sand is to be had give him half a foot of it in his stall instead of straw; this answers a double purpose, as with some horses who are so fidgetty that when you muzzle them at night preparatory to running the next day, they will not lie down but walk about their stalls all night and thus be deprived of the rest that is so necessary to them, the muzzle will be unnecessary, there being no food for them to get at. In setting a horse for a race he should have his last water at four o'clock

in the afternoon", and only one seer of gram and oats for his supper with no hay. When your horse returns from a race or trial put his feet in hot water for half an hour, which will relieve him and take away any tendency to inflammation.

I cannot conclude without again stating that these lines are entirely written for the benefit of beginners. Being young on the turf myself, I would not for a moment presume to think that they could contain any thing interesting to older and more experienced Turfites; it is merely a statement of the method I have pursued with my own stable, and not without success; it is self-taught and may differ widely from plans adopted by other people, but I think that altogether the system is not a bad one. I am well aware that there are many deficiencies in this and also a thousand little things that a long but true and experience will teach a man but it will afford me pleasure if, as it is, it should prove of use to any one who, like myself, should commence racing with a very limited knowledge on the subject and no other assistance than such information as is to be gleaned from books and observation.

THE MAN WOT TRAVELS.

DACCA AQUATICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR:—I observe by your fourth number that 'One of Us' has been taking notes of our sporting doings here. I had expected to have seen in your last, an account from 'Shikar' of our late sailing match, but as he seems 'choop' on the subject I shall do my best,* though no far.—Dacca has been long known as a celebrated place for river sailing, and crack craft, both square and fore and afters, but from various causes we had hitherto failed in bringing them together and trying their respective qualities. After a great deal of chaffing however, the blunt, ten gold mohurs each, was at last posted, the 15th ultimo named, and the following boats started:—

Mr. Mill's 'Sursoo,' hermaphrodite schooner—	about 15 Tons
Mr. Greek's 'Black Meggy,' cutter.....	19
Capt. Skinner's 'Murry,'—three masted lugger.....	20
Lieut. Sprinker's 'Dolphin,' schooner.....	15
Mr. Clark's 'Catch me who Can,'—cutter.....	20
Capt. Tiger's 'Rebecca,' schooner.....	25
Mr. Bob's 'Maria,' schooner.....	30

The sailing distance was from a buoy moored off the Oil Mills down to Narangunge (about 16 miles) and back. The weather was very propitious;—a good top gallant-breeze and dead up the river. The parties met to breakfast at 8 A. M. on board the *Espiegle*; at 9, the signal gun to prepare for getting under weigh was fired, and all were short. At 10, the Commodore in the *Espiegle*, hoisted the

* That is, we conclude our traveller means, if the race is to come off the next morning. At stations and places where the races take place in the afternoon, a different order of regimen will be necessary.—Ed.

starting signal, and five minutes after all were under weigh. The *Aracca*, being the largest boat and being known to have a superior crew and commander, took the lead, as expected. The *Black Moggy* came on her starboard quarter, the others heterogenously jumbled together. The *Maria*, drawing five feet and well over on the other side of the river, was the first to tack, but in doing so missed stays and fell astward of the *Moggy*, allowing the *Dolphin* and *Murry* to fetch to windward, the others tacking successively. Little difference was perceptible in the first four tacks, except the *Sursoo* reaching to windward. They were then, ten minutes after eleven, at Pugal Pool about three miles down, and the *Maria*, and *Black Moggy*, a cable's length astern. In the next reach near the indigo factory the breeze freshened, with an increasing swell, they making a long leg and a short one. The *Sursoo* and *Rebecca* here doused their topsails; the *Catch me who Can* merely shifting her large gaff-top sail for a smaller, and evidently creeping to windward, being now a leeward of the *Dolphin* and on the *Sursoo's* quarter, with the lugger well up. It was now eight bells. The fleet was off Point Pattoola, half way to Naraingunge, and the Commodore threw out a signal to "splice the main brace," and the boats being all pretty well together, the piping to grog was heard throughout and no doubt well attended to, as a south-easter was coming on. Shortening sail and freeing was now the order of the day, and at 12.15 it came on with a heavy gust laying the *Maria* on her beam ends, and exposing a very dirty bottom. This was a pretty mess, Mr. Editor, and affording ample scope for the display of the nautical knowledge of those that had it; but even as a landsman I can say something was wrong. The *Catch me who Can* carried away her jib-boom; the lugger's foresail came down by the run, and hove her up in the wind, and from some mismanagement on board the *Sursoo*, she fell off and with the wind on the quarter ran down the pretty *Dolphin* cutting her down to the water's edge, and obliging her to go on shore to prevent her from sinking. This completely did for her chance in the race but her jolly skipper was picked up and found a berth with his good friend *Tiger*. The accident was subsequently found to have been caused by Captain Mills having given the orders in French for the serang to keep his luff, which he, not having had the benefit of a French education, did not twig, and put the helm hard up. On the squall clearing up a little 1 p. m., the large cutter, (having run out her spare jib-boom,) and the lugger under all sail were seen considerably to windward; the *Sursoo* third, *Rebecca* fourth, and the *Maria* and *Moggy* still close together and bringing up the rear. In this way they sailed, the cutter gradually gaining till she rounded the boat off the Naraingunge Point at 2 p. m., the *Murry* rounding 10 minutes after; the *Sursoo* and *Rebecca* within five of her. Here the wind fell light and every stitch was clapped on by all. The *Maria* and *Black Moggy* bearing up without rounding, determined not to be too late at all events for the

Champaigne Dinner which was to be given in the evening and paid for by the loser, which honor each second inclined to decline. The damage done to both boats on falling foul of each other in the early part of the day, was now seen: the end of Mr. Greek's jib-boom was carried away together with his bobstay, and the *Maria* had sprung a leak. All the boats came up before the wind well together, Captain Skinner's boat showing a superiority over the cutter in sailing free. On reaching Puttoola again the breeze freshened and the race seemed to be between the *Rebecca* and the lugger. The *Catch me who can* wishing to bid the *Sursoo* good by, intended to signalise to that effect, but through some mistake the tri-color was hoisted at the peak instead of the mast head according to the Race Code, where the St. George's ensign was then flying. A French gentleman on board the *Sursoo* thinking it done intentionally, fired a couple of shot; the balls went thro' the mast but Captain Mills explained that they were intended to have gone across her bows and consequently the harmony of the day was not disturbed. At 4 p. m. the lugger past the buoy pocketing the dibs, the *Rebecca* a couple of lengths behind, the *Catch me who can* third, and *Sursoo* fourth and *Black Moggie* fifth, with the *Maria* in tow, being water logged. I think the race would have been the *Rebecca's* had she not been so deeply loaded with stones. The river was crowded with small fry of all rigs and builds, and the party in the evening on board the *Espiegle* went off gloriously. I think we have now passed the Rabicon in establishing a good Yacht Club as another field day is talked of as soon as the *Maria* gets coppered and chalked, the *Dolphin* repaired, and the other boats put to rights; I shall be happy to inform you of the result. There are now two splendid sailing boats on the stocks nearly finished, built from the models of the *Water Witch* and *Red Rover*, which names they will bear; the former is I believe to have the late French improvement of a rudder on each quarter: rumours are afloat of grand doings to take place on the occasion of the launches. Wishing your Magazine every success.

I am,

Your's, &c.

Espiegle Flag Ship, }
11th July, 1833. }

BLOW ME TIGHT,

ON THE DISEASES OF HORSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—M., in a letter published in your second number, appeals to those who may have experience in the treatment of the diseases of horses in India, to furnish information on the subject:—M.'s letter appears to have been drawn forth from witnessing the effects of some epidemic disease which created great ravages amongst the horses in Cal-

culta, supposed to be treated as *inflammatory-acute*, and comparing it with what he considers a similar disease which occasionally prevails with more or less violence in the upper provinces, characterized as an ordinary epidemic, but supposed to be one of debility and treated accordingly.

A very serious *endemic* made its appearance at the Ghazeepoor depot of the Central Stud, in the month of June last, amongst the older colts of the Company. To its effects, progress, and treatment, as well as to the dissection after death, I was an eye witness; and having also had access to the superintendent's report, I avail myself of his consent to give publicity to an outline thereof in the hope it may be found useful should so distressing an evil appear elsewhere, when it should be particularly borne in mind that bleeding was almost in every case found *fatal*.

On the 30th May, one colt died suddenly, but no apprehensions were then entertained of its having arisen from any specific disease, but another case of such an unusual nature taking place on the 2nd of June, alarm began, and common precautions were taken, such as change of food, and giving a free circulation of air. The weather was unusually oppressive, only one north-wester with rain had occurred during the season, very few dry north-westers, and no rains up to the 28th June; the thermometer in the stables ranged from 100 to 106°. Under the supposition that the disease might have been attributable to some local cause (the three first deaths in June having taken place in one stable) the colts were encamped, but the thermometer being at 126° and the disease not decreasing they were returned to the stables.

Until the 19th of June no attention or skill could check the progress of this disease; from that date no fresh cases appeared, though out of 108 attacked, forty-seven died up to the 27th of the month, all of which, excepting one colt which had been some time in hospital, were on the 1st of the month, in the finest apparent health and condition. It was distressing to witness the ravages of this disease: whilst the veterinary surgeon was attending a colt in one stable, report would be brought of another dropping down in another stable, and sometimes before aid could be given he would be found dead. From the nature of the disease the best practitioner would be working in the dark, as the remedies usual in common cases of inflammation failed of effect. Blisters would not rise, scalding water did not create external inflammation; aloes given in repeated doses to the extent of 15 Grs. sometimes failed to remove the obstinate constipation. Bleeding was tried, at all stages of the disease, both moderate and copious, and, as before observed, proved fatal to most. In the month of June 1821, a season similar to the present, an *endemic*, supposed to be like the one I am now describing, carried off twenty six colts; it was attributed to the heat of the weather, which could not be the sole cause now, as I hear the colts at the other two depôts,

Kidder and *Buxton*, where the heat was equally great, were healthy, excepting strange cases usual at this season amongst the youngest stock, of which this year was comparatively mild.

Mr. Blaine in his third edition on 'the Diseases of Horses' at page 411, describes the symptoms of *Specific Gastritis* which Mr. Parry, the Veterinary Surgeon at the stud, considers similar to that from which the stud has lately suffered so severely. Mr. Blaine mentions that out of eighty horses attacked with this complaint at Swausca seventy six died. As this work may not be in the hands of most of your readers I have copied his remarks, and in the margin, noted where the symptoms coincided, adding such appearances not remarked by Mr. Blaine, to which I have given the post mortem appearances fixed as much from scientific terms as possible, together with the treatment followed by Mr. Parry. I am happy to add Mr. P.'s treatment has proved successful, and I trust the disease which has disappeared, has taken leave of the stud entirely.

Whilst on this subject it may not be out of place to notice a letter from your correspondent S., dated 15th April last, vide 3d No. of your *Maga*, on *Bursante*. I have paid great attention to this disease, and have seen various cases in all the variety of forms, some, as your interesting correspondent observes, brought on by "bad grooming and improper feeding producing general relaxation of the system;" but I incline to think many horses, particularly those that are *thin skinned*, are subject to trifling eruptions, at the *beginning* of the *hot weather* when the flies appear, which, becoming inflamed from the irritation and annoyance of these pests, produce foul ulcers difficult to cure, and are often pronounced *bursante*. Such as I describe, heal *before the rains* and do not break out again. The true *Bursante*, besides often producing small substances similar in hardness and appearance to canker, has always the edges of the sore much thickened. The *madar* treatment, both giving the powder internally and applying the juice externally, I have tried; I think it is useful but not a *specific*. I shall certainly try the remedy advised by your correspondent S; it carries the appearance of judicious practice.

The disease is certainly not confined to country, or country-bred horses, as I have seen the true *bursante* in many imported thorough-bred English horses; neither do I consider it infectious, and certainly not hereditary. I was in the habit of seeing the large piwab stud at *Merrut* of Colonel S., *The Father of the Turf*; his famous mare *Tarantula*, (I call her famous as she bred a team of winners,) was subject to the true *bursante* for many years, which never healed; pounds of flesh were yearly cut off, and she was destroyed in 1825, the disease having reached the sensible part of the foot. She was always kept in the same stable with many others, and was a solitary instance happily of *bursante* in the Colonel's stables; not one of *Tarantula's* produce had the *bursante*, neither have her grand-daughters.

I am sorry, my dear Mr. Editor, to see by your prospectus of the 5th number, that you are continuing the *Abridgment of Taplin*. His opinions and recipes might have gone down with our grand-father's, but happily for the horse, as well as the owners of horses, the march of intellect has not halted with the discoveries of the old apothecary. The Veterinary College has produced clever and useful men,—men who have made the profession honorable. If you want to fill a page from lack of original matter, which you will not be if your *Maga* gets its deserts, give us *Percival Abridged**.

Yours,

July 10, 1833.

O. K.

Noting the symptoms as described by Mr. Blane, observable amongst the colts that were taken ill at Chazepore, in June 1833.

BLAIR'S THIRD EDITION, 1826.

ON

SPECIFIC INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH,

Called Stomach Stagers, page 408, Extract page 411.

N. B. The colts were from three years and three months to three years and six months.

- 1 Decidedly marked.
- 2 Do. do. some colts had not their pulse raised beyond forty-two, with others, the beating of the heart and abdominal muscles was so great as to be observable at a considerable distance.
- 3 At this stage of the disease the pulse was thready and intermitted every 9th, 10th or 15th.
- 4 6, 8 and 10 lb. of aloes failed of producing a laxative effect in several cases.
- 5 Decidedly marked.
- 6 There was no chronic disease of the liver, but it intensely inflamed in some, in others partaking of it in a lesser degree: This accounts for the obstinate costiveness, as the liver ceased to perform its natural functions.
- 7 The membranes lining the eyelids, septum of the nose, the gums, and inner part of the lips all partook of the bilious appearances. The tongue turned and covered with ropy saliva, particularly offensive. The sides of the tongue deep red.

The symptoms of the specific gastritis commence generally by a drowsiness, the horse eats slowly and at intervals, but he still recurs to it again (1) The breathing is slightly accelerated, but the pulse suffers no material alteration, except now and then, when it is rather quickened, and in other instances again it appears rather oppressed; in the greater number, however, as has been observed (2) it is not materially altered until within a few hours of death, when it invariably becomes small and oppressed; there re-appears particular diminution of the secretions; the costiveness is peculiarly obstinate (3) and the urine is ejected by a convulsive effort, and in small quantities, but the quality is not generally altered (4) In every instance there are strong marks of bilious affection, and all the mucous membranes are tinged yellow by it; the probable cause of which is, that the liver to a certain degree partakes of the inflammatory affection (5) The nostril, the eyes, the mouth and the inner part of the arms, are therefore invariably yellow under this disease (6) There is generally also some appearance of slight rigor at the beginning of the complaint; but as it advances, the extremities become one half hour, very cold, and the next, the horse breaks out into a profuse sweat (7)

* We are always happy to receive counsel from O. K.—Our abridgment of Taplin has been given, not so much with the view of affording, as of eliciting information. It occurred to us that the errors of his antiquated system would possibly receive exposure at the hands of some of our experienced correspondents, and thus furnish a body of useful information. What an invaluable paper would be the *Indian Sportsman's Dictionary*!

Pg. do. but no profuse sweating

The sympathetic effects on the brain very constantly and early shew themselves by the nervous or spasmodic twitchings present over the whole pinnæculæ carnosæ, which are particularly observed in the breast and hind quarters.

The nervous twitchings were very strong in the muscles of the jaw and under the skin called the pinnæculæ carnosæ were invariably present, more especially behind the shoulder and prominent parts of the belly.

Nervous affliction is also accompanied by an early and characteristic muscular debility, which is such as to make the unfortunate sufferer bend his legs and totter as though falling, and he is likewise observed not to rest his head in the manger as in the sleepy staggers, but he elevates it in some of these cases; and as though he wished to gain a fulcrum of support, he forces it often between the rack slaves.

The debility was very marked which Mr. Perry attributed to congestion of the vessels of the brain and spinal marrow, which was apparent on dissection. The eyes assumed a glassy appearance and when death was approaching, the horse lay down with his legs tucked under his chest; at other times he was observed resting on his chest with the fore legs stretched out like a Greyhound. The hairs of the eye thrown over the eye when his fellow indicated the brain to be more or less sympathetically affected.

I never saw the disease in a horse at grass; but, when it does occur there, it is said that it is peculiarly marked by the manner of the animal, and the state in which he is frequently found; if he be discovered moving, he is seen to stroll about unconsciously till he meets with some obstacle against which he fixes his head, where he remains bating.

One colt walked round his loose box over twelve times knocking his head against any projecting parts of his stable, at last he became very violent and unconscious of any thing. This was followed by distressing paroxysms. In this state both jugular veins were opened and blood abstracted until he fell from faintness. It appeared a momentary relief. Paroxysm after paroxysm followed, which continued without intermission for several minutes, at last in a furious fit, he jumped through the stable window, walked one hundred and fifty yards, was brought back, when, in another attempt to leap the opposite window, he fell and died in the greatest agony.

Now and then, however, there is some degree of irritability and violence present; but much more generally he is in a stupid, drowsy and almost insensible state, and in either case, there is always present a marked distress of countenance and manner.

The distress of countenance strongly marked, and four or five died with jaw completely locked, others uttering piercing screams.

The jaws usually have a considerable rigidity, but which does not amount to total jaw locking. These detailed symptoms are the common attendants on the malady, and such as are usually present in every case; but the spasmodic twitchings, the obstinate costiveness, the marks of biliary affection, are constant and invariable.

Post Mortem examination of Colts dying from the Endemic in June 1833, at Ghazepore, as taken by Mr. R. B. Parry, Veterinary Surgeon.

On examining the contents of the abdomen, in horses dying of this disease. I invariably found longitudinal patches of inflammation throughout the large bowels, but in the small it was not general. The lungs, heart, liver and other organs partook of the inflammatory affection, which I conceive to be entirely the effect "of a specific inflammation of the stomach" externally the vessels of that organ, were in a highly congested state; internally the large curvature was intensely inflamed and approaching to gangrene, containing in almost every case a quart or three pints of discolored fluid. The kidneys were generally speaking healthy, but the bladder invariably empty.

In lingering cases, patches of inflammation would be partially observed in different parts of the large curvature of the stomach. The mucous membrane being it in other parts, assumed a peculiar pale unhealthy appearance, and in eight cases out of ten near the pyloric, or opening into the small intestines, large abscesses had formed containing from half to three quarters of a pint of matter in each, and in four cases these had burst.

I will now endeavour to account for the sudden death of ten colts. The stomach being the primary seat of disease, and the sympathetic connection between that organ and the brain, produced sudden congestion, and, in several, rupture of its vessels, blood became extravasated on its surface, causing immediate death—these facts were proved on dissection. The stomach exhibited the exact same appearance as those already mentioned, the other organs also partaking of the inflammatory affection.

"A Munning" colt was admitted to the hospital on the 17th, with the usual symptoms of the endemic: the remedies adopted had the best effect, every thing continued well until the 26th. The colt was lively and playful so much so, he nearly knocked down one of the sick in the morning. These appearances would induce a man to suppose he was doing well, and it was my intention to discharge him. In the evening, at six o'clock P.M., he took very kindly his share of sago, when being suddenly seized with a fit, he dropped down dead. On examining the brain, a rupture of the vessels and extravasated blood on its surface was found.

Treatment of Colts attacked with the specific inflammation of Stomach, at Ghazepore in June 1833, by Mr. R. B. Parry, Veterinary Surgeon

Several colts being suddenly seized with violent fits and falling down insensible in their stables, orders were issued to the farmers, on cases of the kind occurring, immediately to abstract blood.

From 1st to 7th June, forty-eight colts were attacked. The medicines given were such as are generally resorted to, in inflammatory complaints, viz. aloe, emetic, tartar, digitalis, nitre, hellebore, &c. but finding the colts never rallied, whether they lost large or small quantities of blood, we began to doubt the propriety of continuing the system, consequently the farmers were requested not to bleed or adopt any remedies until the case had been properly examined by the veterinary surgeon, it being evident it was a disease very different to common inflammation or known epidemics. On 6th June B L. 25, Grey (Hendower died suddenly; my attention was principally confined to the appearances of the brain, the vessels of which gave evident proof as to the cause of so sudden a death. On 7th, four colts died (one suddenly) on examination of this colt and the other three, some opinion was formed as to the character of a disease that had been so rapid in its ravages and so quickly fatal, for the nature of it was such that before any medicine had time to take effect, the animal was either dead or past all hopes of recovery.

My first attempt was to clear the intestines, anxiously avoiding all unnecessary irritation. Aloe from three to four drachms were given by the mouth, and the same quantity dissolved and administered in the form of glysters; these were repeated, according to circumstances, added to which, castor oil, combined with epsom or glauber salts, were also given, until the bowels were affected, for the most obstinate and distressing constipation was invariably present, so much so, that fifteen drachms with several colts failed in producing even a laxative effect. Blisters were actively rubbed on the head, chest and sides; embrocations and other stimulating applications to the belly and legs and scalding water were thrown over the loins with the view of exciting external inflammation in those parts, but all without the least effect. The blisters were repeated,—still they failed.

The stomach being the seat of disease, my hands were painfully tied in administering medicine through a part already too excited.

The aloetic enemas combined with oil and glauber salts assisted much in overcoming the obstinate costiveness, for until the bowels were freely acted on, little hopes of recovery could be expected.

• In subduing the inflammation, no benefit unfortunately could be derived from the use of the lancet, for abstraction of blood accelerated death, and scarcely, or, in fact, very few, derived the least benefit by depletion, besides in the majority of cases when it had been employed, it was certainly fatal as the following statement will shew.

From 1st to 7th June, forty-eight colts were attacked with this endemic; they were bled, and some of them got the worse, it was repeated; out of the number now alive, 28th June, will be found seventeen.

From 8th to 15th June, sixty-one colts were attacked; those were not bled. These colts fell down in fits, and to relieve the brain, blood was drawn (they subsequently died). Out of the above sixty-one colts, remaining alive this day 28th June, forty-five.

I merely mention this to guard against the use of the lancet, should the same disease again break out in the stud.

The progress of the disease is so rapid that some idea may be formed a very short time after the attack, how it is likely to terminate. The sixty-one colts that escaped were treated after the acute attack had subsided in the following manner.

Their food consisted of bran and a small quantity of linseed, fresh grass nicely picked and cleaned; linseed tea, bran, water and thin sago with a little port wine were given in small quantities and the bowels regulated by—

Aloes.....	1/2 to 1 drachms.
Clovel.....	10 to 20 grains.
Emetic Tartar.....	20 grains,

given every morning or every other day, according to circumstances, and as they continued better, the food was gradually increased. The debility produced by this endemic is very great, consequently care in the feeding and attention to the state of the bowels with gentle exercise are necessary to effect the cure.

Should however the colts not regain their strength and spirits as soon as expected, I found small doses of the sweet spirits of nitre given morning and evening, in gruel or sago, to be highly beneficial.

TIGER SHOOTING IN THE GORUCKPORE DISTRICT AND NEPAUL FRONTIER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Observing in your June number 'Pilgrim's' account of 'his first brush with a tiger,' has led me to forward you a copy which I took from the journal of my friend Capt. W—n who has not only had many a brush with a tiger, but the number of them which he has killed I hesitate to mention lest it might be set down as a traveller's story; however it is well known that he has not only killed a host of them from the back of an elephant, but that he has been equally successful in shooting them on foot.

Now to the subject.

March 3, 1833.—Started from D—e for that delightful spot Nimbooa, in the Talooka of Perowna, district Goruckpore, to which place I had sent off some days previously my elephants, camp equipage, &c. &c., Chuppra lying on my road, I passed the day there with Mr. E—r, also partaking of a bed under his hospitable roof for that night.

March 4th.—Took my leave of Mr. E——r this morning after breakfast, and proceeded on to Burgang in buggy dāk, a distance of sixty miles, from which place I had already laid a palkee dāk for the remainder of my journey; arrived at this place about sunset, and without any delay jumped into my palkee. At Burgang the traveller will find a bungalow, (I believe the property of government) which affords a good resting place. Many years ago a corps was stationed here, and I am told that it was an out post of some importance; near to this resides Baboo Chutterdarree, a civil, and very respectable native.

March 5th.—Rejoiced to find myself safely landed at Nimbooa, but rather done up from the trip, having ridden about five and twenty miles on one horse in the hope of reaching my destination sooner. However I do not think I should have fared much better by remaining in the palkee: I had omitted taking some warm covering with me, and I was nearly perished with cold. I found my tents pitched; on entering them, my chupprassee walks in, and by his long face I predicted bad news; I bargained for anything but the loss of my guns; for the moment I was in agony, but the fellow relieved me by reporting that one of my camels had died: this was of itself bad enough, but as the evil could not be remedied in the jungles, I consoled myself with the idea “that a bad beginning was generally a good ending.” So without any more bother I partook of my breakfast, at the same time directing my elephants to be got ready, and although I felt very much fatigued, yet I could not withstand the temptations of the Gimbooa Chour. The elephants being reported ready, I got into my howda; on arriving at the ground, I found the whole of the grass burnt, and where I had on former occasions killed from forty to fifty florican, there was not now one, which led me to resolve on shifting my ground and search entirely for large game, as it was evident that I was too late in the season for bird shooting. I had come here expressly for florican, not meeting with any was a great mortification. In the evening I killed—

One hare, and three brace of black partridge.

March 6th.—Moved to Semera six miles from Nimbooa; on arriving at the new ground, information was brought to me of tigers being in the neighbourhood, (just the news I wanted) and that several men had been killed by them. The following day I proposed giving them a benefit, should they show themselves—in the evening I walked out with my gun and killed—

One hare, three and half brace of chicore, and three brace of black partridge.

March 7th.—At Semera and on my elephant at day break, with five as nice double barrelled guns as ever were handled, well loaded with ball, all ready for action; reached the ground at sunrise, and formed an extensive line with the ten elephants I had with me. A twelve month had elapsed since I had been out against these lords of the forest (vide Calcutta Magazine for July, 1832, page

373) and to think that I was about to be among them again, created a sensation which I cannot describe. The grass jungle was now entered, and I expected to have been upon a tiger in the course of a few minutes, but hours elapsed and no sign of one. I was returning to my tent very much disgusted, but cheered up a little on spying out a very pretty patch of grass not very far from me: to have passed this would have been a sin, so forcing the line again, into it we went. After having advanced about a hundred yards, one of the elephants on my left shewed symptoms as if he was upon scent, and very shortly after the well known signal was made to me by the mahout. Here was a time! who but the Sportsman can fancy it? In the direction pointed out I bent my steps, and in a very few seconds my elephant and the tiger were face to face, the latter looking at me, as if bidding defiance, but at the same time giving me a splendid shot at him, the consequence was, a ball right through his head, which killed him on the spot and made my first tiger for 1833.

This day, one tiger, and one deer.

March 3 -- 'Still at Semera' -- had a long and tedious search after a tiger, could not succeed in sighting him, but saw numbers of deer, and chitore, taking shot at them as I was returning to my tents, killing --

Three deer, and six brace of chitore.

March 9. -- Halted at Semera another day in consequence of information having been brought me that a tiger and tigress had taken up their abode in a skirt of the forest near to the village of Pepsasee -- and that by having a 'hankwa' they could be driven out; I agreed, of course, most willingly to this, and accordingly sent to the head men of the neighbouring villages to render me their assistance with as many men as they could collect; in about an hour's time, I had about 250 men collected, some with matchlocks, others with tom-toms, horns, &c. &c. The management of the 'hankwa' I left to the natives, as it is a mode they invariably adopt to turn out game, and as they are acquainted with the localities of the forest, they must naturally proceed in a more methodical way than the stranger; my station having been pointed out to me, I took up my post, extending the elephants even with the breadth of the jungle. We were about to beat in order to prevent the tiger coming out unseen when all was reported ready, the signal to commence was given, and in an instant the ear was stunned with the report of guns, voices shouting, tom-toms beating, in fact the most hideous noise a person ever heard, the next moment out came deer, hog, peacock, &c. &c. running about in all directions, perfectly terrified. I had many good opportunities offered me of killing them, but as I was after a tiger I reserved my fire for him. By this time the men had reached the end of the jungle at which I had taken up my station, and no tiger had been seen, the natives thought that he had made his escape over night, and were for returning to their homes, but a few words from

we succeeded in getting them to try once more, and in a very good natured way did they go to work, so much so, that their labours were completely rewarded. Once more the above was repeated, and very shortly after the second 'hankwa' had commenced, I had the gratification of seeing a fine large tigress breaking cover, and pass me, at speed through a wheat field at about one hundred and fifty yards; fearing that she would escape over a nulla not far from us, I thought it advisable to fire, which I did, and as it afterwards proved, the ball had gone through her stomach; this impeded her progress, and at short distances, she kept sitting down, she however played me a hide and seek game for some time, and at last I came upon her in some very slight cover: she now shewed no symptoms of making an escape, but stood her ground, and there are not the slightest doubts of the consequences had I given her the opportunity, but before she had time to turn, I pinned her to the ground. On examining the carcass I found that my first shot had taken effect, as I have above stated. On passing the village of Peprasee on the way to my tents a man who had been wounded by this tigress was brought out to me, he was most awfully lacerated, and all his wounds had been stuffed full of cotton as a cure. Nearly the whole of this day having been occupied against this tigress, the casualties were only—

One tigress.

March 10.—Much against my will passed another day at Semera, but as I was informed that a cow had been killed by tigers over night, I thought I was in duty bound to go after him; after a tedious and useless search was obliged to give it up as the jhow jungle was much too extensive. In the afternoon I looked after some chicore not far from the tents and killed—

One hare, and four brace of chicore.

March 11.—Moved to Durganly five miles from the last encampment; at this place I was also disappointed to find the grass jungle all burnt, in the afternoon visited by a heavy north-wester, attended with a little rain. On the route from Semera to Durganly killed—

One hog, one hare, and five brace of chicore.

March 12.—Gave the cattle and servant a day's rest.

March 13.—From the information given me yesterday regarding a number of tigers that had been seen at Baceea, I thought it advisable to move there, the distance being five coss, the elephants did not reach the ground till late which prevented my going out. On the march killed—

One hog and one florican.

March 14th.—Remained at Baceea. My bunterias (people who point you out the tigers) proved themselves splendid fellows, and the information which they had yesterday given me perfectly correct; they conveyed me to a long slip of nul jungle about fifteen feet high, and by the time the elephants had gone half way through it, to my surprise or rather horror, out came five tigers and a bear; they went

on at a short distance before me and re-entered the nul. I shall never forget the sight, and the feeling, for the moment, it was both grand and frightful; being single handed and having no companion to assist me, made matters worse, and for the moment I was doubtful as to the propriety of commencing the attack, not being over anxious to have my elephants cut up, nor running the chance of becoming minus a mahout. However, having confidence in the animal I rode, and having proved him on former occasions, and as I had come expressly to shoot tigers, I made up my mind to run all risks, and therefore advanced with a good line, placing my own elephant in the centre, and the others to the right and left of me, in order that I might protect them with my guns in case of necessity. And by this arrangement they were at no very great distance from me. As we were moving through the nul I perceived one of the tigers crossing me, and ere long he lay lifeless on the ground; the second was as easily killed; but the third was not to be so easily mastered, the instant he was struck he turned at me, and with a tremendous roar came rushing down as if determined to deal destruction, but, as I was well prepared for him, and accustomed to scenes of this nature, I soon stopped him with a couple of shots from my favorite Manton. During my skirmish with this beast I had the mortification to see one of the two remaining tigers, and the bear, make their escape into the forest where all pursuit would have been in vain. One tiger was still left, and though I had lost sight of him, yet I knew he could be at no great distance, as it immediately proved, for I had not proceeded many yards, before my eluprassee (Mr. Ramdeen, who is nearly as old at tiger shooting as I am,) said that he saw him, and pointed him out to me; he was sitting down, and in that position I killed him. Thus were finished four tigers in a short space of time, and not an elephant touched. On my return to my tents I shot a few deer for the mahouts. This day's sport

Four tigers, six deer, and one and half brace of jungle fowl.

March 15th -- Remained at Baseca in the hope of falling in with the tiger and bear I lost yesterday. I got a sight of the former, but he seemed averse to close quarters, and the instant he heard the elephants, he set off at a snapping pace, without even giving the chance of a long shot at him. While I was lamenting the loss of this animal, I observed a couple of men running towards me, and, as I suspected, they were gwallas, bringing me intelligence of a tiger. To judge from their account, I was to go against a perfect devil, which I confess I did not much admire. The 'Pulwan Sheer,' said they, has just killed a cow, and for some time past has destroyed numbers of cattle. Where is he? says I. -- In some nul jungle a coss off, replied the gwallas. Of course I must go, let him be as big as a mountain; and though 'Pulwan' was a formidable name, and not one to be trifled with, I had not the least doubt but that my elephant, Bawance Perswad, would put his powers to the test, and when he had advanced upon five tigers at Boscea in noble style, I had no doubt of his behaving

equally well on this occasion; so to the spot I hastened. On reaching the nul, the word 'pauk' (which means a swamp) reached my ears, and I had my fears about getting this tiger, as it is unsafe to take an elephant into it; however I was determined to give it a trial before I gave it up, and as my elephant was the largest, I directed the mahout to advance cautiously, and ascertain the nature of the swamp. Fancy my delight on hearing from him the words 'jaiga sahib,' this was enough, and in a very few minutes Mr. Pulwan's castle was stormed in right good earnest. The elephants, I observed, got through the nul with difficulty, the swampy ground impeded their progress, added to the depth of water in many places; the cover also was so high, that the whole of the pad elephants were hidden from me. A very good line therefore could not be formed, and in consequence the tiger invariably doubled back, and at times when close pressed, would give us a specimen of his voice; as yet I had not seen him, but to judge from his roar, he must have been the dreadful fellow represented by the gwallas. Six times I had beat through the nul, and each time Mr. Pulwan had doubled back unseen, which disheartened the mahouts, and I thought them getting slack; my scolding them for it, however and one of my mahouts (Mr. Mirza) calling out to the rest, that they would be unworthy of their mothers if they did not turn the tiger out, had the desired effect, and instilled a spirit in them which soon led to my success. For the seventh time the line was formed, but in much better order than the former ones. When the elephants had beat through, I was surprised to find no signs of the tiger. I was convinced that he had not doubled back, but—where had he gone was the question? I was about confounding my bad luck, when one of the gwallas whom I had seated on one of the pad elephants, spied Mr. Pulwan, crouching through some dry grass on the borders of the nul (the tiger measured nearly fourteen feet from snout to tail, and although such an enormous brute, he was crouching through the grass not more than four feet in height, hardly moving a blade of it). The moment the gwalla observed the beast, he called out to me most lustily, which I think caused the tiger to rush out, at the same time giving a roar which staggered some of my pad elephants; but Bowanee Persuad stood as firm as a rock,—perfectly immovable. I had now a beautiful view of my hitherto hidden foe, and his size was beyond anything I had ever seen. The instant he came out of the grass, I had a shot at him, and I heard the mahouts all call out, "laga" "laga" (he is hit, he is hit). I was doubtful in my own mind, but when I saw the beast turn round and attempt to bite his own side I suspected that he must have been struck; but I was soon convinced, for he answered the summons in person, and came open-mouthed at me, roaring and tearing in a manner which I shall not easily forget. My elephant being in advance of the rest, I had to bear the brunt of the charge, and I'll venture to say that no tiger shooter ever saw a more splendid one; my batteries were however too much for him, and though he made three gallant charges, I had the good fortune to stop him each

time, and on the last when he was killed, he was not more than five yards from my elephant's trunk. The death of Mr. Pulwan was soon announced to the gwallas who had collected in numbers at a respectable distance, looking on at the fight; on their approaching the carcass, they all wondered at the size, at the same time with a triumphant grin exclaiming, (as if the dead tiger could understand them) "ah toom jubber Pulwan mela" meaning, "you have now found more than your equal." This tiger without exception was the largest I ever saw, though numbers of them have fallen before me; and the natives also said, they had never seen anything like him. The skin was measured by several gentlemen whom I could name, and the length from snout to tail was what I have before stated. Had this tiger chased with me, or sprung upon my elephant, I would not have answered for the consequence. On my way to the tents I shot several deer as a treat for the mahouts after their hard day's work, and I am of opinion that they well deserved it. The sport of this day was—

One tiger, one deer, and two brace of jungle fowl.

March 16.—Made another halt at Bascea, and devoted the greater part of the day searching for tigers, but had not the good fortune to meet with one, though I had over a large track of country fell in with numbers of deer and jungle fowl, and as I saw no chance of a tiger, I amused myself shooting them. The ground about Bascea is some of the best I have seen for game of all sorts; had I taken the day for fowl shooting, I know not how many brace of them I might have banded. To-morrow, I propose moving on to Nichelaul towards the Serrai beat. Sport of this day—

Six deer, three hares, and five brace of jungle fowl,

March 17.—Proceeded to Nichelaul, and on the march beat a very pretty little nulla, and to my mortification, saw a couple of large tigers escape into the forest from the opposite side to me. In the nulla shooting there ought invariably to be two persons, one on each side of it, which would have prevented the escape of these two tigers. Met with a few spotted deer. Shortly after my arrival at Nichelaul, I was joined by a couple of friends from G—e, with one of whom I had made arrangements for the Serrai shooting. Killed—

Spotted deer,—two.

March 18.—March on to Bowar, in the Nepaul territory, and not far from the first range of hills; on crossing "Sowra Sal" (a large jeel,) we fell in with a flock of wild buffaloes, a male of which stood and appeared as if inclined to charge, but a couple of shots made him scamper off.

Four deer.

March 19.—Broke ground to Bissunpoora, and beat over some very good cover, but found nothing more than hog, and deer. A party had shot over this ground just before us, which accounted for our seeing no tigers. My friend's grey-hounds had some very good runs after the hog—deer, and killed a couple of them; we shot a few of them in

the morning. This forenoon I received unpleasant accounts from D—e, which made me decide on returning home. Without any delay, took leave of my friends and returned to Nichelaul. This day's sport—

“ Four deer.”

March 20.—Moved to Rameetapore, and pitched my tents on the banks of the small Gunduk (a river).

March 21.—Proceeded to Herberooa, a name given to this spot from the immense quantity of jungle all about it; here I learnt that several tigers were not very far from me; in the afternoon I proposed going after them, devoting the early part of the forenoon to shoot deer, and jungle fowl, numbers of which I had seen about here. Started after the tigers at about three p. m. and I found that I had to travel a much greater distance than I had been led to expect, which made it rather late before I reached the ground; however, I succeeded in turning out a couple of tigers from a patch of Rutwa (a kind of grass), killed one of them dead on the spot, the other escaped me, though badly wounded, it became so late that I could not look after him, and as it was, I did not reach my tent till long after dark. The sport of this day was—

One tiger, seven deer, and six-half brace of jungle fowl.

March 22d.—Made a halt at Herberooa for the purpose of having a good search after the wounded tiger, and while I was at breakfast several gwallas came to inform me that they had traced him by his blood, into a thick thornjungle. Making sure of getting him I proceeded, but was disappointed to find the cover so very thick, that the elephants could not penetrate it, and I had the misfortune to have no “Anars” (a native fine work) to turn him out with, and therefore compelled to return. On my way to the tents I was shooting at deer, and jungle fowl, and to my astonishment just as I had discharged my gun, up gets a tiger, and starts right across the country; at this time I was not five hundred yards from my tents, and strange to say the animal ran right through my encampment, close to some camels, and gave my servants a splendid view. The sport of this day—

Four deer, and three-half brace of jungle fowl.

March 23d.—Moved my camp to Semera, and as I was proceeding to my new encampment, came upon a cow which had just been seized by a tiger, she was alive, but both her legs broken, and four large holes in her neck made by the tusks of the tiger. He had taken shelter in some nul close by; unfortunately it proved a desperate swamp, and one of my elephants had a narrow escape in it; however the noise and confusion which this caused brought the tiger out, but at too great a distance from me to get a shot; he adopted the safe precaution of retiring into the forest. My luck I thought was forsaking me all at once, and I nearly gave up myself to despair, but hope bid me persevere. I nearly omitted observing that while I was endeavouring to turn this tiger out, vultures and jackalls came about the unfortunate cow, and began devouring her while she was still alive; I was for

putting her out of her torments by putting a ball through her head, this the gwallas begged me not to do, and at their earnest entreaties I was compelled to leave the cow to her fate. Killed this day—

Two hares, and three brace of black partridge.

March 24th.—Still at Semerd: owing to a heavy north-wester which came on during the night, accompanied with rain, which prevented my moving and also prevented my going out.

March 25th.—Made a move this morning to Peprasea, and on the march killed a fine large tigress:—she wished to prove herself a run customer, but I put a stop at once to the lady giving herself any airs. She had taken up her position on a small island in the bed of a small river, through which the elephant had once gone through without disturbing her, but as it looked a wild little spot, I directed them to go through it again; this roused her, and at a furious pace she rushed through the water, when my battery opened out upon her, which brought her to the scratch, and after a first charge she made at one of the pad elephants, and while she was in the act of turning to get into cover again, I knocked her over. This morning the snowy range of mountains shewed themselves magnificently. This day's return,—

One tigress, and three deer.

March 26th.—Marched to Mudbunnee, and gave all my cattle rest.]

March 27th.—Proceeded to Semerbarree and remained there. As I was given to learn that I should find a tigress in the nul about half a coss off, I moved on to explore the spot, and before I had been long in the nul, one of the mahout's told me that he had seen a couple of tigers pass on before him. We advanced on, and now I got a sight of these tigers; they were a male and female; the former gave me a good deal of trouble, but I killed him at last. The tigress was killed while she was in the act of boning one of the elephants by the leg. She was a beautiful creature, and her skin is a prize. Half the nul had now been beaten, the remaining half still remained to be explored, and once again, on we moved. A third tiger was now spied out, and I caught him crouching and endeavouring to get back through the line of elephants: this was an opportunity not to be lost and with a couple of shots I finished his career. I concluded now my sport was at an end, and I was about returning to my tents, when Mirza (the mahout) who has his eyes always about him, calls out, "Sir, Sir, here is another!" The more the better, says I, for I knew my elephant so well, that had there been ten tigers I would have faced them; but this fourth tiger though last, was not the least; the beast took to bush fighting, a mode of warfare not the most enviable, and which the mahouts have a particular aversion to, as they are well aware that the tiger will seize everything that comes near him; this is the time when they all club together, and hesitate to advance. As this was to conclude my shooting for this season, I did not hesitate in risking my elephant a little more, and therefore bid the mahout to perform the task of turning him out, which he did in admi-

able style, and with his large white tusks throwing the bushes about from right to left, soon brought our friend out, and he having no alternative now left but that of charging, he did so, announcing the same with a roar, and at that moment down he fell perfectly lifeless; my ball had passed right through his brain. In a jeel close to this I observed some wild buffaloes, and one of them I killed. This closed my shooting for this year, and though I was obliged to return at a much earlier period than I had intended, yet I felt partially satisfied at the success I had met with. I had offered bets upon thirty tigers had I remained out the two months, and I feel convinced that I should have got them, as the season was one of the best I have seen for tiger shooting, and from there having been no rain, the jungle was well burnt. During the time I was out, I saw eighteen tigers; thirteen of them I killed, one escaped wounded, and four got away altogether. It has been a source of much satisfaction to me that not one of my elephants had been in the least cut up, and they returned in the same state in which I took them; I attribute this solely to my never firing till I was certain of my shot; and secondly, to my having been mounted on an elephant who would have faced the devil himself. I was alone, and therefore more cautious than I should have been had another been with me.

Killed this day four tigers, and one wild buffalo.

March 28.—Proceeded to Beetsa; cleaned and packed up my guns, and in the evening made another march to Tewœree Prettee, dined here, and at nine o'clock got on my horse and started for Burgang, where I had a dāk awaiting me. I was the whole night in reaching this place, and my servants were not up till eleven o'clock the following morning; however, that did not incommode me, as Baboo Chuttur-darree had a sumptuous breakfast prepared for me. Left this a little before sunset, and arrived at Chuppra the following morning, where I passed a day; in the evening continued my journey and reached D——e, safe and as sound as when I left it.

Now Mr. Editor should you find room in your next number for this account, and think it will add to your Magazine, inserting it will oblige

A YOUNG SPORTSMAN.

N. B. The number of days actually occupied in shooting, was nineteen.

ON THE USE OF MARES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In my letter addressed to my friend O. K., I omitted to notice a great objection to the use of mares for saddle, which I think he underrates when he says he has ridden mares constantly in company with entire horses, without the slightest inconvenience to himself or his companion; and that he considers the objection to be grounded on prejudice. I do not; for I have occasionally experienced, and frequently observed, great inconvenience from this—but nothing in comparison with the inconvenience, and indeed the danger, to be apprehended from loose horses; and which forms the greatest objection to the use of mares for saddle. To be chased by a loose horse is bad enough; but only suppose him to have succeeded in catching you Mr. Editor, and that like the Man of Spain in the old song*.

‘ Without saying by your leave,
He made the number three.’

Fancy the *funny fellow*, laying hold of you by the back, and *tickling you* with his teeth, while with his fore feet he was beating a nice *titivating tattoo* on your ribs. He would soon make you call out ‘soft’s your horn but hard’s your hoof,’ as the Irishman said to the donkey, while he might say in reply, ‘Everybody look out for himself,’ as the donkey said, when he was dancing among the chickens.

Now, Mr. Editor, to shew you that my objection is grounded on fact, and not on prejudice, I will tell you a story. The occurrence took place nearly twenty years ago, but I can never forget it, nor I am sure will any other person that witnessed it; and as ‘all’s well that ends well,’ there can be no harm in enjoying a laugh at it now, which I cannot help doing every time I think of it,—so here goes!!

There was a grey mare, which like O. K.’s favorite ‘Phenomena,’ was bred by the late Major Fraser, she was foaled in 1809, and was got by the Arab ‘Aboobeker,’ out of the Arabian mare ‘Wahabee.’ She won under the name of ‘Young Wahabee,’ a silver cup, at the Hadjeypore Meeting in 1811, and was afterwards purchased in Calcutta, in 1813, for a thousand rupees, by a Mr. T., a gentleman rather fond of having good horses, though not addicted to sports of the turf or field. The next morning he appeared on the race course, mounted on his new mare and taking as usual a *smart constitutional canter*, apparently very well pleased with his bargain. In those days, matters

* A very humorous song, found among Horne Tooke’s papers after his death; and which used to be exquisitely sung, by the “rather handsome, sparkling eyed, lively-looking Military Gentleman” so well described in the excellent “Thespian Reminiscences,” in your April number; and those that enjoyed the treat of hearing him sing it, or the still greater one of seeing him act Looney MacTwolter, will not easily forget either the one or the other.

were not so well managed, in some respects, as now, though pleasant, very pleasant days they were; for the common place for breaking in horses to harness, was close to the winning post; Mr. T. was passing it (and the following remarks too were *passing*, among the sportsmen there assembled, it being the training season, 'Nice mare that of T.'s. Where can he have got her?' 'Looks like a goer, and is one too, or I'm mistaken!') when all at once, the cry of 'Loose horse!' (so awful to a man on a mare) and 'Take care of yourself, T.,' he "is after you," reached his ears. He looked behind him only once, and that was quite enough to convince him of the urgent necessity of speedy flight; for, sore enough, there was the savage brute pursuing him open mouthed, and roaring like a lion. The word 'off,' was not required. Away went T. at a pace to which either Mazzapa's or John Gilpin's was all nonsense! Even 'Honest Tam O'Shanter.'

"Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg,

A better never lifted leg"

fled not so fast from the witches, when 'Kutty Sark' decked his mare so neatly for him; and at first, people thought that, like poor Meg, T.'s mare would leave behind 'her ain grey tail' too, to say nothing of her rider, who was not expected, to be 'brought off' hale, like 'Heroic Tam;' but she was *not to be had* so easy and T. made such determined play on her, that every one, reckoning him quite safe, enjoyed the joke; and that true sportsman and 'prince of good fellows,' old T—v—s, offered to bet three to two, as they neared the winning post, that the horse would never catch them. 'Done!' says another very old sportsman, 'for if the horse gets past us, without being caught himself, the weight (eleven stone at least) must tell in the second round;' and the horse did get past too, notwithstanding various, but perhaps not very zealous, attempts to catch him. It was rare fun. Away went T. again, roaring out 'stop him! stop him!' and he soon looked so like a winner, that the odds rose to two to one on him, and were justified by the event; for in the second round, he fairly distanced the horse, and pulled up at the winning post pale as death, and not able to speak from fright or exertion, I don't know which, but probably a little of both. He soon recovered his speech however, on being accosted by T—v—s with, a low bow, and thanks for winning his bet for him, (a mere trifle of course) and was giving him a bit of his mind about betting on what was no joke at all, when T—v—s cut him short, by asking him if he would sell the mare, adding that he wanted to make more money by her. 'I bought her yesterday for a thousand r pees,' said T. and you are welcome to her for that sum.' 'Done!' said T—v—s, 'she is mine.' 'With all my heart,' said the other 'I wish you success with her; and I give you free leave to make as many bets about n as you like, if you ever catch me riding a mare again.'

Old T—v—s did not repent his bargain; for the mare proved on trial to be very fast though, like many of the speedy ones, she was very hot and impetuous, and for this reason he gave her the name of 'Fizgig.' Her first race was at the Barrackpore meeting, in Decem-

ber 1813, for a plate of fifty gold mohurs, once round the course, heats, carrying seven stone eight pound and ridden by Jack Barnett, (his first race in India) against the Arab 'Seaaggy,' four years old, seven stone eleven pound, ridden by Culloo (then a very good native jockey); and 'Tarantula,' (Master Edward's dam) five years old, eight stone five pound, ridden by *Patch's Gentleman Jock*, who, according to orders, made Fizzig run away, and went along with her with Tarantula's head close to her saddle at a regular killing pace, till they had run nearly a mile and a quarter, when Fizzig shut up, and the Arab was fully a distance behind. Tarantula's owner had told her rider never to mind the Arab, as he would never come near the mares, but he was obliged to take a pull at her, for she was much distressed, and her condition was so bad, that she could not recover herself, before the Arab came up, made strong running, and won. For the second heat, Fizzig was drawn; the Arab made severe play, and Tarantula a waiting race; she was about a length behind, and had the best of it, as they came near the distance post, and her jockey was giving her a small pull, to save her for the rush, when her owner, who was unfortunately there, became impatient, and called out to him to flog. He did so, and she swerved so much, that he was obliged to give over and pull at her, and by this lost four or five lengths; but on setting to again at her, with the "Latchford's" and a good *hustle*, her great spied brought her up to be beat by less than a neck, and she passed the Arab in the next stride. Either of the mares could have beaten him, had they not run one another almost to death, particularly, as they were both short of work, for Fizzig, a fortnight after, at the Calcutta meeting, ridden by Mansfield, beat him, ridden by Barnett, in a match, two miles carrying eight stone four pound each, and he never could put her out, though his subsequent running proved him to be a very speedy horse. The next day poor Fizzig broke down, in running a match against an Arab, named 'Smiling Jack,' She never started again, being purchased for a brood mare; and some years after, she and a colt at her foot, (the only foal she ever had) died of glanders.

If, after this, Mr. Editor, any of your readers will ride mares where there is a probability of meeting loose horses, they may have cause to remember Mr. T.'s gallop *on compulsion*; and as they may not be mounted on so good a one as Fizzig, they may not make so good a finish. So, with this for my moral, I finish my letter, concluding with the impressive words of the poet whom I have already quoted

"Remember Tam O'Shanter's Mare."

I remain, your's very faithfully,

July 1, 1833.

PICKLE.

ON THE DISEASES OF HORSES.

No. I.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—A man's happiness consists as much in expectation as in the enjoyment; and as writers of old date urged many things in elucidating the fact, I shall proceed by first telling you, my good Sir, that I am emancipated from slavery, and at the present moment, as happy and merry as a cricket. — 'That life without employment can never bring happiness' we all admit.—What shall be done is the question? By the by, the *Shikaree Bat Chit*—I must indulge the fancy and read it again. *A most capital suggestion indeed, Mr. Nam East*;—do you really require a liberal supply of forage for the dear Maga? * How is it possible to *refuse you a feed of outs*? The pen is willing, although nearly stumped up, and should it not break down, the mind will be pleasingly engaged in furnishing half a page for the next number.

A reference to a *Memo.* book enables me to give some account of an epidemic disease that prevailed in the rainy season of 1828. I shall make no apology to your sporting subscribers in omitting to introduce the subject out of its 'MEDICAL DRESS,' thinking plain matter of fact, without long winded technicalities, to be more pleasing to the general reader. The exciting cause of all epidemics is generally involved in obscurity, but it is the fashion to ascribe it to some atmospheric change, in respect to temperature and elasticity. — 'So let it be,' for I am unwilling to enter into any wild theoretical speculations on the subject, but will proceed to detail the symptoms, and the mode of treatment found successful.

Picture to your mind, Mr. Editor, the disappointment, pain, and almost disgust, on finding some fine morning four or five valuable maidens attacked with this distressing disease.—Your horses were in training,—you had begun *to go the pace*—the stop watch returned with Messrs. Hamilton and Co.'s compliments as '*perfect in every respect*,'—'a Sir Launcelot Gobble,' with his second heat of three minutes and fifty-four seconds—was before your bright imagination;—you had applied the flattering unction to your soul *that two of the greys* were equal to a Pyramus, a Barefoot, Goblin Grey and a Clem, with many other stars of celebrity, yet a visit to the stable this morning destroyed all those fanciful visions of 'first and first.'

On placing your hand gently on the throat you find the glands swollen and tender, causing pain on the softest pressure; also a short painful

* Your friend O. K., told me the other day 'I cannot expect to have fine colts if they don't get a bellyful.' On the same principle Maga will be stunted in its growth without forage.

cough. The vessels lining the membranes of the nose and eyes, are filled with blood; saliva flows rapidly from the mouth; the tongue is *white*; legs and ears inclined to be cold, the pulse full and quick, respiration quickened. The horse stands crouching generally in one place with his nose nearly in a straight line with the throat; bowels costive.

He is a valuable nag, and you may have him heavily engaged. 'What is to be done?' *Dick L.* gave him a brushing gallop only yesterday morning, and last night, when he was done up, he appeared *'quite fit.'* All this is sadly melancholy. Mr. Editor. 'Yes,' may be your reply, 'but something must be done by G—d, or my horse will kick to a certainty.'—Well, then avail yourself of the service of a *'regular V. S.,'* but in the absence of such assistance, proceed at once to bleed on both sides of the neck at the same time, or, at all events, let the orifice on one side be large; abstract blood quickly, for the faster it is withdrawn the better, to the extent of four, five or seven quarts according to the condition of the horse and urgency of the symptoms. Then rub in a good strong liquid blister on the swollen glands and length of the windpipe; if it does not rise in a couple of hours, repeat it every hour, until a viscid effect is produced: fomentations to the legs should not be omitted, but immediately each leg is taken out of the bucket, let it be rubbed quite dry, and loosely bandaged with flannel, put on also a flannel hood piece, taking care it does not hurt the blistered throat. Should the horse be costive (which is generally the case,) let a glyster of warm water and castor oil be administered two or three times in the course of the day, not oftener, as it may make the horse very uneasy. In this disease, the blister is the only. I may safely add, the principal thing to be attended to, for until it takes effect, the animal can scarcely swallow, therefore drenching or giving balls will only increase irritation. You must, in fact, wait until the soreness of the throat in some measure subsides, before you can judiciously introduce medicine. Immediately the horse can swallow, I would recommend the following ball to be given every four hours, until the bowels are moderately relaxed when the aloes may be discontinued, but the other ingredients can be repeated according to circumstances:—

Produced camphor.....	1 drachm.
———— Nitre.....	1½ do.
Emetic Tartar.....	1 do.
Digitalis.....	1 scruple.
Aloes.....	1 drachm.

Honey—sufficient to form the ball.

In a few days, probably, there will be a copious discharge from both nostrils; this may be considered favourable and should be encouraged by steaming the head, &c with hot bran mashes, and hay tea. The horse at this period of the disease may be allowed scalded oats and gruel, with an occasional small dose of aloes to keep the bowels regular, but a little fresh lucerne grass or carrots would be more desira-

ble, as either would obviate the necessity of giving aloe. In the absence of all unfavourable symptoms, it is advisable to repeat the blisters two or three times, or you may, when thinking yourself lucky in saving the horse, find (on putting him into work) that he has become "a rank rover."

Attention however to the bowels with gentle exercise, care, and good grooming, will do the rest without any further assistance of a vet., who, I trust, if he has been called in, will not receive 'half forfeit' when entitled to P. P. *Comprenez vous!*

Yours, my dear Editor, very faithfully,

July 1833

VISTA

STEEPLE CHASES AND STEEPLE RACES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Don't think from the familiarity of my address to your honour, that I'm a going to coax you into giving my yarn a place in your book. No! no!—I call you 'dear' in your public capacity, as I would a promising looking pup, or a good pair of spurs, just because you're a sporting thing,—an article of the right sort: and to speak candidly, I don't much care to be *personally acquainted* with your worship, for, if I may guess from the style in which some of your riot-running correspondents get *notice* to 'Hark! you are, in verity, no other than the grim bum-brusher of the Calcutta 'cry,'—in physiognomy and occupation akin to 'Old Scratch,' nevertheless, I was the other day indebted to your quick eye at discerning a good thing, for some account of the old Calcutta pack, in an excellent article (Shikaree Bat Chit) in your number for May, and was happy to find from the description of the Ryepore day (notwithstanding the 'growl' of 'no sport this year' which is heard in the Mofussil) that good uns of all sorts still rattle across the gardens of the presidency. Long may they live to go the pace and be young! About a year back I was a young man in Calcutta, who am now an old one in the Mofussil: it may seem quick work, but the necessary '*prop of life*' being wanted, how is a body to keep his body up? 'tis *impossible*!—Well, I take it, the pack have ere this been permanently kenneled for 1832-33, and the nags and fils, 'big-uns' and 'little-uns,' have for some time been daily peeping out of their boxes about four A. M., anticipating a little 'variety' over the D. D. country for air and exercise; and as I see in your number for May, that the very sporting races run in June and July 1832, are to be followed up this year over the same country, some short account of the by-gone sport (such as the names and places of distinguished nags in the different races, with the time, &c. of each race) may perhaps, even at this late period, not be thought altogether uninteresting. So,

since none of your well mounted scribes think proper to face the poser, if you will kindly 'stand on *one* side, sir, and let me come at it,' I'll endeavour to make up for lost time and a slow coach, by rambling along straight and sticking at nothing but the naked.

STEEPLE CHASES IN 1832.

The Steeple Chases in June and July 1832, were acknowledged by all who witnessed them as 'Excellent! and far superior to any thing of the kind they had before seen in the country.' They were turned out from (where many good sporting things do turn out) the buildings, by a party of choice spirits who got up among themselves a four mile sweep-stakes 'cross country,' and appointed Mr. B. of Dum Dum to select the 'line.' On the day previous to the first race, the 'parties concerned' rode over the ground, just to see how they liked it; and it was pretty generally admitted to be 'quite good enough' for the secondary sort of cattle for which it was intended; some thought it rather 'too good;' and one gentleman, '*concerned*,' while craning into a tolerable ditch, rather more easy of ingress than egress, feelingly exclaimed 'I shall most decidedly request my Consumah to be here in attendance with breakfast.'

No alterations were however made, with the exception of one ditch omitted; having been unanimously voted a 'veritable sneezer' and positively 'no go.' The distance was supposed to be about three miles, in which twenty eight jumps having been counted, and the ground somewhat heavy from rain, the fourth mile was now thought quite superfluous: the course was, however, after the second race, accurately measured with a chain, as straight as the best nag could go, and found to be exactly *two miles and a half and one furlong*.

But in order to give your sporting readers 'a idea' of the work done, it will be necessary to give them also a slight view of the country; there is nothing like ocular demonstration; so they must come along with me to the old Indigo Factory on the banks of the Goripore nullah (is it not, my dear Mr. Editor?) about two or three miles east of the tanks on the Dum-Dum range, rather a varmint looking start; and here we have a 'Blue ruin' starting post, perfectly agreeing with the blue coats, blue-faces, and blue-devils around it. Here many a fretting nag has pawed and sweated out his little hour of suspense, and here many a candidate for purls and promotion has, by arranging and re-arranging his tackle, 'funk'd out' the interim previous to the all awful and sublime moment. 'Are you all ready gentlemen? — off!' Now *sich* as can go with my staring gelding, what walks over any thing like a camel on stilts, follow me, and *sich* as can't, may, by riding along parallel, see all, without in the slightest degree discomposing their centres of oscillation; as many a 'Sneaking Snob' sees a jackall killed without leaping 'more than is necessary,' when half the field, scorning the narrow crooked ways

and 'safety valves,' have been for the best part of an hour swinging along the broad road which ultimately leadeth to the destruction of the beast. 'Tis pity! yet, 'young men must live,' so we, steering our course the way of all flesh, cross a glorious piece of turf for about three furlongs, and being well in hand and snugly seated in the skin, are ready for No. 1 grass ditch, thirteen feet,—and, over we are, no mistake! Now for two little-uns! and before you can count one, two,—they are past; but hold him now, sir, and drop him easy into the dry bed of the nullah; dash through the water, twenty yards, knee deep, with a strong pull, spoil your tops, and scramble up the opposite bank for a good place, which, if others don't much intrude, you had better keep across a plain of three quarters of a mile, taking four small jumps in your way. Now comes the tug of tits, and you are not quite half way, so keep your peepers abroad and see who's who. A moderate pull will do no harm; get you quietly into the garden and prepare you for the gallows-looking drop that awaits your exit from this part of the world:—down it you go!—and here you are in the lane, called 'Latchford and Crowther,' while fifteen yards before you stands a 'go in' of six foot defiance; Cruel Oyster!—push at it at once and surmount the difficulty by a severe application of every 'harley corn' you have got, and ten to one you're first, second, or third.—And now you are half way home, and let nothing stop you in your bold career.

Another good come out, and nearly a blind one too! a blank ticket for some chap in that lottery! and now, sir, a sharp pull at right angles to the left; 'push him hard at it,' and fly the ditch and banks of 'bivouac,' making a handsome clear of fifteen feet.

Breakfast not ready!—Mr. C——d not at home, sir! so sharp again to the right, and if you come cleverly over this rather 'a nasty looking bank and ditch,' which makes six good-uns in the last quarter, you are entitled to a little *consideration* for the next half mile, provided you take one 'in' and 'out' of moderate pretensions in your way. You're piping a little I guess, but at it again you must; here is 'bamboo corner;' swing him round it, sir! and rattle along a line of gardens 1—2—3 jumps, and behold an oyster gaping for you!—a wet fourteen footer, just to finish and cool you!—handsomely done, however, my tulip! out of the gardens to the side, now cross the hollow, and pull him strong and straight to the 'go-in' on your left:—have a care!—one bolt and you're done!—And now, my lad, every second from this has its relative golden value in the geometrical progression (hollo! what ship's that?), 1, 10, 100, &c.;—steam him along if you love me! a short half mile with only five nice ones, and two hundred yards for the whip, will bring you slap in between the flags of victory: the banners of the fight waving over your head; a silver cup with fifty gilders at the bottom hissing with cognac and soda; thousands and ten thousands of congratulations, with the glorious privilege of talking just fifteen times as fast as you're riding.

SECOND RACE, 26TH JUNE 1892.

A Silver Cup for all horses.

Eight started. English, Arab, and Country.

Mr. A——'s bay E. M. 'Lavender'..... 1 Owner.

Mr. G——'s chequid E. M. 'Felicity'..... 2 Mr. B.

Mr. ——'s dun c. H. 'Radical'..... 3 Mr. R.

Mr. ——'s black E. G. 'Othello,' Mr. W. came in *first* but was distanced, having gone outside one of the flags,

Time—eight minutes and thirty seconds.

There is the 'first flight,' a most magnificent race. The four placed above, rating it the whole way well together until the last half quarter, when *Othello*, and *Lavender* got away a few lengths and came in nearly neck and neck.

Café au lait and *High Flyer*, country breeds and two Arabs, were, we believe, the other four not here placed.

And here we are, gentlemen, at last, thank G—d! close to the ditch on the right of the range opposite the tanks, and some of our friends who have ventured to follow my gelding from the old factory, have by this time got their 'bellies full,' I take it.

FIRST RACE, JUNE 1892.

Bolton Sweepstakes.

Mr. ——'s dun c. H. 'Radical'..... 1 Mr. R.

Mr. A——'s dun c. H. 'Café au lait'... 2 Owner.

Time—twelve minutes and thirty seconds.

Nine nags started, country very heavy: some good 'headers': one collar bone dislocated (Mr. T.'s) at the 'drop' into 'Latchford Lane,' a very near thing between the two posted above: Much cunning and skill displayed by Mr. R. throughout; but particularly where it was most wanted.

THIRD RACE.

Sweepstakes for all horses: English to be weighted by handicap: Arabs and Country, catch weights, or, country breeds, I believe, carried ten stone seven pound.

Eight, or, nine started but we only remember the following, and that *Othello* did not come to the 'post.' *Lavender* who is about a hand higher than *Felicity* gave about two stone I think.

Mr. A——'s bay E. M. 'Lavender'..... 1 Owner.

Mr. G——'s chesnut E. M. 'Felicity'..... 2 Mr. B.

Time—eight minutes.

This was the quickest thing of the whole, being at the rate of upwards of nineteen and half miles the hour. *Felicity* was unfortunately jostled by some spectators when only a quarter of a mile from home, and was then leading by about hundred yards nearly: had not this accident occurred, she would most decidedly have won. We think nothing, however, could have been more sportingly liberal than Mr. A——'s offer "to run it over again;" the race which he had fairly won to go for nothing.

FOURTH RACE.

Sweepstakes for all Arabs.

Six or seven started but we only remember the following.

Mr. G——'s grey 'Cupid'	1	Owner
Mr.——'s chesnut 'Kangaroo'	2	Mr. M.
Mr. S.——'s grey Sky-blue;	3	Mr. B.

Time—ten minutes and thirty seconds.

Some terrible 'headers' in this race; and we believe it was in this, that our late and lamented *bruiser* Dr. G. so distinguished himself on 'cruel oyster's' taking his quiet seven, eight or nine purls, and ultimately leaving the oyster about half way with his 'toes turned up' at the bottom of a ditch. *Cupid* won this race by surmounting the 'go-in' at 'Letchford Lane' a winning time before another 'little un' could conquer the difficulty; and although he became well acquainted with the bottom of the wet ditch something more than half a mile from home, he had it all his own way to the winning flags; *Kangaroo* and *Sky-blue* rating it will together to the last.

FIFTH RACE, 28TH JULY 1832.

Sweepstakes for all horses; (English excepted.)

Five came to the post, but we can only post two:—

Mr. S——'s grey Arab 'Sky-blue'..	1	Mr. B.
Mr.——'s dun c. H. 'Radical' . . .	2	Mr. R.

Time not taken.

Country nearly knee deep; but *Sky blue's* bottom helped him well out of it.

Upon the whole, and on each, we may assert, that the pace was perfect; and the ups and downs so mixed in it, that *Nimrod* might stand up and say to all the world, *this was a race!*

My dear Timkins.—'Here's something for your Magazine!!!' do just what you like with it, and by pleasing yourself, please me; only I beg you to remember that in thus coming suddenly to the 'scratch,' I am exactly in the same predicament as an 'old buggy tit' taken out at the stand and brought to the 'Post,' and must be expected to 'stumble' and 'go queer' a few; so, as you're a gentleman don't push us too hard you know, and have some consideration for an old tit in

Mofussil, July 12, 1833.

OLD BOOT.

P. S. And now just a word at parting my "good jockey"—that Dum-Dum 'line' is not half good enough for first rates: it was never intended for them: *Lavender, Othello, Felicity, Radical* and others never got a single 'Grasser;' let them take another sweep when such gluttons are going to breakfast, which will lengthen the course to about four mile and give them a sixteen, seven teen, or eighteen foot oyster or two to fill their bellies, and if such mouth-fulls should be found rather 'Choking' 'Coughing,' or 'Sneezing' no matter, there are plenty who will be proud to go at it, and that's all that's wanted.

OLD TIMES FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH A TIGER.

• DEAR EDITOR,—I have naturally an antipathy to the quill, and seldom, very seldom, use it on my own account, but I look upon your undertaking of so praiseworthy and entertaining a nature, I cannot resist the desire of contributing my mite, though I much doubt whether you will consider it worth the trouble of insertion in your, I trust, flourishing Magazine. I am not one though, so over anxious of 'seeing myself in print,' as to wish you to send to the press what your taste condemns; if such prove the case then with this, just stuff it in your oblivion box, and say not a word about it. I was always anxious to be a sportsman, from the time I recollect catching 'Sprinkle backs' in the horse pond, with a worm on the end of a rush, to the time I trolled for 'Marsere' with the glittering minnow near the source of the Jumna; from the time, when a little bare-headed, aye, often bare footed urchin, (as they took off my shoes to keep me in the house) I trudged after the D—— harriers without tasting aught for a whole day, till the time I faced the H——shire country, after Villebois' 'good morn' on as good a bit of stuff as ever left the sister country; from the time I shot sparrows, and poor old Tom the coachman, at the barn door, 'till I dropped the royal tiger in the wild 'Teraie' of the Nepaul mountains. I have had some hair breadth escapes 'by flood and field,' Mr. Editor, and as a proof, I herewith offer you my first acquaintance with a tiger.

In the month of March 18, —I obtained leave on an excursion to the Teraie, Hurdwar, and the Dhoon, accompanied by my friends G. and E.; towards the close of April we reached the end of the valley, at a place called Rajeghaut, where we found two other acquaintances, on 'equal ends intent.' Our amusement now lay in fishing, and while the others chose the trolling of the deep and rapid Jumna, K and myself bent our steps towards the purling waters of the clear Arsin, to try the speckled trout with the long untouched, but still remembered fly, dear to the memory of our school-boy days. As we proceeded, reminiscences of those days became the subject of our conversation, so that, when we separated, he down, and I up the stream, to cast the deadly tempter to the spangled tribe, I found my thoughts wandering to 'youth and home and that sweet time.' I continued thus casting and moving alternately till roused from my dream by the snapping of my fishing rod top amidst the surrounding jungle; I looked around, and I found the said jungle much too near and too thick to be pleasant. I therefore sought a shallow, and giving my broken rod to the servant to unsizen, I proceeded with a second. I crossed the river, and commenced my return accompanied by my dog Pincher. Here let me pause, while I call to my remembrance that Pincher; he was a dog worth his weight in gold, Mr. Editor; his manifold good qualities were the admiration of all who knew him, many of whom will recognise him here —pointer, set-

ter, hound, retriever, watch dog, *cum multis aliis*, as well as terrier, of which breed he came. As to his master, he loved him with love 'surpassing that of woman,' and strange to say, he never even cared for the caress of another. He came into my possession in a most romantic fashion, which I may some day narrate, if you give me encouragement;—'*mais allons*'—I proceeded on the edge of the stream about fifty yards in search of a likely spot, when a roar, such as ne'er before had reached my ear, sent the blood curdling to my heart, and the crash, crash, of the reeds, told me the giver was not ten paces from me as he dashed towards the spot where I stood, just seeing enough to mark him out the 'terrific monster of the woods.' The blood, I said, had curdled to my heart, and there I stood,—the fishing rod thrust forward, as if to stay the progress of the beast, my eyes nigh starting from the sockets, and my mind a chaos. He paused, strange to say, he paused, and that pause saved my life, for the blood reflowed, instinct acted, and dropping from the bank, I struck out with the energy of dread across the river. On reaching the shore, I looked behind, expecting to see the monster follow; but all was still; I then bethought me of my dog, his absence told at once his fate, and my deliverer. Fearful as a dog generally is of a tiger, poor Pincher's affection got the better of that fear, and he boldly met the coming foe; this caused the pause; one gripe however, and my favorite's head was crushed like the rind of a pomegranate, and there the brute left him. Checked in his spring, he vented his rage on the dog, and turning to the left, stole away through the jungle, passing near to where K. was fishing. My servant got the body of his victim, and seldom have I felt a bitterer pang than when I looked upon his crushed head and still countenance, looking defiance alone even in death. Any one visiting Rajeghaut, may find his grave beneath a large peepul tree, with an inscription cut above it to commemorate his fate. I felt, Mr. Editor, as I left that lonely spot, as if I parted from a friend for ever; and truly he was a friend to me; could you blame me then, if, when the Khallassee said that all was finished, the big tear stood so plain upon my cheek, I could not turn to bid him go?

The above incident will be remembered by some still living, others of the party have gone to 'that bourne from whence no traveller returns,' and one of them, I grieve to say, from the effects of a fever caught a few years afterwards at the very place alluded to, than whom a finer fellow never trod the path to honour, or to pleasure. Thou art gone G. ! nor would any eulogium from my pen do sufficient honour to thy memory; but for kindness of heart, amiability of disposition, honorable feeling and goodness of fellowship, 'I ne'er' hope to look 'upon thy like again.'

THE RIFLE

Well, Mr. Editor, the clouds have at length gathered themselves together, and the rain has fallen, and many a blue devil released from thralldom by the removal of the taffies, wends his way to join the croaking myriads in the *smiling* paddy fields of Bengal. Since you were kind enough to state that you would be obliged by any further communications from me, (I hope you are not satirically inclined?) I again yield to my scribbling propensities, and will offer a few remarks on a letter which appeared in your May number, bearing the signature of *Rapnolde Grenelcfe*. This gentleman attacks with vehement zeal, the opinions advanced by another of your correspondents on the use and construction of the rifle, and appears to anticipate an easy victory. The result however remains to be proved:—in the mean time I will endeavour to expose some of his fallacious positions, both from the little knowledge I have myself obtained from experience, and aided also by whatever wrinkles I have gained from other people. In the first place I will not venture to descant technically on the most approved method of rifle boring, as I know little about it; but it strikes me that Mr. *Rapnolde Grenelcfe* wishes to prove that 'Rifle' must be wrong *because* he prefers a carbine bore. For, says he, (or at least it appears to be the drift of his argument) 'you must allow that the Americans are the best rifle men in the world, and *they* always shoot with a piece, carrying balls of sixty or eighty or even a hundred balls to the pound; *therefore*, all your ideas on the subject must be preposterously wrong.'

Now we all know that the American rifles are good, very good, superb, magnifique, in short, the first tools in the world; their accuracy most wonderful, particularly at a long shot with an American behind them. Nothing has a chance with them! 'Tis 'Hurricane' against a field of Kranchie tats;—one hundred to one! and no takers! And as for the American riflemen;—we have heard of many riflemen, of the Tyrolese riflemen, and the riflemen of Ceylon; but the American,—*inshallah!* is the grandfather of riflemen! There is the country where you may see something like shooting,*—where a man 'kills one hundred and nine woodcocks out of one hundred and eleven shots, in heavy cover before the leaf had fallen'; who never 'wing-tips his game' but accommodates with the whole charge in the body. The historian proceeds to say, 'this must be wonderful shooting indeed,' and we echo submissively, 'wonderful indeed!' There is the country for the destruction of the panther, and the annihilation of the stag; where ounce balls are derided, and marrow fat pease are your only! There, lead is not wasted, and skins are not mangled by an useless expenditure of balls; for the scowling panther and the larking squirrel, the towering

* Vide *New Sporting Magazine* for June, 1832, or *American Sporting Magazine* for March.

eagle and the fatiguing sand lark, equally succumb to the magic influence of the hundredth part of a pound of lead.

'They await alike the irrevocable doom,'—but, as I said before, the American is the grand father of riflemen, and his lead is always deposited in the right place! Your correspondent *Greenelee*, (who by the by, seems to be rather *green* by your *leave*,) appears to wax wroth at 'Rifle's' harmless allusion to the *eagle shooting*, and in the language of the ring, attempts to counter nobly by lugging in the story of the gallant Sir Peter Parker and General Ross. Now this is so very conciliating, so considerate, and withal so very *apropos*! But I must add that the murder of these unfortunate officers, is adduced as a proof that the American *can* shoot, as if there was any great difficulty in hitting six feet of flesh and bone, especially when the shooter is happily ensconced behind a tree, and his own precious carcass pretty well shielded from all the accidents of war. A single pellet of No. 9 *might* occasion a man's death by cutting an artery, or penetrating into some other ticklish part of the human frame; therefore, the two instances adduced by *Greenelee* do not give much weight to his argument. Pray can he give us the returns of those wounded by these small American rifles and who ultimately recovered? If he can prove that the majority of the shots fired from the small rifles took effect mortally, then we will grant their singular efficacy, and the correct shooting of their owners. If the path of the argument dwells on the death of the two officers above mentioned, I might as well advance as a *sequitur* that, because the bayonet is a pretty weapon in good hands, and well tried on Bunker's Hill and other places, it is calculated to resist the charge of a wild elephant, or, if your friend likes better, one of his own particular Prairie buffaloes.

Talking of elephants, your correspondent says 'I will engage that a single ball of the latter size (*i.e.* eighty to the pound,) will kill an elephant: and unless sportsmen have some *larger* game in view, I cannot tell what advantage they propose to themselves by carrying about an useless weight of lead.' Mercy on us! he coolly bags an *elephant* and then looks about for *larger* game! What, in the name of conscience would he have *larger*? There is the grand sea serpent to be sure of tolerable dimensions, but perhaps, being a moderate man, he may prefer a morning's diversion amongst the Leviathans or Behemoths! Now the *practicability* of killing an elephant with the eightieth part of a pound of lead I will not deny; for we hear that the Ceylon riflemen can kill them at a single shot (nay, it is rumoured that a certain officer of distinction now in India, floored a brace right and left, as any other common place person would snipe,) and whatever may be the size of their balls, we all know that where a large body can enter, a smaller can follow if it has sufficient strength. That an American, I say, may accomplish such a feat with such a weapon, is certainly possible, but barely probable; and militates against the little experience I have had in these matters. For instance I have lately received a description of a desperate engagement with a wild elephant, and which

was only killed after a fight of two or three hours duration. You Mr. Editor will of course receive information of this, with details, but allow me to observe, for the edification of Mr. *Greene*, that four guns attacked the beast, - that each had at least eight barrels, and that a perpetual fire was kept up within fifty yards, at the very spot deemed in Ceylon so immediately fatal; - that in more than one place the skull was fairly battered in for a diameter of two or three inches, and that two balls were found in the animal's brain, besides those which actually crossed through it, as the orifices testify. Therefore, most honoured Philadelphian, if some fine morning you should be tempted to stroll with your Pea Rifle amongst the haunts of elephants, hoping to pick off a stray *agah*. I beg of you, my dear fellow, not to request the pleasure of my company on such an expedition. For though I place every confidence in the accuracy of your aim, and the strength of your nerve, and esteem you most highly as an enterprising character, and a valuable historian, yet I am afraid that even my friendship (which is most uncommon) for you would not stand such a test. But if, as the author of *Field Sports in the West* quaintly observes, you are 'curious in posthumous renown,' by the beard of your father, let me know when you are going out, that I may give vent to my sorrow by composing an appropriate epitaph! The scribe, it must be unique, and you may rely upon my doing full justice to your manifold virtues. I will describe in glowing colours your praiseworthy ambition, and bring the whole to a conclusion by simply stating that—

He perished a martyr,
to a

PEA RIFLE.

We now come to the American artists in the peculiar sphere of rifle boring, and we readily believe that they are very great in their profession, but the greatest among them, we are told, is Mr. Tryon of Philadelphia, a perfect Phoenix amongst gunmakers. Without wishing to disparage the vast abilities of Mr. Tryon, I must say, that not being very particular, I would as lief *try one* of Smith's, London. I have lately seen a most surpassing rifle by this maker at near perfection as any thing can be, *although it does* carry a jolly comfortable looking bolus of an ounce weight. Your correspondent mentions the shooting matches at turkies' heads, at a distance of hundred and twenty yards, — which must be *famous* sport indeed. This is all very well in the land of liberty, but in our country turkies' heads were not made to be shot at; but since the owner of the Smith's rifle aforesaid, has been known to strike with it a small visiting card, three times out of four at a hundred yards, I think it most probable that he could astonish a turkey's pericranium at one hundred and twenty. I dare say he would be happy to try conclusions with it against any American with a piece carrying balls of eighty or one hundred to the pound. The only fair plan would be, to give to each a certain number of balls, and let the experiment be tried amongst the garrool (or chamis) and bears in the lower

range of the Himalayas: and also in the plain, at tigers and deer with a wild elephant occasionally, as a *bonne bouche*. In the hills the American will have numerous opportunities of trying his skill at a standing shot, for that I presume is his forte. Then, as for shooting in the long grass, I will give the best American rifleman that exists, one hundred of his favorite leaden peas, and will wager a few gold mohurs that he does not bring home three hog deer, certainly not five; or, if he likes better, I will back my old, rusty, fusty, double-barrelled rifle by Mortimer, in my own hands, (although being a most wretched performer) against his diminutive piece in his own fist. For when a person talks of killing panthers and stags, and the 'certainty with which he can strike a vital part,' I conclude he waits for a good opportunity and clear ground, when, by cocking his eye, kneeling down, — with perhaps the advantage of a rest, and including other knacks most in vogue amongst backwoodsmen, it is singular indeed if he does not occasionally kill. A friend of mine has a small pea-rifle, and is no contemptible shot with it, as the squirrels and minas can testify, and who can floor a pariah dog to a decided certainty, when within eighty yards, and when not moving very fast; but he never thinks of taking out this little plaything when after a tiger or any other beast of the field in his native jungles, because, he says, it is not of the slightest use; and if Mr *Grenet* or any other leaf, thinks that such a weapon would be servicable on such an occasion, I take it upon myself to say, that he would find himself most hideously mistaken. The sky is not always bright, or the breeze always fair, as sportsmen in common with other beings have sometimes experienced; and in strong blowing weather, after a ball has traversed a certain distance, the wind must in some degree influence its course. The lighter the ball, I conclude, the more liable it is to be driven to leeward: so that, in this respect, I may safely say that heavier metal is preferable. Again, a small ball, even though fired by a backwoodsman, may graze a bone, which a carbine ball, striking in the same place, would splinter or break, by reason of its surface being larger; thereby either crippling the object fired at, or else disabling him so far as to admit of another shot; and there again the larger bore has the superiority. Will R. G. deny the truth of these positions?—if so, I shall be happy to be corrected by him. Without advocating the cause of those who trust to the 'tearing effect of a shot,' I must say that a person may find himself in such a predicament, that he will not be inclined to throw a chance away;—those gentlemen who killed the elephant the other day, after he had charged once or twice, would not have felt much regret if they had found their guns all carrying four balls, instead of sixteen to the pound.

Before concluding I will recommend your sporting friends never to be cajoled into the belief that the best marksman can make sure of a tiger at one shot: a friend of mine says that he had often heard of tigers receiving several balls in the heart before falling, but never put any faith in the report; ocular demonstration has at length proved to him that such may be the case. He fired at a tiger crossing him at

a distance of hundred and fifty yards, and thought he had missed the brute, as he went on at a gallop; but whilst watching his progress through the grass, he saw him suddenly stop, his hind paw flourishing in the air for a second,—and before he got to the spot, the animal was dead; on dissection, the ball was found to have gone through his heart, so that his teeth, and claws might still have done considerable damage, before death had rendered them innocuous. I, on one occasion, struck a hog deer which went away apparently unconcerned, but fell dead, after going about one hundred yards, and it was afterwards ascertained that part of his heart had been carried away.

I must now address a valedictory admonition to *Mr. Raynolds Grenelle*. My most worthy, transmarine, friend;—although it is highly probable that you are a very correct sportsman, in your own line, and able to go *best paces* in your own country, (*i. e.* in the backwoods,) yet when you come into elephant ground, with your pea rifle, you are quite out of your element, and only expose your own ignorance and distress your readers. Pray, therefore, stick to your panthers, stags, and turkeys' head, or give us some description of your North American sports. I, for one, am sure to be instructed, and hope to be amused. I have many more compliments ready at the end of my pen, but will retain them for a future opportunity, as I am anxious to spare your blushes, and save myself, if possible, from the imputation of being a twaddler.

Western Provinces, July 15.

PILGRIM.

P. S. ERRATA IN THE LAST NUMBER.—For *visible* muscles, read *risible*—for seriously, read *Seriously*—for though it is rather *lucy* to repeat an attempt at wit, yet I am determined not to be *Bucked* in this shameful way. The only excuse you can offer is, that being a matter of fact man, you conceived I had erred in orthography. It so, the alteration was kind in you,—but death to me.

PIG STICKING.

‘Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than see the Doctor for a nauseous draught.’

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—The sun was just rising above the trees, as my greyhounds, after a pretty long course, nabbed the cunning rogue who had led them so many sly turns, and were now repaying him in his own coin, by turning him about as *they* chose. Having jumped from my mare to pat the dogs for their good behaviour, I next took the relics of unfortunate Reynard from their clutches, when, as I beheld him dangling by the brush, I could not help contrasting this melancholy sort of ‘Whooboo,’ with those of the right sort, which I had so lately heard with the Calcutta Hounds. Even my old English

mare looked as if she was but half pleased. As I stood in this humour, leaning on the saddle with my right arm, my thoughts involuntarily strayed back and pictured the gay scene which generally takes place at 'the death,' after 'a good thing,' of twenty-five or thirty minutes, over a good stiff country. That's the time to see men really happy; the most sulky fellow in the world can't look otherwise then, even if he tried it. Every one *present* is pleased both with himself and his horse; and has always something to say in praise of the latter, on which account there are generally more talkers than listeners. 'Did you see my horse go over the nullah?' 'Yes; yes, but did you see my grey come through the gardens?' 'The sweetest nag I ever rode. I am so glad B. did not take him at my price.' 'The old bay goes just like a cat among those blind ditches,—never makes a mistake.' But what says our friend in the green coat, and brown inexpressibles, about that fearing beast he rides with a Chifney, splashed all over with mud, foam, and blood? 'The sweetest *hainimal* I ever crossed; just the thing for you, sir, a complete snail-mare and well up to your weight, Mr. R., and if'—'O, thank you, my little chesnut carried me so well, that I sha'n't sell him or buy another now.' All the visions of red coats, blue collars, good nags, and jolly fellows, were, however, in this instance, quickly dissipated, by a rough voice behind me calling out 'hallo Mr. P. what makes you stand there *moralizing*, for all the world like a *hungry Irishman* at a cook's shop window?' On turning round I saw my old friend M., mounted on his rough and ready looking chesnut cob, eyeing me through his large old fashioned, gold, eye glass. 'Ha! Mr. M. where have you been stirring to at such an early hour?' 'I went over to such and such a village, two hours ago, to get *khubar*.' 'The devil you did; a nice place to go to for news,' (said I, in the spirit of revenge, at being compared to a starved Irishman,) at the same time, hinting something about going to see the village beauties performing their morning ablutions. 'Ha, boys like you may talk in that way, but I am getting old now and although I was once'—'Never mind that now,' said I, ('knowing that I was going to hear an old story') but let me hear the village news, if you heard any, for I suspect your news hunting was like 'Bob Lobski's fishing,' 'Bob Lobski's Devils! I went to hear about the tiger, as some ryots came over last night to tell me of his having killed four bullocks, within the last day or two, at a place about five *goas* from here; so I wrote to L. and you last night; didn't you get my chit?' 'Oh no;' 'By the bye, you can't have got it as I have not yet written, but intended to do so. But come, we must look sharp and get every thing ready so as to start this afternoon, and I will send on my tents as soon as I get home.'

Before going on further, I should like if I could give some sort of sketch of the old gentleman who, though as keen a sportsman as I ever met, is certainly a 'rara avis,' and one of (what we degenerate mortals call) the old school; he is an enemy to reform in any shape; which he calls an infringement on good old customs. Of the 'out-

ward man' I will only say that, from the cut of his *toggery*, a stranger might mistake him for one of Cromwell's Covenanters, vegetating in the nineteenth century. He is a great admirer of Mr. Jorruks, whose letters, he says, are the only thing worth reading in the *New London Sporting Mag.* I think he apes him a little sometimes, and, on the whole, is not at all unlike him in some respects. However, there is this difference between them,—that though M. is as much at home in a howdah as any man can be, still I suspect he would make a very poor figure 'in scarlet,' even with the *Surry on a Saturday*. As an equestrian, he is, I suspect, far from 'first chop,' (as the gentlemen of the Celestial Empire would say) for 'though we hear from him of extraordinary feats he performed in his youth, still we can't get him to perform at all now. On my once proposing to him to accompany me to stick a large hog, which we saw enter a small clump of sugar canes, he came out with the old story of 'when he was young, &c.' but, when I volunteered to ride his old cheenut, his answer was little short of 'see you d——d first.'

Having now completed our preparations, we started that same afternoon, in order to commence operations in good time next morning, and as the country through which our route lay was rather favourable for pig sticking, L. and I took our horses and spears, while old M. took charge of the elephants, to beat up the grass for us. Knowing from past experience, that the old gentleman was as fond of shooting pigs as any thing else, especially 'when they put our lives in danger,' (as he used always to say in excuse,) we took the very necessary precaution of slipping a wad into each of his barrels, just before he loaded them. We were soon fortunate enough to turn out a very fair sized grunter, which, after a very hard gallop, we came up with; he was one of those leggy ones which we call greyhound pigs, from their being rather more of that shape than the heavy carcassed ones which we generally meet with; they run much faster, but give hardly so much sport when brought to bay. This we made one or two very good charges, especially the first, when L. threw his spear and wounded him on the hip, which brought him round so suddenly that he cut up L.'s horse before you could say 'Jack Robinson;' mine would have met with the same fate, had I not been fortunate enough to deliver my spear between his shoulders as he was coming at me; that at once brought him upon his haunches, where he sat grinning at me most furiously, till L., who had by this time recovered his spear, jabbed him on the back, which was a finisher for him, as, after twisting about for a few seconds, he fell. While kicking about on his back, up comes old M. and discharged his third round of copper caps, amidst a volley of his oaths, at his d——d Chuprassee, for having left all his guns *soaked with oil*. These oaths, backed as they were by sundry punches on the seat of his knowledge, so far enlightened the intellect of the said Chuprassee, that he began to 'smell a rat,' and accordingly, with due permission, drew the charge of one of the guns, when out comes the hidden source of all the mischief in the shape of a

little bit of *dirty card*. L. and I, (being by this time mounted anew) with one consent, thought it high time to edge out of ear shot at all events, if not out of gun shot, and prudently trotted on a short way in advance, without even daring to look back at the offended Knight of the Howdah. We had proceeded in this order for about a mile or so, keeping at the same a respectful distance from our friend, when, suddenly, a couple of hogs bolted out of a small patch of long grass which one of the elephants had just entered. L. rode at the one which broke cover on his side, while I took after the other which doubled back, and crossed close under my nose. Seeing that he was making for a heavy jungle which was close at hand, I put my horse to the top of his speed, and by cutting off an angle which the pig had taken, was gaining fast on him, but, unfortunately, when spurring on with the most sanguine intentions, I paid more attention to my bristly friend than to my horse, and in going through the long grass, never observed a deep rugged sort of nullah, or rather ravine, (about sixteen or eighteen feet broad,) till I was almost into it. Pulling up was out of the question, so all that remained was to try, and *cram* the old grey over it; which I did, but alas, it was 'nogo,' he came against the opposite side with a devil of a crash which pitched me clear several feet on the bank. As I was getting on my legs again (rubbing alternately my knees and elbows) my first exclamation was, 'where's old Ginger?'—in a nice pickle at the bottom of that infernal nullah—next, 'where's the pig?'—sprawling on his back, a short way from me, as if imitating me in my misfortunes. But then came the 'unkindest cut of all,' that old beast M., as he is coolly reloading the gun with which he shot the hog, exclaiming 'fine fun this pig sticking is't it?' The biter is bitten here, with a vengeance, thought I, as with the assistance of the mahouts, I was extricating my poor nag from his uncomfortable situation. L. fared but little better with his grunter; he rode him to the edge of a large ravine, and had the satisfaction of seeing him reach the stream at the bottom in perfect safety, where he lay down to refresh himself, and ruminate on the events of the day.

By this time the sun had set, so we made the best of our way to the tents, where we passed a very merry evening. Old M. quite recovered his good humour over a bottle of cool claret, and took no small credit on himself for not only finding the pigs, but likewise for *saving my life* by shooting the one I was chasing. '*Bus*' for the present, you shall have the rest of my story next month, if you think this worth giving room to.

P.

P. S.—*SCRAWL versus DEVIL*.—Verily your devil doeth that which can hardly find favour in the eyes of his editorial Lord and Master in 'burking' and metamorphosing sundry words and letters appertaining to the contributions to your worthy Magazine. On casting my eyes over the epistle which I contributed last month as my mite, it is obvious that he is (as the Corinthian say) coming Ovid over me, in making the

following metamorphosis. 'Mahouts scrambling for the tiger's beard' *he converts into* 'merchants scrambling for his head.' 'Shouting the Whoo-hoop' *into* 'shooting it' — 'popping right and left' *into* 'playing right and left.' Now verily, if you haul this delinquent devil over the coals for his carelessness, I will bestow on you a goodly tiger's skin*, (such as you will not see even in the City of Palaces) and if the aforesaid delinquent devil promises in future to mend his ways, and be more circumspect, on him I will bestow some mighty hogs' bristles, to be metamorphosed into a cravat for Sunday and Holiday wear.

P.

* We have done as desired, and look accordingly for the promised skin. To guard however against the devil's delinquencies for the future, we employ our friend P. to mend his calligraphy a little. He writes an awfully *fashionable* hand at present.—Ed

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF PUPS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—That disagreeable and fashionable disorder Dyspepsia, having paid its respects to my person for some weeks, has totally incapacitated me from rendering you that assistance in your glorious undertaking which I have been so anxious to afford. Selfishness neither, is, nor ought to be the characteristic of a true sportsman; and through the medium of your work, we ought to supply each other with all the hints, experience and observation have engraven on our understandings. Relying on this, it is presumed, 'A would be Top Sawyer,' sends forth a volley of questions, regarding the preservation of hounds, and the management of pups in the hot season. My plan which I am free to confess, has answered fully as well as Capt H——'s, Mr. E——'s, or Mr. N——'s with the Calcutta Hounds, is a very decisive one: energy of thought and promptness of execution are the grand qualifications for a dispenser of medicine in this country, whether to man or beast. At the close of the hunting season, it is considered necessary by some people to put their dogs on half batta allowance of meat; some withdraw it altogether. Now this is a very mistaken idea. The real object of giving meat to hounds in work, is to prevent their eating too much rice or biscuit, by which their bodies would be bloated; and also to obtain if possible those naked spots on the skin, which are the surest sign of health. It has always been my maxim, if a dog has not already a *raw* on his body, to establish one as speedily as possible, by *khilting* him with lots of meat and salt. Some ignorant people may talk about the mange as a *disease*! It is a mistake, sir, quite a mistake, you may depend upon it. As long as eruptions are visible on the skin, you may be sure, there is nothing wrong *inside*. I consider the mange on the coat of a dog, to be equivalent to the prickly heat on the human body. Tatties ought certainly to be allowed to every kennel during the hot winds; and the dogs ought to be tied down as close as possible to them; ~~the~~ *the* runs are useless, the ground is a much cooler resting place. A dog should

never appear too lively during the hot weather ; and one with such a disposition ought to be strictly watched. A placid turn of mind is indispensable to health, and a wag of the tail is a dangerous symptom. When let loose (never more than once a month) they ought to follow at heel, with downcast eyes, and drooping sterns ; thus showing that they are husbanding their latent powers for the next season : a delectable sight to the master. But if any amongst them evince a tendency to unreasonable mirth, or, as it may be justly termed jesting, which is not convenient, and particularly if they attempt to bark, it is a sure sign that they will soon be attacked by fits, either apoplexy, catalepsy, or epilepsy, or some other kind of *episy*. Vide Blaine ‘when a dog suddenly appears more cheerful, eats heartily, and shows more brightness, and briskness of the eyes than before, it may be expected that he is going to be attacked with fits.’ The first step in these cases,—to bleed the patient on both sides of the neck till he faints ; ditto repeated every other day, for a week, on the intermediate days a ball composed of six grains of calomel, two of tartar emetic, and twenty of jalap, must be given in the morning, fasting ; two coffee cups of castor oil in the evening. If no symptoms of improvement take place in a week, substitute Turpeth’s mineral for the calomel, and ipecacuanha for the tartar emetic ; this for another week, at the expiration of which if the animal will not swallow more than half a pint of broth in the day, and is not particularly anxious to wag his tail, the result is certain. In cases requiring venesection, should the blood not flow freely from the jugular, be sure not to follow the directions of some would be sportsmen and cut off the tail and ears, for that would spoil the animal’s beauty ; but do as I do, and extract two *double teeth* : the gum will in general bleed freely, and nobody will be able to accuse you of making a *terrier bionon* out of the pariah : to accelerate the effusion of blood, the dog’s head may be immersed for five minutes in a bucket of water nearly boiling. The distemper, I leave to Blaine’s powders, and the dispensations of Providence.

Pups should be bred, if possible, in the hot weather, as warmth is exceedingly grateful to young animals. Never admit a Pariah Dhaec, to bring up any of your pups ; Blaine says ‘I am strongly inclined to think that the qualities of the foster parent are in some degree transferred with the milk,’ and he quotes various learned authorities to support this position. Curds and whey are the best food for whelps after weaning, being both cooling and nutritive ; when they are two and half months old, raw flesh may be given in considerable quantities. If they show sign of weakness, adopt arsenic as a tonic ; it has answered remarkably well in some instances, and may be given in doses of two to four grains every day. The ‘most judicious cross with the fox hound, to preserve for the progeny tenderness of nose, beauty of note, and strength of constitution,’ is that with a pariah bitch ; and if the breeder is not very particular about the domestic propensities, which must be entailed upon the offspring of such a mother. A Dhaec can have a finer nose than a pariah ? They will assemble by

the most miraculous instinct, from every corner of a village, to the scent of a lump of cartion! and as for beauty of note, if the 'Would be Top Sawyer' would pitch his tent on the outskirts of a village, taking for preference a moon-light night, he will hear a combination of harmonious notes and sympathetic howls, sufficiently varied to satisfy even the fastidious taste of our old sporting friend, Sir Roger de Coverly. And as for the strength of constitution inherent in a pariah, it is, alas, too obvious to need further comment. Such a cross therefore will be found a most judicious one, and economical at the same time; for should the produce happily stray along the banks of the sacred river, and there find those remains of some respectable Brahmin, which the bottle-noses and other spirits of the vastly deep have repudiated, they will infallibly help themselves with the utmost sang-froid, thereby saving the expence of one day's altar and gosht. This arrangement can be easily effected at Benares. Your correspondent certainly possesses not the spirit of a *Forrester* or *Oshaldestone*, when he says, 'silence is a sad draw-back to sport.' Perhaps he has never read that soul stirring article in the *Quarterly*, about Melton-man hunting. It is quite the fashion now, for only one *hound out of ten* to throw *his tongue*, and it is observed 'that it is only the tinker who makes a great deal of noise over a little work.' Let him stay his stomach with that reflection! But if he is so very anxious for a little music, I will give him a recipe.—Take all the dogs that run mute, peg them down at intervals of two feet, place a doorya between each couple, then let loose a jackal in view; if the dogs do not commence barking, let the dooryas catch hold of an ear to the right and left, and commence logging with all their might! This will probably be a sufficient stimulus to a little exertion of their vocal powers; if not, let the master stand at one end of the line, and commence flanking them in routine with a four in hand whip. Let this lesson be repeated three times a week for at least a month, then take them out into the field, and they will be incorrigible rascals indeed if they do not throw their tongues freely, directly the jackal is unsacked. Their sterns will be down immediately, and to use Will Crane's simile, they will 'spread like sky' rockets! To be sure a few of the most obstinate may take a different line of country to the jackal, therefore plant in the rear a knot of your most especial Top Sawyers with good genuine Crowthers' and stentorian voices, let them spare neither whipcord, nor curses, and the runagates must eventually be driven on the traces of the chase. Some perseverance may be required, but should this method not prove efficacious, after a month's probation, some of the most perverse skitters may be transferred to the pension list. I think I have now given a pretty considerable quantity of information to my young friend, and querist; and in return for it, I only request him to send me half a dozen letters of his fourteen mile jackals. To be sure the brute may be able to run fourteen miles at *his own pace*; but the gallant half-breds eulogized by the 'Would be Top-Sawyer' would never give him that option. All sportsmen will of course be

delighted to hear of 'their *whereabouts*,' that is, when we are enlightened by a definition of the word. I suppose it means something sporting. It will also be very interesting information to hear of the steeds who 'ne'er give o'er in *Cambus more*,' and of the reins that may be tightened in despair, at a sight of 'Binledi's ridge,' though I cannot for the life of me, remember any places bearing those names in the vicinity of Sultanpore, Benares. The lines however are not so bad, and must have been written by the 'Top Sawyer,' in a moment of extraordinary enthusiasm. Wishing him success in his kennel and in the line he has chalked out for himself

I remain, his obedient servant, and your well-wisher,

Cawnpore, July 1833.

VAGUS.

NOTE.—We must own some of Vagus' remedies startle as a few. He is a regular Abernethy in the kennel; but his treatment *may* be right—Doctors differ. —ED.

MY MAIDEN TIGER HUNT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,—If the following feeble account of my maiden tiger hunt be 'in your line' you are welcome to it, and I shall feel proud at seeing it in a spare corner of your delightful *Sporting Magazine*.

On Saint Patrick's day in the morning, A. D. 1828, a *select* party of sporting coves sallied forth to the jungles surrounding a small village near the centre of the Gunga Khadur, with 'teek khubber' of a varmint tigress having taken up her abode, not more than two or three miles from our encampment. We mustered eight howdah elephants and two pad ones, each howdah containing from five to eight barrels of sorts. On our coming near the spot where our intrepid shikarree (Merchee, a chowkeydar of the village,) had seen the animal the evening before, we formed line and commenced in right earnest; not a shot was to be fired at any of the numerous small fry,—not a word was to be spoken. I must confess that I began to feel 'somehow, or no how, no how at all.'

We had already tried four or five pieces of very tigerish looking ground without success, and were now beating quietly along; not a sound was to be heard, but the crackling of the jungle, and the low moan of our elephants, when we were saluted with an awful roar or growl just under my elephant's feet, and what with the sudden swerve of the elephant, and with the sudden sight of a beautiful tigress, I was completely confounded; my gun was cocked and the trigger pulled in a quarter less than no time, but whether at the head of my neighbour, or at the sun I cannot say: my friends, however, say the latter, of this I am certain, not at the tigress, for she made a bolt to the rear, and I had not presence of mind enough to turn round, but fire to my front. The signal gun being fired, crack, crack went a dozen barrels, but I

believe without effect, as the jungle was so thick, that to take a sure aim was out of the question, in fact the only thing to guide us was the motion of the long grass as our friend rushed through. As the tigress had gone to our rear, we agreed to file out of the jungle to the right and left, wheel round, and enter the jungle again as at first. I had now got my wits about me, and began to feel the pleasing sensations that this delightful sport invariably calls forth.

We found her again after some little delay, when she shewed evident symptoms of her intention to shew fight. We were close upon her when she charged the elephant nearest her, and succeeded in sticking her fore paws on the head of J. C.'s elephant. In this position it would have been dangerous to have fired, and at last when she was tumbled off the elephants got panic struck and took to their trotters at a devil of a pace, in spite of the Mahout's bankabs being buried deep into their foreheads. They were at last brought to, and then they stood in a circle with their sterns close together, and the devil a foot would they stir for about ten minutes. At length, however, we got them in once more, and again our friend charged our line and laid hold of Mr. T---r's elephant by the hind leg, which made him (the elephant) roar out most awfully, and again the whole line of elephants made a bolt of it. The tigress was by this time wounded in three or four places; and I got only my third shot at her just as she was kicked off by T.'s elephant, and I believe, I hit her. Here followed another scene with the elephants, and again we brought them back. The tigress seemed determined to have a taste at all the elephants in succession, for she again charged us, and got hold of Mr. P---r's elephant. We had fired, I should think, thirty or forty shots, and although evidently wounded, she was as savage, or more so than ever. Six or seven times she had fairly licked us out of the field, and had I think, either bitten or clawed every one of the elephants, who were now quite unmanageable, and actually *declined* moving a step. The last charge she made was upon our rear, as we had walked over her, but no sooner had we passed her as she lay concealed under the immense jungle, than she turned upon us and regularly sent us out of the jungle before her. But here she received a ball through the lungs, and one on the loins, and she was regularly done up. The elephants would not put a foot into the place again, and we were obliged to set fire to the grass in the hope of her taking to the plain. After it was nearly burnt down we got a sight of her about thirty-one yards from the edge, sitting on her *hunkers*, and of course another ball or two soon 'settled her hash.' We afterwards found either eleven or thirteen balls, I forget which, in her, and were happy to find that the skin was very little, if at all injured by the firing of the jungle.

We must have been at least a couple of hours at it. To attempt to describe my feelings at first, would be quite impossible, and in fact, the excitement during the whole fight was most intense. I have seen many a tiger hunt since, but never saw one show such determined fight. She was not a large one; about ten feet six inches I think. Before this

she had completely driven two gentlemen out of a jungle not very far off, and this may account for her determined and desperate resistance.

This, Mr. Editor, is my maiden attempt at quill driving for the public, and I leave it to you to publish it, or tear up just as you may fancy. I shall conclude by wishing every success to the *Eastern Sporting Magazine*, and hope soon to see its pages filled to your heart's content with the various sporting anecdotes and adventures of those sportsmen who have been so fortunate as to be quartered in the vicinity of Deyrah Dhoon, Hurdwar, Gunga Khader, Cooyong, &c. &c. for where in the world is better sport to be found, from the noble elephant and tiger to hog deer, hogs, florican, black and grey partridges and the lord knows what all, than at the above-mentioned places?

Your's obediently,

Calcutta, August 2, 1833.

SHIKARBAZ.

"NUNC EST BIBENDUM."

"Wine! Wine! Rich and Rosy Wine."

DER FREYCHUTZ.

There's a time for love and a time for war,
For beauty's smile and for honor's scar—
There's a time for the mind's deep thinking
'Neath the weight of knowledge sinking—
Put the battle, and woman, and thought afar
For now is the time for drinking!—

Let warriors walk through blood to fame
And murder millions for a name,
But we, as our cups are filling
Old time are employed in killing,
And wine is the only stream we claim
The noble merit of spilling!—

Let lovers praise the tulip streak
That blooms upon their Peri's cheek,
Our brows are as brightly flushing,
From the tide through our veins now gushing,
And the only hue that on Earth we seek
Is that of our red wine blushing!—

Let the scholar by his lamp's dim light
In search of science pass the night,—
Our hearts while the bowl is flowing
Their inmost thoughts are showing,
Our cups are our books, and our wine so bright
Is our key to all worth knowing!—

P. S.

NOTE.—We recognise in the foregoing the muse of the sweetest songster that ever warbled in the *Bombay Sporting Magazine*—may we often enjoy his effusions.—ED.

INQUEST EXTRAORDINARY—BUFFALOE SHOOTING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE*.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—On the 10th instant, an Inquest was held at the Indophilus Arms, on the body of the late—Shikarophilus, Esq. C. B.* who departed this life, deeply and sincerely lamented, and leaving a young wife and ten small children, totally unprovided for, precisely at ten minutes and nine seconds after the arrival of that day's dak, when, after a long and patient investigation before a most enlightened, and highly respectable jury of Natives, the following verdict was returned, viz. "That the deceased came to an untimely end, from *watering at the mouth*, brought on in the first instance, by the perusal of a breakfast bill of fare, given in the *Sporting Magazine* for May last, in a paper entitled 'Shikarree Bat Chit.' That the unfortunate gentleman was rapidly recovering from the dreadful effects of the same, when a relapse took place, caused by his being incautiously permitted to read one 'Stubbs' on 'Ninnyhammerism No. 3,' containing a nearly similar *cate*, and the effects of which he only survived ten minutes and nine seconds.—Deodand against the *Sporting Magazine*, and *Hurkara* newspaper, in which Stubb's letter appeared, eight annas each 'new coinage.'

Now since this will be the last notice of me, ere long, in the event of your persisting in you present 'courses,' let me intreat you, dear Stubbs and Maga,—Maga and Stubbs! you are equally my favorites, to pause, or as Jacob Bunting says 'hold your jaw,' on this subject for the future, lest, 'not having the fear of Indophilus verdict's before your eyes, but very instigated by the wils of Satane so the indictment will run, you should cause the death of an unoffending man, whose only fault is in his possessing a *palate* too susceptible for a *Mofussile*.'

BUFFALOE ESSAY OR *THE SECOND*.

This took place about three miles from Gowhatti, on the 26th of February, in a romantic valley, surrounded by beautifully wooded low hills, having in the centre a partially burnt lugger jungle with a narrow strip of cultivation round the edges. My elephant on this occasion, was unfortunately unbroken to the howdah, being its first essay in the field, and so little accustomed to firing, that it wheeled round invariably at every discharge, whether from my guns or not. But as the poet says. 'Who's afraid?' so I determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and set off. On arriving at the ground a little after sunrise, we immediately commenced beating, and in a very short time got sight of four large buffaloes, which, however, on seeing us, made off slowly. The skirmishers, in the shape of several small active elephants, were now detached to the right and left, and having succeeded in getting beyond the buffaloes, turned them, and

* C. B. is an Indophilian order of, according to some, (vide *Meerut Observer*, 2d July, 1832.) Bis Caudatus, twin tailed; others—Bees caudatus, "twenty tails," &c. &c. or compounder of Blarney, Blunders, or Buffaloes, I read it in the last sense.—I.

we soon had the satisfaction of seeing them enter a narrow strip of jungle, which had escaped the fire, and there remain. We now approached, and when within about ninety yards, opened a brisk fire upon them. Three of them immediately made off at score, leaving the other to follow as she best could; but on her quitting the jungle, it was evident from her paws that she would not be warranted 'sound wind, and limb,' and was gradually getting weaker and weaker every fifty yards. We accordingly made all sail after her, and a two ounces ball taking her 'twixt wind and water, on her larboard side, she fell, and was immediately rendered 'hors de combat.' This done, and without waiting to secure our lawful spoils,* we pursued the direction the others had gone off in, in hopes of coming up with them, but in vain; we beat through and through, nearly the whole length of the valley, about three miles, without success. and having killed two or three deer, were returning, when of a sudden, about five hundred yards ahead, we saw two large buffaloes rush out of the jungle, and come straight down upon us at the charge, with 'heads low' and 'tails on end.' We had scarcely more than just time to get ready when they ran within shot, and on receiving our fire, which took effect on each,† wheeled sharp round to the right, and made off again into the jungle, at the same pace. We subsequently found one of them again, bleeding terribly from his side, but he made good his escape, though not till after he had received another 'mark' of my affection. But avast! or the devil's shears may be getting hold of my 'tail,' so after the fashion of Colonel Wilson, M. P. for York, I will take my leave for the present.

"Thus far for buffaloes I've come,"

"And now break off for want of room."

Your's,

July 15, 1833.

SHUKAROPHILES, ESQ. C. B.

THE HARRA HUNT.

The H. H. Club established on the Plains of Hurrah, in the Kishnaghur District, on the 28th of March, 1807, by the following seven original Members:—

The Hon'ble A. H. Cole,

Francis Fauquier,

Henry Mundy,

Captain Norman Sharp,

Sir C. K. Blunt, Bart.

Thomas Fortescue,

and

George Warde.

The uniform to be a green frock coat, with green velvet collar and silver buttons, with H. H., the figure of a Hog, and Tally Ho, engraved upon them.

The following rules are agreed to:—

The seven senior members of the club who may reside in Bengal shall form a committee, a vacancy occasioned by absence or other-

* The tongue, head, horns and tail.

† I was able, from our being stationary to get first shot, so that the elephant's shying, did not injure my aim. I mention this as some may think I am Munchausenizing.

wise, shall be filled by the next senior member on the list. But the junior members of the committee are at all times to make room for any senior member in the event of his return to Bengal and who is to hold his original rank.

• Any gentleman wishing to become a member of the H. H. must possess the following qualifications:--

He must have been at the death of not less than one hundred hogs.

He must have killed fifty hogs at least with his own spear.

He must be a bachelor.

Any gentleman being thus qualified on being proposed by any member of the committee shall be ballotted for, and unless negatived by one vote, be considered duly elected a member of the H. H. The ballot shall take place in the following manner

The member proposing any gentleman (duly qualified) shall make application to the other six members of the committee for their votes, which shall be returned in a sealed paper to any second member he may name. Such second member after receiving all the votes shall transmit the sealed papers to the first member, proposing the candidate who will open them and communicate the result of the ballot to the several voters

As it may seldom occur that the seven members forming the committee reside in Calcutta, it is agreed that those who may be stationed at the presidency shall be competent to decide on all matters relating to the H. H. club.

It is considered by every original member of the H. H. to be highly derogatory to the character of a true sportsman to spear a sow.

To shoot a hog, except in instances when self preservation (or that of others) may justify it, to occasion the expulsion of any member guilty of it.

Agreed that this party do meet with bold horses, sharp spears, and light hearts as often as may be practicable.

TALLY HO!

Resolved, that Mr. J. Ellice be elected an honorary Member of the H. H. club, and that as soon as this promising young sportsman shall have qualified himself to become an efficient member of this noble institution, he shall be admitted one.

The late James Rattray, Esq.

J. L. Savage, Esq.

William Blunt, Esq.

Sir Roger Martin,

The late C. F. Fergusson, Esq.

David Campbell, Esq.

The late John Shum, Esq.

Colonel Gilbert,

The late G. C. Master, Esq.

Charles Barwell, Esq. &

Champion Barwell, Esq.

} were elected members of the H.
} H. Club on the 26th June 1807.
elected 27th August 1807.

} elected 15th December 1807.

admitted 22d December 1807.

elected November 1808.

elected 22d August 1809.

} elected 21st November 1810.

NEW ELEPHANT HOWDAH.

SIR.—Having long been of opinion that the present mode of attaching a howdah to an elephant, is liable to numerous objections, I have the pleasure to enclose a sketch of an invention of mine which I have found to answer every expectation; having been tried in every species of jungle, swamp, ascending and descending river and nullah steep banks, &c. so that its capability of retaining the howdah firmly in its position has been put fully to the test.

Its advantages are, first, the elephant's breast never rubs or becomes sore; second, affording great freedom in moving; third, the howdah can be laced on and taken off in five minutes; fourth, great saving in expense compared with the present thick howdah rope, and lastly and fifth, in case of swamping the howdah can be removed without cutting the ropes, which must be done before the animal can be extricated, with the present mode of tying on.

In adopting this girth it would perhaps be as well to remove a link or two of the howdah side chain, so as to bring the transverse iron on the edge of the gaddee.

The girth itself is made of plain twisted cotton thread, like the common bed taps but as thick as a man's finger; a piece of leather is sewn on at each extremity to prevent chafing on the oblong piece of iron; and the rope that laces the girth on to the howdah chain, is not required to be thicker than the common charbund rope, the end of this rope may be drawn through the charbund ring and tied there. It should be observed that the oblong irons are notched at one end, in order to prevent the lacing rope drawing up into one corner, and should be carefully filed.

Number 1 is the girth laced to the howdah chain.

Number 2 is the girth itself, the length of which must of course be determined by the size of the elephant, though seven feet will answer for the ordinary size, and nine inches in breadth.

Number 3 is a profile of an elephant, with the howdah attached.

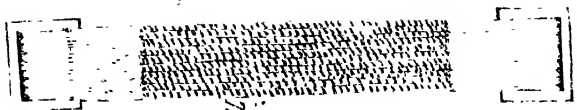
By carrying a pair of spare irons on a shooting party (supposing there was a howdah at hand but no ropes) an unexpected visitor might be immediately accommodated by merely folding up a common dressing settee, and serving the ends on to the irons.

Wishing success to your clever undertaking.

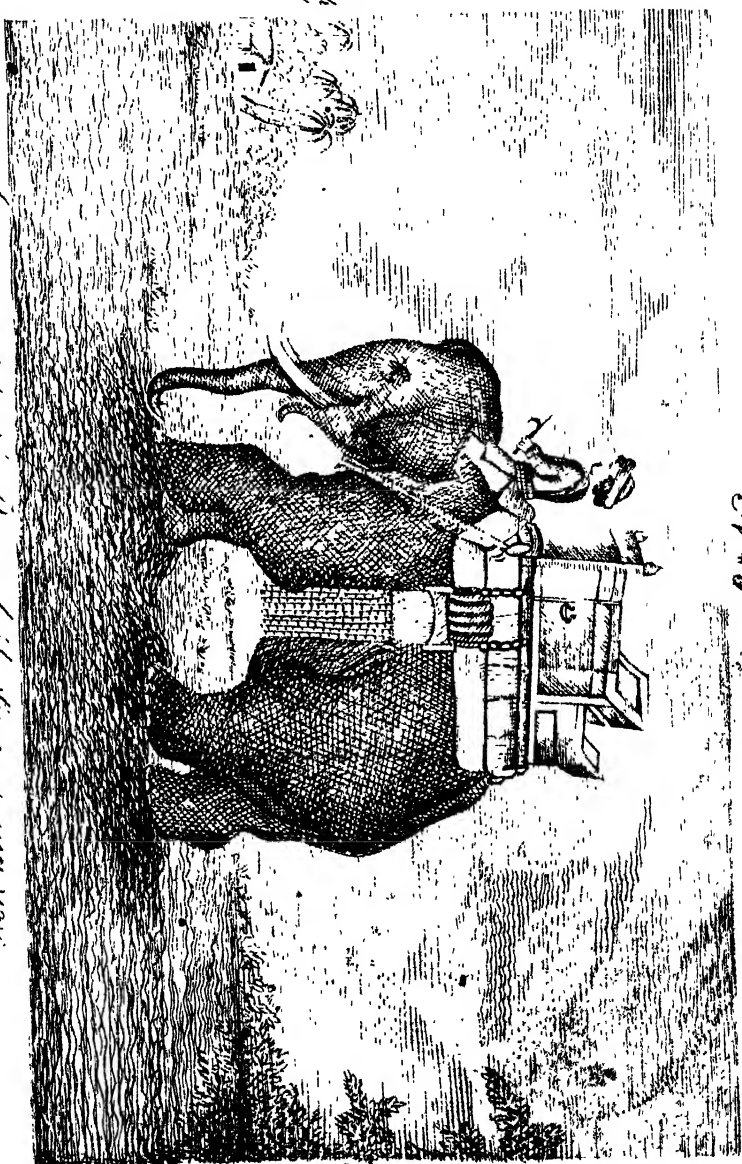
I am, Sir, your faithful Servant,

Goruckpore, June 25, 1833.

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

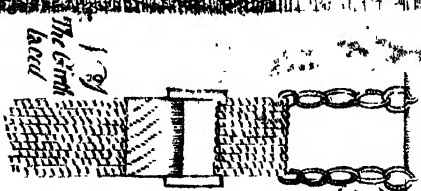


The Sixth
unbound



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The Sixth
bound

HUNTING REMINISCENCES.

"May we soon see the like again."

SCOTT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,—The spirited converse recorded in your Mag. between 'Nim East' and your respected self, brings to my recollection many of the many happy hours and good runs, which under the auspices of the owner of 'old Bobtail' (*generalis nomen*! for he was a real clipper when well ridden, I have enjoyed in by gone years. No one who knew those days can forget the sport that we enjoyed and the splendid condition of the motiled pack under the skilful management of 'Bobtail's' master; nor can I omit to bear testimony to the debt of gratitude we owe to the 'Welter on the brown Cape horse,' to whose kindness and judgment we were indebted for as clever a lot of hounds as ever went into a kennel; and whose humour, fun and meriment no one, who has had the happiness of being in his company, can ever forget.

Alas! those are days 'departed never to return;' yet memory loves to dwell upon the past, and perhaps I may be excused for attempting to fill up a few pages of your valuable Mag. by some sketches of by gone occurrences, which those who witnessed them will, I dare say, readily call to mind. Methinks I can now see old red-pied 'Merry-man' with his bland countenance, saluting me as I push my way through the kennel door, whilst 'Tartar, Ranfer, Comus and Cottageer,' (well-remembered names) jostle through the throng and with feathering sterns express their joy at my approach. How many an hour beneath the shade of the wide spreading banian have I held mute converse with my departed, but not forgotten, favorites! Peace to their manes!

It was on the 6th of January, 1826, A. D. that our fixture was Guricah Hant; instead of crossing the bridge as usual, we turned short into the covers on the left, where we soon found, and away went one of the best jackalls that ever was whelped, with old 'Modesty' close at his brush, pointing for Russepuglah. I got a good and a fair start with them, but being on a new purchase, who was a slow one, the pace beat me, though, thank God, by the time we reached Rypore garden, I had plenty of companions in misfortune; 'bellows to mend' being the order of the day. Our Huntsman on 'Twilight,' our mainstay W. N. Esqr. on his dear old grey mare, P. M. Esqr. on the 'Miller' and the Honourable J. E. were the fortunate few who really saw the run, and lived up to the hounds; they never were off their line for a minute, nor turned a yard to right or left, till they ran their jackall to ground under the Prince's house at Russepuglah,

point blank, five miles from where they found him. It was a sweet thing,—short,—sharp—and I would almost add, decisive; at all events, the bounds accounted for him, and well deserved to have tasted him. It was the ‘ultra’ pace every inch of the way; and the field were left in all directions.

Many a clipping run might I narrate from my memoranda, during those prosperous times, but I fear they would, to the general reader, prove uninteresting; suffice it, that during that period every one united in saying that the internal economy, as well as the field management of the pack, had flourished in a manner till then unknown in India. Well did our huntsman deserve that praise; for his labour, though a labour of love, was unremitting. I am now far away vegetating in the wilderness, and, from the aspect of the times, I fear there is little chance of my donning the blue and scarlet for many a long day to come. Should you think these reminiscences worthy of a place in your *Maga*, you may again hear from

Your obedient Servant,

TARQUIN.

EXTRAORDINARY ROAD MATCH IN INDIA.

We find the following in the *English Sporting Magazine* (old) for February last, and make no scruple of transferring it to its more natural locality. It describes one of the severest, if not the severest Road Match within our knowledge, as regards this country and Arab Horses. We are familiar with every inch of the road between Poona and Panwell* and can bear testimony to the difficulties the rider had to contend with. From Poona to Carli the road is even enough; in fact it is beautifully level and kept in excellent repair; but from Carli to Khandallah, it is rough and stony, and from Khandallah† to Kholapoor it is a steep and rugged descent, with a deep ravine on one side and perpetual obstructions in the centre of the road from caravans of bullocks and straggling travellers. In going this part of the distance, it seems Mr. Rawlinson, the rider of the match, was ran away with, and must have had as the writer below expresses it “two or three narrow escapes.” We know Mr. Rawlinson to be a remarkably good horseman, who certainly does not ride more than twelve stone; yet with every confidence in his skill and judgment, and the powers of the horses selected for the task, we should have been strongly disposed to have offered four to one against his doing the match in three hours and fifty minutes:—

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Although exiles from our native land, allow me to assure your readers that there are many amongst us here to whom the observation

“*Cœlum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt*”

* The Magazine incorrectly prints this ‘Panwell.’—ED. *Cal. Sport. Mag.*

† Written ‘Rhandallah’ in the Magazine.—ED. *Cal. Sport. Mag.*

is in every sense applicable, and in whom the thirst for sport which they inhabit in "merry old England" has not been in the smallest degree diminished by their residence in India.

As a proof that we are not altogether *idle* here, and as I really think we should now and then contribute our mite towards the amusement of our brother Sportsmen in England, who cater so largely for ours through the columns of your Magazine, I have the pleasure of sending you an account of a Road-match, which came off here lately, and which I trust you will think merits being recorded in your pages.

The merits of Mr. Osbaldeston's Grand Match, won in such gallant style by that tip-top Sportsman, having come under discussion in the early part of last month at a party composed chiefly, of sporting men, the question was started as to what it might be practicable to accomplish with our little Arabs here; and a great diversity of opinion having been found to exist on the subject, and all being willing to back their opinions, a match was made to decide the point, and agreed to as follows:—

Mr. B. bets Captain C. one thousand rupees that neither he nor Mr. R. ride from the mile-stone in the Poona Cantonment to the Parsce Tavern at Panwell (a distance of seventy miles) in four hours and ten minutes—number of horses unlimited, and the match to come off on the 22d instant.

Eleven horses, the number which it was proposed to employ in the match, were in the course of a couple of days mustered by the parties and their friends, (who in the mean time had made an additional bet of one thousand five hundred rupees on the match being performed in four hours,) and were exercised every morning on the race-course here for the short time intervening between the making and coming off of the match.

The backers of Old Time were numerous, and in fact the general opinion was that the match would not be won: the grounds for which were—that the roads were known to be in a bad state; that the Bore Ghaut, a steep and winding descent of four miles, with a precipice on one side of the road, had to be passed; added to which was the probability, may almost certainty, of obstruction from the droves of bullocks† carrying grain up the country, with which the road is usually at this season thronged. It was moreover supposed that the horses in training were by no means equal to the performance, and known that an accident, of which there appeared more than a probability would infallibly lose the match. From the confidence of the parties themselves, however, the betting at starting was even on the match being performed in four hours and ten minutes; three to two against four hours; three to one against three hours and fifty minutes; and ten to one that it was not won in three hours and thirty minutes.

On the first making of the match two watches, on the chronometer principle, which had been selected for the occasion, had been placed in the hands of a watchmaker, and these having been set on the day preceding the match, one was taken on in the mail‡ to Panwell by the umpire, whilst the other was reserved for the start at Poona.

† A drove of no fewer than 3000 bullocks passed up the road a few days previous to the match.

‡ This mail, which runs between Poona and Panwell, was started about a year ago. It is the only one in the Bombay Presidency, and I rather think the only thing of the sort in India. It certainly cannot be said to be.

"Malum quo non aliud velocius ullum."

as our old friend Virgil has it, but it manages to perform the distance somewhat under twelve hours, and is convenient enough for those who prefer travelling at this snail's pace to a seventy-mile gallop before breakfast.

At a quarter past five o'clock in the morning of the 22d, Mr. R., riding twelve stone, appeared at the starting place; and the word "off" having been given, the match came off as follows:

	No. horses.	Miles.	h. m.
From Poona to Penowlic.....	2.....	12½	6 32
Penowlic to Wargaon.....	2.....	11½	0 30
Wargaon to Carl.....	1.....	11½	0 30
Carl to Kandalla.....	1.....	8½	0 28
Khandalla to Kolapoor (the Ghaut).....	1.....	4	0 15
Kolapoor to Choke.....	1.....	10	0 30
Choketo Panwell.....	2.....	12	0 32
	<hr/> 11	<hr/> 70	<hr/> 3 17

Only one, and that not a very large drove of bullocks, was met between Poona and Khandalla—the distance, forty-four miles, having been performed in exactly two hours, without any accident having occurred. Here a violent horse had, somewhat injudiciously, been stationed, and immediately, on his being mounted, the comb turned round in his mouth, and he ran away with his rider the whole way down the Ghaut, but luckily was, after two or three narrow escapes, pulled up safe at Kolapoor.

The last horse, when within a couple of miles of home, suddenly leapt off the road into the fields, and, alighting on bad ground, fell. No injury, however, was sustained by either horse or rider, who immediately remounted, and arrived in Panwell at twenty eight minutes to nine o'clock, thus winning the original match with fifty three minutes to spare.

The horse which ran between Wargaon and Carl was the only one out of those employed in the match which had ever appeared on the Turf, and he, although twice a winner, was by no means a first rate racer, his best performance having been winning last year on this course the Beaten Place (a mile and a half), carrying eight stone six pound, in three minutes two seconds.

2. The match was ridden with great nerve and judgment throughout by Mr. Rawlinson, son of Mr. Rawlison of Chadlington, Oxfordshire, and a nephew of Mr. Lindo, a representation of whom may be seen on the snuff-boxes in the shop-windows doing the brilliant across a country on his famous horse The Clipper.—I remain, my dear Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

Poona, May 20, 1832.

SESAMOID.

THE INDIAN VETERINARIAN TRAVELLER.

We call the attention of sporting men to the following advertisement. We find it by chance in the *Bombay Courier*, and though no request has been made us to that effect, we transfer it to these 'widely circulating' pages, because the individual who addresses the sporting public is worthy of their entire support. George Higgs, who we remember some five or six years since, to be a chubby, healthy, hard working man, was for many years the '*John Cook*' of Bombay. He came out, we believe, with Sir John Malcolm, a trump on the turf, and under him gained knowledge and experience. He then became Livery Stable Keeper, and after a long course of kindness in giving *tick* to customers, went the way of all good natured tradesmen and took the benefit of the Act. This is his history. We have only to add that he is quite fit for the work he undertakes, and as we have no doubt it will be found both useful and amusing, we trust it will be generally subscribed for,--the more particularly as Mr. Higgs has a large family dependent on his labors. We shall be happy to receive names in the absence of any other agent.

A CARD.

Mr. G. Higgs is about to publish in London, in three volumes, his numerous manuscripts and anecdotes of horses; as also his practice in the Veterinary art, both European and Native modes, with his general experience as a Veterinarian Dealer and Agent in Arabian, Persian, and Northern Horses, for the last twenty years. This work will contain a numerous collection of facts obtained since 1805, and will prove one of the most valuable things of the kind ever published. It will contain accounts of breeding, racing, and every thing connected with Horses, that has come to the writer's knowledge in the course of the last 30 years, as also his travels in Persia and Arabia with Sir John Malcolm, and Capt. St. John Blake of the Madras Cavalry, with accounts of his visits to the Mountific and other Arab Shaik's and Persian Noblemen's Studs, and with true accounts of the Company's late Chaptore Stud, where some of the finest horses in the world were bred in Mr. H.'s time, both for blood, size, substance and symmetry, and the true cause of its being broken up. The price of the work to Subscribers will be 60 Rs. The title is the *Indian Veterinarian Traveller and Observer*. Any person wishing to become a subscriber to the work will be pleased to favor Mr. H. with an order either by note or letter Post paid.

Bombay, 28th July, 1833.

SHIKAREE BAT-CHIT.

THE CRIB.

The Editor (Solus,) pacing the verandah, with a melancholy stride and a sorrowful mien.

Editor.—‘Our doubts are traitors;
And often make us lose the things we’d have,
By fearing to attempt.’—

Nim East.—(*Entering*) Ha! fear!

‘What are they fear’d on, fools! odd rott’em!

Who talks of fear!’

Editor.—(*Continues his soliloquy*) ‘I dare do all that may become a man’—But this is such a devil of a job.

Nim East.—Why, what’s the matter now?

Editor.—This it is.—A man whose father for the slight consideration of three pounds fifteen and four pence Irish money, voted for Martin of Galway’s return to three successive parliaments, abuses me in good terms, ‘in good set terms my Lord’ for ‘keeping alive a taste for pursuits which for the most part,’ he says ‘are distinguished by a wanton cruelty, and would render me amenable to the Act, as an accessory before the fact, were I labouring in my vocation in thirty degrees higher latitude.’

Nim East.—The devil! matter enough o’ my conscience, or rather ‘matter and impertinency mixed’—‘reason in madness’—as they say in ‘King Lear’.—Well, proceed—*you answer*—

Editor.—I answer that it is certainly a *misfortune* that hunting, shooting, &c. are unavoidably attended with the effusion of a certain quantity of blood, but that it is not my fault, nor indeed can that be charged as a fault at all in any one, which is sanctioned from above.

Nim East.—That’s a stopper. How does he get over that?

Editor.—Why, like a scurvy politician, or cursed mathematician, he says ‘prove it!’ and asks for chapter and verse. Now this unfortunately is one of those ‘trivial fond records,’ which has been so ‘mixed up with baser matter,’ as to have been, in consequence, clean wiped out of the ‘tablet of my memory;’—in other words ‘*non mi ricordo.*’

Nim East.—Never mind—hear Somerville.

‘Devotion pure,’

‘And strong necessity, that first began

The chase of beasts; tho’ bloody was the deed

Yet without guilt.’

Editor.—Oh thank you, thank you, my dear fellow. (*aside*) Get on De Cruz,—mind that.

Reporter.—(Under the table) All right sir,—booked him.

Nim East.—‘For the green herb alone,

Unequal to sustain man’s lab’ring race,’

• *Editor.*—True, true;—who the deuce could live on mustard and cress? Besides the coating of one’s stomach! The organic structure! Eh!

Nim East.—As you say, it would never do to have the coat of one’s stomach *Uniformly Green*. Cabbages are mighty pleasant vegetables, but derive added charms from the society of boiled beef, &c. I have no fancy for—‘Nature’s lenient laws

‘To quaff the stream and feed on hips and haws.’

Editor.—Well, go on—

Nim East.—‘Now every moving thing that lived on earth

Was granted him for food. So just is heaven

To give us in proportion to our wants.’

Editor.—Excellent! not that ‘every moving thing’ is essential,—cockroaches, spiders, and jackalls for instance. I even doubt whether ‘*Cotelette de Pigeon à sauce de Kobold à la Chappelle*’ would be very acceptable even to a keen sportsman, and I am quite sure my ‘gastric cravings’ would revolt at an ‘*Entremet of toads*,’ or a ‘*Hos d’œuvre*’ compounded of scorpions and owls’ gizzards

Nim East.—Why, there I think I differ with you. Talk of ‘Ovid’s metamorphoses’ and the sleight of hand tricks exhibited by the ladies and gentlemen on ‘Mount Olympus;’—talk of Harlequins’ wands, and Philosophers’ stones.—Pshaw! why the performances of a second rate ‘artiste’ from the Rue St. Honore, would shame them all.—Many have been ‘the crawling slimy things,’ done into most ravishing ‘ragouts’ before now, and many the harmless cat, in its midnight meanderings, which has gone to pot in more senses than one, and been served up at the dainty dinner of some delicate duchess. Trust me, Editor, before time is much older your ‘gastric cravings’ as you call them, will beg and beseech to be blessed with a dish of ‘*Jull frogs à la bechamel*,’ or ‘*bouilli of bats*’ with centipede sauce. To such base uses may we come!

Editor.—Oh, ‘thou hast the most unsavoury notions.’ But, jesting apart,—what Nimrod did, and Nature approved, cannot be wrong. It is not necessary that we should *kill* merely to eat. The Sportsman has higher motives; and even in his most sanguinary moments, I cannot admit that he is less merciful and tender hearted than the dunghills who destroy cocks, hens, rats, and serpents.

Nim East.—Certainly not;—the motives of destruction on man’s part are two fold,—he either kills to eat, or, like a preventive police, to protect, what nature has allotted him, from falling into ruder hands. But setting all this aside, the fame and dunderheaded driver who dares to deny the manliness, the healthfulness, and the usefulness of field sports would (be sure of it,) find much enjoyment in superintending the

Christian-like process of grilling a live goose over a slow fire, and would grin and chuckle at the anticipation of the treat in store for his pampered palate.

Editor.—The Sportsman covets a pork chop, or may be a roast hare, or trail toast, or a partridge ‘done to a turn’.—Well, what does he, but seize spear or Manton, spring into his saddle, scour plain and jungle, sound the war whoop, and do battle for the prize,—Grunt-gaily, Puss, and Redwing pit tushes, speed, cover, and the ‘void opaque,’ against nerve, skill, science, and ‘th’unnerring aim.’ Sometimes man, sometimes animal, shouts *Io Pœan*—‘tis an even thing, and a contest conducted on the fairest principles. Now mark, Myrtheer Merciful :—with a bland deportment, and a smooth voice, and a most bewitching smile he decoys sundry geese, ducks, fowls, and pigs into his compound. His ears are daily gladdened with grateful cackle, quack, grunt and chanticleer. The guests rejoice in grain, crumb, cabbage stalk, and hog wash ;—‘tis Arcadian bliss ;—hospitality on the one side, gratitude on the other. Now twig the perfidy of mine host :—he loves his geese, but he thinks their beauty enhanced by a culinary ordeal ; he loves his swine living, but he adores the ‘cold obstruction’ of a grunter,—his jaws distended by a lime, his entrails supplanted by a mass of sage and onion. *C’est une affaire finie !* He visits his unsuspecting guests, in person, or by deputy, and under pretence of admiring the graceful *lournure* of their necks, insinuates—the vile assassin !—the point or the edge of a knife !—‘Coop biddy, coop biddy,’ quoth he—the chickens approach and in two seconds are *burked* and fit for pies. ‘Murder most foul as in the best it is.’ I think we’ve the best of it.—Eh ?

Nim East.—*Victoria !* We ‘must be cruel only to be kind’. NATURE has decreed ‘*Guerre à l’outrance*’ against the ferocious despoilers of our fields,—‘war to the knife’ (and tork) against the domestic breed. Answer your correspondent, and tell him, you defy the Pope, the Devil, and Martin of Galway.

Editor.—Good ; what should I do without you ? You are my *fidus achates* ?

Nim East.—By the way don’t you want to purchase a steed ?

Editor.—‘Wait till a while ago,’ as Paddy says. I have a horse in my eye, if not in my stable, and ere long intend astonishing the natives with my fiery Pegasus.

Nim East.—‘*Unde derivatum ?*’ ‘*Ubi Gentium ?*’ ‘*quis fecit*’—where from ? Cape, English, Arab, or country bred ? Who has stuck you ?

Editor.—(Giving a paper) There. That is an authentic copy of a despatch received from a groom in London to an old master here. I am thinking of sending for the horse described : he must be a clipper.

Nim East.—(*Reads*) ‘I beg to be excuse the liberty I am taken with you owing to my having by me at this time a horse that is just your stamp for a cab or a good hunter steady with hounds and a good fence he’s as I describe him fifteen hands thirteen inches high good head high fore-hand, deep body short legs and very good plenty of bone, short in the back good quarters round in the loins well rib’d up swish tail well up colour bay blood without hardly any white almost three parts or better bred fine temper rides with a snaffle very fine London action knee well up rising six year old, and altogether as fine a horse in harness or ride as any man in London got price moderate!!!’ *Price Moderate*—Beautiful! admirable!—I am at a loss which most to admire, the beauty of style, and diction, the easy flow of the language, the clearness of the description, the classical elegance with which every period is rounded, or the absence of all *periods, commas, colons, semi-colons* or full stops until one finds one-self arrived at the delightful certainty that, ‘the price is moderate’. It beats Milton’s celebrated description of Adonis’s bay gelding all to nothing—I dare say the author, for genius, in his own line, is not far behind old Milton himself, and is, I doubt not, a very fine fellow. Ah! I do remember me of an ‘*ostler*’ whose name was John, who was the very Marlborough of stable boys, the Hannibal of ostlers. He possessed a fearless bull dog-gishness of temperament in danger, which beat any thing I ever witnessed; and he minded a kick in the eye from a heavy shod coach horse as little as you do the *buz* of a gnat. I have frequently seen him ride over a bar five feet high, in a paved coach-yard, without a saddle, and with his face to the horse’s tail. Poor fellow!—in other matters his disposition was ‘mild as milk and water,’ and the driver of hackney coach, number 462, in Oxford-street, having crossed him in the affections of an under house-maid, he ‘took sick’ drooped, and died.

Editor.—What are you at? A broad backed, bandy legged stable boy, ‘never telling his love,’—‘concealment,’ ‘worm,’ broken heart,’ fiddlestick, ha ha, ha ha!

Nim East.—Laugh on, but it’s fact man—and why not? That ‘an oyster may be crossed in love,’ we have Sheridan’s (no mean authority) word for, and why not an *ostler*?—vide ‘*Critic*’ besides—

“Love levels all—Lords down to ‘Pothouse bears’
And bids the brawny porter ‘Walk upstairs’”

it plays the deuce with man, woman, child, fish, flesh, fowl,

“E’en Lybian tygers’ chawdron’s love assails.
And warms midst seas of ice, the melting whales;
Cools the crimplt cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,
Shrinks shrivelled shrimps, but opens oysters’ hearts.”

And now, having settled that *John Ostler* died of love, beyond dispute, let us change the subject or the *Bat-Chit* will get out of repute. By the by, tell your correspondent, who recommends that

Bat-Chit, he spelt *Bat-Cheet*, with my respectful compliments, that owing to the excellent manner in which I have been grounded in the Hindustanee language I am able to refer him to page 95 Shakespear's Hindustanee Dictionary, where he will find the words *Bat-Chit* written according to my receipt.

Editor.—I should certainly not like to be *cheated* into a false orthography; but I do not wish to offend an invaluable prose contributor.

Nim East.—By the way, Editor, it strikes me as a strange, that 'mong all your numerous in-coming hosts of contributors, few, if any, think it fitting to write in rhyme. I hope this hint will not be lost, and that some of the 'many who are poets, who have never penned their inspirations,' and who have no objection to 'lend their thoughts to meaner things' will take a small camp chair out into the nearest paddy field on the first bright moon-shiny night, and aided by pen, ink, gin and water, and cigars, jackall's crys, and the stars, give a 'local habitation' to some of their wandering thoughts upon matters, (however slightly) appertaining to 'Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, viroon, Nimrod, &c.'

Editor.—Amen—with all my heart. Excepting one or two songs in the earlier numbers, nothing has appeared in *MAGA*, pertaining to immortal verse save what Phosco in his moments of inspiration has concocted.

Nim East.—I met our friend Figgins in the Dhurruntollah yesterday, his eyes rolling in a 'fine phrenzy' through a pair of green goggle spectacles, and he told me in confidence that having undertaken to write a droll, pathetic, descriptive, sentimental, tender, satirical Romaunt, in the Spenserian stanza, to be entitled the '*Progress of Humbug or Bamboozling uncurtained*,' he was constrained to resign the Laurateship of the '*MAGA*—so you must advertise for a successor forthwith.

Editor.—Oyez, Oyez! Wanted, a Poet—'an uncommon want,' one who can 'scale Parnassus where the muses sit inditing.' He must be a dab at epics, and up to lyrics; down upon madrigals, and even with sonnets! Oyez! Further particulars may be known on application at the *John Bull* Office, Calcutta. Will that do?

Nim East.—Capital!

Editor.—Now shall I call for prosaics?

Nim East.—Oh, no—content ye.—Your prose writers are generous and abundant, and indeed it is somewhat extraordinary to see the Magazine ~~coming~~ ^{coming} through months like June, July, August, and September in India, months in which the Sportsman has no 'wherewithal' to drive away his 'green and yellow melancholy.'

Editor.—I am sensible of my contributors' bounty, but I must protest against being forced to hold my tongue. *MAGA* has quantity, may she never be without it! but she wants quality also.

Nim East.—Why, what would you have more? What subjects can you suggest?

Editor.—What? Oyez.

1. *Performances of noted Horses.*
2. *Natural History of GAME from the flea in the blanket to the Elephant of Ceylon.*
3. *Returns of Shooting, and description of Shooting Districts.*
4. *The Months!* What would I not give for a sketch of the features of each month as they present themselves to the Sportsmen?

Nim East.—No doubt you will get shooting returns when the season comes round, but, for 'the months,' trust me, there is little variety in them here, and even the *first of September*, comes round only to find us 'grunting and sweating under a weary life,' when we should be donning the fustian, shouldering the Manton, Ponto at our side, preparing to take the field in our own beautiful fatherland. Then we are a happy fustian coated, leather gaitered being, with a double barrelled 'Joe' on half-cock in our hand, our friend trudging a few yards to our left and the keeper a little in the rear,—the best pointer in England ranging a head, and our eyes intensely fixed upon his every turn,—no word spoken, no noise heard save the crushing of leather against strong stubble,—Hst!—Ponto is now in one of those beautiful positions which make one's blood thrill to think of, and we stand and enjoy the precious moments with rapturous delight,—Whir-r-r! up get the birds—three brace of them; I drop one to each barrel, my two first shots of the year, and I am more 'pleased than Punch'—and in love with all the world in consequence; my friend misses with his right hand barrel, but kills the second—which gives me the superiority and I crow a little, but he is one of the most delightful, good humoured, sweet tempered mortal alive, and just the sort of person to walk on your side on the first of September in a stubble field in quest of partridges. Where is the use of continuing the picture—only to make oneself melancholy—for thoughts are sometime audible and will be 'singing of boyhood back the voices of our home,'—and such thoughts will sadden and,—and—in short, I am getting, sentimental, so GOOD NIGHT!

Editor.—(With a deep sigh, and his 'big manly voice turning again to childish treble')—(G-o-o-d night! (a mutual glance—the tear drop—the snivel—the cordial pressure. *Nim* lights his cigar and exit.)

RACES TO COME.

POONA RACES, FOR 1833.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, 3D DECEMBER, 1833.

First Race.—A Sweepstakes of two hundred rupees P. P. with five hundred from the fund for all horses that have never started; eight stone, five pounds each, two miles. To be closed on the 15th November. Three horses or no race. Entrance two gold mohurs.

Second Race.—Ninth renewal of the Claret Stakes of three hundred rupees from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of two hundred rupees each, for all horses, weight for age and inches, fourteen hands and aged carrying nine stone. Heats, one and half miles.

Third Race.—One hundred rupees from the fund, with a subscription of one gold mohur each. Eleven stone. Gentlemen riders. Heats, three quarters of a mile. Winner to be sold for two hundred rupees if claimed by the owner of a beaten horse within half an hour, and to have preference as they come in. Three horses or no race.

SECOND DAY.

First Race.—A silver Tankard value twenty Guineas added to a Sweepstakes of three gold mohurs P. P. for horses that have never started. Eight stone four pounds. Heats one and a quarter miles. To be closed 1st December. Three horses or no race.

Second Race.—Plate of three hundred rupees from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of five gold mohurs each, for horses that have never won. Eight stone seven pounds. Heats, one and half miles.

Third Race.—Hunter's Plate of two hundred and fifty rupees, with two gold mohurs each added. Eleven stone seven pounds. Gentlemen riders. Two and a half miles. Winner to be sold for four hundred rupees if claimed as above. Three horses or no race.

THIRD DAY.

First Race.—Ladies' purse of — rupees added to a Sweepstakes of ten gold mohurs each, for all horses. One and quarter miles. Heats. Weight for age. Winners once to carry two pounds extra, twice four pounds, thrice six pounds, and oftener twelve pounds.

Second Race.—One hundred rupees from the fund, with a subscription of two gold mohurs each added, ten stone seven pounds. Gentlemen riders, one mile. Heats. Winner to be sold for three hundred rupees if claimed as above. Three horses or no race.

FOURTH DAY.

First Race.—Handicap for all horses that have run during the meeting, three hundred rupees from the fund added to a Sweepstakes of five gold mohurs each. Two miles. Horses not standing the handicap to pay one gold mohur to the course.

Second Race.—Salisbury Plate of one hundred and fifty rupees from the fund added to a Sweepstakes of two gold mohurs each. Twelve stone. Gentlemen riders. Three quarters of a mile. Heats. Winner to be sold for three hundred and fifty rupees, if claimed as above. Three horses or no race.

Third Race.—Poney Plate of five gold mohurs from the fund, with a subscription of ten rupees each, for all ponies. Twelve stone two pounds, and under. Free course.

FIFTH DAY.

First Race.—Dekhan Plate of five hundred rupees from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of five gold mohurs each added, for all horses, Two miles. Heats. Nine stone. Winner once; two pounds, twice, four pounds; thrice, six pounds, and oftener twelve pounds extra. Three horses or no race.

Second Race.—One hundred rupees from the fund, with a subscription of one gold mohur each added, for all hacks. Half a mile. Heats. Gentlemen riders. Winner to be sold for two hundred rupees if claimed as above, and free course. Three horses or no race.

Third Race.—A free handicap for the beaten horses of the season that have saved their distance in any public race. One mile and a quarter, for two hundred rupees from the fund added to two gold mohurs each, two miles.

The Stewards will be guided as far as possible by the Newmarket rules. Their decision on all points to be final, not subject to appeal.

Should the funds not be sufficient to pay all purses, an equal per centage to be deducted from each.

W. CARSTAIRS, *Secretary.*

AHMEDABAD RACES, FOR 1834.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, 4TH FEBRUARY, 1834.

First Race.—A Sweepstakes of three hundred Rs. P. P. and five hundred Rs. from the Fund, free for all Arabs that have never started for Purse, Plate, Match or Sweepstakes. 8st. 7lbs. each. One two miles. To be closed on the 1st November, 1833.

Already four Subscribers.

Second Race.—The Great Guzerat Welter Stakes, of Rs. two hundred from the Fund, and two hundred Rs. each subscriber. P. P. for all Arabs that have never won. 11st. R. C. To be closed on the 1st November.

Third Race.—Hunter's Plate of Rs. three hundred from the Fund, and fifty Rs. each Subscriber. Heats two miles, 9st. 7lb. The winner to be sold for eight hundred Rs. if claimed.

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, 6TH FEBRUARY.

First Race.—A Sweepstakes of Rs. three hundred H. F. and Rs. four hundred from the Fund for all Horses that have never won. Weight for age, two mile heats. To be closed on 1st November.

Second Race.—A Plate of Rs. four hundred from the Fund, and one hundred and fifty Rs. each, for all Horses, 8st. 7lb. One mile heats.

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY, 8TH FEBRUARY.

First Race.—Give and Take of Rs. three hundred from the Fund, and seventy-five each subscriber. One and half mile heats, for all Horses, weight for inches.

Second Race.—A Spear Stakes for a Tankard value three hundred Rs. from the Fund and fifty Rs. each subscriber. Surplus in specie. For all Horses that have taken three first spears during the season, ten stone, one mile heats. To be closed on 1st August 1883. The winner to be sold for Rs. six hundred if claimed, &c. &c.

Third Race.—Sweepstakes of Rs. one thousand each, for all Arab Horses, 8st. 7lb. one two miles. To be closed the day before the commencement of the meeting.

FOURTH DAY, TUESDAY, 11TH FEBRUARY.

First Race.—Ahmedabad Plate, five hundred Rs. from the Fund, and one hundred and fifty Rs. each for all Arab Horses, 9st. Heats two miles. Maidens of the season allowed 10lbs.

Second Race.—A Plate Rs. five hundred from the Fund and one hundred and fifty Rs. each subscriber for all Horses. 8st. 4lbs. One three miles. The winner to give six dozen of Claret.

FIFTH DAY, THURSDAY, 13TH FEBRUARY.

First Race.—Plate of Rs. five hundred from the Fund and one hundred and fifty Rs. each, 8st. 7lbs. two mile heats.

Second Race.—Champaigne Stakes, Rs. five hundred from the Fund and one hundred and fifty Rs. each subscribers, one two half mile. Weight for age.

Third Race.—A Pony Plate of one hundred Rs. from the Fund and twenty Rs. each subscriber, catch weights. Heats one mile, for Ponies thirteen hands and under.

SIXTH DAY, SATURDAY, 15TH FEBRUARY.

First Race.—The Winner's Plate, of Rs. three hundred from the Fund and Rs. three hundred H. F. for which all winners must enter, except of the Hunter's Sweepstakes, 8st. 4lb. and 3lb. extra for each race won during the Meeting. One two miles.

Second Race.—The Beaten Plate of Rs. three hundred, and fifty Rs. each subscriber for all Horses that have saved their distance during the Meeting. To be handicapped by the stewards. Heats R. C.

H. CRACKLOW, *Secretary.*

Selections.

ADVICE RESPECTING SHOOTING WELL.

By an Old Sportsman.

Come then, ye budy youths, who wish to save
By gen'rous labour, powers that nature gave;
Glad on the upland brow, or echoing vale,
To drink new vigour from the mounting gale.
Come, and the muse shall show you how to foil
By sports of skill the tedious hours to toil,
The healthful lessons of the field impart,
And careful teach the rudiments of art.

Every sportsman (observes the Old One) in my time, nearly forty years ago, had his own manner of bringing his gun up to his shoulder, and of taking aim; and each followed his own fancy with respect to the stock of his fowling-piece, and its shape. Some like it short, others long; one prefers it straight, another bent.

Though there are some sportsmen who shoot equally well with pieces stocked in different ways and shapes, yet certain principles may be laid down, as well with regard to the proper length, as the proper bend that the stock of a gun should have. But, in the application, those principles are very frequently counteracted by the whim, or the particular convenience of the shooter.

But, generally speaking, it is certain that for a tall, long-armed man, the stock of a gun should be longer than for one of a less stature, and a shorter arm; that a straight stock is proper for him who has high shoulders, and a short neck; for if it be much bent, it would be very difficult for him, especially in the quick motion required in the shooting at a flying or running object, to place the butt of the gun-stock firmly to the shoulder; the upper part alone would in general be fixed, which would not only raise the muzzle, and consequently shoot high, but make the recoil be much more sensibly felt, than if the whole end of the stock were firmly placed on his shoulder. Besides, supposing the shooter to bring the butt home to his shoulder, he would hardly be able to level his piece at the object. On the contrary, a man with low shoulders, and a long neck, requires a stock much bent; for if it is straight he will, in the act of lowering his head to that place of the stock at which his cheek should rest in taking aim, feel a constraint which he never experiences when, by the effect of the proper degree of bend, the stock lends him some assistance, and, as it were, meets his aim half way.

Independent of these principles, we beg leave to inform the sportsman that, generally speaking, a long stock is preferable to a short one, and, at the same time, rather more bent than usual; for a long stock fits firmer to the shoulder than a short one, and particularly so when the shooter is accustomed to place his left hand, which principally supports the piece, near the entrance of the ramrod into the stock. The practice of placing that hand near the bridge of the guard, is certainly a bad one; the aim is never so sure, nor has the shooter such a ready command over his piece as when he places his hand near the entrance of the ramrod, and at the same time strongly grasps the barrel; instead of resting it between his fore finger and thumb in con-

formity with the general custom. It may therefore be depended upon that a stock, bent a little more than ordinary, is better for shooting true than one too straight; because the latter, in coming up to the aim, is subject to the convenience of causing the sportsman to shoot too high.

We would also advise the shooter to have his fowling-piece a little elevated at the muzzle, and the sight small and flat; for the experienced well knows that it is more usual to shoot low than high. It is therefore of service that a piece should shoot a little too high, and then the more flat the sight, the better the line of aim will coincide with the line of fire, and consequently the gun will be less liable to shoot low.

The method by which to avoid missing a cross shot, whether it be flying or running, is not only to take aim before the object, but likewise not involuntarily to stop the motion of the arms at the moment of pulling the trigger; for the instant the hand stops in order to fire, though the space of time is almost imperceptible, the object, if a bird, gets beyond the line of aim, and the shot will fly behind it; and if a hare or rabbit is shot at in this manner whilst running, and especially if at a distance, the animal will only be slightly struck in the buttocks, and will be taken but by hazard.

When a bird, however, is flying in a straight line from the shooter, this fault can do no harm, the object can hardly escape, if the piece be but tolerably well directed, unless, indeed, it is fired at the moment the game springs, and before the birds have taken a horizontal flight. In that case, if the hand should stop ever so little, at the instant of firing the sportsman will shoot low, and inevitably miss the mark. It therefore becomes extremely essential to accustom the hand, in taking aim, to follow the object, without suspending the motion in the least degree, which is a capital point towards acquiring the art of shooting well; the contrary habit, which it is very difficult to correct when once contracted, prevents that person from attaining perfection in the art, who, in other respects, may eminently possess quickness of sight, and steadiness of aim.

It is essential in a cross shot, to aim before the object, in proportion to its distance at the time of firing. Should a partridge, for instance, fly across at the distance of thirty or thirty-five paces, it will be sufficient to take aim at the head, or, at most, but a small space before. The same rule will nearly hold in the cases of shooting quail, woodcock, pheasant, or wild duck, though they move their wings slower than the partridge; but when the object is fifty, sixty, or seventy paces distant, it is necessary to aim at least half a foot before the head. The same practice should be observed in shooting at a hare or rabbit, when running in a cross direction, making due allowance for the distance, and for the swiftness of the pace.

In the shooting at a very distant object, aim should be taken a little above it, because shot as well as ball, have but a certain range in point blank, beyond which each begins to describe the curve of the parabola.

If a hare runs in a straight line from the shooter, he should take his aim between the ears, or he will run the hazard of missing, or at least of not completely killing, or *killing clean* in the language of the field. A true sportsman, ambitious of shooting well, is not satisfied with breaking the wing of a partridge, or the thigh of a hare, when he shoots at a fair distance; for in such case the hare, or partridge, ought to be shot in such a manner that it should remain in the place where it falls, and not require the assistance of the dogs to take it; but if he shoots at a great distance, it is no reproach that the partridge is only winged, or the hare wounded, so that it cannot escape,

Practice soon teaches the sportsman the proper distance at which he should shoot, the distance at which he ought infallibly to kill any kind of game, with patent shot, No. 8. provided the aim be well taken, is from twenty-five to thirty-five paces for the footed, and from forty to forty-five paces for the winged game. Beyond this distance, even to fifty or fifty-five paces, both partridge and hares are sometimes killed; but in general the hares are only slightly wounded, and carry away the shot, and the partridges, at that distance, present so small a surface, that they frequently escape untouched between the vacant spaces of the circle. Yet it does not follow that a partridge may not be killed with No. 3 patent shot, at sixty, and even at seventy paces distance, but these shots are extremely rare.

Those who know the range of a fowling-piece, and the closeness of its shot, give little credit to the romances of those sportsmen who, by their own accounts, daily kill, with the shot No. 3, at the distance of ninety, and one hundred paces. Some, indeed, go so far as to assert that they have killed, with this sized shot, hares at one hundred and ten paces and pheasants at one hundred and twenty. It is possible, however, that with shot No. 5, a man may have killed a hare or a partridge at one hundred and ten, or one hundred and twenty paces; but these shots are so extraordinary, and occur so seldom, that the whole life of a sportsman will hardly afford more than two or three instances; and, when it does so happen, it will be found to be by a single pellet, which, by great chance, has hit either the wing or the head of the partridge, or has struck the head of the hare, by which he is stunned, or perhaps has penetrated the small part of the shoulder, where, to prevent the wound being mortal, there is only a very thin skin, which being stretched by the animal in running, is more liable to be pierced with the shot.

In order to acquire the art of shooting flying, many young sportsmen are advised to shoot at swallows; but the flight of swallows is so irregular and swift, and so unlike the motion of those birds which are the objects of sport, that we cannot approve of such a method. No mode is so advantageous as the actual practice of shooting the game, whereby that trepidation and alarm, which most men feel upon the rising of the covey, will be sooner conquered; for, while these are possessed, even in the most trifling degree, no one can attain to be a steady and good shot.

This opinion is so well confirmed and enforced by the Laureat's beautiful poem, entitled *SHOOTING*, that we are tempted to gratify our readers with the following quotation from it:—

But vainly shall perceptive rules impart
A perfect knowledge of this manly art:
Practice alone can certain skill produce,
And theory confirm'd by constant use.
The hardy youth, who pants with eager flame
To send his leaden bolts with certain aim,
Must ne'er with disappointed hopes recoil
From cold and heat, from hunger and from toil;
Must climb the hill, must tread the marshy glade,
Or force his passage through th' opposing shade;
Must range untam'd by Sol's meridian pow'r,
And brave the force of winter's keenest hour,
Till industry and time their work have wrought,
And honor crown the skill that labor taught,
Yet some, these harsher rudiments to spare,
And equal art with easier toil to share,
Or watch with careful aim and steady sight,
The swallow wheeling in her summer flight;

Or on some lofty cliff, whose chalky steep
 Hangs with rude brow impending o'er the deep;
 Where gulls and screaming sea-mews haunt the rock,
 Pour fire incessant on the mingled flock.
 But vain their hopes, presented to the eye,
 In such diversive lines the objects fly,
 * That the 'mazed sight unnumber'd marks pursues,
 Uncertain where to aim, and which to choose,
 Decision quick and calm, the shooter's boast,
 By frequent change, is check'd, confus'd and lost;
 And, guarded by irresolute delay,
 Untouch'd shall future coveys fleet away.
 More hurtful still to try with distant blow.
 To bring the percher from th' aërial bough.
 How shall his thoughts, the level that prepare
 With all the caution of mechanic care,
 Exact and steady as the sage's eye,
 Through Galileo's tube surveys the sky,
 With ready view the transient object seize,
 Swift as the motion of the rapid breeze,
 Pursue th' uncertain mark with swift address,
 And catch the fleeting moment of success!

If there are persons who still think the practice of shooting swallows to be of assistance in acquiring the art, we will venture to recommend another mode, which, though somewhat similar, is in our opinion much better. This is, by putting small pieces of white paper round the necks of sparrows, or other small birds, by the means of a hole cut in the middle of the paper; then, throwing a single bird into the air, the shooter may deliberately take his aim; for, by this device, the flight of the bird is rendered less rapid, and more regular; and at the same time presents a much better mark for practice. It also affords excellent diversion in seasons when game cannot be pursued, or in wet weather, from underneath the shelter of a shed, or a barn door. Some of the first shots in England have been perfected by this mode.

A fowling-piece should not be fired more than twenty or twenty-five times without being washed; a barrel, when foul, neither shoots so ready, nor carries the shot so far as when clean. The flint, pan, and hammer should be well wiped after each shot; this contributes greatly to make the piece go off quick, but it should be done with expedition. The flint should be often changed, without waiting till it misfires before a new one is put in.

A gun should never be fired with the prime of the preceding day; it may happen, indeed, that an old priming will sometimes go off well, but it will more frequently contract moisture, and fuze in the firing; the object will therefore most probably be missed because this piece was not fresh primed.—MORE ANON.

THE SWELL DRAGSMEN.

His Majesty, King George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, could 'prancing' keep moving, with his four 'nonesuches,' and give the 'go-by' to all the nobles like fun; indeed, the Prince was the delight of all the jockies and chaps in the kingdom; but amongst the grooms, huntsmen, and whippers-in, at Brighton, Windsor, Newmarket &c., he was their idol. His late Majesty had always a taste for driving, and was very much attached to the sport. Not very long before he died, he asked one of his grooms, with whom he was conversing on the subject of his racing stud—"Well," said the

King, "and what do they say of me at Newmarket?"—"What do they say of your Majesty," replied the groom, "why they say that you are the most *varmint* of 'em all, and they wish that they had you back again at Newmarket." The phrase "*varmint*" was a cant term in the days of the merry monarch Charles II., and was frequently used when speaking of him.

- The late high-minded, splendid, Duke of Bedford, who never stood still at trifles, but got over the ground with all the ease of a bowling-green, with a 'turn-out' worthy of one of the highest rank in the peerage, was also considered a first-rate coachman; and likewise the never-to-be-forgotten Squire Mellish in the sporting world—who would not be *second* to any body, or at any thing—a first-rate charioteer, and nothing else, upon all occasions—with 'neck or nothing' for his motto—galloping up and down the Brighton hills, with all the playfulness of style and ease of manners, like the best bred gentleman in a ball-room. I think I see him now on a Race Course, surrounded by characters of the first rank in society, communicating life and spirits to the circle; indeed, he was a "magnificent," fellow on horseback; a complete hero on the box; and an 'out-and-outer' in every other point of view upon the Turf, and all the *etceteras* belonging to it; and, 'take him for all in all,' I have seen nothing like the late Squire Mellish since that foe to the human race, Death, placed him under it. And last, though not least in the 'Scale of Merit' in the whip line, the present venerable Sir John Lade, bart., the father of the driving-school for gentlemen. The ease and elegance displayed by Sir John in handling the reins, was quite a picture to the admirers of good coachmanship—his eye was *precision* itself, and he was distinguished for driving to an *inch*. Sir John's memorable wager of driving through a gate only wide enough to admit his carriage, almost with the rapidity of lightning, two-and-twenty times in succession, and scarcely allowing himself room to turn round, sets this matter of fact at rest:—such a superiority of command had the once gay, dashing, baronet over his high-bred cattle. This will account, in some degree, for the Brighton road having been conspicuous for upwards of the last fifty years for first-rate coachmen; indeed commoners, mere whipsters, would not have been able to have kept their seats, but have been voted, by the visitors of this splendid watering place, of '*no use*,' and compelled to retire from the *stage*.

FREDERIC II. OF PRUSSIA—HIS ATTACHMENT TO DOGS.

'Kings have their *fancies* like other folks.'

'Frederic's attachment to his dogs, which had been one of his earliest passions (observes his biographer, *Lord Dover*) continued unabated to the end of his life. The breed which he preferred was that of the Italian greyhound, of which he had always five or six in the room with him. Zimmerman describes them as placed on blue-satin chairs and couches, near the king's arm-chair; and says that, when Frederic, during his last illness, used to sit on his terrace at Sans Souci, in order to enjoy the sun, a chair was always placed by his side, which was occupied by one of his dogs. He fed them himself, took the greatest possible care of them when they were sick, and, when they died, buried them in the gardens at Sans Souci. The traveller may still see their tombs (flat stones, with the names of the dogs interred beneath engraved upon them) at each end of the terrace at Sans Souci, in front of the palace. The king was accustomed to pass his leisure moments in playing with them; and the room where he sat was strewed with leather balls, with which they amused themselves. As they were all much indulged

though there was always one especial favorite, they used to tear the damask covers of the chairs in the king's apartment, and gnaw and otherwise injure the furniture. This he permitted without rebuke, and used only to say, 'My dogs destroy my chairs; but how can I help it? And if I was to have them mended to day, they would be torn again to-morrow; so I suppose I must bear with the inconvenience.—After all, a Marquise de Pompadour would cost me a great deal more, and would neither be as attached nor as faithful!'

'The most celebrated of the dogs of Frederic were Biche and Almena. Biche made the campaign of 1745 with him; and was with him when, one day, having advanced to reconnoitre the position of the enemy's troops, he was pursued by a party of Austrian hussars. He hid himself under a bridge, with Biche wrapped in the breast of his coat. The dog, though generally of a noisy and barking disposition, seemed aware of its master's danger, and remained quiet and hardly breathing, till the Austrians had passed over the bridge, and were at a distance. At the battle of Soor Biche was taken with the king's baggage, but was restored to her master. General Rothenbourg, who brought her, upon her return, into the king's room, found the monarch to entirely occupied in writing, that he did not look up when his favorite entered. The dog immediately jumped upon the table, and put her two front paws on the king's neck, who was moved to tears at this proof of her affection. Almena was a favorite greyhound belonging to the King of Prussia, to which he was so much attached, that, at its death, for a day or two, he abandoned himself to his grief; and it was long before he would allow the corpse of the dog, although it had become putrid, to be taken from his apartment and buried.'"

SHOOTING IN AMERICA.

The Landlord proposing a route by which we might connect a little sporting with it, and his son, a fine intelligent youth, to accompany me (says Mr. John Fowler, in his *Journal of a Tour in America*), I began to feel my chagrin rapidly abating; and slipping on a shooting dress, we were shortly in the wood with our guns, attended by a pretty good pointer dog. We found a few woodcocks and squirrels, but, upon the whole, had indifferent success. As to what we denominate *game*, it is by no means abundant in the country, except *quail*, which are generally plentiful. Hares and pheasants there are none; and partridges (in some places called pheasants) are scarce. Woodcock and snipe are uncertain, both as to season and situation. 'Tis true that great quantities of other birds may sometimes be killed; for instance, *wild ducks* and *pigeons*, which are occasionally seen in flocks of many miles in extent; but, after all, and much as I have heard of American shooting, in my opinion it is a poor, insipid diversion, compared with the English, pursued without any kind of system or science, and reminding me more of the onsets of our mechanics and shopmen, let loose at Christmas, and on holidays, to range the fields, *no matter where*, and pounce upon *all, no matter what*, than of any thing worthy the name of shooting. Let no English sportsman think to better himself by emigration in this respect; I'll answer, upon trial, for his total disappointment.

There is not, there cannot be, an individual living, who holds our *game-laws* in greater abhorrence than I do, considering them as barbarous and

absurd as they are wantonly tyrannical and unjust,—the very *fag-end* of the old feudal system, when barons could lord it over their debased vassals at their pleasure, and when in the humane diction of the day, if one of them “did course or hunt, either *casually* or wilfully, a beast of the forest, so that by the swiftness of the course the beast did pant, or was put out of breath,” he was authorized to *flay him alive*. These days, thank Heaven, have passed away, and the doctrine of *equal rights* and *equal privileges* is becoming rather more fashionable, somewhat better understood,—and I hope yet to live to see this blood-thirsty code altogether expunged from a statute book it has so long disgraced; but if I *must* sport, I confess I should prefer meeting every unpleasantness still attendant upon these odious enactments, and shooting at English game in English style to going a gunning with the most unbridled license, after the American fashion.

On several other days, or parts of days, one of our party and myself were occupied in perambulating the neighbouring country, with our guns. We met with little other game than woodcock, which, had we been provided with a brace of good English pointers or setters, would have afforded us excellent diversion: as it was we killed a considerable number. My friend was more successful than myself; owing in part, perhaps, to the situations in which we found the birds,—chiefly amongst Indian corn, and to which he had learned better to accommodate himself. It frequently grew so high, and so far out-topped me, that I often heard the rise of a bird within ten yards of me, without seeing any thing of it, and could only get *snap-shots* at best. The few quail which we saw were uncommonly wild; in fact, between buck-wheat, which is a very favorite resort, and Indian corn, it was almost impossible to get them on the wing. The best month for shooting here is November: it is usually very fine: the corn is all gathered, and the game has nearly attained its full growth, so as to be strong enough, whether on wing or foot, to give it to chance for its life, and the latter system has no attractions for me. All the diversion which I could ever discover attaching to shooting consists in anticipation, in pursuit, in the excitement of seeking and finding the game: there can be none in the mere *killing*, except as undeniable evidence of a good shot,—an attainment few ambitious of such distinction with moderate self-possession and practice, need despair of: but the *exercise*, which persons in general would never take without the accompanying stimulus of dog and gun, is worth all the rest put together. Whoever designs to sport here, though, as I have said, it will bear no comparison with English shooting, should take care to provide himself with good dogs; they are scarce, and frequently sell for extravagant prices.

ARCHERY.

THERE never was a mistaken notion more prevalent, than that the bow is too simple to require any study, says Mr. Waring; but, simple as it may appear, it will be found that without a theoretical knowledge, the practical part can never be obtained, and so many inconveniences arise to a person attempting one without having acquired the other, that he soon grows disgusted, because not able to overcome a few difficulties: it is these difficulties that the author wishes to remove by pointing out to the learner a proper method to pursue; for many thinking it too insignificant, as not worthy a moment's study, adopt what their own ideas suggest, and by that fall into such bad habits as to break bow after bow, till at last they get disheartened

from pursuing the amusement any further, and lay it aside altogether as appearing to them trifling and childish, and in the end expensive. How any one could ever think the amusement of the long bow as childish, can only be from the recollection that it was once his juvenile recreation, and supposing no greater feats can be performed by a manly weapon, than was done by a boyish play-thing: but supposing his contempt of the bow is founded upon that idea alone, it cannot justify him for the slur he throws upon all the lovers of ARCHERY, and those not a few; for travel into any part of the globe and he will discover that it is, or has been, the amusement of the Nobles and Sovereigns of every nation, and is the general amusement of many eastern countries to this day. But the bow need not travel out of this kingdom to obtain honors, for it has received sufficient to stamp its fame both as an instrument of war and amusement in its native soil; but at present it must be confessed, that the inhabitants of Turkey, Persia, and of various other countries, far excel the best of English archers, and the reason is obvious, "want of practice," and a few examples of feats and achievements; a novice witnessing the performance of an unskilful archer, wonders how a man can amuse himself with what he remembers was only looked upon at school as a toy; but when he beholds the shooting of an expert archer, and is shown the strength and powers of the bow, his wonder changes to the opposite side, and he admires with delight what he before treated with contempt.

As the use of arms is universally allowed to be an honorable profession, why should not the pursuit of an amusement founded upon that warlike weapon, preceded by the present, be deemed likewise honorable? and when it is recollected, that the deeds achieved by our forefathers, which secured to England its present constitution, were with the bow; it cannot be denied, but that it is the noblest amusement, and in its admirers seeming to draw forth a tribute of gratitude for past services too worthy to be buried in oblivion. Be this as it will, it was in former times thought of such importance as to become the object of the legislature's care, many acts of parliament having at various periods passed in support of it, long after it was laid aside as a weapon of war, and which even went so far as to compel every man, except the clergy and the judges, to practise shooting, and to have continually in his possession a bow and at least three arrows; the City of London was obliged by other acts to erect butts and to keep them in repair; and when, after a lapse of a few years, ARCHERY began to decline, and shooting to be discontinued, the bow-makers petitioned Queen Elizabeth for authority to put the acts of Henry VIII. in force, by which they obliged every man who had not a bow and three arrows in his possession to provide himself accordingly; if the bow-makers of the present age could again enforce the act, they might raise a sum that would go high to pay the debt of the nation.

Archery began to decline after the death of Charles II., and was confined in practice to a few counties only, till about forty years ago, when it was revived with increased splendour throughout every part of England, as will appear by the number of societies that were instituted, many of which exist, and continue their yearly and monthly meetings to this day.

As an amusement, ARCHERY has these advantages over all others as a field diversion, which is not only approved of by our ablest physicians, but strongly recommended by them as being the most healthy exercise a man can pursue, strengthening and bracing the bodily frame without that laborious exertion common to many games, every nerve and sinew being regularly brought into play without the danger of being exposed to those alternate heats and colds incident to many diversions, as in cricket, tennis, &c.

On Sir William Wood's tomb-stone were these two lines :—

Long did he live the honor of the bow,
And his long life to that alone did owe.

ARCHERY is an amusement which steals (if it may be so expressed), upon a man's affections, and often makes him perform more than he thinks in his power: for many an archer who would not undertake to walk five miles in a journey has walked six at the targets; for in shooting forty-eight times up to one target, and forty-eight times back again to the other (the number of rounds the Toxophilite Society shoot on grand days), besides walking to the arrows shot beyond the targets, which upon a reasonable calculation may be reckoned five yards each time, and that five back again, makes ninety-six times one hundred and ten yards, which is exactly six miles. Another advantage attending the amusement of archery is that it is equally open to the fair sex, and has for these last thirty years been the favorite recreation of a great part of the female nobility, the only field diversion they can enjoy without incurring the censure of being thought masculine. It will be needless to enumerate the many advantages received in pursuing this amusement; those who have tried, do not require any further encomium in support of it, than what their own experience has already convinced them of.

Madame Bola, formerly a famous Opera dancer, upon being taught the use of the bow, declared that of all attitudes she ever studied (and surely some little deference of opinion ought to be paid to one whose whole life was spent in studying attitudes), she thought the position of shooting with the long bow was the most noble; certain it is that the figure of a man cannot be displayed to greater advantage, as when drawing the bow at an elevation; every archer ought to study well this part of archery.

It will be observed that every bow has generally a number immediately over the handle, which is the number of pounds it takes to draw the bow down to the length of an arrow.

The way this is ascertained is thus,—the bow being strung is placed horizontally on a ledge; a scale is hooked on the string, in which weights are put, and that quantity which bears the string down till it is the length of an arrow from the bow, is its weight. Thus a man, according to the bow he can pull, may judge of his own strength—fifty-four pounds is the standard weight of a bow; and he who can draw one of sixty with ease, as *his regular shooting-bow*, may reckon himself a strong man; though a great many archers can draw one of seventy and eighty pounds, and some ninety, but they are very few.

Ladies' bows are from twenty-four pounds to thirty-four.

The Cross Bow.—This can hardly be said to come under the head of archery; but those who used them in former times in battle, were always stiled *Archers*, or *Cross-Bow Men*, and indeed they might be called so with more propriety than those who use them now, for those archers discharged arrows from their bows, the present ones shoot only bullets. Whatever might have been its powers as a weapon of war, it is now, like the long-bow, reduced to an instrument of amusement; and that amusement is chiefly confined, and for which it is well adapted, to shooting rooks, hares, rabbits, and game in general.

The modern cross bow, for that purpose, possesses one great advantage over the fowling piece, which is, that in the discharge it is free from any loud noise; for a person when shooting with a fowling piece in a rookery, or warren, is sure to alarm the whole fraternity by the report of the first fire,

which makes it a considerable time before he can get a second, but a cross bow has only a slight twang in the loose.

It likewise possesses an advantage equal with the rifle, the arm being guided by the position of a small moveable head, and which can be placed to such an exactness as to bring down at ninety, or one hundred and twenty feet, to a certainty, the object aimed at.

SPORTING IN INDIA.

Shortly after my arrival at Calcutta, I was invited to a day's sporting by Major——. We started before day-break, in a style more resembling the march of a corps d'armée, or a triumphal procession in honor of the goddess of the chase, than the preparations for a day's hunting. No Scotch laird, Yorkshire squire, nor our Melton Mowbray sportsmen, can conceive any thing equal to it (observes the editor of the Metropolitan); our strength and numbers, our arms and appointments, our slaves and attendants, were astounding to behold. A tiger-hunt was the object in view, and a grand and memorable day we had. The major, a fine portly man, was mounted on an elephant, from the elevation of which, placed in a castle, he scoured the circumjacent country with eagle eye, preceded by sharp-shooters, tirailleurs, scouts, spies and savages, followed and surrounded by divers brother sportsmen, comrades, and domestics. We were not long before we found a tiger, which afforded considerable sport, and was killed by a brother officer's rifle. From the dingle in which we found the last ferocious animal, we proceeded on with nobler game in view—the monarch of all beasts of prey: and, after some excursive riding, a magnificent lion made its appearance. The sight was most grand! but I confess that, at this moment, no small degree of fear mingled with my ambition to have to record a lion-hunt amongst the adventures of my life. The attack seemed more like actual war than any thing else, so great and grand was the enemy to which we were opposed. The bold major, and a dashing young cavalry subaltern, discharged their rifles simultaneously at the lion, and each of them wounded him; infuriated with pain, the fierce animal attacked the elephant, whilst the major seized another rifle, and took deliberate aim at him; but, being anxious that this shot might tell, he leaned so far forward that he overbalanced himself, and fell from his castle into the lion's arms (or rather paws). Here was an awful moment! but, wonderful to tell, the major got off with a broken arm only, a rush having been made towards the lion, whereby he was despatched, covered with wounds, and torrents of blood streaming around. Nothing could be so brave, so desperate, or so marvellous.

WHIST.

The Catechism of Whist; in which every possible difficulty occurring at this Game, and not noticed in Hoyle and Matthews, is explained; compiled from 'Bell's Life in London,' with special permission of the Editor. By W. Oldriver, Esq. London: Griffiths.

We—that is, four of us—seated in judgment at the Court of Green Baize—of opinion after weighing the decisions—working such points as are practical—allowing much for “the amiable character of the editor of ‘Bell’s

Life in London,'” (though we can hardly see how this directly bears upon the Game of Whist,—consulting Hoyle and disputing with each other,—that this Catechism is a book not to be relied upon :—and we lay down our hands to take up our pens, always having four good points in favour of a rubber,—to defend the true laws of the game.

The first question in the Catechism is this,

“If A B and C cut aces and D cuts a deuce, who is D's partner?—The three aces cut a second time, and the lowest of the three must be D's partner; and D has a right to the deal and the choice of seats and cards.”

Now the law is not as it is laid down; but that A B and C cut again, and the deuce, being the original highest card, takes the *highest* and not the *lowest*.

“If one party cuts a king, and the others three deuces, what is to be done in this instance?—The three deuces being equal become no cut, and the king being the only legitimate card out, he has the right to the deal, and the lowest of the fresh cut becomes his partner.”

“Fudge!” as old Bunchell says. The king takes the highest on the fresh cut, and the lowest in such cut deals.

On the subject of cutting cards, the following questions and answers appear:—

“How many cards are necessary to constitute a cut before the deal?—Four must be cut off or it is no cut.”

“If A B and C, cut part of the pack, and D takes up the remainder: does D's cut stand good?—No; he must cut over again.”

Now we doubt whether it be necessary that four cards should be cut off to constitute a cut. The last query and reply are worthy of each other, and are admirable specimens of unadulterated nonsense.

The following interrogatory and response are beautiful illustrations of would-be law:—

“If A and B are nine, and honours; does winning the trick against the honours, scoring four or not any, save a point?—Yes.”

What are *honours* at nine? We can scarcely forbear throwing the pack at the head of Mr. Oldriver!

With great respect for the editor of Bell's Life, as far as boxing, racing, rowing, and cocking go, we must really take leave to say, that if his sporting decisions have originated this little deceiving book, he ought henceforth to be excluded from all decent tables—and sentenced to double-dummy in one of the colonies for seven years—or to the hulks and *humbug* for a good round period.—*Athenæum*.

• AMERICAN RACES.*

Augusta Races.—First day, 3 mile heats, won by Col. M. C. Ligon's s. f. Tuberoze, at two heats, beating Col. John R. Spanif's br. h. Van Buren, and Mr. John Phinizy's c. m. Betsy Hare. Time, 1st heat, 6m. 22s.; 2d heat, 6m. 14s. This race, notwithstanding the extreme heaviness of the course, afforded fine running and good sport. The *knowing ones* completely taken in. Van Buren decidedly the favorite—a beautiful dark brown horse, in fine training, high spirits, glossy as the Raven's wing, and evidently in the best order—Betsy Hare, too, had her admirers, but the betting was decidedly in favor of the horse; and Tuberoze, rather rough, quiet, and modestly retiring in the

* We have extracted this article for the sake of the Yankee phraseology which will no doubt amuse our readers.—Ed. *Ben. Sport. Mag.*

back ground, was almost forgotten. Presently, tap goes the drum, up come the horses, V. B. takes the tracks, and they all start together in fine style—the filly and mare push round V. B. and strike ahead, and the former passes the stand, closely followed by the mare—the horse coming on leisurely behind—2d round, the filly runs handsomely at a steady pace, frequently locked by the mare, but never passed, the horse still creeping up quietly behind, evidently depending on his strength, and saving himself for the next two heats—3d round, filly improves, the mare lags behind, and just saves her distance, the horse draws up within a few lengths, and little *Tubero* takes the heat handsomely and easily, and gains many friends and backers; but the confidence of the knowing ones is still strong in the horse.

2d heat—Up they come, at the signal tap, the filly still very wet, the horse cool as a cucumber, and in high spirits; the contrast much against the former, and alarming her new friends considerably. All go off well together, the filly soon striking ahead, closely followed by the horse, the mare several lengths behind; and thus they pass to the stand—2d round, the filly still ahead, hard pressed by the horse in the back stretch, but pushes ahead, and is again hard pressed in the last quarter, and nearly locked as they pass the stand—3d round, the filly and horse still locked the first quarter; the former gains considerably in the back stretch, and third quarter—the horse again makes headway fast, as they come down the last quarter, and the shouts of his friends are loud in his favor, but after the first half of it, the filly is evidently too much for him, and comes home triumphantly, five lengths ahead—proving the *Tubero* to be decidedly “the flower of the flock.”

A beautiful single mile race was afterwards run, for a first rate Saddle and Bridle, ten Spanish dollars entrance, free for any horse, and handsomely won by Mr. Holsey's b. h. Nullifier, after a hard contest, in which three of the horses were several times locked—beating Dr. Leverich's s. b. Soapstick. Mr. Hibbler's b. h. Jim Crow, and Col. Green's g. h. Selim. Soapstick came in second, only two feet loser, and Jim Crow third. Time, 2m. 3s.

Another pretty single mile race, sweepstakes, ten Spanish dollars entrance, was run by Nullifier, and Mr. Walter's g. h. —, and won by the former, a few feet, after a severe contest.—*New York Enquirer*, April 2.

AMERICAN BETTING.

Disgraceful.—In giving publicity to the following report of a trial for the recovery of the stakes paid to the owner of the Horse *Dread*, we feel it incumbent upon us to characterize the whole transaction as disgraceful to the Plaintiff, and meriting the severest censure from all classes of society. Thousands of our fellow citizens are conscientiously opposed to betting of any description; but even they with one accord would deprecate as infamous the making of a bet in the hope of winning an adversary's money, and in consequence of losing your own commence a suit for its recovery. The law it is true, authorises a recovery in such cases, but the opinion of mankind stamps with indelible disgrace whoever resorts to it in order to repossess himself of that which had been wagered in the hope of swindling his adversary out of a similar amount—for swindling it certainly is which A. bets with B. knowing that if he wins, B. as an honorable man will pay him, while should he lose, he is determined not to pay, but to shelter himself under the provisions of the law.

We are not advocating betting, but we wish to mark our abhorrence of a man who will first lay a wager and when fairly lost, prosecute for its recovery.

The case should be republished in order that *such a sportsman* may be extensively known.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Richard F. Carman vs. John M. Bloodgood.

- "This was an action of assumpsit: for the recovery back from the defendant, as stake-holder, the sum of one thousand five hundred Spanish dollars, placed in his hands, in May 1832, as a bet, on a match to be trotted on the Centerville Course, in Long Island, on the 1st October, of the same year, which match was so trotted, and the amount of the bet, paid over by the stake-holder to the individual winner of the match.

The plaintiff, by his witnesses, proved as follows:

Wm. J. Brown testified that he knows the parties to this suit: that he was present, in the months of May, at Mr. Fink's, in the Bowery, when the plaintiff and Isaac Anderson, respectively deposited in the hands of the defendant, as stake-holder, the sum of five hundred Spanish dollars each, as part of the bet of one thousand Spanish dollars a side, on a match to be trotted in October, over the Centerville Course, Long Island, (which is a licensed course,) between Mr. Anderson's horse Dread, and Mr. Carman's horse Cato: that as time and place were appointed at which to deposit the balance of said bet—for the correct understanding of which, he thinks an article of agreement was drawn, although he does not positively know the fact, as it is the custom, and he saw writing going on: that he was at the Howard house afterwards when the parties to the bet, were present, and a bet of five hundred Spanish dollars in addition was made against one hundred and fifty or two hundred and fifty, in relation to the distancing of Cato, as witness understood. The bet was between Carman and Anderson.

Thomas Williams was present when the bet between Carman and Anderson was made for one thousand Spanish dollars a side; saw five hundred Spanish dollars deposited by each of the betters in the defendant's hands, at Fink's, in the Bowery; heard the defendant say afterwards that all the money had been paid up; a paper was signed at the time the bet was taken.

Examined.—The horses were Dread, owned by Anderson, and Cato, owned by Carman.

Abraham De Camp was present when the match was trotted on the Centerville Course, Long Island, and understood that the plaintiff gave notice to defendant not to give up the money; the notice was after the race and before the money was paid over; thinks the match was trotted in November last. (Here the plaintiff rested.)

Thomas Williams was then called for defendant, who testified that he was at the trotting match on the 1st October; (proved the article of agreement, which was read, dated 9th May, 1832, between the parties to the bet;) said there were three judges appointed, of whom defendant was one; that after the match was trotted, the plaintiff gave notice to the defendant not to give the money up, because the race was unfair; to which the defendant replied that he should not, unless he was indemnified; that he was indemnified and should give it up. Witness stated that the judges decided that Dread won the race.

Mr. Price, for the defendant, here moved the Court for a nonsuit, on the ground that the declaration was on common law counts only, and not on the statute; that being unable to stand on a common law right, they attempted to recover by statute, which they would not do under the present form of the action; and that the plaintiff had no other, than a remedy by statute.

To sustain this doctrine he cited third Wendall's reports 494, case of *Matteson vs. Cafferty*; in and from the New York Common Pleas, where the

plea was *assumpsit*, in which it was decided by the Court above, that *debt* and not *assumpsit*, is the proper form of the action for the recovery of money from a stake holder of a bet on a trotting match. Also first Comyn's Digest four hundred and forty six, where it is decided—"If an action be founded upon a statute, the plaintiff must state every matter which is required to entitle him to an action." Also fourth Johnson's Reports p. 189, in the case of Cole vs. Smith, where it is stated that "in an action, founded on a statute, the plaintiff must state especially the cause of action, arising under the statute."

The Court denied the motion, and ruled, that the objection to the declaration was without foundation—and to recover money back, an action for money had and received, could be maintained.

Whiting for defendant contended, that on this course racing was authorized by law, and that betting is therefore lawful. This the judge pronounced a *non sequitur*, and that the law is now express against it.

The prosecution then called *John Conklin*, who testified that he was present when the bet was made and saw the money deposited as a bet that Cato should not be distanced; that five hundred Spanish dollars was bet by Carman against one hundred and fifty Spanish dollars or two hundred Spanish dollars by Anderson, and deposited in the hands of defendant, distinct from the bet of one thousand Spanish dollars. On being cross examined he stated that he was present when the first deposit of one thousand Spanish dollars a side was made, and also when the other five hundred Spanish dollars was deposited as a separate bet; heard defendant say afterwards that the money was all put up—witness now owned one-eighth of the original bet of one hundred Spanish dollars—had owned one-fourth.

George Clinch said he was present and heard defendant say, that the bet of five hundred Spanish dollars against one hundred and fifty Spanish dollars to two hundred and forty Spanish dollars was deposited besides the main bet, after the principal bet was made. Witness said he had no interest in the event.

Here the testimony closed, and the judge charged the jury, that the course being licensed, did not prevent the exercise of the law against betting and gaming; that it left it with the betters to pay or not to pay, whether the race was fairly or unfairly run; that the law compels the stake-holder to return the money; in confirmation of which doctrine he quoted the revised statutes, vol. 1st, p. 662, section 8th and 9th: that "All wagers, bets or stakes, made to depend upon any race, or upon any gaming by lot or chance, or upon any lot, chance or casualty or unknown contingent event whatever, shall be unlawful. All contracts for, or on account of, any money or property or thing in action so wagered, bet or staked, shall be void. 9. That "any person who shall pay, deliver or deposit any money, property or thing in action upon the event of any wager or bet, herein prohibited, may sue for, and recover the same of the winner, or person to whom the same shall be paid of delivered, and of the stake-holder, or other person in whose hands shall be deposited any such wager, bet or stake, or any part thereof, whether the same shall have been paid over by such stakeholder or not, and whether any such wager shall be lost or not." The Court further charged, and this statute was intended to prohibit the system of betting; that the defendant if fully indemnified; that he paid over the money in good faith, but the law is positive, and that the jury are only to enquire whether they believe that the one thousand five hundred Spanish dollars was deposited in defendant's hands, and if so, the plaintiff is entitled to recover. The jury rendered a verdict in favor of plaintiff for one thousand five hundred Spanish dollars damages, and six per cent. costs.

Counsel for plaintiff, John Anthon and G. T. Tallman; for the defendant Price, F. A. Talmadge and J. R. Whitlog.

Mr. Price gave notice of his intention to file a bill of exceptions in the case.—*New York Enquirer*, April 2.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,—GAME ACT.

Mr. Lennard moved for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the 7th and 8th sections of the 1st of William IV., which prevented tenants from shooting game on the lands held by them, unless by an agreement to that effect with the landlord. He would also wish to include in his bill the repeal of part of the 38th section of the same act. The act, as it now stood, was very severe on the tenants, and he thought that they ought to be relieved from the pressure of those clauses. It was not the fault of the House that such clauses were introduced, they were added to the bill in the other house, and he believed with the intention of discussing the house with the bill, so as to induce them to abandon it; but the hon. member thought it better to adopt those objectionable clauses rather than abandon the whole measure.

Sir E. Knatchbull seconded the motion.

Mr. Huthcote thought it would be better to enter into the consideration of the whole subject with the view of amending two or three defects in it; or, if that could not be done, to let it remain as it was. As an experiment for the prevention of crime, he thought that this act had not answered its purpose. Since the passing of the Game Bill and the Beer Bill crime had greatly increased.

Mr. A. Baring said that before the passing of the present act tenants had a right to shoot on the land held by them. The act had deprived them of that privilege. If the bill which the hon. member intended to introduce would bring the tenant back to his old situation, it would be nothing more than an act of justice to him. (Hear hear.) He thought it was an unfortunate circumstance that the experiment with respect to beer-houses and the game laws should have been tried in the same year, because it prevented them from distinguishing what portion of increased crime was to be attributed to the one measure, and what to the other. He believed that much crime had been generated by both.

Mr. W. Brougham wished that the measure now in existence should be re-considered and altered, retaining the general principle. By the present bill, to constitute poaching, the offence must be committed in the intermediate period between an hour after sunset and an hour before sunrise. Now, it was notorious that more game was illegally destroyed in those two identical hours than at any other time. The punishment for poisoning grounds was, in his opinion, too small. That offence was only visited by a fine of 10*l*., while other offences, not so atrocious, were punishable under the act by transportation. Why should not poisoning lands be punished as a misdemeanor? He certainly would punish a man with transportation for poisoning land sooner than he would for a petty larceny. It was one of the greatest atrocities that could be committed.

Mr. Fawcett said the game laws were most tyrannical and infamous. They were kept up for the exclusive benefit of the rich, to the great injury and oppression of the poor. He trusted that the people of England would never be satisfied until those cruel and tyrannical laws were repealed. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Aglionby said, when he heard the hon. member declare that those laws were enacted to give protection to the rich, and to inflict injury

on the poor, he must enter his protest against such an assertion. (Hear, hear.) He would expunge from the statute-book any law that operated to the injury of the poor, while it conferred advantages on the rich. (Hear, hear.) He begged leave, however, to deny, in the most decided manner, that the game laws had any such effect. Those laws were enacted for the purpose of protecting the property of individuals. Game, he supposed, belonged to those by whom it was bred, and the rich man had surely as much right to it as the poor man had to his pigs or fowls. (Hear, hear.) Let each party possess that which was his right. A privilege of this nature was a stimulus to men to endeavour to attain the same immunity by pursuing industrious habits and amassing property. (Hear, hear.) Every man in this country might arrive at that privilege if he duly exercised the ability with which Providence had blessed him. (Hear, hear.) It was not out of the reach of any person.

An hon. MEMBER said the clause which it was intended to alter was grossly unjust, because it deprived individuals of a right without assigning any reason.

Leave was given to bring in the bill.—*Times*, March 28.

FLINTSHIRE ASSIZES—POACHING.

(Before Mr. Baron BAYLEY.)

The calendar for this country, as well as throughout North Wales generally, was unusually heavy.

Mr. Baron Bayley, in his charge to the grand jury, adverted to a serious case of poaching in the calendar. His Lordship said there could be no doubt that gamekeepers had a right to apprehend persons found poaching on their master's grounds, and that it was the duty of the poachers to submit; but if the farmer used any necessary violence, and death occurred, then it could not by law be deemed murder. In consequence of what had taken place in the county which he had just left, and having heard that similar outrages were perpetrated in the county of Flint, he felt an inclination to say a word or two respecting game, and he could wish that gentlemen of property and influence would consider whether they were making the best use of the blessings and favours which Providence had intrusted to their care, by accumulating game in such quantities upon their land as to afford an almost irresistible temptation to the lower orders for the commission of crime;—whether the existence of game in large quantities was not injurious to the morals and habits of the people in the neighbourhood of their estates. His Lordship was aware that it would be a great sacrifice on the part of many gentlemen to reduce their game, but he could not forego the opportunity of submitting to their consideration the important benefits which might accrue to the county if a less quantity were reared upon their lands. Experience taught him that many juvenile offenders were induced to pursue or abandon a lawless course by the encouragement or disappointment which they met with in the first instance, and he really thought the amazing profusion of game which was known to exist a great inducement to successful poaching among ignorant and thoughtless youths, who too often terminated a career thus commenced by the commission of a much graver offence. His Lordship hoped he should not be misunderstood; he did not recommend that country gentlemen should destroy all the game, they ought to have as much as would afford them satisfaction and reasonable sport; but he wished to submit to them whether game in large quantities was not a temptation to the people in their neighbourhood to commit crime.—*Times*, March 28.

THE RAPE OF THE HAT.

"We Essayists, like modest rouls, contented ourselves at first with fastening on the dead bodies of our predecessors, cooking them up and disguising them in every possible way, putting the hind part before, and dragging them into our dens backwards, as Cacus did his herds, to conceal the robbery. But this resource being exhausted, we have begun to cut Abyssinian collops from the living subject, and every scuffling John Bull carves plagiaristic steaks from his neighbour."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CALCUTTA SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I offer to your Sporting Pages, not as a collop or plagiaristic steak, but as an entire rump, a right merrie and conceited Poeme in five Cantos, called the Rape of the Hat, under the idea that it may furnish entertainment to your (I hope) numerous subscribers. It is ascribed to the earlier days of a gentleman who passed many years of his life in this country, in which he attained to high dignities. Like an old coachman, being still fond of the smack of the whip, it is said that he has desired to throw the weight of his talents into the scales held by the Leadenhall Street Council, and to take a share in the discussions about the Hobson's choice option which has so candidly and elegantly been given by the President of the Board of Control, in his paper of Broad Hints, to the Proprietors of East India Stock.

Yours truly,

Calcutta, 19th August, 1833.

GEORGE SCRAPS.

THE RAPE OF THE HAT.

CANTO I.

What dire offence from petty larceny springs,
What mighty contests rise from trifling things,
I tell:—Treachery! aid my vent'rous flight,
Assert thy throne and vindicate thy right:
Trifling the subject, but not so the praise, 5
When thieves inspire and Judges read my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could inspire
A poor black man t'incure a Judge's ire!
Oh! say what stranger cause of pride or grief,
Could make Sir W***** prosecute the thief! 10
In deeds so bold could little men engage?
In Judges' bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Not with mere vanity the new made Knight
Swell when th' unwonted title meets his sight,
Than, high advanced above his former friends, 15
The Putsie Judge Calcutta's Bench ascends:—
In curling wig and purple gown he shone,
And thought all eyes were fix'd on him alone.
His conscious looks a haughty mind displayed,—
His pompous style a vain conceit betrayed. 20

Affected smiles and supercilious pride
 Could ill conceal the faults he might not hide.
 If to his share some casual virtues fall,
 Look in his face—and you'll forget them all.

Sir W*****m, to the wonder of mankind,
 Wore a large Hat which o'er his head reclined :
 With triple corners raised, it served to deck
 His powdered hair and apoplectic neck.
 That Hat, when first in Monmouth Street it shone
 A haberdasher's 'prentice made his own :
 At Highgate oft the youth's thick skull it graced,
 And all Cheapside confess'd the owner's taste.
 Then squeeze'd and flatten'd to a *chapeau bras*,
 For sale at second-hand, with scarce a flaw,
 It hung expos'd, and near as good as new—
 It caught Sir W*****m's scrutinizing view—
 He saw and bought—while Jews, with envious eyes,
 Beheld their rival bear away the prize :—
 To Ganges' bank, th' experienced Hat he bore,
 And many years, with thrifty prudence, wore.

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CANTO II.

Between that Ghât by men yeapt Chandpaul
 And G*****n's rising glory, the Town Hall,
 There stands a building, opposite the Fort,
 Where litigation holds her pleasing Court.
 Here subtle lawyers (see Report by Carr*)
 For empty bottles wage the wordy war.
 Here thou, Sir H***y, whom these walls obey,
 Dost often claret take, but seldom tea ;
 The hungry Judges here the sentence sign,
 And wretches hung that jury-men may dine.
 Here, too, Sir W*****m oft with self-applause
 Discusses doubts and fancies fatal flaws ;
 Discerns with keen and penetrating sight
 That black's not green, nor yellow very white.

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One morn, awaken'd from a restless dose
 With aching head, Sir W*****m sought repose ;
 But balmy sleep, or rest, he sought in vain,
 For fumes of feasting occupied his brain :
 Bewildering thoughts his anxious fancy vex'd
 And dreadful omens all his soul perplex'd.
 Some dire disaster, or by force or sleight,
 He feared would happen ere th' ensuing night :
 Whether bad play would make him lose at chess,—
 Or T—s his house-tax levy by distress,—
 Or careless servant lose a silver chobe,—
 Or L*****n dare to insult a Judge's robe,—
 Whether the cook would break a China dish,—
 Or some low Ensign run away with Tish !

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But now the Judge's toilet stands array'd,
 The soap and tooth-powder in order laid :

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* I propose to favour you with this hereafter.—G. SCRAPS.

Here, long with care preserv'd, its golden rays
 A polished copper chillumchce displays :
 Behind the screen, in well-contrived abode,
 A sacred altar stands—the teak commode :
 Here Kedgerce displays her earthen-ware, 35
 Shoes, towels, brushes, razors, combs are there.
 The Judge complacent views his rising charms,
 While conscious merit soothes his late alarms,
 Resumes his pride, awakens every grace,
 And calls up all the wonders of his face. 40
 His feet the red morocco slippers press,
 And last the morning gown completes his dress ;
 For coats are hot, and to Sir W*****'s pride
 A jacket's very far from dignified.
 He looks and speaks in self-admiring tone, 45
 And Mohun's praised for labours not his own.

CANTO III.

Mean time, ascending tow'rd, the noon of day,
 The sun intensely pours his feverish ray.
 The merchant to Banksball proceed, for news,
 And idle Waters college tasks abuse. 5
 Official labours, daily cares, abound,
 And busy murmurs from each desk resound.
 From numerous tongues is heard the loud " Qui ly ?"
 Beaters, Chuprasses, Khidnutgars reply.

Sir W***** now, whom Law Supreme invites,
 Proceeds to Court to meet his brother Knights. 10
 In purple gown array'd aloft he sat,
 And near him placed his well-tried, rusty Hat.
 The parties in the suit now issue join
 " Ram Ruttan—*versus*—Raja Kishen Sain,"
 Four lawyers then begin to scatter mud,
 In turns, with lisping tones, address " My Lud ;" 15
 Adjust the flowing gown, then smoothe the band,
 Art in their heads and pleadings in each hand ;
 Resolv'd, or right or wrong, the cause to gain,
 They place in order on the baizy plam, 20
 Reports, Exhibits, Precedents and Pleas,
 With many a memorandum of their fees.
 Attornies, Proctors, Criers, Clerks are seen,
 With varying passions round the level green ;
 While perjurd witnesses cross-questioned fall, 25
 And long and sad indictments threaten all.

Meanwhile a thief Sir W*****'s Hat admired,
 He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired :
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way
 By stealth to gain, and then to run away. 30
 And when success a felon's toil attends
 Some like to know how he attain'd his ends,
 Ah ! cease rash Bunia Doss ere 'tis too late,
 The jury dread, and fear a felon's fate :
 Condemn'd to jail, or sent to Bot'ny Bay, 35
 For such a Hat too dearly will you pay.

Just then Sir W***** rose with solemn face
 To pass a judgment on the pending case.
 His head he raises and adjusts his band,
 Shakes the white wig and waves the speaking hand. 40
 Ah ! what avails that learned head so round,
 Full, pendant wig, with curls which love the ground ;
 For now the thief, with cautious steps and slow,
 Advances onward—creeps the bench below,
 In silence all the lawyers' eyes avoids, 45
 Nor dreads the dignity of slumbering R**ds,
 Thrice did the Crier hush the clam'rous troop,
 And thrice, with Stentor lungs, repeated "Choop,"
 The Sheriff whisper'd in Sir W*****'s ear,
 Thrice he look'd round, and thrice the thief drew near. 50
 Not e'en thy skill fictitious Richard Roe,
 Nor thine, in legal fame his rival, Doc,
 Nor fate, nor force, could fright the felon foe. }
 With hand out-stretched and eager, wary eyes,
 He grasp'd in triumph the unconscious prize : 55
 Unseen, unknown, he made a safe retreat,
 Pleas'd with himself, and glorying his feat.

CANTO IV.

And now at length, freed from judicial cares,
 To leave the Court the Puisne Judge prepares ;
 Unites his gown and in familiar chat,
 Seeks, in the well known spot the darling Hat.
 In vain he seeks, in vain he looks around 5
 The Bench, the Court room, and the treach'rous ground,
 In deep despair, the blood his cheeks forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all his look
 Penurious care his thoughtful mind possess'd,
 And finious passions labour'd in his breast. 10
 Not sanguine plaintiffs when they lose their cause—
 Not girls when rival beauties win applause,
 Nor gamblers when they throw the adverse die—
 Nor C*****t tasting an unsavoury pie,
 E'er felt such rage with deep resentment join'd, 15
 As poor Sir W*****m for his Hat purloin'd.
 On his heav'd bosom hung his drooping head,
 Which, with a sigh, he rais'd,—and thus he said,
 "For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my old, my only Hat away ! 20
 Happy, ah ! ten times happier had I been,
 If I the Court this day had never seen.
 Yet am I not the first unhappy wight,
 Who, by the love of Courts, has lost his right.
 Oh ! had I rather staid at home, tho' fate 25
 And Mrs. F*****r gave the dire Check Mate !
 'Twas this the morning's omen came to tell,
 Thrice from my trembling hand the tooth brush fell !
 The tottering tea-cups shook without a wind,
 The toast was cold, and Tish was most unkind ! 30

Oh ! had I, prudent, been content to wear,
My wig alone, or e'en my own grey hair !"

CANTO V.

- * He said and wept, then with a frowning mien
He walk'd indignant to his palankin.
Raging he seeks the office of Police
Where M***yn watches o'er Calcutta's peace, }
Fixes the fine and fingers frequent fees. } 5
M***yn, of thrifty cunning justly vain
And the nice conduct of the penal cane,
With gooseberry eyes, bald head, unmeaning face,
He bows and listens to Sir W****m's case,
The loss he deeply felt—or seemed to feel, } 10
While promis'd dinners fanned his artful zeal:
Then thus broke forth,—" My Lord, restrain your grief,
For be a sur'd I'll catch th' audacious thief.
Was it for this you took such constant pains
To brush your Hat and guard it from the rains ? } 15
Sooner these legs shall lose their wonted charm,
Or bribery fail stern justice to disarm ;
Sooner shall fame a poet's toil reward,
Or I neglect an invitation card,
Than this bold thief retain your lord-ship's Hat, } 20
And such a crime, unpunished, perpetrate !"
Poor Bunia Dos, meanwhile, unhappy tries,
In vain, to sell the dearly purchased prize ;
It was rejected by a Portuguese, }
A low caste Mihtur e'en it did not please, } 25
Two beggars look'd—but feared the Scotch disease. }
A watchful Choicedar observ'd his steps
And traced him to a native dandrep's ;
Then told the tale to M***yn, and in brief,
They seized and to Sir W****m took the thief. } 30
" Restore the Hat" he cries, and all around,
RESTORE THE HAT—Chowringhee's streets resound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roared for the handkerchief which caused his pain !
The Hat, obtain'd with guilt and kept with pain, } 35
In every place is sought, but sought in vain.
In such a Hat no mortal can be dress'd,
So heav'n decrees,—with heav'n who can contest ?
Some thought it pawn'd, or in the Loll-Bazar,
Sold for eight annas to a drunken tar. } 40
But trust the Muse—she watch'd its lofty flight,
Borne in the talons of hungry kite,
A sudden star it shot thro' liquid air
To add new lustre to a greater BEAR.

NOTES.

TO AID THE UNINITIATED AND TO ENLIGHTEN THE READERS IN THE FATHER LAND.

CANTO I. Line 3. Tricornia, the goddess who presides over Cocked Hats.
Line 10. Sir W B*****s, formerly Advocate General, raised to the dignity of Third Judge of the Supreme Court.

CANTO 2.—Line 2. The Town Hall was built by General G****n, of Engineers, out of funds raised by Lotteries.—Line 7. Sir Henry R****ll was 3d Judge of the Supreme Court till Sir John A*****r, who was Chief, returned to England, and then Sir H. succeeded to that grade: the latter did not dislike good living, and resided in the Court House.—Line 23. Sir W. B. was fond of Chess, and played well.—Line 24. Peregrine T****s, of sporting notoriety, Collector of Calcutta Taxes, &c.—Line 26. The celebrated linguist, Dr. Leyden, who accompanied Lord Minto to the conquest of Java, and died there: he was apt to lash folly, hauteur and affectation.—Line 27. Letitia, the elegant and accomplished daughter of Sir W. B., who, after having been a considerable time in Calcutta, said that she had seen only one real gentleman, *and a half*—Line 46. Mohun is supposed to be the name of Sir W. B.'s head or sirdar bearer.—

CANTO 3.—Line 10. The two associates of Sir W. B. were Knights: he was a Baronet.—Lines 20 and 24. The table in front of the bench, covered with green baize.—Line 46. Sir John R****, the 2d Judge of the Supreme Court, a most delightful old gentleman: he did *not* a little over trivial cases.

CANTO 4.—Line 14. Colonel C*****ft, late Town Major and Judge Advocate, an epicure of the first order of gastronomic science: a very clever and agreeable man.—Line 26. The lady of General F.

CANTO 5.—Lines 4. 16. 19. Charles Fuller M***yn, many years one of the Magistrates for the town of Calcutta. He did not come out to India young, remained about twenty-four years, and retired with a fortune, it was said, of 16 lacs of rupees in 1815. He was extremely fond of good living, but his own chimney was never seen to smoke. The calves of his legs were very large and handsome, and his feet very small. He was an accomplished man of the old school.

A FEW REMARKS ON STEEPLE CHASES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CALCUTTA SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Perhaps you will agree with me, that, after a good pig-sticking country, and a first rate *thing* with a good pack, there is nothing in the world which affords so much real sport as a good steeple chase: for independent of the extreme pleasure the young-gentlemen jockeys themselves, appear to partake in coming ‘heels over head,’ and *smashing their ribs*, hundreds of folks (many of whom have subscribed liberally to the purse) enjoy the more sober amusement of *splitting their sides* at the catastrophe; while even the ladies are often dying with delight at the thoughts of a broken neck, when they are endeavouring to persuade their hearers, that, ‘really these steeple chases are excessively dangerous, very mad, and uncommonly foolish!’

There are, however, few things more difficult, than getting up a good race of the kind; I mean, a *well-contested*, and a *near* thing: chiefly because it is almost impossible to bring horses together by *weight*, where so much depends upon the *rider*, and on the *education*, and *not* on the *actual power* of the nags. But since these races have become so frequent, on this side of India, (nearly every race meeting ending with *something of the sort*) I will, with your leave, and with due submission to better judges than myself, offer a few remarks, tending in my opinion, to improve this excellent sport.

First.—It being so very difficult to bring horses together with any certainty, in a jumping race, and as, unless a race is well contested, it is ‘flat, stale, and unprofitable,’ (except to *one* smiling individual) not fewer than *six horses* should start for a steeple chase.

If the race is for a subscription purse, or cup, the *second* horse should receive back double the amount of his stakes, or entrance money, and the *last* horse should pay the stakes of the *third*. This tends to make the race contested throughout, or, from top to bottom, as the last two ‘spoons,’ contend who shall not be the ‘greatest saddle’ of all, and have to pay double stakes.

These races, being generally for a subscription purse, with a small entrance of three, or five, *G. M.s.* *quiet people*, who only *pay*, like to see something for their money, and have ‘no idea’ of a ‘*chummuck*’ pulling up, and disappointing them ‘of their *belly-full*’ of laugh, just because he can’t be first.

Secondly,—The ‘course,’ or ‘line,’ should be *long*: about *three good measured miles*, is, I think, the proper distance, for this country.

If the course is only a mile and a half, or so, (as it generally is, outside of a race course) one ‘mistake’ in *early life*, to which all flesh is more or less prone, frequently becomes a ‘floorer,’ and puts a ‘stopper’ on many a young man’s hope of winning heaven, and a steeple chase; as no time is given him to regain his ‘*place*,’ in good society; and a speedy short limb’d nag, quick on his legs, that can take his jumps without being much pulled together, will doubly distance the whole field in a short course, and the sport is spoilt.

But in a long course of three miles, ‘speed,’ and ‘bottom,’ can be brought together by judicious riding. ‘Headers,’—(‘tail’ers) and other *curious purls*, made up for, by *particular* after ‘cramming,’ with a good bit of stuff; and the chances, of a well contested and near thing, greatly increased.

These *short* courses have arisen, I fancy, from the known fact, that, *untrained* horses cannot go above a mile, or so, at any ‘pace;’ and that, ‘*jumping takes a great deal out of a nag*;’ but the *salutary*, and *long lived*, effect, of being *pulled together* at every jump, has not been duly considered. Jumping does not occasion anything like that serious distress, so soon brought about, by *continued tip top speed*. I think the British ‘Nimrod,’ somewhere says (but I only quote from memory) ‘Were it not for the *pulling-up* at the *fences*, no horses could stand long the pace they are obliged to go between them.’

Thirdly,—‘Cross country,’ taking the natural leaps of it, is of course the ‘*ticket*,’ as hunters, (wherever they may be) must be used to them, and will do the thing handsomely; but there should be, *at least twelve good jumps in the three miles*; or averaging, one jump every quarter mile in the whole distance; and if *double* that number of jumps were to be taken, perhaps the race would be just so much the better. What I call a *good jump* for the generality of

horses in a race, is something not less than, *four feet high, or twelve feet broad.*

Two small flags should be placed at every jump of consequence, from *twenty to thirty yards* apart, giving plenty of room for the field, but at the same time, so close to each other, that the eye may catch them both at the same time, for, *between them*, is the *particular* 'ticket.'

'Cross country,' however, cannot always be had; many countries, not being *good enough*, won't do, and the jumps must be cut, and erected.

A fifteen foot ditch, on perfectly level ground, is broad enough for most nags: but then, it should not be cut in that clean, straight, perpendicular, *six foot-by-two-fashion*, making both horse and rider think of *eternity*, just when they should be thinking of any thing else.

The 'take-off' side, should have a ridge of earth, thrown up from the ditch, just a few inches high, running along the edge of it; this shews a horse there is *something to be done*, long before he comes up to it, and he accordingly measures his distance for a spring; and every ditch in the country, almost gives a horse some such warning by its appearance.

The opposite bank should be *ragged*, and made something like a natural ditch: if it has been dug on turf, let the sods be struck on it.

In making high jumps, whether of mud-walls, bamboo-fences, or any thing else; *four feet and a half*, will be as much as most will get over particularly well; but they should *all (whatever they are made of)* be built *so stiff*, that a buffalo could not run through them, or knock down any part; for, it is not fair, that the 'Clipper' who comes first at it, should get a 'flooring pur' losing all chance he had of the race, while all the others (who perhaps could have done no better) come through the gap he has made for them, and are 'book'd, before him.

Moreover, the most dangerous jumps that ever were stuck up as such, on a course, are those senseless, *thin* bamboo-fences, which a horse thinks he can, and very often does, run through without even trying to jump them; but he is as frequently mistaken; and then a most cruel summerset is the consequence;—the man pitches on his *os-occipitibus*, and the nag following his example, *welups* atop of his master's back quite 'wicey-warsey like,' and pays him off most terribly.

But besides the endeavouring to run through, a horse coming at a slapping pace, cannot judge his distance; and not 'taking off' soon enough, he catches with his knees, or, fetlocks, and a fearful 'header' is the *'finale'*; while his rider, *sincerely hoping and trusting*, that, in case of accidents, the fence will *give way*, does not care! until, being 'well floor'd,' he finds out he ought to have pulled him more together.

If, on the contrary, these jumps were *made*, and *known to be*, 'passable mispilt,' only by a pretty fair clear, and for the nag's information *look'd so*, likewise; severe accidents would much more seldom occur; every man of sense would pull his horse well together as he came up to it, and every horse, not mad-blind, would do his best to clear it. And if the first-man got a fall, all the others (the fence still standing) would be looking out for catching it also, and the 'leading bruiser' still have a chance of being where he ought to be.

Many people must remember the frequent accidents that have taken place at the 'run-in,' on the Barrackpore Course, from having a nasty *thin* bamboo-fence always stuck up near the distance post. Nothing but an uncommon athletic frame, could have stood the pitch Dr. G — y (since dead) got there, when in the act of *winning* a race; his mare *Beauty*, coming slap a top of him, enough to smash most men 'as flat as a pau-cake,' and perhaps, his riding in a *three pound saddle*, alone *balk'd the undertakers*; as it was, he was pick'd up for dead, and the word 'killed,' was in every man's mouth. I understand he never perfectly recovered from it. 'Accidents will happen!' without putting up blind kind of fences, seemingly for the purpose of *killing one man*, and *saving all the rest*. Mr. P — s who was killed last year, in a steeple chase, is a melancholy instance.

If the horses are much unused to taking stiff fences, at any *pace*, (for *trotting* a horse up to a leaping-hai, and riding to *win* a steeple chase are two different things) a ditch, two or three feet deep, and *nearly as broad as the fence is high*, should be cut at the bottom of it, on the 'take off' side; this prevents the horse from coming *too close* before he makes a spring, which is the principal cause of *serious puts*, at these fences.

The jumps should of course be *varied* as much as possible, and their dimensions be greater or less, according as the 'take off' side, is higher or lower than the 'landing side.'

They 'Sneezers;' 'Yawners;' 'Raspers,' and 'Sweating jumps,' should, if possible, be about *half-way* when the catth have got their blood well circulating, and have not begun to feel the effects of the distance.

A ditch of twelve or fourteen feet, with a strong fence put up in the centre of it, shewing about three feet and a half, or four feet, above the level of the 'take off,' would make a *beautiful item*; and a *drop jump*, over a seventeen or eighteen foot ditch, another.

In all hunter's courses, about the first half-mile should be 'plain sailing,' without any jump at all; many a man mounts a nag to ride a steeple chase, which he has never crossed before; and no one will be the worse for being allowed a few seconds to get well scated in the *skin*, before any *scrimmaging* takes place. Nothing can be more ill-judged than to commence a race (as I have often seen done) by *going over a jump*. Horses that have been standing quietly, or

turning about, before it, perhaps for a quarter of an hour, waiting for 'all ready,' frequently see no reason why they should all of a sudden be made to leap over it, just because a man (who does not appear to be going at it himself) chooses to sing out, 'off!' •

A distance after the last jump, is quite enough for the 'run in.'

Fourthly,—Every man who starts in a steeple chase where it is a 'line' across the country, should have an Umpire to see 'all fair' with regard to his particular nag.

A steward should always be at the winning post. Trusting to its not being a *near thing*,—this is sometimes neglected.

No altercations about 'crossing' and 'jostling,' should be attended to in a steeple chase, except when they take place *after the last jump*, at the 'run-in'; for, as long as any jumping is going on, a 'cross,' or, 'jostle,' cannot frequently be prevented, 'swerving,' and 'bolting,' must be expected, and a 'cross,' or, slight 'jostle,' at that time, is, perhaps, very immaterial, except, *actually at a jump*; and people, generally speaking, having as much regard for themselves as for their neighbours, won't 'jostle' at a jump if they can help it.

But at the 'run-in,' the matter (being 'Oyer and Termin'd') is decidedly a case for the 'Supreme Court,' and the steward at the post, having his eyes open, and examining witnesses, should return a 'Verdict,' agreeably to the Laws of Racing.

A *wilful* and *deliberate* 'crosser' and 'jostler' in a steeple chase, may however, sometimes appear; when he is found out (and it would not be long before he was) I should recommend the rest of the field to say nothing to him, until he had *paid his stakes* for the next race, and then, just as the word 'off,' was given, the whole field by mutual consent *set of him*, kick him to the devil and immediately draw up and start again.

Fifthly,—Lastly and particularly. N. B.—Never start for a steeple chase, unless the subscriptions for the purse, and all the stakes are previously *collected* and *deposited*. Ten to one they are not forthcoming afterwards. With due deference to the sporting public, these few remarks are offer'd for the consideration of 'stewards of races,' and 'steeple' chase—*Colours-men*, who may be thinking of marking out a 'line' of *circumvallation*, for all such as may feel inclined, to 'seek the *bubble* reputation even at'—the bottom of a *twenty foot wet ditch*.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Mosus, August 10, 1833.

OLD BOOTS.

P. S.—Please to give my compliments to O. K. for his letter 'on the use of mares.' Few *signatures* can add weight to his, on any sporting subject; and, I take it, nobody *would give much for mine*; but as O. K. does not say he has *tried* mares himself as *hunters*,

perhaps, one who has both *seen* them, and *tried* them, with hounds, may throw a penny-weight of experience into the scales. Few 'things,' can touch the *English hunters* in Calcutta, when well ridden, and they are principally *mares*. This however, is not exactly the point, O. K. is steering for—*Country bred mares*, are frequently great performers with the Calcutta hounds; *Beauty*, and *Ranting-Moll*, are by no means, *Rare-ares*, most of the *expensive* young-men from Dum Dum, on 'half batta,' who go to auction, and, *Give five and twenty shillings, to get a good-un, at once*, bring home a *mare*, who, after being knocked about the country for a fortnight, is either *broken down* or deuced well *broken-in* for 'cross country' purposes.

But I will give an example in a mare I once had, suited to the subject. In 1829, I bought a bay stud bred mare (B. 6.—41.) at auction for 400 rupees; she was rising five; stood nearly 15 hands and 2 inches and had an uncommon fine shoulder, and broad buttocks; but was very narrow chested, long-legged, and weedy; she had a narrow strong hoof, and was as springy and as sure-footed, as a cat. I rode this mare for three seasons with the Calcutta pack; and in the last two seasons, she *never gave me a fall*, that I can remember; altho' she *never was*, and I will venture to say, *never could have been*, 'pounded' by any nag that went with those hounds, and she carried very nearly eleven stone.

When five and six year old, she ran *second* and *third*, in two steeple chases at Barrackpore, being beat only by the *English* horse 'Othello,' in the first race; and by 'Othello,' and an *English* mare 'Betsey,' in the second race. But she was much too leggy for this work, which perhaps is rather a general failing, in well-bred stud mares.

After four years and a half, nearly, I have sold this mare *without losing money*, and were I going to Calcutta, I would, in preference to the Arab stable, go to Buxar, and endeavour to get a couple of well bred mares, fifteen hands and upwards, and I should expect to be carried, as *often*, as *long*, and as *straight*, as the best hounds divided into two packs could go themselves.

There is nothing like 'backing up,' Mr. Editor; 'prize-fighters,' 'pointer-dogs,' and 'cricketers,' know that; so I expect the sporting O. K. (or some other great 'och!') will back up with his powerful weight, these remarks on steeple chases, or shew 'what for no,' in order that we may have *lots on 'em worth riding; worth winning; and worth looking at*.

Since writing the above, I have had the pleasure of a peep into your No. VI. (*good number!*)—but please to tell 'Pickle,' that his letter to O. K. is *no answer whatever* as regards the *more general* use of mares recommended by O. K. as *roadsters* and *hunters*, principally for their *cheapness* in these cursed hard times. I should think *Pickle* was most probably, a *warm man*, and doesn't care about *price*.

Be so good as tell him 'Nim-East,' that, *every thing in the world**, is too much for any *one* man to talk about at once. The pups alluded to by 'Tally Ho,' were out of a bitch said to have a cross of the hound in her but to all appearances a *thorough-bred pariah*; and she was warded by 'Twister,' in *my compound*, and I will bet 'Nim-East,' ten to one, he never saw the bitch in his life! Let him describe her, or say, 'done!' (in chicks)—no G. M.'s for pariah bitches. As long as he can go with a thorough-bred pack at the Presidency, he is quite right to think of riding to no other: but were he at an out of the way Mofussil station, he would probably, like other people, be glad to join a half-bred pack in the *absence* of a better; and let him remember, that if *foxes* and hounds in England, have beat, *Tom Shaw* the huntsman, two miles in twenty-two minutes, and left old story, alone in his glory on 'Cocks pinner,' *jacksalls*, even with the Calcutta kennel at their tails, can never hope to have such a *cocky history to spin*, or to kick up such an infernal 'Tommy-shaw.'

If thorough bred hounds cannot be procured, let half-breds, if they will shew sport, be *bred like bricks*.

BURSAUTEE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—The more I reflect, the more I am convinced it is high time the serious attention of the Sporting Community, and, may I venture to add, the Veterinary Profession in this country, should be directed with more zeal than heretofore to lay down some rational treatment for the disease 'Bursautee,' and which in truth is, 'a *curse upon good horse flesh*.' The current of prejudice has been so great that any innovation beyond a *dose of physic, black pepper, neem leaves, and burnt alum*, has been generally considered monstrously absurd; and the expression used as a final knock down argument has been. 'It can never be cured until after the rains, then try so and so,—that's your only,—patch him up and accommodate your friend the young Eusign.' This is the only excuse that can be pleaded for the anxiety manifested for the cure of the disease. We hope this cruel apathy is fast subsiding; 'if, however, we could but once be prevailed upon to shake off the trammels of custom, to forsake the beaten track of fashion, and to tread in the paths of nature and simplicity, not only would the great cause of humanity be effectually served by the change, but ere any great length of time could elapse, men would be led to discover that their own interest is more intimately connected with mercy in the treatment of these animals, than, at first blush, would seem to be the case. But as long as people of the higher classes shall continue to advocate indirectly the cause of folly and cruelty,

* If any exception be taken to this sentence, let the blame fall on our shoulders. We head all letters, and our excuse for generalising Nim's, was that we thought (without reading) it discoursed '*de omnibus rebus*.'—ED.

by sticking to the present absurd system of treating horses, the prospect of amendment seems indeed distant, and any rational expectation of seeing the thing accomplished utterly hopeless.'—*Peall*.

The *Bengal Sporting Magazine* is a periodical in which our various opinions and treatment may be safely deposited; there *I hope* never to find wanton criticism to wound the feelings of the most tenacious. Let us embark in one common cause. Let us be indefatigable in practical research. We have humanity on our side, and that alone will carry us cheerfully through many a dark and intricate road. Without some beginning we cannot hope our labours to terminate, but let the foundation stone be laid, the building advances, and in the course of time, perhaps, it will be sufficiently strong to sustain that unfortunate child of nature 'prejudice.' Still, how sensible I am, in making it the subject of publicity, to find myself standing upon very tender ground, and without cordial support I feel apprehensive of falling back over the common threshold of the Blacksmith's shop!! Forbid it *Nim East*—Forbid it *O. K!*

Were every man merely to detail facts, and publish only what has come under his own particular observation, a great deal may be learnt in the treatment of disease, but unfortunately for the *poor horse*, we have been too prone to favour false theoretical ideas at the expense of *his sufferings*, for his delicate stomach has indeed been considered sufficiently strong to bear with impunity all the nostrums of quackery; besides founded on a total ignorance of the seat and nature of his complaint. Whoever heard of a moralist in a stable yard? 'Turn him out Dick, or clap the twitch on his nose and then we'll sarve him out.' With this hint, perhaps, it is better to go on to the subject direct and no longer be guilty of further digression.—'Open the case book George.'

In August 18,—I first had an opportunity of seeing this disease in one of the sale stables in Calcutta, but as it neither put on the usual character of grease or farcy I was anxious to make myself a little familiar with its peculiarities, besides somewhat prompted from having heard that Bursautee was considered incurable. I left the stable by no means satisfied as all my interrogations were laconically answered. 'Only Bursautee, Sir, but he'll soon be well; the sores, Sir, are drying.' However, this kind of information, on reflection, increased my curiosity, and most days 'I dropped in,' to take another and another peep. I believe the stable attendants (and one certainly looked as smart as a new scraped carrot) took me for the veritable Paul Pry, but in all probability thought they had caught a capital fresh water 'Griff,' who, from the frequency of his visits, gave an appearance of 'wanting to buy this Rosinante' of an Arab; for had the object of my visit been known, I was perfectly convinced it would have been frustrated; consequently, I imparted in strict confidence my plans to a well known sporting character facetiously called in the BATU drawing room 'Mr. Pepper,' who accompanied me to the stable, where we

were received with a respectful recognition by the proprietor. Immediately '*this terrible high bred one*' was pointed out, my friend kindly whispered 'ask no questions, I have known him for the last three years subject to the disease, and if he is not sold soon, he will be sent to the — regiment of cavalry at Cawnpore, THERE you will have innumerable opportunities of witnessing this horrid disease.' Strange to say four years afterwards I had the good fortune to witness the post mortem examination of this very horse;—the sheath, belly, face, legs, coronets and hips, the last year of his life became dreadfully ulcerated. In the latter part of the cold weather, he was sufficiently well for quiet school work, returning from which, he was (fortunately for himself) taken ill, and died of Hernia. We minutely excised the parts that had been affected with disease. In several were found small quantities of ossific matter, some as large as peas, and most of them the size of pins' heads. My knowledge of chemistry, however, could not allow me to give a correct analysis of them more than they contained a great proportion of *lime*. Some months ago, I had the pleasure of conversing with Captain Gwatkin, who informed me he had frequently found in horses laboring under the disease (and no particular breed it appears is exempt) large substances resembling '*Khonore*;' that gentleman I am happy to add, regards the disease in a similar light as I do, for he emphatically exclaimed,

'To cure the disease you must change the constitution entirely.'

There has been a lamentable mistake in the treatment of the disease, in considering it to be a local affection; I cannot resist stating it to be my firm conviction, that it ought to be considered and treated as constitutional, and moreover, I conceive the sores to be merely an effort of nature to rid itself of disease. Almost every medicine composing the *Materia Medica* has been tried as '*topical remedies*;' the result, as yet, has never been attended with lasting beneficial effects, but in nine cases out of ten, local applications have increased the derangement of the digestive organs, and as long as those functions are impaired so long will the animal in question be more or less susceptible of disease. The idea of a horse's stomach and bowels being affected *because a little powdered alum and brimstone* are applied to a sore may appear ridiculously incredulous to some of your readers, but it is a fact beyond a doubt that the small stomach of a horse is as easily deranged as that of the lady who rides him for the purpose of restoring the healthy functions of her own; and without any intention of giving offence to the fair sex, or their admirers, and *all sportsman are fond of a 'bit of muslin,*' I shall merely add *en passant* that the tempers of horses are similar to their own, *i. e.* 'being much under the control of digestive organs.' We all know how peevish and low spirited we are, when feeling, vulgarly speaking, '*as sick as a horse,*' and if proof is required, several instances can be given that horses suffering from indigestion, &c. become ruffled in their tempers, and in regiments have been found extremely troublesome and almost unmanageable; but immediately the cause has been

removed, they have recovered 'that sweet serenity' commonly observed in India, resembling, in truth, the old adage, 'after a storm comes a calm.'

- Mr. Tombs, a veterinary surgeon in the Company's service, it appears, has written a paper on the subject, in which he unequivocally gives an opinion that the disease is more frequently found in horses having a mixture of Arab blood. He says, 'horses of a mongrel breed are highly susceptible of this disease'—horses whose sires are Arabians, and dams country bred mares—the Honorable Company's stud-bred horses are most of all liable to it. It has been said to be a disease of poverty, but experience has taught me otherwise, for I have seen Horses of all ages, all sizes, all colours, all constitutions, all conditions attacked with Bursautee. I have observed that thin skinned horses are more frequently afflicted with it than others; which proves, in some measure, that it originated in high bred horses, and also favors the opinion of those that traced its origin to Arab blood. I should not omit to mention here, that we have several English thorough-bred stallions imported annually; country bred horses are covered by them, the offspring of which are more prone to this disease than any other race of horses in India; this I can prove by facts. By referring to my case book for 1830, I perceive that I had twenty nine cases of Bursautee in the hospital stable at the same time; twenty-one were stud bred horses, by English stallions, out of country bred mares, the remaining eight were country-bred horses. This circumstance induces me to think that the predisposing or remote cause may be foreign blood, at least foreign to India.'

As a preventive he recommends a short time before the rains, copious bleedings and purgatives.

To Mr. Tombs' sweeping observations I cannot subscribe. If the disease is to be attributed to the introduction of foreign blood, why are horses in Europe not susceptible of it? Further, I believe, it is not known in Arabia*. There appears to me to be some contradiction in Mr. T's paper, and as I am more disposed to yield to the judgment of Captain Gwatkin, whose experience as a breeder for twenty years entitles his opinion to some consideration, besides his extensive opportunities of knowing the disease in all descriptions of horses, induced me to address a letter to that gentleman on the subject, and I hope, should this meet his eyes, he will not think I have taken an undue advantage of his kindness in subjoining his answer and opinion.

'I have perused the extract you sent from Mr. Tombs' paper, published in the Veterinarian, on the subject of the Bursautee, which he considers more frequently found in horses having a mixture of Arab blood and particularly horses bred at the Company's studs, "that English and thorough-bred horses are least of all subject to it." I incline to think Mr. Tombs' opinion must have been formed upon a very hasty judgment and little local experience. He so sadly

* At any rate it is not known in Khuzistan.—Ed.

jumbles mongrel bred, thorough-bred, country-bred mares, high-bred and country mares, that it is difficult to know to which class he alludes, or if he had any definite idea in his own mind of either.'

'The term 'thorough bred' is almost inapplicable to horses bred in India; but if taken in the latitude usually allowed, it implies a horse that can be traced through three or four removes from the original mare of the country; those going down to Arab mares, of which class is *Tarantula* (that bred a team of winners,) *Laurel Leaf* and *Maid of Avenel*, own sisters, out of *Tarantula*, are decidedly of this description.

'At this stud by far the greater proportion of colts trace their pedigree through four descents; and I would have the most prejudiced person to decide how few Bursautee cases we have.'

'I have often had occasion to notice that many horses are pronounced to have Bursautee when they have nothing more than sores, caused in the first instance, by a blow or scratch, which is very apt to take place on the fetlock joints, with colts at play; these, particularly in March and April, are increased by flies, to which, as Mr Tombs remarks, the '*thin skinned horses*' are more subject, and are at a particular season difficult to cure.'

One decided error Mr. Tombs has fallen under, he says 'English imported horses are least of all liable to it.'—(Bursautee). I have seen many, and of the 'stallions now on the sick list at this stud two are English; one last year had an extensive operation performed with the knife for Bursautee, and the other, who had it long, is now again under treatment. OF THE ARAB STALLIONS NOT ONE HAS THE DISEASE: and from the strongest proof and long experience I can safely pronounce that it is not hereditary, or even infectious.'

'Mr. T. recommends as 'a preventative' copious bleedings and purgatives; such treatment has been recommended by others, when the disease appears, though I think injudiciously substituted for alteratives; but as a preventive, it would be necessary to subject all horses to such treatment, which would surely be unwise.'

'I have before given my opinion that there has been no certain cure yet discovered for the true Bursautee; and it will not, I incline to think, be found from local applications alone. But if all who have the misfortune to have a case in their stables, will give the treatment and result publicity, something will doubtless be devised to cure this pest to horseflesh in India.'

(Signed) E. GWATKIN.

'It is the prevailing 'fashion' to imagine all sores in the rains to be of the Bursautee nature. Now this, to me, is very erroneous; for the bites of insects, or a scratch of any kind, ought not in reason to be so termed. The Chevalier De L'Etang, with whom I have the happiness of being acquainted, very ingeniously argues that sores are frequently caused from the bite of the sand fly, which produces so much irrita-

tion that the horse BITES it, and a sore is thus produced, which, if neglected, ulceration follows, and it then puts on the characteristic appearance of a Bursautee sore.

In the ——— regiment of cavalry, last year there were only seven real cases of Bursautee, although perhaps seventy or eighty horses had small sores more or less in various parts of the body : but that sore, long neglected and never cleaned will frequently assume the Bursautee character, I am most willing to admit. Mr. Tombs considers the disease communicated to other horses having abscessions, by inoculation through the medium of flies. *With due deference to Mr. Tombs, this may be happily considered a lamentable error, for it is neither infectious or contagious* ; and in this opinion it affords me pleasure to find Captain Gwatkin coincides. — One fact (derived from actual observation) is worth a thousand theories ; therefore I give the result of one experiment out of many, which goes to prove the *falsity of Mr. Tombs' view of the subject* ; — matter was collected on small pieces of lint from the sores of a Bursautee horse, incisions were made in different parts of the neck, belly and quarters of a pony, where the lint was allowed to remain several days, after which it was taken out, the sores cleaned and treated as in ordinary cases, for immediately extraneous matter was removed, irritation ceased, they healed rapidly, and the pony to all appearances continued perfectly free from Bursautee.

Whether or not the disease in question is hereditary, I am not prepared to say ; however, perhaps Captain Gwatkin may favour us with his sentiments on a subject requiring further elucidation — his opportunities are by no means circumscribed, and I am willing to hope he will unhesitatingly give us PROOF that it is not so. I am rather disposed to press it, having heard many persons (and good judges too) express themselves to the contrary. Captain G's opinion is entitled to more than ordinary weight in the scale, and more particularly from the situation he holds as superintendent of the Government Central Stud, where I understand there are, including stallions, mares, colts, and fillies, upwards of six thousand !! What an extensive field for observation !!! Therefore I trust in the next number the question of the disease not being hereditary will be set at rest.

In this communication I have purposely avoided giving any particular plan of treatment for the disease in question, but with your permission, Mr. Editor, it is my intention in a future number to enter again on the subject, when I hope to give you the practice of others, and at last enter fully into a plan of treatment which appears to have had in several instances, a most happy effect in preventing a recurrence of the complaint for two, three and four successive years. It will be before the Sporting Community ; let them give it a fair and impartial trial, and the result will be, and must be, satisfactory.

• If however, such a happy era should ever arrive, the business might be said to be accomplished, and humanity would have cause to

rejoice : for a man might then, perhaps, without fear of being upbraided with canting, venture now and then, to reprove the unfeeling by repeating this short but pithy sentence.

‘The merciful man is merciful to his beast.’

With best wishes for the success of the Magazine,

Your's faithfully,

July 1833,

VISTA.

HINTS TO MASTERS OF HOUNDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—As the cold weather is now fast approaching and the hunting establishments of high and low degree in this part of the country are numerous, perhaps a few hints to some young masters of hounds may at this moment not prove unacceptable. Let me, in the first instance, beg them to be careful not to enter their puppies, whether thorough-bred or half-bred, too early ; it is a mistake by which many a promising animal comes to a premature end, and the master is left with a short kennel to regret the effects of his want of judgment and patience.

Should puppies, once afflicted, have thoroughly recovered from the distemper,—that dire curse to breeders of hounds,—they may be safely entered when a twelve month or fifteen months old,—the latter period I should prefer, and even then great care should be taken that they are not dragged through wet covers, morning after morning, than which nothing can be more injurious to a young hound ; and, which sooner or later, will find him out.

To break your young hounds, if possible, endeavour to persuade your field to forbear from speaking, and still more from riding near them, even whilst drawing. No one who has not experienced it, can tell what a master of hounds feels, at seeing his young hounds during the first days of their entry, unseasonably and unknowingly spoken to by strangers ; up goes the puppy's nose, as much as to say ‘you fool leave me alone.’ Many a good puppy is made irrecoverably unsteady, by a little mismanagement when first entered. A few quiet days by yourself with a friend, who may be reasonable enough not to expect immediate perfection in a dog because he has a tanned head and a black saddle on his back, and who is ready to assist you judiciously, is the surest method I know of, of securing to yourself and your friends future sport : be careful, however, yourself, of speaking too much to your puppies ;—spare the whip, but if absolutely necessary let the punishment be immediate and severe ;—let those young hounds who behave steadily and well, be encouraged and cheered, but *quietly* ;—noise with a young pack is destruction, and a view hollow should not

be heard, till they have been at least two months at work, and have got their noses well down : let me however inculcate, to those who may think it worth their while to read these hints, *patience* ;— do not be discouraged, or put aside a young hound, should he not enter quickly, and handily ; many of those who turn out capitally, are at first, riotous and apparently quite indifferent to their game. I have myself frequently found a hound the second season, to be a different animal both in temper and qualifications to what he was the first. To show your readers what essential change does sometimes take place in the temper of hounds, you will perhaps forgive my detailing an anecdote for the truth of which I can vouch.

In the season of 1819-20, I hunted frequently with a pack of Harriers kept by Mr. S—, in Surrey. Among the pack in that season was a puppy named *Tyrant*, and during the whole period of our hunting that year, he would not only never stoop to a scent, but I have seen him allow a hare to cross him without taking the slightest notice of her, so utterly indifferent and worthless did he appear. At the end of the season his owner considering him incorrigible, gave him to a farmer in Dorsetshire, and the hound was accordingly sent down by the Stage-waggon, the distance I do not recollect, but it is something very considerable. About a month had elapsed, when one morning the master of the pack on going to his kennel espied poor *Tyrant* lying at the door, evidently much reduced and worn out : on enquiry afterwards, he found out that the dog had actually broken loose from his new master and had found his way back unaided and alone to his former kennel. In consideration of his attachment, *Tyrant* was once more drafted into the kennel, and with my own eyes, Mr. Editor, did I, the following season, see that self-same *Tyrant* lead the merry twelve couple for one hour and one quarter after a *down Harc* and kill her in the open ; and from that time he remained one of the steadiest and best Harriers I ever saw in a field. I fear I must by this time have ridden the patience of your readers to ‘ a stand still,’ so for the present, I will wish you farewell.

TARQUIN.

MEASUREMENT OF HORSES—PROPORTIONS OF CLIPPERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In the *Sporting Magazine* for April last, I find you remarking that ‘ the *points*, and performances of noted horses or maiden clippers, are important items of information, to all sportsmen,’ I therefore take the liberty to send enclosed the outline of a horse, surreptitiously obtained from the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* for August 1830, and also a page of interesting matter, all of which you

have seen before, but which I think, you might reprint with considerable advantage to the state. These extracts are accompanied by a few remarks, drawn up for my own amusement about two years ago, and which are scarcely worth the trouble of moulding into a more approved form. I cannot now call to remembrance my *reason*, for selecting *Horlequin*, *Golden Grey*, and *Little Tough* for mutual comparison, it might have been that their names were more familiar to me; but at all events, I was then assured by an experienced hand, and one who in former days possessed some of the best horses on the Calcutta Turf, that the inferences I had deduced were for the most part correct. In forwarding them for publication, I am solely influenced by the hope that abler pens may proceed with the discussion; it would be presumption in me to make any additions, when you have such a writer as O. K. in the field. 'There must be other 'gems of purest ray serene,' through whose instrumentality, we might obtain a clearer view of a subject so much talked of, but in reality so little known; viz. The chief points necessary to constitute a real clipper. By a clipper, I mean a horse with considerable speed and bottom, combined with qualifications for carrying weight, &c. &c. We hear the Arabs can run in *all shapes and sizes*, and the assertion will appear correct when we mention together, *Cleveland* and *Pyramus*, *Harry Scurry* and *Windermere*, *Godolphin* and *Rhodesmontade*, *cum multis alis*.

Perhaps you can inform us whether the horses whose dimensions I have given were measured immediately after the training season, or when in high flesh,—something depends on that. Though alas! the Calcutta stables have been rifled of their choicest flowers, and the glory of its turf has departed for a season, yet surely, a few *real good nags* may yet be found in various parts of this Presidency. Let me then request that their owners will take the trouble of measuring their points by the *nikshah* I have sent, and communicate the result through the medium of your columns. The enquiry will always be a most interesting one. The inconceivable duration of the Barrackpore Races in 1832, (continued for nearly *thirty days*) indicated some dreadful crisis. The expiring lamp flared with a brilliancy which will be remembered for many a day, and especially by those whose fingers were thereby singed. Darkness is now on the face of the earth, but let us hope that the eclipse is only a partial one. Many extraordinary facts were certainly elicited as to the *lasting* qualities of the horses and the payable qualities of the owners, as the former were mostly run off their legs, and many of the latter toddled off with empty *cies*. Bottom, as it is termed, can only be entailed by *blood*; but in addition to this, the gallant little *Windermere* must have possessed sinews, and a constitution of iron, to stand the severe work cut out for him in the Calcutta and Barrackpore Races of 1831-32. How the little rascal carried weight too! It is reported that the horse was bought out of Mr. G.'s stables for six hundred rupees; if so, it certainly was a sporting match, when he was backed to run at even weights

against the pick of his former master's stables. *Rhodanthe* late *Infant*, was brought against him and after a most beautiful struggle was beaten by half a length, at least so the papers said. This race took place on a Monday:—it must be remembered that both horses had run *four heats* on the Friday for the Planters' cup, and I was informed that on *Sunday* (on the day before the match was run) *Wundermere* had the benefit of a *three mile's* *spread*, and at 12 A. M. was again brought out to *run a trial* against *Jessam*! Pictiv well, I thank you! He continued this kind of work for a great length of time and I verily believe ran on an average once every day during the Barrackpore meeting. A careful measurement of this little horse and his Madras antagonist would afford an interesting comparison, and their performances might be subjoined. I will endeavour to procure for you, through the medium of sporting friends in various parts of Upper India, the measurement of certain first raters which have appeared on the Cawnpore, Allyghur and Meerut courses. I forward an extract from the *Meerut Observer* by which it will appear that the north country gents may expect tolerable sport for the ensuing season. All the best Arabs and country breeds are entered for the Allyghur cup. *Calculator* seems to have taken considerable pains in arranging the odds, and he *may* be right enough. *Tumbler* and *Honabad* are first on the list, both being Cape horses. *Calculator*, but of the latter I can give no account. *Tumbler's* name is well up in the sporting world, but he will find the *Begum*, if in racing trim, a pretty run customer. *Clem* must go at her best pace to leave her astern, for the difference between the running of a four year and five year old is very great. She is as good a bit of stuff as ever was bred, and game to the back bone. It is whispered that good subscriptions have been raised for the Meerut, Delhi and Agra races.

Concerning the Racing Calendar, I always thought it was to contain an account of *all the races run in India* for the last thirty three years, the Bombay and Madras meetings being included*. Whichever may be your determination on this point, I should say that the Racing Calendar already published, does *not*† furnish a sufficient guide for the period it embraces. For my part, I like to read *how* a race has been won; whether through sheer superiority on the part of the horse or through the skill of the rider, as with the time and other particulars when they seem worthy of publication. This is particularly applicable to those races where gentlemen riders are concerned, without some explanation it would appear truly marvellous how *two* horses could run *six heats*, as in the case of *Duncan Grey* and *Raven* at Barrackpore in February or March 1832.

Your's obediently,

August 1833.

PILGRIM.

* And so it will.—ED.

† We do not promise to give all this, for it would swell the work to an immense bulk. In all the Calendars attached to the magazine it will however appear.—ED.

Proportions of the best running Horses.

	Harlequin, 14 hds. $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.	Little Tough, 13 hds. $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.	Goblin Grey, 14 hds. $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.		
	inches.	inches.	inches.		
Between the ears,	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	6		
Between the eyes,	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$		
Between the nostril and point of eye,	12	11	13		
Breadth of cheek-bone,	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$		
From neck-roots to lower part of wind pipe,	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	20 $\frac{1}{2}$		
Depth of brisket,	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 $\frac{3}{4}$	32 $\frac{1}{2}$		
Depth of fellers,	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 $\frac{1}{4}$	29		
Haunch,	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	15 $\frac{1}{2}$		
Arm,	9	6 $\frac{3}{4}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$		
From shoulder point to rear point,	58	52	57		
Length of quarter,	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	16	22 $\frac{1}{4}$		
Hip to hock,	39 $\frac{1}{2}$	35	38 $\frac{1}{4}$		
Hock to coronet,	21	21	22 $\frac{1}{2}$		
Elbow to knee,	17 $\frac{1}{4}$	15	17		
Knee to coronet,	15	15	16 $\frac{1}{2}$		
Round below the knee,	8	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$		
Round below the hock,	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{3}{4}$		
From between the ears to root of tail,	72	66 $\frac{1}{2}$	76 $\frac{1}{2}$		
From belly to the ground,	31 $\frac{1}{2}$	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	32		
Hip to shoulder point,	43 $\frac{1}{4}$	40 $\frac{1}{4}$	43		
Croup bone to hock,	44	36 $\frac{1}{4}$	43 $\frac{1}{2}$		
From between ears to tip of nose,	26	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	26		
From hip bone to hip bone over the croup,	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	16	18 $\frac{3}{4}$		
Girth all round, &c.	67 $\frac{3}{8}$	61 $\frac{1}{4}$	65 $\frac{1}{4}$		
Wither to shoulder point,	22 $\frac{1}{4}$	27		

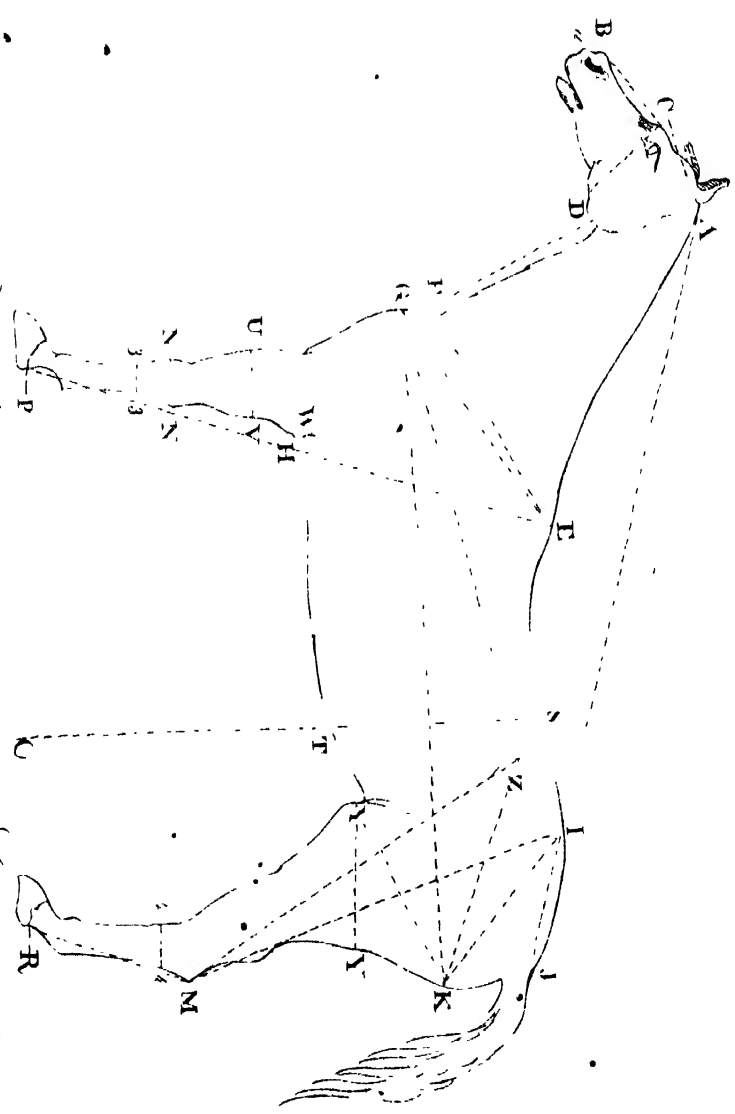
Comparison between the proportions of Harlequin and Goblin Grey, both equal in height 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ hands.

	Inches.
Harlequin, longer in neck than Goblin Grey,	by 3
Deeper in brisket than ditto,	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Deeper in fellers,	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Longer from hips to hock,	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Shorter from hock to coronet,	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Longer from elbow to knee,	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Shorter from knee to coronet,	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Shorter from belly to ground,	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Broader from hip bone to hip bone over croup,	2 $\frac{1}{4}$
Wider in girth all round,	1

From this comparison, I should conclude that *Harlequin* was by far the best horse of the two. Both are of equal height, yet in those points which are generally considered requisite for speed and strength combined, the superiority of *Harlequin* is manifest. Deeper in the brisket, in the fellers by 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, longer from hip to hock and from elbow to knee, shorter from hock and knee to coronet, in the latter case by 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ inch. *Harlequin* is found to be broader—from hip bone to hip bone by inches 2 $\frac{1}{4}$, and wider in girth.

We find, on comparing the points of *Harlequin*, hands 14 $\frac{1}{2}$, and *Little Tough*, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ hands, that the former is longer from hip to hock, by

Diagram of the position of the property of the horse's head.



4½ inches, whilst the length of each from hock to coronet is the same, viz. 21 inches. The same may be remarked with regard to the fore-legs of each, yet in length of body from shoulder point, to rear point *Harlequin* is superior by 6 inches. The immense width round below the hock, is in *Little Tough* very remarkable, being 10½ inches, whilst in the same place *Harlequin*, measures 8½ inches, and *Goblin Grey* is certainly superior to *Harlequin* in two points, but that trivially, being wider in the arm by ½ inch, and longer in quarter by ¾ inches.

	Goblin Grey. 14½	Little Tough. 13½	Antar.	Harlequin. 14½	Fitzjames.	Bundoola. 14½	Chapeau de Paille.
A. between the Ears.....	6½	4½	6½	4½	4½	4½	6
C. between the Eyes.....	7	9	7½	8½	6	6½	8½
C. B. between the Nostil and point of Eye	11	12½	11	12	11½	11	13
C. D. breadth of Cheek-bone.....	12½	9	10½	10½	11	10½	9½
D. F. from neck-roots to lower part of windpipe.....	15	23	18	23½	14	16	20½
E. H. depth of brisket.....	27½	33	30½	33½	25	21½	32½
S. T. depth of tellers.....		34½	32	34½	21½	21	29
Y. Y. haunch.....	15½	17	15	15½	12½	12	15½
U. V. Arm.....	7	8	8½	9	7½	6½	9½
G. K. from shoulder point to rear point...	57	59	45	58	53	52	57
Z. K. length of Quarter.....	19½	23	21	21½	17½	16	22½
Z. M. hip to hock.....	38	39	37½	39½	37	35	38½
M. R. hock to coronet.....		22	22½	21	22½	21	22½
W. N. elbow to knee.....	13½	17	17	17½	16½	15	17
N. P. knee to coronet.....		17½		15			16½
3. 3. round below the knee.....	7½	8	7	8	7½	6½	8½
4. 4. round below the hock.....	9	8½	8	8½	10½	10½	8½
A. J. from between the ears to root of tail.	71	75	71½	72	70	66	76½
T. 6. from belly to the ground.....	31	30½	32	31½	31	28½	32
Z. G. hip to shoulder point.....		43	42½	43½	41	40½	43
I. M. croup bone to hock.....	43		43	44	39½	36½	43½
a. A. from between ears to tip of nose	26½	24½	24½	26	22½	20½	26
From hip bone to hip bone over the croup.	20½	20	19½	21½	18½	16	18½
Girth all round at E. H.....	63	65½	65	67½	63½	61½	65½
E. G. wither to shoulder point.....					22	22½	27

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MEEHILL OBSERVER.

Sir,—The following being the odds on the horses for the Allyghur Cup, do me the favor to insert the same in the first vacant corner of your wide circulating Paper.

21 to 2 against	Clem,	22 to 1 do.	'Shazahdie,
17 to 1 do.	Francisca,	45 to 1 do.	Candidate,
11 to 1 do.	Begum,	110 to 1½ do.	Symmetry,
14 to 1 do.	Scrabbella,	9 to 1 do.	Tumbler,
9 to 1 do.	Hannibal,	90 to 1 do.	Pickle,
10 to 1 do.	Sweet William,	13 to 1 do.	Foricator,
25 to 1 do.	Infidel,		

Your obedient servant,

Allyghur, May 27, 1833.

CALCULATOR.

THE CAWNPORE PACK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,—Having observed frequent epistles in your Mag., regarding various packs of ‘dogs’ in the Upper Provinces, and hints from you at the same time to the ‘up country lads’ that ‘the smallest donations on such subjects would be acceptable,’ I now make bold to send you a ‘trifle’ with a half sort of promise, to become an occasional ‘donor’ should my enclosure ‘pass current,’ and be considered of ‘such a rate’ as to be registered in a ‘credit-able’ page of your *Bengal Sporting Magazine*, to which I must here *note* I wish all success and prosperity. The different packs mentioned by ‘Juvenis,’ in your sixth number are very correctly spoken of in my opinion (having a slight acquaintance with most of them). The Cawnpore pack, as he says, had no good runs last season; but instead of the defect being attributable to their present owner, as he would insinuate, in justice to that spirited sportsman I think it but fair to say (having a good knowledge of the country), that the unfavourable nature of the ground about the station is more likely (and in my opinion decidedly) the cause of the falling off, which certainly there was; as every body says, (and that must be true) that the dogs used to do wondrous things at Fattyghur, whence half of the pack in question came. Another pack at this station (now sold off, the Regiment to which it belonged having the immediate prospect before them of more severe runs with half-batta allowances,) was equally unfortunate last season, in regard to sport; and in my humble opinion all the ‘faults’ lay with (constantly in) the rascally ravines with which the country is much intersected.

The present owner (for the dogs have changed hands since coming from Fattyghur) of the Cawnpore pack has in his usual liberal style and with the hope of giving more satisfaction next season, made a great increase in his kennel by the addition of nine couple purchased from the above mentioned ‘done up pack,’ and by judicious *weeding*, he ought in the cold weather to cut out some good work for the *ways*: (the riders are generally regular devils, nothing is too much for most of *them*;) and I trust, I shall have the pleasure of seeing some of their brilliant days recorded in your wide spreading Mag. such as eight, nine and ten miles within fifty minutes, for I know well *some* of them can go it.

In my next, provided you pass the butter boat amongst your correspondents, being in hopes some may come my way, I will perhaps send you some description of the dogs of this pack, with remarks about breeding, &c. &c. At present, Adio! Spare the maiden efforts of

A YOUNG ONE*.

Cawnpore, August 21, 1833.

* We shall be unfeignedly delighted to hear from ‘a young one’ as often as he is inclined to write.—Ed.

CLEM'S CHALLENGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In hopes of promoting sport, I trust the accompanying will not be refused a corner in your Sporting Journal. A day or two after Mr. George's grey Arab Horse '*Clem*,' had won the cup at Allyghur, the merits of the horse were the topic of conversation, and it appeared the sporting men present were willing to back him for fifty thousand rupees against any Arab on this side of India. A paper was circulated at the ordinary, and a very large sum was raised to be put on *Clem* in the event of a match being made. It was a very sporting thing but would have been still more so, if it had been published at the time to the racing community. I should not now have undertaken to mention the circumstance, had I not the other day heard two or three racing characters still express their determination to come forward with their coin, in case the match was accepted by the owner of any Arab now on this side of India.

There are one or two clippers down the country, and that noted good one, '*Harry Scurry*' among them. Trusting, Mr. Editor, that *Clem's* challenge will not remain unaccepted for a long time

I am, yours, &c.

A TURFITE.

P. S. *Clem* won the last Allyghur cup. First heat in four minutes three seconds; second heat four minutes one second. Last one and half miles (second heat) in two minutes fifty-six seconds; carrying eight stone eleven pounds.

3d August, 1833.

STABLES—FEEDING OF HORSES, &c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—After an interval of twenty two years, I visited Calcutta about fifteen months ago;—you can readily imagine how greatly I was astonished at witnessing the changes and improvements which had taken place within the above period, but I leave the task of describing them to other pens. My stay was limited; and instead of climbing the Ochterlony Monument to view the limits of the Maharatta ditch, I flew to my old haunts, the stables;—this may argue bad taste, but I believe if a man is once thoroughly *entered*, and has, to use an expressive Eastern term, a *shoke* for horses; age does not cure (may I not make a word?) Hippophilus. I found Hunter's and Cook's yards much improved, but containing only a few good nags for sale, the demand to keep up such a race meeting as they had in December

in Calcutta, and twenty one days at Barrackpore, had carried off the good ones.—The stables once kept by Malacchi Loyns were occupied by Shauk Ibrahim, from whom I bought five Arabs.

Truly may Calcutta be called the City of Palaces; but I was sadly disappointed to notice that the improvements made in the dwellings, both public and private, of my favourite, had not kept equal pace with the dwellings of man: all were alike deficient in one great essential to preserve horses in health—*Ventilation*. I am satisfied, if the good people in Calcutta, and I may add in the Mofussil also, would cause ventilators to be made to their stables, their horses would enjoy better health, keep in better condition, and last much longer. Nothing is easier to be made. —To a flat roofed building, earthen tubes similar to what are often used as chimney pots in England inserted on the *top* or *terrace* of the roof, would carry off the foul air; and with stables having thatched or tiled roofs, an opening should be made over the ridge pole, to be covered again in manner similar to the original roof, allowing the ventilator to lap over sufficiently to prevent the rain beating in. Of the horses I saw in Calcutta, those in Mr. Grant's stables appeared to me in good condition; his largest stable was lofty, thatched, and gave a free circulation of air. I have had as much luck as most people who have kept so large a stable, and I attribute the generally healthy state of my horses to having for the last twenty years built my stables with ventilators. To those who think this point of little consequence, I will refer to the opinion of the *manicoot*. I like to quote, —*Nimrod*. 'In a small pamphlet on the diseases of horses by Mr. E. Hickman, veterinary surgeon, published in 1832, dedicated to Mr. John Mylton, the writer chiefly attributes what may be termed the indisposition of horses to the improper construction of stables; and says, the consequences of an ill ventilated stable are of a very serious nature; they are not calculated upon until your horse points them out in language not to be misunderstood; and unless the most active measures are adopted, the rapid progress of the diseases produced by it, will baffle all your endeavours, and your horse become unsound for life. When a stable is too much crowded or ill ventilated, a *very powerful poison* is generated there, the pernicious effect of which soon shows itself, especially if you bring a fresh horse within its sphere of action.'

In a few words, to ensure a healthy stud, a stable should be dry, well ventilated, and kept clean from the slightest accumulation of the day's dirt; and the walls washed over or leaped weekly by the white earth found in all parts of the country soaked in water, and which the *syces* will do.

I would also urge on your up-country readers the advantage to be derived from putting up mangers in their stables. Yes, Mr. Editor, true it is, that out of Calcutta you would not see more than one stable in five having these horse comforts. Horses are fed from nose bags—and probably four out of five are fed upon gram that

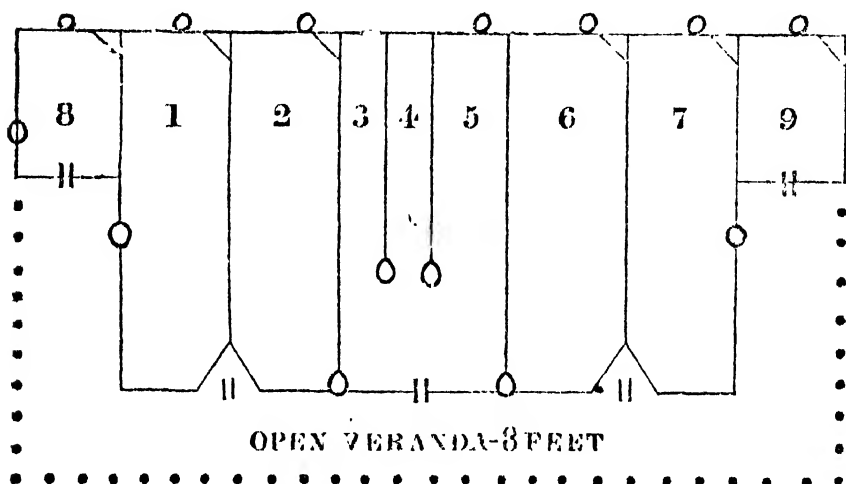
has been soaked in water some hours, and which, from its fermented state, must impart a very bad smell to the bags, even if the master takes the trouble to inspect them, which is not often the case. This system should be *reformed altogether*. That horses thrive well upon *dry* gram, split, is proved at the Central Stud, where soaked gram is never given, and gripes rarely known. I consider that the expense of mangers to all stables, even to those for Cavalry Regiments, would be repaid in the saving of fodder; and undoubtedly in the better condition of the horse, for he is a discriminate, nice, and delicate feeder, and likes a clean plate as well as his master. In addition to these advantages, the strain on the hocks, fore legs, and loins, by obviating the necessity of so much stretching to reach his grass, would be remedied. I like figures to come to my aid as proof. A Cavalry Regiment consists of six troops each of eighty two horses $82 \times 6 = 492$. A manger complete can be made for three rupees $492 \times 3 = 1,476$ rupees. Hardly the cost of three troopers. It would be an improvement to mangers, for such horses as are apt to throw out fodder with their noses, to drill holes in the front and back boards to enable you to insert two bamboos across the manger at equal distances from the side boards.

Whilst on the subject of mangers I may as well notice a prevailing evil in many stables. Every one regulates the quantity of gram given to his horse, but few consider the quantity of grass of equal importance. How many a horse have I seen and pitied, with some twenty pounds of grass thrown before him at a time, of which he eats far more than is good for him, though it is often in a state of fermentation, and if not so, becomes bad from the horse's breath.

I am satisfied gentlemen would find their horses thrive better if they would dry the grass brought in daily by the grass cutters, have the dirt well beaten out, and pack it away under cover from the rain, strewing a small quantity of salt over the portion of hay as stacked each day; the salt will allow the grass to be stacked greener and with more sap, will preserve its color, and prevent fermentation, or what is termed 'mow burnt' in England. A stock might thus be preserved for the rains, as no greater quantity should be given than is requisite, and that at repeated stated intervals. Many years ago hay in England was given without limitation, but experience has proved its injurious effects. Post horses, and those used in the fast-coaches, are supposed to be called upon for the greatest exertion, and as their work is daily and at a rapid rate, they require to be in the finest condition. The belly is therefore the measure for their corn, but they are not even allowed the ration of a Dragoon horse, which is only a truss of hay a week, or eight pound a day. Post Masters know the value, of the old adage---the goodness of a horse goes in at his mouth.

The following is what I think the best plan for a gentleman's stable in this country; I have have made it for seven horses:—The open

verandah should face the *East*; the West wall *needs not* a verandah, but being built as high as the middle wall, enables you to have the windows above the horse's head. They should be of that height as will enable the syces, when standing on the manger, to open or shut them as required; and to prevent the rain beating in, a sloping wooden frame covered with canvas either painted or tarred, fixed outside, will be a protection and yet admit sufficient air. The South and North ends of the verandah being enclosed as far as the South and North windows, form a good saddle room, and a loose box if an eighth horse is added to the stud.



EAST FACE.

1, 2, 6, 7, are loose boxes having the mangers made and fitted in triangular ways. After entering the outside door there should be a folding railed door to each loose box, which is useful to enable you to leave the outer door open when the weather is close.

No. 3, 4, 5 are three stalls;—the pillars, to which rings are attached when a horse is turned round to be cleaned, should reach to the roof for support of the ridge pole. These three stalls should not be more than seven feet wide. No. 8 and 9 are for saddle rooms and extra horses; 0 are small windows; 11 are doors. The dotted line shows the extent of the open verandah, eight feet clear between the wall and pillars. A space sufficiently wide to admit a man should be left to pass without going round from each loose box to the three stalls.

The advantage of the loose boxes to gentlemen on the turf will be found very great; and as only the pillars in the verandah and the facing of the West wall, and part of the South and North walls need be made of pukka brick and plaster, the rest of cutcha brick, a stable of this kind, with substantial wooden stalls, might be made for six hundred rupees;—not a hundred rupees a horse,—a sum well laid out

whether we consider the well doing of an animal that contributes so much to our amusements, or the pleasure a man has in seeing a neat and properly conducted stable.

I was very happy to learn, that the Government have decided upon again giving stables to their Cavalry Regiments. I was consulted in 1829 upon the practicability of keeping them at picket all the year round, and find what I then foretold has been fully proved. I lately had an opportunity of reading a very able letter by Mr. R. B. P. on the state of the horses of a Regiment to which he was Veterinary Surgeon, it was written in September 1831, addressed to the Commanding Officer of his Regiment, and by him sent into Government. This letter evinced so much talent in clearly pointing out the evil of the out door system, and its consequences, that I think it very probable the late order for allowing stabling was the result of the conviction produced by Mr. P.'s letter. Once again I will quote *Nimrod*: in doing so, I shall curtail what he says, as I have already written as much as you may think right to devote space for, and more probably than your subscribers will read*. But if one only should benefit, I shall think I have not written in vain, and those interested on the subject may refer for further particulars to, '*Nimrod on the Horse*,' pages 115 and 213. Philosophers tell us that, if this globe were to experience in the space of one year the heat of the torrid and the cold of the frigid zones, *neither plant or animal could sustain the two extremes*; that subjecting horses to sudden change of diet and to the vicissitudes of climate is productive, or at least the predisposing cause, of nine-tenths of the diseases which happen to them; and were I to be told that I were to receive a good annuity subject to the life of a horse, I would keep him in the stable all the year, as the most likely means, with proper exercise and grooming, of preserving him to a good old age. I have been more confirmed in this opinion by conversation with officers of Dragoon Regiments on the numerous diseases, glanders in particular, to which troop horses are liable, and I have generally found them to proceed from the following causes:—bad grooming, want of physic, to their being only half in condition, and under such circumstances being exposed to the vicissitudes of weather and sudden transitions from heat to cold and from cold to heat; all animals have a standard of heat necessary to be maintained to preserve health, deviations from this standard must affect the system, *according to the degree or duration of its application*. When the animal is placed under such circumstances the constitution has two powers to contend with: though more fatiguing to the constitution to oppose heat than cold, yet, when *exhausted by its influence*, it is more susceptible to the impressions of cold, and when enfeebled by disease, labour, &c. is more liable to be injured by the alternate influence of either; therefore when horses stand exposed to the influence of the sun throughout the day,—(and if this be the case in England, what must be the consequence

* If O. K. wrote 100 consecutive pages they would all be read, and 'no mistake.'—Ed.

with the thermometer at 136° in India?) the action of the heart and arteries is increased, and the blood forced to the extremities with greater velocity, the minute vessels are distended, and their power so much exhausted that when the air becomes cold and dense in the evening their functions are either suspended or destroyed. Hence arises the first stage of glanders, which disease, for once that it is produced by infection, is ninety nine times to be attributed to sudden transitions from heat to cold; and I may add, hence arises farcy, sore backs, and other eruptions on the skin, produced from the effects of alternate heat, cold, and wet, increased by the annoyance of flies.

Your's truly,

August 1, 1833.

O. K.

ON GROUSE SHOOTING.

Now westlin winds and sportsmens' guns,
Bring autumn pleasant weather,
The moorcock springs on whirling wings,
Among the blooming heather.

Adored grouse shooting!

Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a pastime,
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
Have I liked several of them; ne'er any
With so full soul but some defect in it,
Did quarrel with the noblest grace it own'd
And put it to the foil;—but thou—O thou,
So perfect and transporting, art created of every other's best.

SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,—After the quotations with which you are favoured above, you will probably expect a better letter on grouse shooting than I shall be able to give you; but whatever I may be able to say of it, it is one of the most delightful of field sports, and I say so, having tried many,—the battue,—the tiger beat,—the fox hunt, &c. Albeit a bit of a John Gilpin on the outside of a horse, I would wish to make this letter bear less individuality than did my former ones. What do, and what can your readers care about Evan Dhu, or Carlo, or Donald Bean, or myself?

There are three species of the grouse. *Genus Tetrao*, in the Highlands of Scotland:—first the *Tetrao Tetrus* or black grouse, second the *Tetrao Scoticus* or red grouse, and third the *Tetrao Lagopus*, or Ptarmigan. However much may have been written on the habits of these beautiful species, a few words on the subject cannot be uninteresting from one who has had ample opportunities of observing them.

SPECIES 1st. This beautiful bird is very numerous in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and is, I think, becoming more so, having of

late, strange to say, migrated to several Islands where he was before unknown. The cock weighs about four pounds; is of a most beautiful shining black color, which on the neck and head approaches to blue; under the wings the feathers are white, and also under the tail, which part is remarkable for the elegant convolution of the two outer feathers. The hen is of quite a different color, approaching to that of the common red grouse, and of much smaller size than the cock; the former fact is not mentioned, strange to say, in many works of Natural History. This species does not pair like the red grouse and ptarmigan but breeds at the same season. The cock is a sad villain;—his part of the game of love being over, he will destroy the brood at his opportunity, and it is the hen's great care to avoid him whom she formerly sought in what Shakespeare would call her rank hour. She lays from eight to ten eggs, sometimes as many as twelve. The young birds are not strong on the wing before the 1st of September; the old birds give good sport in August, and by the middle of September they will not sit to a dog, but up to this time they lie beautifully, and are to be found on the sides of healthy ravines in which there is a good sprinkling of brush wood. At this time they fly heavy, and are an easy mark and plumpers to fill your bag with. The covey of young birds when well fledged give beautiful sport and lie uncommonly well. The old lady is generally spared, and so ought the spinsters to be but they have not yet got their sexual distinctions. The black grouse, except at the breeding season, is a very shy and wary bird; and to get a shot at him you must stalk up to him as you would to a red deer. Your best chance is in the harvest time, when you find them early in the morning, and late in the evening, in the corn fields. In woods you will find them later in the season, and you often get shots at them as they skim through the glades of the trees. This is beautiful shooting! I have never seen black grouse so numerous as on the island of Rusing; the late laird of that ilk was a strict preserver of his game and a good sportsman; I went once to pay him a visit in the company of my friend Sir Francis MacKenzie, a gentleman since well known at Melton Mowbray, and we were of course very anxious to have a slap at the black cocks:—numbers of them were to be seen feeding in the corn fields in sight of the house, and the laird, after some persuasion, gave us permission to go out, I think partly under the idea that we could not get within shot of them, and, certainly it seemed no easy thing, for they sat in the very middle of the field so that getting up behind the walls was gaining nothing. I had an ally at Rusing that the laird wot not of,—an old and notorious poacher who had lately taken service there. He, on being consulted, advised us to take up positions on the face of the hill from whence the birds had come, and pledged himself to make the birds fly in our direction. He was as good as his word, for Sir Francis bagged a brace and I got one bird, and had we been allowed to remain in our positions we should have got more, but the laird had kept a keen

eye on our movements and recalled us. Donald Roy (the name of our adviser) was soundly rated for his share in the transaction. But I must do a departed friend and the friend of departed friends—a good sportsman, the justice to say, that it was only in the immediate vicinity of his beautiful mansion that the laird preserved his game so strictly. Those who wish for a particular description of the Island of Rusing will find a very interesting account of it in Dr. Johnson's tour to the Western Hebrides; that account does credit to the Doctor's acumen as a man of taste and gallantry, for the female loveliness that he speaks of so enthusiastically did, in its descendants, intermarry with England's proud nobility, and a fair scion of the same stock is a chief ornament of the society of this part of India, admired by most and by all respected.

SPECIES 2D. The red grouse is the delight of the sportsman. I need not say much of the natural habits of this bird, for every sportsman is acquainted with them, from reading or from observation. All the extensive moors of Scotland, and even of England, abound with them; but yet there is something still to learn in their Natural History. The present writer has seen the grouse disappear from moors that once abounded with them without any obvious cause. No poaching,—no stocking with sheep,—no burning of heath, in short with nothing to account for it, and this change not for one year, but for ever after as long as our observation went. The charms of grouse shooting are—in the fine open and picturesque country you traverse,—in the beauty of seeing dogs hunt on so strong a scent in such beautiful cover, and in the bird lying so well, as it generally does. All must know that the 12th of August is the eventful day on which grouse shooting commences. What a host of warm memories rush on my mind in naming that day! "*cælum non animus mutant qui trans mare currunt.*" The anxiety with which I longed for that day I can never forget,—that buoyant and bounding feeling of youth never can come again, and many who felt with me on these occasions,—where are they now?

The eyes that shone
Now dimmed and gone,
The hearts that loved—now broken.

But however sanctified in my memory the 12th of August may be, truth compels me to state that it is far too early a date upon which to commence grouse shooting. It is put off to the 1st September in some counties of Scotland, and it ought to be so in all, for the young birds are then, and not till then, strong enough on the wing.

With a brace of good dogs, a copper capped Joe Manton, a snug cottage in the heart of a moor well stocked with grouse, and may be with a good river or lake for trout fishing close by the door, I would envy no man for the month of September, or even for fifteen days in October. Jump out of your heather bed by seven o'clock in the morning, take a look at your kennel and your gun, then sit down to breakfast, broiled trout or salmon, venison, ham, eggs, butter, oaten cakes, &c.

why, what were Virgil's rural repasts in the vales of classic Italy—what were they in comparison? Poor, poor stuff that wild honey, and even as John the Baptist partook of it, not very palatable.

Tuck in well, for you have a long day's work before you.—Let the day be warm and sunny, the West wind blowing soft and steadily, and you are sure of sport. A word of the proper dress for grouse shooting:—I used to prefer a Highland dress as lighter and leaving the limbs freer play; but it is as ill to put a kilt on an Englishman as to take the breeks off a Highlandman. A light fustian dress will answer abundantly well.

Have your dogs let loose just as you make your appearance before the door with gun in hand, flask in pocket, and belt on shoulder; up they come tripping and gambolling about you in sheer delight at the prospect of a good day's sport. Seel your gun before loading. 'Down charge—*Ponto*!' 'down *Carlo*,' (I love that name) they are both flat on their bellies—you are loaded. 'Hie rry boys!' with a crack of the tongue against the palate like that used to urge a horse in harness, away they go glancing in their liberty. You will probably have half a mile or so to walk ere you get to the ground, but the time is well occupied by your dogs, in—making themselves comfortable. There is a very short sporting phrase to explain their employment. When you get on the moor and your good dogs commence hunting, with your voice and hand you keep one of them on each side of you,—down goes *Ponto*'s nose,—he slackens his speed and quests out the scent carefully with a quickness and anxiety in every movement that assures you there is game near him;—whenever the least at fault he makes a cast down the wind, 'Have a care good dog' 'So-ho then!' he is as stiff as a poker,—the eye fixed intently forward,—the lower jaw twitching tremulously with excitement,—one fore-leg raised off the ground,—his beautiful feathered tail on its full stretch a little raised from the horizontal, bending upwards like a bough. 'To-ho *Carlo*!' who is down instantly. You walk up slowly to *Ponto*:—never seem hurried or you will flarry him;—when you get up to him, stand quietly where you are for a second or two. *Ponto* will probably, at this, his first point of the day, be a little unsteady. 'Take heed good dog;' we walk on slowly—whir-r-r-r! go a covey of eight or ten birds. Bang! Bang! goes Joe Manton—down to charge go *Ponto* and *Carlo*, and if down goes the old cock you are a lucky fellow. Load.—'Seek dead, good dog, *Ponto*,'—he seeks with his nose quite down to the ground, and when he comes upon the bird he makes a dead stand with his muzzle almost touching it. Let him just mouth, and then bag it. 'Hie away again, good dogs.' The covey have gone out of your sight, but you follow over that part of the moor where you last saw them. Away go your dogs again at the same slapping pace,—not at your turnip field rate but at a good hard gallop; you come to a rising ground beyond which you find a beautiful piece of flat moor, with a river running through it; down rush your dogs, and *Carlo* having just left the rivulet at a spring, stops like a shot with his nose inclined

almost between his legs. There is no occasion to say one word to him, he knows that the bird is close to him and *Ponto* has backed him already.—Be in no hurry; better lose your shot than make your dog unsteady. When you come up, within eight or ten yards, stand,—‘take heed then *Carlo*—a good dog,’—he will not move a limb;—let him stand a little longer,—‘forward dog!’ with the aforesaid crack of the tongue. Whisk goes his tail, up goes his head, he quests round and round and flushes a single bird. You ought not to miss a shot like this, and in this hollow you will find every bird of the covey crouching so close that you must hunt it over and over again. This you owe to having secured the Governor with your first fire. Having done what havoc you can with this covey, shape your course up the side of the steep hill before you; it is very likely cover,—a kind of coarse grass with stunted heather and here and there a deep rut cut out in the moss. *Carlo* is a quarter of a mile ahead of you slashing on at a great pace. Look at him now, he gives up quartering the ground and runs up straight in the wind’s eye. He is squat down upon his belly, his head only visible; you know well there is a covey running before him, as they move on, he creeps after them. The hill side is rather bare, and having made up to him, you can see the covey running before him with the old cock leading and calling to the young brood to follow him. They reach a piece of higher cover and crouch down their heads; you can see no more of them. “Down *Carlo* down! To ho *Ponto*!” you must give the birds time to sit close. ‘Forward dogs,’ one moves forward in one direction, the other in an opposite one, the birds laying between. Approach the place at middle distance between your dogs,—Whir-r r!! up they get in a lump and you cannot easily single out the old gentleman this time, but you will generally find him the leading bird. I should go on this way for pages, describing every point during a day’s grouse shooting, for every shot you fire has its own peculiarity of incident, but I fear I shall already have been pronounced a slow one by your sporting readers, and prosy by your critical ones.

The third species of grouse I promised to say something of, but it must be little, for this letter has already spun out too long. The *tetrao lagopus* or ptarmigan inhabits the sides of the highest mountain ranges, laying its eggs and rearing its young among the detached masses of rock and sand, that separate from the strata by the grand agents of nature,—heat and moisture. It is the same bird that is found among the eternal snows of the polar regions high on the sides of the mighty Andes, and I believe also in the stupendous solitudes of the Himalayahs. To shoot these birds in the Highlands of Scotland, you must choose a still, calm day, and the hotter the better. It is an arduous and fatiguing sport, and unless the birds are very numerous you are scarcely compensated for your labour; your dog too suffers much from the want of water, and from the hardness of the ground he has to go over. I have never bagged more than three brace of ptarmigan in one day, and that with very hard work. There is one great charm in this sport to the lover

of wild scenery, and the appetite, which breathing such pure air for hours together gives, is no mean consideration. Wishing you and your readers as good an appetite after reading this long letter

I am your's,

SKYSRAPER.

P. S.—With reference to the subject of my last letter, I beg to subjoin a part of a letter lately received—' Among the guests at Applecross this season was the celebrated Captain Ross of Rossie, who killed four stags in one day. Another day he was much concerned at having missed a very fine one, he said it was the first shot he had missed for four years.' I presume this must mean the first shot he had missed at a deer for four years. It is almost unnecessary to mention that this is the Captain Ross of Pigeon Shooting and Steeple Chase celebrity.

SKYSRAPER.

TIGER SHOOTING IN ASSAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,—Although we never make up regular parties for tiger shooting, which would be attended with little success if we did from the jungly state of the country, nevertheless we do a little business in that way when we hear the report of a tiger being any where within six miles of cantonments, and in proof that our endeavours are not unfrequently crowned with success, I may mention that thirteen tigers and three leopards have been successfully disposed of within the last few months. The villagers of late have become so sensible of the good effects of giving timely notice of the death of a man, or any other depredation committed on them, and being stimulated in addition by the hope of fingering a little coin, which they are sure to do should their intelligence prove true, that during the hot and rainy months, at which time tigers are most numerous, we have seldom reason to complain of want of information on the subject.

From what I have seen of the Assam tigers, the generality of them do not appear to attain to the same enormous dimensions of those to be found in the Sunderbunds, although several of the males killed measured close on ten feet, and the females average eight and a half. I do not mean to affirm from this that tigers of the largest size are not to be found in Assam; on the contrary, I believe there is no want of them, but that they prefer poaching on buffaloes and deer in open ground to taking up their quarters in the neighbourhood of villages, as buffaloes of the largest size are frequently carried off by them.

All the man eaters, some half dozen in number, whom we killed, were either females, or undersized males out of condition; and none of the large males have ever to my knowledge been accused of condescending to any thing less than a bullock.

* We are sure our readers will join us in thanking Skyscraper for a delightful souvenir of HOME. Could he indulge us with a classification of some of the feathered game in these parts.—ED.

But of all the troublesome and dangerous neighbours who make themselves 'more free than welcome' in the villages, the rascally leopards are by much the most formidable on account of their partiality to children, among whom they commit great depredations; neither do the dogs altogether escape when better is not to be had. Luckily for the country they are not numerous. I have not known an instance of their killing a man, but have seen several who have been piteously scratched by them, who owed their preservation to their companions setting up a howl, which, in nine cases out of ten, causes even a tiger to drop his prey. In this way, several people who have lately been preserved, and although shockingly mangled, have contrary to expectation eventually recovered.

The Assamese, although by no means famous for bravery, or any of the good qualities generally accompanying it, shew less dread of tigers than is easily conceivable and cause us no small annoyance by constantly intruding themselves in the line of fire on every opportunity. Strange to say, fortune has still so far favoured them, that none have yet been injured by tooth or bullet, though on several occasions they ran very considerable risks from both; once in particular, a friend commencing the sport for the first time, actually shot a large leopard in the neatest style in the midst of a crowd of not less than forty or fifty of them; how he managed it without numbering some of them with their fathers is a problem never to be solved.

Tigers when once alarmed, unless wounded, seem to have no inclination to attack men; I have frequently seen them turned by the villagers on foot with no other weapons than bamboos in their hands; but the infernal howl invariably raised on his making his appearance no doubt has the effect of bewildering him. This is not however always the case. Several people were lately jogging quietly along a foot path, and at a turn of the road came suddenly on a tigress with a couple of cubs at her heels, and a fine deer in her mouth not fifty yards off. The fellows immediately set up a shout, according to custom, with the idea that she would not only make way for them but also civilly drop the precious morsel which made their mouths water; for once they were mistaken; after pushing on with redoubled shouts, much nearer than was prudent, and observing no symptoms on her part of any intention of withdrawing, they put to the 'right about' and took to their 'scrapers' with all possible expedition, and gave us notice of their encounter. Unluckily it was rather late in the day and the distance considerable, so that we only reached the ground a quarter of an hour before sun-set. There was a little cover which we hailed as a favourable omen, anticipating stout resistance in defence of the young ones; in this we were sadly disappointed; she departed in the most cowardly manner leaving the cubs to shift for themselves as they best could. The whistling of a couple of balls from a friend's Joe, which hit unpleasantly near her, tended very materially to hasten her motions. Night coming on we failed in getting any of the youngsters, although they were seen by the mahouts who described them as being of the size of a

jackall. This same tigress still continues her depredations and has hitherto eluded all our efforts to bring her to close quarters; the cubs too have now attained a size that enables them to commence operations for themselves; one of them was lately seen to attack a cow under the old lady's special superintendence, who was looking on at a little distance, and losing patience at the delay and the bungling attempts of her young hopeful, interfered herself, killed and carried off the cow. Although we were on the ground in an hour after, we could discover no traces of her, she having left her prey untouch'd; being scared probably by the lamentations of the owner of the cow who was an unwilling witness to the whole transaction. All the males killed of late bore marks of having been in the wars, their heads and sides were so scratched, looking for all the world as if they had been seared with a hot gridiron; one in particular, the largest yet killed, must on some occasion have come off 'second best,' as, in addition to numerous scars all over his body, one of his hind legs had been fractured high up in the thigh which was in consequence quite contracted: his teeth were all broken, and, taking him all and all, he bore a most rakish, disreputable appearance. He afforded no sport; a single ball in the shoulder effectually did his business as he was crouching behind a bush. The general opinion that tigers seldom or ever recover from severe wounds, does not appear to hold good on all occasions; as this instance of the fractured thigh demonstrates:—another was shot who had on a former occasion made rather a narrow escape, having still an open wound in his head, from a ball that had entered at the back of it and run under the skin, making its exit over one of his eyes.

In almost every case I have witnessed, they have attempted to sneak off unperceived when they could do so, but when severely wounded they often try to make the best of a bad bargain by charging furiously and occasionally do not die quite unrevenge'd. Once a Chupprasee (a bit of a beau in his way) expressed a wish to witness the sport, and accordingly seated himself on one of the elephants, enveloped in a fine red chudder which appeared to have attracted the eyes of the enraged tiger, who leapt on the man and dragged him off the elephant. On this occasion, the chudder prevented more serious consequences, as with the exception of a lasting token of remembrance (the marks of the ten claws indelibly and very deeply impressed on his 'seat of honor' which, luckily for him, bore the brunt of the attack) he recovered without further damage to his beauty. A still customer of this description puts all the mahouts on their mettle; and it is amusing to hear the conversations that pass between them. On such occasions a little old fellow, the exact counterpart of a Highland buck goat, who, by dint of impudence and perseverance, has got himself tacitly acknowledged by the others as jemadarsaheb, takes a convenient position in the rear, or as far off as he decently can from the supposed scene of danger and addresses them something after the following effect. "Steady my brethren steady: form line there, shove along, shove along, keep moving my hearties, there he goes; there is not the slightest danger.

Halloo, you Nunnoo, what! lagging behind?—not possibly funk'g eh?" Nunnoo thus addressed, retorts "Ay ay shaikjee, not the slightest danger O no; what keeps you out in the mydan there? Unless when you have a battery over your head you don't practice as you preach?" The jemadar saheb never abashed, and pocketing the insinuation against his own courage, never fails by force of ridicule, abuse and flattery judiciously mingled together, to make the man he selects lead the forlorn hope, which is immediately done with a flourish of the iron hook, and the usual exclamations of 'Come along brothers, come along; if the worst comes to the worst, let us all die together.'

On the death of a tiger, each and all of them at the full pitch of their voices make their remarks, taking the credit of the whole to their own particular exertions, swearing through thick and thin that it was master's ball, and none else, that did the deed. The jemadar saheb once in the heat and hurry of debate, after claiming the animal, was reminded that his master had never even fired at it. On this slight circumstances being brought to his recollection he reluctantly gave up his claim, but the joke is still frequently cast in his teeth, and ever since his calling out 'golee lugga, lugga' goes for nothing with any of them.

The elephants too seem to enjoy the sight no less than their masters, advancing quite boldly, with trunks erect, trumpeting forth most musically, and by word of command bestowing a kick with hearty good will on their prostrate foe. Some of the more accomplished are equally ready to make a graceful salam, if desired, to the fallen *bun rajah* (Assam name for tiger.) I once saw a recently caught one take a different mode from the others of satisfying herself that the vital spark was extinct,—instead of giving a kick with the hind leg, or a cordial squeeze with the fore one, as the others had done, she rolled her trunk into a ball, popped down on her knees and without more ado commenced butting with her head like a ram. Having three men on her back, we felt quite alarmed as she might finish off with a somerset, which I really believe she intended, but was with difficulty pulled up and being fully satisfied that all the mischief was out of the animal, quietly lay down and allowed the tiger to be hoisted on her back.

The natives of the country, who shew so little dread of living tigers, get quite uproarious at the sight of the death of one. After venting their abuse on the defunct, and all his ancestors in a way shocking to ears polite, they proceed, when allowed, to pound him to a jelly with bamboos, particularly if a man has been killed, and then pluck out the whiskers, not with the view of burning them as is done in Hindostan to prevent their being turned into tigers in another world, but with a less charitable object of possessing themselves with a supposed charm; an infusion of chopped whiskers having many potent attributes—not the least of them is that a strongish dose is a certain passport to Longhome.

The larger proportion of those who really shewed sport were females (*baghnees*); one of them, after being severely hit, sprung on my friend

B ——'s elephant, and luckily seized on the pad, to which she stuck with tooth and nail while his elephant retreated about twenty yards, and until he loosened her hold by a shot which fractured her under jaw. There was no holding on after that, but she continued game to the last, and fell from a shower of balls poured in from all quarters. On three occasions we have been so fortunate as to kill a couple in a day; and in conclusion, I shall give a short account of two hours' sport in which a couple of tigresses were picked up quite unexpectedly. My friend V. and self, had started with the intention of going to a favourite cover, about seven miles distant, in hopes of knocking over a few deer; we had not proceeded far before we met a boy who told us, pointing at a small patch of jungle, that three tigers had killed a man there the evening before. They were seen pouncing upon him after he had climbed up a short way on a tree. On hearing this our plans were quickly changed, although we had great doubts of their being three tigers, we thought it not improbable there might be one. On reaching the spot pointed out, the villagers confirmed the boy's story, strongly insisting there were three. No time therefore was lost in perching the men as scouts on the surrounding trees, and V. and I took up our positions on opposite sides of the jungle, which luckily was not very extensive. The beaters had no sooner entered than they commenced trumpeting, and in less than five minutes one was driven out, and past me crossing a small field at a canter. My first ball knocked her over on her haunches, but up she got again and apparently ran faster than before, and my second shot failed to arrest her course. On following up I found her, much to my surprise, fifty yards a head as dead as a red herring, the ball having passed through her hip up her body. She was, though large, extremely lean; and apparently had come in for but a small portion, if any, of the man for her supper.

We then proceeded in search of the other two, and soon after I saw one of them, about seventy yards off, leisurely crossing a small field listening to the 'Hubhuboo,' made by the beaters and amateurs on their backs who were following up in the rear. I fired, and much to my astonishment, hit the noble animal who fell, cutting various capers, on the ground. On proceeding to take possession of my prize, fancying she was 'done for and no mistake,' when within thirty yards she got on her legs again, and made such good use of them, that with a couple of bounds she disappeared in the jungle. I, though woefully mortified, consoled myself with the idea that I would find her dead as I had the former, but not a trace of her however was discoverable, and just as we were giving over the search in despair, the scouts in the trees gave notice they saw one go into a patch of jungle close to where the first had been killed. The beaters no sooner entered than she charged them grunting horribly, which made them all take to their heels, and in their hurry, not being very particular on the paths they took, the drivers and amateurs lost all their scullcaps, turbans, &c. At the time we were too much taken

up with the idea that the tiger was sticking on some of their backs to laugh at the ludicrous appearance they presented, but made up for it afterwards on finding all was right, and the rueful expression of their countenances, as they spied their tattered garments from afar dangling on the several bamboos, added not a little to our mirth. To do the fellows justice, after drawing a little breath they returned most manfully to the charge and drove the tiger out growling past my friend, who fired, and tumbled her over, but she was no sooner down than up again, and changing her route came down beautifully to the charge:—So beautifully indeed, that his elephant, though an old stager, would not stand it, and wheeling right round hobbled off cock tailed with the tiger close at his heels. The sudden and unexpected turning of the elephant upset my friend's equilibrium, but, quickly recovering himself, just fired in the nick of time, as the animal,—open mouthed, was not more than six yards off,—hitting her in the back of the neck which doubled her heels over head handsomely: yet she again got on her legs; but, not relishing the warmth of the reception she met with, sneaked back in a very disabled state into cover. 'His large friend with the trunk' duly appreciating the comforts of a sound jacket, having once before come in for an embrace more rough than pleasant, continued his course for full fifty yards further before he could be brought up; by the time he was again brought to the scratch the tiger was too far gone to lead him another dance; she lay on her side unable to move, yet 'looking unutterable things' and took six or seven shots more (so tenacious was she of life) before she was finally put an end to. She proved a finer looking animal than the former one, being in good condition and gorged with the victim of the night before, whose scull we discovered hard by, the only remains of him left. Among the crowd who collected was the brother of the deceased, who requested as a particular favour to be allowed to square accounts with the tiger, which he did, according to custom, finishing off with an urgent request for a few rupees to enable him to treat his friends to a 'tuck out' by way of a fitting wind up to the melancholy occasion.

From the pugnacious humour this tiger displayed from the commencement, I have no doubt she was the wounded one who had given me the slip. After an unsuccessful search for the remaining one of the trio, we returned home, the whole sport not having occupied us more than a couple of hours.

RAMROD.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES:—BOAR HUNTING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—*Dulce est desipere in loco*, which, being interpreted into modern English, means 'always hunt when you get a holiday;' and I have a mind now to shew you that in times past, it was my practice to act up to a maxim which I conceive to hold forth such good advice. However, before carrying you over some scenes of by-gone days, I must take leave to call your devils to account, for the rascally figure they have made my orthodox English cut in your numbers for June and July. Most of the misprints are luckily so obvious that I stand a fair chance of not being put down for a blockhead; and some of them are so ridiculous, that they may probably have caused a hearty laugh, which I should think is all in the way of a Magazine which professes to amuse. I send you a list of Errata, which you can post into your next, or not, just as you please; but in case you should not, I must just glance at two mistakes, which, for the sake of another, I wish corrected. Your imps have changed my friend Ewart's name into Ewent; now a rose would smell just as sweet by any other name, and as I know my friend to be a man not over particular about trifles, I don't imagine he would care much if he went by the name of John Jones, or David Smith, or Peter Shanks, or any other appellative whereby he might be identified upon occasion, but as his friends and relations have known him for many years by the name he now bears, he may think that, under all circumstances, it may be just as well as to stick to an old friend. In my last letter, I represented him at one place as 'cramming' his horse up to a hog, but your devils had evidently some evening dandy of the Calcutta course in their eye, and clapped him down as 'careering' his horse; to which expression I have no particular objection, except that it may be a matter of doubt with most people what it means. You will not take amiss, I am sure, my saying that your own interests would be served by a little touching up of your infernals, for I observe that others have complained on the same score, and it is a matter which might be easily corrected. You will perhaps say, that it is the fault of your correspondents;—some people's writing, I own, is somewhat puzzling to make out, and in my own individual case there may be much excuse for your sable assistants, as I well remember that my old master was wont to liken my writing unto the lines described by a hen's foot, when scratching the ground before a barn-door; yet the context and general tenor of the subject, might always lead a reasonably intelligent devil to the real word, or one which would serve as well.

Sporting Reminiscences of all sorts, I take it, you hold to be a fair material for the Magazine; and indeed during the rains, you can only hope for such, and the discussion of matters generally connected with

the chase, such as dogs, guns and horses. By and bye, however, when the cold weather sets in, your pages will contain a regular record of the deeds done in the past month; and considering the success which the Magazine has already met with, and the very extensive field from which it will gather contributions, I doubt not, it will realize the very fondest hopes which you could have formed in behalf of your offspring when you first sent it abroad amongst us. When I first wrote to you I did so because I thought it was incumbent on every man who called himself a sportsman to do his utmost to support an undertaking in itself so spirited, and which once a month, may be said to bring together friends who are many a mile apart; and introduces amongst us a kind of freemasonry and good feeling which is soothing and sweet in this land of exile, where, in some places, it does not fall to a man's lot to see a white face above once in a year. I had done some deeds of blood and valour in other days, in various campaigns against the hogs; and although I did not altogether conceive them worthy of forming the ground work of an epic poem, yet I imagined that, in fighting my battles once again upon paper, I might help to amuse your subscribers. Your fame is rising fast, and by and bye, should contributors be so numerous that none but tip-top articles will be inserted, I shall rejoice in your success, even although my own letters should be consigned to the Balaam box. If all goes well with me and mine, I may attempt at some future period to shew the advantages and disadvantages of different styles of hog-hunting; for, be it known unto you, that there is not more difference between the use of detonating and flint locks in shooting, than there is between the practice of throwing the spear and jobbing, which last, you must be aware, means killing, or at all events wounding your hog, without letting go your hold of the shaft. At present I shall only say that jobbing, in my opinion, as far excels throwing in every respect, as most modern sportsmen allow a detonator surpasses a flint gun. I shall be happy if my experience amongst the porkers can be so applied as in any way to conduce to the pleasure or the success of those who do now, or who may yet, handle the spear;—a sport, taken altogether, perhaps the most noble, manly, and exciting in the world.

In the mean time let me give you the result of the practical application on one occasion of the maxim with which I started—'always hunt when you get a holiday.' In May 1829, Ewart, and Burnett of the 54th Regiment Native Infantry, and I, started one morning about five o'clock from Jumalpoore, with the purpose of trying the courage of some rasping boars, which were known to have established themselves upon a chur about three miles off, across the river Jenay. We reached the ground in good time, and found the elephants and beaters all ready for the sport. Ewart seated himself upon his favourite horse *Vivian*; Burnett got across a new Stud-bred Tit, just arrived from Berhampore, to which, in honor of his former master, he had given the endearing name of *Joe*; and I bestrode *Honesty*, a

little bay Arab, for which I had paid seven hundred rupees the day before. We put ourselves and the elephants in line, forthwith, and almost immediately found lots of pigs of all sorts and sizes, but the jungle was so thick and extended so completely over the whole width of the chur, that we could not attempt to ride them. As we had a long line of elephants we still kept the swine before us, and were in hopes of having a glorious break at the further end of the jungle; on reaching it, however, we found that there was no plain beyond; and while most of the boars turned our flank and forced their way back, several crossed a shallow branch of the river to a newly formed chur nearer the mainland. We followed the latter, and had scarcely got a footing on the opposite bank, when we viewed a fine boar trotting away towards some jhow jungle ahead. Away we went after him, but, as the grass was very long, we traced him chiefly by the waving which it made as it yielded to his forward flight; Ewart brought him up, and gave him a dig with his spear in the back, but the jungle was so thick that after the first charge we lost sight of him altogether. In looking about for this fellow, during the time that the elephants were coming up, out bolted a fresh boar before me, and boldly made for the open plain towards the west. *Honesty* and I made play, and were gaining upon him fast, having got clear of the grass, when he suddenly changed his tactics, and came sharp round towards the jungle again, giving me the benefit of a desperate charge on his way. My horse was very manageable however, so that I had put him into a decent position before the boar made his rush, and catching the fellow about the shoulder with the spear, down he went again, but without any serious wound. As he had run but a short way he was of course very fresh, and after this little taste of the steel, he took to his heels again. Ewart, who had lingered behind in hopes of recovering sight of the first boar, now came up, and we followed the chase together. The Eastern part of the chur had a great many small patches of jungle over it, while to the west, it was beautifully clear. A boar generally knows well enough where safety is to be found; and accordingly our friend stuck to the jungle, so that we were obliged to ride cautiously in order to avoid the stumps of cut jhow trees, of which there were not a few. We caught him up again, just as he was nearing a stiff looking piece of jungle, and, as I feared if he once got in we should find it a difficult matter to get him out again, I very unadvisedly cut across him, through a short hollow, and attempted to spear him as I passed. I missed him; and was not aware that my rashness had cost me so dear, till Ewart called out to me that the horse was cut and going on three legs. Off I jumped, and sure enough, the boar had taken the change out of my seven hundred rupees most wofully, for he had cut the horse right over the stifle so severely that the limb was quite paralyzed, and the poor animal had not the slightest power to lift the foot. In such a case it may be thought cruel to move a horse, but it is always a great point to get a wounded animal where he can be well looked after, if he

is capable of walking at all; and in this case it was impossible to do otherwise, as in less than a month the whole chur would be many feet under the water. I accordingly sent him off to Jumalpore; and the poor brute walked the whole distance on three legs, besides jumping into, and out of, the ferry boat. I then got upon an elephant, sufficiently anxious to see the rascally boar floored by Ewart, and Burnett, who had also struck in by this time. The hog passed through the piece of jungle from which I had endeavoured to cut him off, and was crossing over a small patch of cultivated ground towards another jungle when Ewart went to work with him, and gave him a spear, but in turning to get out of the way, the boar was yet so fresh that he made a dash at *Urian*, and cut him slightly, about four inches below the tail, which was no bad spring considering that the horse was upwards of fourteen hands high. Burnett then brought old *Joe* to the scratch, and in a most masterly style floored the boar by a spear right through his body.

I had sent another horse out, but as he had not yet come up I kept my place on the elephant with a view to turn out some more grunTERS for my friends. They had not to wait long, for almost immediately on trying a fresh piece of jungle, out rushed two slapping boars, at the same moment. Each man took his hog; and we shall take them in the order in which they were disposed of;—the first boar took to the west, right over the open plain, towards a small village near which Burnett and Joe got upon intimate terms with him. It was really a beautiful sight, seen as I saw it, although my position on the elephant and the want of a horse gave me a full taste of those feelings of intense interest, impatience, and anxiety, with which the wounded Ivanhoe in his distant chamber listened to the fair Rebecca's description of the fight below and the prowess of the lion hearted Richard. The chase had hitherto been going in a straight line from me, so that as Burnett closed upon the boar, I could only see the horseman and horse thundering over the plain. A sudden turn, however, which the boar took to the right, gave me a complete view of the whole; Burnett seemed almost in the act of spearing him, and my heart beat double quick time, and my feelings became almost unbearable, as I watched for the moment when I expected to see the boar go down;—this could not last long; in the next instant they had closed, and down went horseman, horse, and boar together. The boar was the first on his legs again, and he very wisely made the most of his time, and went off towards the jungle. Presently, upjumped old Joe, and trotted off towards some men who were at work hard by, and who brought him to his master, who had by this time picked himself up again with no other loss than that of his hog. I cannot say whether or not the boar was touched by the spear in the encounter, but old Joe felt the edge of his tusks, having got a cut across the quarter. Having seen this business ended, I now turned my whole attention to Ewart, towards whom I could scarcely spare even an occasional glance during Burnett's glorious chevy. Ewart's boar (like Daniel

Macrae in the song,) was ‘a cunning, cunning chap,’ and instead of taking to the plain, kept dodging about the small patches of jungle; when overtaken at last, however, he proved himself a good one, and alarmed old *Vivian* not a little with the sight of his grinders as he came round on the charge, every now and then. I think this is the only time I ever recollect seeing *Vivian* shy, and I attributed it wholly to the recent taste he had had of the first boar’s tusks on his hind quarters. Ewart, however, will always kill a hog, if it is to be done. I have ridden them with a good many men since he and I parted, but none have I seen more deadly with the spear; accordingly, after several unsuccessful attempts, and although the boar occasionally stopped, gnashing his tusks and placing himself in any thing but an inviting attitude, he forced the horse up and did the trick. The wound, however, was not sufficient to bring him down at once; and the brute got very savage indeed, and kept moving from one small piece of jungle to another, for a quarter of an hour; and as *Vivian* seemed really disgusted with him, Ewart was at last persuaded to let him be dispatched by one of the mahouts, who took a shy at him as he lay in a puddle of water, and sent him to the shades.

We had run four gallant hogs, and had got three horses more or less cut, and as it was by this time, not a little hot, we bent our course homeward. By some mistake the pocket pistol was not forthcoming when called for, and as we were thirsty a few, we were fain to swallow some milk, which the villagers brought to us. It certainly served to allay our thirst at the moment; but a regard for the bowels of future hog-hunters, bids me advise them to beware of indulging in like manner, for on our way across the river Barnett was taken with a most unaccommodating commotion of his internals, (or as I recollect hearing a Scotchman once call them, *intervals*) and amused Ewart and me not a little, as he lay over the side of the boat discharging his cargo of milk. When we reached Jumalpoore, it was nearly tiffin time, and as may be supposed, we had quite enough of fatigue, for one day, but this gave us but the higher relish for the good things that were waiting us; such as soft eyes, kind looks and Hodgson’s beer; all three dear to the true sportsman. One of our first cares was to look to the cattle; *Vivian* was merely scratched, and *Joe* not much more, but poor *Honesty* was in a pitiable state. The boar’s tusk had penetrated to the joint, which, I imagine, it must have injured very seriously, for at the end of fourteen months, after having in vain tried blisters, setons, and the firing iron, I gave him up as incurable of his lameness, and submitted to the loss.

ROBIN HOOD.

September 1, 1833.

NOTE.—We heartily thank R. H. that he has this time employed an amanuensis.—Our diabolis are doing penance in sack cloth and ashes for past offences, though really there is much excuse for them.—ED.

LION SHOOTING.

‘ You do not believe me then? The deuce take me, if these home bred fellows can be saved ; they neither know nor believe half the creation.’

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—It is about twenty years since my regiment was stationed at Hausi, in the centre of Hurriana, which place is well known as having been the principal fortress of that extraordinary adventurer George Thomas, whose name is still famous in these parts as one of the numerous Sons of Fortune which England has sent forth

‘ To thrive by the red sweat of their own merits.’

The fort has since been much strengthened by our engineers, the town has considerably increased, and the canal has improved the appearance of the surrounding country by inducing trees to grow in its neighbourhood. The plain of Hurriana is like a vast sea ; the hill of Tosham and, till lately, a peepul tree near Hansi, like ships in the offing, were the most conspicuous objects and could be seen from a great distance towering over the stunted bushes and grass jungle. The neighbouring district of Hissar, famous for its pasturage, and extensive plains, abounding with nutritious natural grasses, was first brought to notice as a favourable place for the breeding of cattle by Major Moseley, of the 38th Regiment Native Infantry, in a memoir addressed to Government ; immediately after, it was inspected and reported upon by Major Lumsdaine, who commenced the breeding of horses, camels and bullocks. Hansi was then in its high and palmy state, and considered the best sporting country in India.—Lions were found in considerable numbers, although lately they have become exceedingly rare ; and a sportsman might have filled his bag with black partridge in front of the parade. My sojourn there formed the happiest period of my life

‘ But still at our lot it were vain to repine,’

‘ Youth cannot return, or the days of Lang Syne.’

A good number of black partridge are still to be found in the preserved grass of the stud department ; the district is still famous for the stoutness of its hares, and I should think the banks of the Cuggur and the Batty country must still afford a good sporting tract, and where occasionally a lion may be met with. There are abundance of wild hogs, and the country is particularly safe for riding ; so Hansi, after all, does not make a despicable figure as a sporting station, and a persevering keen hand might, no doubt, cut out plenty of work for himself, particularly if his patience would permit him to follow up Bustards and the large rock pigeon called the *bukht teetur* or Indian grouse.

The first lion hunt I ever was present at was the most beautiful sight I have witnessed. The party assembled at Hissar, where some of the sporting elephants of the Marquis of Hastings's retinue were stationed. A Duffadar's party of Skinner's horse accompanied us. The presence of sewars in lion hunting is very necessary; the plains being extensive, the animal is liable to be lost after the first onset unless sewars are at hand to go out on the flanks or to push on ahead to mark the jungle the lion retires into. In general when a lion is pursued, he will either endeavour to get away by sneaking off or take to the open country and there await the attack; the latter a tiger is never known to do, and I consider it to form the only peculiar difference of the two kinds of sports. A lion that takes to this open fighting gives by far the most exciting sport of any thing I have seen in tiger hunting and is the most trying for the elephants. Our party started from Hissar after an early breakfast, and although we had no particular information, we soon came to a jungle in which it was pretty certain the animal we were seeking was tenanted, as the whole population of a neighbouring village, large and small, of both sexes, had come out to see the sport, and anxious to have a good view posted themselves on an open and high spot near the jungle we were about to beat. Soon after entering the jungle the lion was put up and fired at; the sewars, perfectly understanding their part, charged out from both flanks to watch him. To our astonishment the lion made directly for the villagers: it was impossible for us to give them the least assistance till our tardy elephants came up when it would have been too late, but two of the sewars behaved nobly, and saved the crowd from the anticipated visit, for the villagers had already taken to flight and were hard pressed, when the first sewar rode close up to the lion, whose attention was immediately attracted and turned round upon him taking fearful springs, and was just about making a finale of the horse and rider, when the second sewar dashed in directly between the two: the lion now pursued him, when he reined his horse up, and waiting for the lion, cut him in the mouth with his sword, while, at the same instant, his horse bounded off at full speed and saved himself from the return of the compliment. The lion disappointed and foiled in his purpose, retired back to the jungle, where we followed and killed him at the first volley. He was a young but nearly full grown male, stood exactly three feet high and was nine feet long; his mane was nine inches in length; the cut made by the suwar's tulwar was about three inches long and two inches deep on his upper lip. The women of the village were exceedingly anxious to burn the lion's whiskers, which they did in spite of every remonstrance: in this part of the country it is done with a view to ensure connubial happiness, and they also hold it sound doctrine that offerings made to a male lion propitiates *muhadeo* in favour of barren women. To the eastward, tigers whiskers are carefully burned because they are considered very poisonous; if a person could contrive to bolt pieces of them cut into lengths of a quarter of an inch they might irritate the stomach to that

degree so as to cause death, otherwise, there can be no reason to suppose they are poisonous. The flesh of lions and tigers is esteemed by natives a good medicine in certain diseases; for this purpose it is dried and made into a powder, and the fat is very valuable for external applications.

(To be Continued.)

QUONDAM.

P. S. *Quondam* presents his compliments to the editor, and begs the favor of his publishing a list of 'subscribers to the *Bengal Sporting Magazine*,' with the November number, as he intends to drink their healths three times three (the editor's four times four) on Christmas day, and therefore wishes to know whom he may have the pleasure to congratulate as sportsmen on that evening. It is a toast which, it is to be hoped, will be introduced in every Christmas party where there is a sportsman, (bad luck to the party in which no sportsman is to be found!) and it will be particularly pleasing to sportsmen to know the mutual good feeling at one and the same time all over India.

NOTE.—The Editor's compliments and *QUONDAM* shall be gratified; at least in the Magazine which issues on the 1st of December.

ON THE FEEDING OF DOGS, &c.

'Nor last forget thy faithful dogs, but feed,
With fatt'ning *prog* the Fox hound's generous breed.'

DRYDEN!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I was much gratified with the perusal of your correspondents' letters in your last number on the breeding and rearing of dogs. I have bred dogs in this country for many years, and have observed that after three or four generations the produce stood the climate remarkably well; and I am of opinion that there is no necessity for cross breeding with parias, and have to express my surprise that in India, we have not yet been able to get the breed of fox hounds properly acclimated, for although dogs bred in this country may be inferior to imported ones, yet they are far preferable in every respect to cross breeds, and the heterogeneous omnium gatherum of a bobberly pack.

Having been fortunate (as the saying is) with my dogs, although I have had many thorough-bred imported ones, I beg to be allowed to add my mite to the discussion, by stating the system my experience has taught me to pursue, and which may be of use in enabling us to compare notes.

FOOD FOR A FULL SIZED DOG.

Three quarters of a seer of cleaned tripe, liver, lights, and offals; half seer of atta made into common chappattees and a proportion

(say quarter of a seer) of bone which the butcher will always add for the sake of your custom as bones are of no value in this country. The meat and bones to be well boiled for four hours; a quarter chittack or one rupee's weight of salt, a little huldee and black pepper to be added while boiling. The servants often don't half boil the meat, which must be looked to, as otherwise it is neither nutritious or wholesome. I may here remark that tripe, &c. is reckoned by natives much more nourishing than the hard dry muscle of animals killed in the bazar, and all the public wrestlers in consequence live upon it. The proportion of meat may appear great: I have found it advantageous to feed dogs high in this country, where, also, pepper and huldee are necessary condiments. The dogs to be fed morning and evening; and just before feeding (otherwise the food will sour by keeping) the chupattees are to be broken up into moderate pieces, and mixed with the meat and soup. For puppies the same sort of meat chopped fine and mixed with the chupattee in a similar manner.

KENNEL.

In the cold weather, to be kept as dry as possible and bedded with dry grass (rice straw to be avoided). In the hot weather, a charpae for each couple of dogs, and water six or eight times during the day sprinkled by a beehistee all over the kennel and around it. If *Ticks* get troublesome, dig up the floor of the kennel for six inches, have a mixture of two maunds of unslaked lime, and one maund of karree neemuk (Glauber's salts) for every two hundred square feet of floor; mix this well with the loose earth dug up, adding water to make a stiff clay or mortar, which should be well trode down and beat, making a substantial bedding for a layer of well burnt bricks to be placed on their edges, the whole to be properly sloped to allow the water to run off. The walls of the kennel should also be scraped, and washed with a thick coat of hot lime applied as soon after slaking as possible; no *Tick* can stand this. I was induced to try this plan on finding when I happened to be encamped on salt kunkuree soil, common in the Dhilee district, that all insects immediately left my dogs.

EXERCISE.

On which namely depends the health of dogs during the hot season. They should be taken out in small parties of three or four couple in different directions to prevent too much rioting, and allowed to run about on grassy ground for about an hour every morning, and walked out every evening.

If chloride of lime could be procured it would be an excellent remedy for purifying kennels, by destroying the effluvia and rendering the air wholesome; it would also be an excellent wash for slight ulcers and excoriations which dogs are liable to be troubled with in the rains. I also give my dogs three times a week, in the hot weather, a ball of sulphur the size of a nutmeg, and

when any dog or puppy is seen to eat dirt I make him immediately bolt a bit of common salt. Generally if dogs have a proper quantity of salt in their food they will not eat dirt of any kind. My dogs are washed at least twice a week with soap and water.

Your most obedient servant,

Kurnal, 13th August, 1833.

BOB.

A FEW WORDS REGARDING THE TIRHOOT PACK:—THEIR PAST HISTORY AND PRESENT CONDITION.

SKYSCRAPER TO NIM EAST.

MY DEAR NIM,—For in such familiar terms do I address you, guessing, as the yankees say, that I detect you behind your cognomen, as a good sportsman and a very good fellow who once followed the Tirhoot hounds. Your wit is your own and I detect you by it. The sun, though it rises behind dark masses of vapour, tinges every part of the firmament with a part of its glorious effulgence; so does your brilliant pen betray you by throwing light over every subject it touches upon.

You cannot forget the many good days you have had with the Tirhoot pack. 'Oh! no,' as the song says, 'you never can forget,' and your kind mention of *Radical* and *Rummager* gives satisfactory proof of it—but shall I remind you of something that may have slipped over the croup of your memory;—do you remember the day you rode *Lady Teazle*? Her ladyship nearly killed you with kindness; and your 'bruised arm did hang up for a monument' of the impression her ladyship had made. There is one other day that I would remind you of, not that you have not seen many better with the Tirhoot hounds, but it occurs to me at the moment:—On the 2d or 3d of March, the meet was at Puharpore, it having been a fine shower of rain the day previous. You had the horn that morning, but you had not much use for it, for the pack was scarce uncoupled ere they were away, crashing and yelling on a red hot scent. I think I see you now—seating yourself firmly on old *Snip* and squeezing your hat fast on your head preparing for the burst that followed;—and it was a quick one. The chase made for the sugar cane covers that lie to the South of the Bontar road, but the good pack were too well upon him to give him breathing time; they shoved him along at a top pace and he could not find his resting place there. 'Tally Ho!'—'gone away again!' was the word from a good sportsman riding a very fine Cape horse ycleped *Welcome*, that you must remember well, for you had a good eye to a bit of blood; your 'hark forward! hark forward!' made the welkin ring again. He tried now for an earth on the wooded borders of a tank, on the same side of the Bontar road, but finding it was no go, he made a grand

rush for the Dhoulpore covers. This was the crack thing of the day, for the country was a little stiffer, and there were some pretty things in and out of topes. You were leading on *Ship*; he was a good one to go the pace, but so so at flying jump; 'a tailor's goose can never fly,' yet he was a devil for threading his way over things. You were followed at this part of the run by a Welter weight on a dark bay Cape, as good a one, I mean the horse, as ever went to the hunting field, and going not the slower, that he was borrowed one. The jackall got into the Dhoulpore covers, but you were quick at your work here, and got the best part of your pack away again on the hunted jackall, and your friend upon *Welcome* did you a good turn by whipping off two or three couple of hounds that were going away with a fresh one. There was now every prospect of a glorious finish, but it was not so decreed;—away he went for Dhoulpore factory and after a fine burst at a regular racing pace, got his bacon safe into a puckah morce. Who was it that said he was *more*-bound before he got there? You had a good stiff thing to put *Ship* over just at the finish; and *Welcome* did also come well over.

But I am digressing from what was my chief purpose in taking my pen up on the present occasion to inform you of the well being of your old friends *Radical* and *Runmager*, and indeed of the whole pack, under a change of system in the management, that has been so successful as to merit the attention of all sporting men. But ere I yet come to that part of my subject, I would say a few words of the origin of this pack, of what it was, and who followed it, ere you ever saw it. There was then no lack of the wherewithal to make the mare to go. The pack originally consisted of seven pups out of an old bitch called *Musie*, (of which number *Radical* and *Runmager* yet remain) and of some five or six couple of imported hounds brought up by one than whom there is not a more ardent lover of the chase. Do you bear in mind Nimrod's admirably graphic description of Matty Wilkinson? Our friend, and you must know him without my naming him, is the very prototype of Matty. Sincerely do I wish 'that the clouds that lower upon his house,' were 'in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.' This pack commenced hunting in the cold weather of twenty-eight, and a brilliant season they had of it; you must have heard many a tale unfolded of its deeds. Perhaps you may forget having heard that the leading hound in that pack was one of the pups above-mentioned,—*Roman* was his name, but whether he was suckled by a wolf, this deponent knoweth not. No, by the bye, that was *Romulus*; and a savage dog he was. There were in the Tirhoot hunt, Nim, at that time, and God be with them, they are most of them in it yet, workmen who would not disgrace the red coat with the blue collar:—the first I shall mention, and you all know who ought to be named first in the Tirhoot hunt, I feel certain is one of the strongest, boldest, and most judicious riders in the country. Put him on a rusher, he will make him temperate;—on a shy one, he will give him courage;—on a slow one—by G—d, he will put the go into him! His seat is strength itself; and, there-

fore, the true hunting one. His hand is perfection; it speaks a language to a horse's mouth. Then there was a gemman with a C. S. after his name, who was the very pink of elegance in dress and manège, and he was a good one too when it came to the go. What a fine old horse he rode! one of the prettiest jumpers I have ever seen. The noble brute seemed to feel with his rider that in the style of doing the thing, lay his claims to notice. His flight over a ditch and bank would have been a fine subject for any artist. Next you have old *Stug* brought on the tapis, with his cramming rider caring not one d—n how many falls he gets. *Stug* was a good jumper; she is still at the trade in the stud department, and I am told no sluggard at it either. There was an English Gelding of the name of *Monarch* that you must recollect in other hands. The gentleman who owned him at the time I speak of, shoved him along merrily, and no monarch ever ran his course more nobly or told a less distressing tale at the end of it.

I have taken up a new pen to say a few words of a distinguished sportsman, an occasional visitor to the Tirhoot pack, but with this assistance, I fear I shall fall far short of doing justice to my subject. I appeal to any judge whether a brush would not be the more fitting instrument to paint the man whose very soul is devoted to hunting? For want of a better weapon we must try what the pen will do. Mount him on his favorite horse, the *Wrangler*, dressed the very thing from head to foot, 'in all respects the perfect gentleman,' his eye 'in wild frenzy rolling,' as he watches each dog how he works in cover, and each challenge, and each moving stern fills him with a delight that beams from every feature of his countenance. His right arm jirks out with ecstasy. And here my pencil sketch ceases, for the painter's art cannot imitate the moving action and the changing scene.—The pace is beginning to quicken. but he, thorough sportsman as he is, is none of your hot headed young hands who are always anxious to get away quick; you will hear his voice encouraging the dogs till the last lagger is away and then show me the man that will ride bolder or faster?—You will find him, if the thing lasts long, one of the leading men, but still, as every forward rider ought to do, giving a wide berth to the hounds. Nothing will stop him; and his style of putting his horse at his jumps, reads a lesson that might be learnt by many with advantage. He lets his horse see where he is going—and they are good cattle he rides and require no lifting, and, —'very pretty cattle indeed.' You, my dear Nim, would think it excusable in me to omit another name from this list as a good sportsman, for you know how well he likes this and all amusements;—one of your heavy weights that makes light of any thing on the right side of a broken neck. He will make any horse go along, but put him on one like what you recollect his *Paddie*, and no man can, or will do more handsomely across a country, particularly a stiff one; for the hand and the eye work together, and the nerves are never shaken. One name must be added to this list; and if the last here, is not often so in the hunting field. You may call him Brown; but to do him brown at

any kind of sport is as great a feat as David did when he slew Goliath;—then he has not three hundred concubines, but he would have three hundred brood mares if he could. The cattle he rides, whether screwed or sound, most get along; he will see the sport and they must travel under him.

It is time that I should come to that part of my letter to which I call your attention particularly, for it is well worthy of it, and of that of all men interested in the breeding and feeding of hounds. The Tirhoot pack, in your time, you will recollect, used after the hunting season to be billeted out to the different factories;—a system which I always deprecated with my feeble voice. It was most unsuccessful, for the greater part of the pack died off each rainy season. In March of last year a new system was adopted; the hounds were kept together at the Station and put under the charge of a gentleman who has certainly done justice to the trust reposed in him. Naturally a shrewd observer, and making it his business to become acquainted with kennel management, this gentleman has now kept the hounds in the most beautiful condition for two seasons with a very small list of casualties. There is a mean between theory and practical knowledge which has just been hit upon in the present instance; and which in all branches of art and science has always led to the most useful conclusions. I am happy to have it in my power to subjoin a memorandum of this gentleman's method of rearing pups and feeding hounds; it will enhance the value of the document to state that no deaths, except from accidents, have occurred during the hunting season, among the important hounds of this pack, under the present management, save one dog, from old age, Old Maximum. Nor has this success been from the good luck of not having sickness in the kennel; I have seen several cases where nothing but the prompt and early treatment, as noticed in the memorandum, could have saved the dog's life; and there is not a dog in the pack that has not been attacked at one or time other. A dysentery is the prevailing affection. At this date, there cannot be a pack of dogs in more splendid condition and the pups are as fine a draft as ever could be seen.

And now, *Nim East*, my yarn is spun, I am just finishing my bottle of Brown's Canteenac; will it be too much trouble to you, to send me up twelve dozen, charging the editor of the *Sporting Magazine* with the same? As he threatens a visit to the Mofussil, he can have his share, though not the lion's one. You and I are the lions of the *Sporting Magazine*. Tell him with my salaam that was a h—ll— of a pun he made about the printer's devil.—vide his note to my letter on Deer Stalking. May you live, *Nim*, till you can ride no longer, and when you lose your seat in the saddle of this life, take a flying jump on a cloud to heaven where you will surely meet your friend

TIRHOOT HOUNDS.

The system observed in feeding these hounds has been as follows :—

During the hot season and rains, soup made with mutton and vegetables boiled therein every third-day, and ottah biscuits and at the rate of half a seer of meat and half a seer of biscuit for each dog a day. Every dog is fed separately in wooden basins and kattras twice a day, morning and evening, and the quantity is usually proportioned according to the condition of the dog. Black salt is also added to the soup at the time of feeding at the rate of one seer a month for twenty five dogs. In the hunting season, beef is substituted for the mutton ; and after every morning's sport one desert spoonful of powdered brimstone is mixed with the soup in addition to the black salt. Horse flesh was given also twice or thrice during the last hunting season.

The dogs are washed every other day in the hot weather and rains, with country soap, and once a week rubbed with brimstone and mustard seed oil, and in the hunting season are washed once a week. On the first signs of sickness, heaviness about the eyes or loss of appetite,—five grains of tartar emetic are administered, followed up, if necessary, after an interval, with a similar or reduced dose. In some cases where fever appeared, ipecacuanha three grains, and tartar emetic two grains, have been administered with success ; and where a dog was less in condition after the previous treatment as above with tartar emetic, a desert spoonful of levigated antimony and one of sulphur well mixed together, divided into two doses and mixed with the food twice a week, have been found very beneficial ; and seldom more than two doses as above have been found necessary.

In February and August 1832, a bitch produced three and five puppies, which are now, in August 1833, in full health and added to the pack. Till fifteen days old, they were kept with the mother ; after that period they were separated from her, and put to her only three times a day. At the expiration of a month they had no milk but soup made from sheep's head with some ottah biscuits and vegetables, and a *very trifling* quantity of black salt. If the pups shewed any signs of worms, or appeared heavy, or the coat slaring, tartar emetic was given ; one grain to a pup six weeks old, and from that to two grains to one older or three or five months old, according to the size and strength of the dog.

The above mentioned bitch gave two pups in April 1833, and the same treatment has been observed and the animals are thriving.

For washes for sores or scratches, thirty grains of blue vitriol dissolved in a pint of water have been used with uniform success ; and where maggots have been formed through neglect in any sores, an application of spirits of turpentine and sweet oil shaken together has never failed.

THE BUFFALOE TAILS ELONGATED AND BROUGHT TO AN END.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As we were despairing of ever recovering further traces of the wounded buffalo, one of the men sung out he saw a rhinoceros. In an instant all were on the alert; the distance, two miles, was nothing, and nullahs which before, looked 'Brahma Pootra's,' in earnest, diminished into gutters. As we got nearer, the rhinoceros turned into a mud-stained buffalo, and one of a large herd. Now had I in my mind's eye, a howdah-full of tongues and horns, sufficient to supply all my numerous friends from Saugor Isle, aye, to Loodianah, who should stand in need, or be unprovided with such 'Hornaments,' before you could say 'Stubbs,' my elephant was a long side a cow (always pick out a female, wot's got a calf; the calf is toothsome, and wont leave the old one when down, therefore *is yours*, and vice versa.) and myself in the act of drawing the trigger, when a half man half monkey on a tree, made some strange outlandish noises, intended to signify his horror at my proceedings and further that the animals were tame!!! This was a regular flooner, but there was no help for it, so we returned, consoling ourselves that we had at least one prize safe; we were also very fortunate in falling in with a good many deer, but the sun getting hot, we pushed on, reached the 'quarry,' and commenced the work of decapitation in the midst of some hundreds of vultures. 'Honesty,' Mr. Editor, 'is the best policy;' or most indubitably I would 'burke' the remainder of this tail, having as I have, your 'own Bull,' before my eyes, (I'm no subscriber to John mind,) denouncing bitter wrath and punishment against persons who shall be guilty of diverse manifold offences termed unsportsman-like, had I not some hope that not being anyways singular, its being a first fault, and so forth, that for this once I may escape Scot free. Now having told you this much, pray favour me in one trifle more, &c. To suppose,—*merely* suppose,—your head to have been cut off and a violoncello placed on your shoulders instead thereof, or what is equally efficacious and much easier, take a *silver marrow spoon* and contemplate your frontispiece in the back of it. 'Tis done; and 'twas a handsome, considerably handsome, visage, eh? So we'll resume the hair of our tail. I have already mentioned, that the decapitation had been commenced; well, we were rapidly progressing in the same, when a discovery was made, which, in an instant, elongated our fine circular physiognomies into ones like yours was just now, and in less time than 'the twinkling of a pig's whisker' our honor and glory and all that sort of thing was, gone, Sir, gone. 'Baugh, bother,' you say, 'the beast was not gone;' I know that perfectly, but our shadows were unlike our faces diminished, and we had, low be it spoken, killed one tame cow, and severely wounded two more! The accursed

hole in the nostril stared us too full in the face to be got over; to say nothing of a crowd of natives who, rushing up, proclaimed aloud their masters loss of cow and ours of cash (the brute cost twenty rupees.) Now 'tis all over 'tis some satisfaction to a griff like me, to know that crack sportsmen like yourself, have done such things in both this country, and near Bareilly; and not many years are gone since a first rate shot, near Rungpoor, was so convinced from the size and ferocity of the animal he had killed, that it was a wild one, that till he had ocular demonstration that though it was no bull, it certainly was not a cow, could he be convinced of his error. After such a 'cowstrophe' we, as might be supposed, suddenly became altogether indifferent about the 'Spolia Opima,' and with tails looking downwards, made a rapid retreat from the scene of confusion.

March 13th, at sunset opposite Deergong, about one hundred and fifty miles East from Gowhatti, while peering about in search of these brutes, I got a glimpse of a single one quietly feeding near the edge of the river, a very short distance from my boat. To get out my gun and return was not more than the work of a minute, and the animal having in his grazing, approached nearer, I had only to raise my head above the bank to get two shots at his side, within thirty yards, both of which took effect, and he rushed off into a narrow strip of jungle, at a desperate pace. From having been so much concealed, when I fired, it appeared to me probable that he had not seen me, and would not go far; nor was I disappointed for on going round the end of the bit of jungle, I saw him about a hundred and fifty yards off with his head down, as if severely wounded. Losing no time I crept on till within about eighty yards when I again fired two barrels and had the satisfaction of hearing both balls strike; when the brute set off slowly, but commenced stopping every fifteen or twenty steps, evidently getting weaker. I now contented myself with following at a short distance, and at last saw him drop not more than two hundred paces from the place where he was fired at the second time. On going up I hamstrung him, but 'twas a needless precaution, he was dead with three balls in his side close to the shoulder, and one striking on his horn. I never beheld so huge a monster, he must have weighed upwards of two hundred stone, was thirty one years old by his horns, with not more than six or eight teeth in his mouth, and those quite loose. The next morning I succeeded, with difficulty, in cutting off his horns, a very fine pair, and which I keep as a specimen. Since that time I have only seen one other buffaloe which escaped wounded. And now, having shewn how I do business by myself on foot, and hoping that some of your Gorruckpoor or other buffaloe killing friends will give us griffs a hint or two as to how they manage matters, I shall here take my leave, though I don't expect to find many who have made more rapid work with these beasts than has

Your admirer,

SHIKAROPHILOS, C. B.

MASTER EDWARD AND HIS SON NAPOLEON.

Master Edward is gone, or going to the Upper Provinces, to take the place of his sire *Benedick*; and, in my opinion, he will prove himself to be 'like his father before him' the best stallion in India. Only one of his get has as yet appeared on the turf; so I send you a short sketch of his performances, and those of his nearest relations, with his pedigree on the sire's side. *Napoleon* lost his maidenhead in a way most satisfactory to himself and his owner, by beating, in a perfect canter, six animals of his own age, for the Bengal breeder's stakes, (fifty one Mares,) thereby proving that a colt got by a country-bred horse out of an imported English Mare, and bred at Allipore, may sometimes be superior to the get of English Stallions (*Benedick*, *Vanguard*, and *Pindaree*) out of country-bred mares, though bred even at Meerut. The *Paisaken*, also bred at Allipore, was second. In January last, *Napoleon* won the Riddlesworth beating his cousin, out of the *Maid of Arcenel* by *Pedrick*; who in her turn, beat him for the Barrackpore Riddlesworth in February. This however is all in the family, — *Benedick* being the father, and the *Maid of Arcenel* half-sister of the sire of *Napoleon*. *Napoleon* was matched for the third day of the Calcutta Meeting against *Harry Scoury*. Craven weight and distance but unfortunately the Arab had a screw loose and could not get it right, even by February.

PEDIGREE OF NAPOLEON ON THE SIRE SIDE.

Dam *Arabella* (E.). His sire *Master Edward* by *Benedick* (E.) out of *Tarantula*, by *Capsicum* (E.) out of *Seidmee*, by *Rockingham* (E.) out of *Fatima* (A.).

N. B. *Fatima*, *Ayesha*, and the dam of Young *Rockingham* were sent to Major Nairn, by Mr. Manesty in 1799, as three mares of the purest breed in Arabia.

Arabella, the dam of *Napoleon*, is the best mare that ever ran in India; she was bred by Lord Stowell in 1817, got by *Cato*, her dam *Omphale* (sister to *Blucher*) by *Waxy*, &c. &c. In 1819, at Newmarket, she ran a dead heat with Lord Egremont's c. f. *Caroline* by *Whalebone*, out of *Marianne*, and was beat by a head for the second heat. In 1819, *Caroline* won the Oaks. Of the produce of *Arabella* only three have run; viz. *Plauter* by *Pindaree*, *Puzzle* by *Pindaree* and *Napoleon*, all three winners of the Riddlesworth.

The following were all out of *Tarantula*, the grand dam of *Napoleon*, and seven of the eight were trumps:—

1. *Laurel Leaf* by *Delusion*, foaled in 1815. In 1819, she won a match against *Clarissa* and three matches against *Strongback*; she was beat in a sweepstakes for all Horses, i. e. English or others. In 1820, won the Bengal stakes, (eight subscribers)—A match against *Slouch* (A.).—A match carrying 9st. against *Saracen*, 8st. 6lb.—A match

against *Lightning*, 8st. 7lb. each, and a match against *Fadldeen*, carrying 8st. 7lb. to a feather. Walked over for the Meerut Stakes, (five subscribers), and a sweepstakes, weight for age (three subscribers). She was beat, carrying 8st. 12lb. against *Saracen*, 7st., and also by the E. horse *Senator*, 8st. 7lb. each for 5,000 Rs.—She was beat, carrying 8st. 7lb. against *Saracen*, 7st. 7lb., and again, beat by English Horse *Tablet*, 8st. 7lb. each, R. C. In 1821, she walked over for the Meerut Stakes, (six subscribers), and won a match carrying 9st. against *Saracen*, 8st. 6lb.—She was beat by *Thalia*, (E.) carrying 8st to 8st. 7lb. In 1822, she won the Meerut Stakes, (five subscribers), beating her sister the *Maid of Avenel*, T. J. in two minutes fifty-seven seconds.—a great betting race.—She received forfeit in a match with the *Maid of Avenel*, and a sweepstakes against two Arabs. Was beat by Col. Gilbert's *Beggar Girl*, T. Y. C. carrying 9st. 3 lb. to a feather.

2. *Cassandra* by *Delusion*, foaled in 1816. In 1820, paid to *Gipsey*, and received from the *Man of the World*. In 1823, (at Meerut) she was beat for the Slender Billy Stakes by *Tarquin*; and won four matches against *Saracca*, *Tarquin*, *Enigma*, and *Sultan*, (A.) and walked over for a sweepstakes and a purse for all horses (English excepted). In 1825, won a match against *Flora*, and a purse for all horses (except English), she received in a match with *Master Edward*, and walked over for the Hauper Stud Stakes for country-breds. In 1827, won a match, 8st. 7lb. against *Whisperer*, 7st. 7lb., also a purse for all horses. She was beat by *Rhoda*, in two matches and paid to a third. She was beat by *Haymaker* for the Ladies' Purse.

3. The *Maid of Avenel* by *Capricum*, foaled in 1819. In 1822, won a match carrying 8st. 7lb. against *Jessica*, 7st. 13lb., and the Post Stakes for country-bred and Arabs, (four subscribers). She was beat by *Laurel Leaf*, for the Meerut stakes, and in 1823, by *Beggar Girl*, in a sweepstakes, C. W. and distance, in two minutes twenty-six seconds:—a good race.

4. *Master Robert* by *Benedick*, foaled in 1819. In 1822, beat for the Riddlesworth by *Beggar Girl*, and won a match against *Horatio*, and two matches against *Grumbler*. In 1823, won the Derby Stakes, (five subscribers), a match against *Horatio*, a match against *Jacco Macacco*, received in two matches with *Horatio*, walked over for the St. Leger, and won a match against *Fancy*, T. Y. C. in one minute twenty-four seconds—easy.

5. *Master Edward* by *Benedick*, foaled in 1820. In 1823, was beat for the Riddlesworth by *Spinetta*; won the Derby Stakes, beating *Spinetta* very easy. In 1824, won the Post Stakes, (five subscribers) the Hooghly Stakes, and the St. Leger Stakes, at Meerut. In 1825, walked over for a sweepstakes for country-breds; was beat by *Cassandra* in a purse for all horses, and by *Belinda* in the Slender Billy Stakes; paid to *Cassandra* in a match. At Calcutta, in

1825, won a match carrying 8st. 10lb. against *Emigrant*, 8st. 10lb. and a match T. M. carrying 9st. 10lb., against *Surprise*, 7st. 10lb. In 1826, won a match 10st. against *Minna*, (English) 8st. He was beat carrying 11st. 7lb. by *Surprise* 9st. and a match carrying 12st. against *Emigrant* a feather. Walked over for a sweepstakes for country bred and Capes.

6. *Nautch Girl* by *Benedick*, foaled in 1821, was beat by *Comet* in a sweepstakes for country-bred and Capes. At Ghazerpore, won a sweepstakes for country-breds, (five subscribers), and the Sonepore cup for Maiden country-breds, and a match against *Duckey*.

7. *Master Spider* by *Slender Billy*, foaled in 1822, was a fine looking horse but too slow for the Turf. The cross was injudicious as *Slender Billy* was rather wanting in speed, which was all *Tarantula* required for her produce.

8. *Master Benjamin* by *Benedick*, foaled in 1824. In 1826, was beat by *Lucy* for the Sapling Stakes. In 1827, won the Riddlesworth (twelve subscribers). In 1828, received from *Sweetbriar* in a match; was beat in a handicap Sweepstakes by *Bothrem*, in another by *Premion*, in a match by *Mandamus*, in the Pindaree Purse, by *Fishmonger*, and paid to *Black Cock* in a match;—he was wrong the whole season of 1828.

N. B. None of the produce of *Tarantula* were ever beat, but by good ones. *Surprise* was considered the best horse at the Cape, though there were several Newmarket horses there, yet *Master Edward* gave him 2st and a year and beat him easy. *Emigrant* was a first rate Cape, yet when he ran carrying a feather against *Edward*, carrying 12st., the latter was the favorite:—but it was not in the dice,—12st. to nothing.

THESPIC REMINISCENCES.—No. III.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you.—*Hamlet*.

O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise too, and that highly.—*Ibid*.

I thought I should have indited no more ‘Thespics’ for the *Sporting Magazine*. Yea, I was in a most towering passion with the Editor, the Printer, the Compositors, and all the beings that move about in the mystic regions of type. Oh ! how they each and all of them, one and every, individually and collectively, and of malice forethought, murdered my poor lucubrations ! I could have shed tears of anguish—but *that*, no doubt, would have delighted the malignant Genii alluded to, whose chiefest solace is, to mar, disfigure and transmogrify the productions of wretches like myself, condemned, despite their stars, to write. To mutilate my English, such as it is, was bad enough ; but to *burke* my Greek,—yea, Homeric Greek ; *I never* can forgive ;—no never. Think not then, Oh most malicious of Editors. Printers, Compositors, and ye other fearful and anomalous imps that pursue your *black art* in the limbo aforesaid,—think not that my wrath is appeased—No,—I write purely to spite—to plague you all ;—and it is balm to my heart to reflect that one and all of you must be less or more bothered by my pothooks and hangers. “ Swear a little, my dear, you know not how much good it will do you,”—so often said that eccentric son of genius, *Fuseli*, to his wife—upon the *experto crede* principle. I presume,—and I say, *scold* a little, it relieves one much—for I declare I feel much lighter and easier since I have had my fling at the Editor and his banditti.

I brought my last communication to a close at a juncture when those dread destinies, the Governor General and Council, decreed that I should travel a little for my general improvement. I still lingered, and lingered at Calcutta, to the annoyance of one or two who wanted to have me off with as little delay as possible, in order that we might proceed together. This, however, was not to last ; for one morning before breakfast I was shocked at receiving a letter marked ‘*Service*,’ and signed by a certain *James Nicol*—

————— ‘ name of fear
Unwelcome to a Griffin’s ear.’

The said letter ran as follows :—

Sir,—I am astonished to find that you have not yet quitted the Presidency pursuant to General Order of the ——— Instant, and beg to inform you that if you do not set out for Dinapore without further delay, I shall not fail to bring your conduct to the notice of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief.—

Here was a situation ! I bolted an egg and a slice of toast,—gulped down a mouthful or two of scalding tea,—packed up my baggage,—made

my last purchases,—and dined on board the budgerow that night as it lay moored near the Custom-house *ghât* ready for a start. We had a pleasant party which, I dare say, my friend J. T——r, over the way, has some recollection of. As we were sitting down to dinner the conversation turned upon the remarkable expedition with which I had all of a sudden prepared for my trip up the country ;—“ In faith,” I said, “ there was no time to be lost considering the gratifying refresher I had from the Adjutant General.” Here there was a roar of laughter from the whole party. The rascals had been hoaxing me all the time and had managed the matter very ingeniously for I ‘good easy man’ knew nothing about James Nicol or his handwriting. I can honestly declare that no one enjoyed the joke more than myself, for it was really a relief to me to find that I was not in the black books of that terrible person—James Nicol. Next evening, about dusk, we unmoored, and passed over to the other side of the river, about a coss and a half up. Leaving Calcutta was something like quitting the shores of my native land ; however, I had a writing desk, and set to at once to consign the scene to immortal description.

Now glides our boat upon thy stream
O Hooghly, while each trembling beam
From ship or shop with flick’ring light
Just shows upon the line of sight
Bright Arta’s pride—Calcutta hight. }
What various sounds conflicting mingle,
Jackalls howl in packs or single,
Brahmin’s conchs blow shrilly hollow,
Children’s squalls, and laughter follow;
Raising a chaos on the ear,
Noisy, cheerful—murmuring—drear !

Now I do maintain that the above lines are highly poetical. I next proceeded to apostrophize the youths with whom I had parted, but that would affect the reader so tenderly that I spare him. Nevertheless, as I have him by the button, I shall make use of my privilege of boreism in my own way. Whatever others may think of a trip of three or four hundred miles on the river, I must say that for myself, I have always enjoyed it. ‘Tis a capital time for study ; I read or devoured rather,—sundry books—chiefly of a professional and serious character. Light reading I reserved for relaxation, and when fagged, set to, to scribble all sorts of things. On looking over a rambling journal of my trip I find odds and ends like the following :—

Mine be the fate, when life’s poor feast is o’er,
And Nature’s pulses beat with health no more,—
The reck’ning paid—to leave in peace my seat
That the next pilgrim may sit down and eat,
And oh—when I at length have had my fill,
And death abruptly enters with the bill,
May conscience smiling pay—

As a fragment has an interesting appearance, somewhat like a moss covered ruin, let us leave *this* a fragment. The next extract from this strange omnium gatherum is in a different strain :—

"Give me my hat,"—the Griffin said,
 "I want to put it on my head.
 'Tis customary when we walk
 Or when to take the air we stalk
 In England, just to put a hat
 Upon the head. Some kinds are flat
 With spreading brims, low slouching down,
 Their colour black with dwarfish crown.
 The crowns of some are rather tall;
 And others scarce have crown at all.
Cock'd hats are shap'd like a half moon,
 And worn while leading a platoon;
 Give officers a martial air
 Which fascinates the gazing fair.
My hat is neither cock'd nor corner'd,
 Lie'd, cockaded, plum'd, gold border'd—
 No—'tis merely plain and round,
 And in a band and buckle bound;
 No fascination in its cock;
 No feathers common sense to mock.
 No—no—'tis patent, black and grim*
 And has an inch or two of brim.
 Then fetch my hat," the Griffin said,
 "I want to put it on my head!"

One more extract from the *poetics* of my journal and I have done.
 Our baggage boat containing a quantity of Madeira, Beer, Brandy,
 &c. (no joke of a loss to poor *Subs*), sunk in a storm—but we recover-
 ed a good deal of the *wine* and I can conscientiously declare that we felt
 more anxious about the poor Dandies than for the stores. Here are the
 lines:—

'Pity 'twere should wine so mellow
 Brain inspiring, pure and yellow
 Have sunk into a wat'ry grave
 Beyond our pow'r to drink or save;
 But still the pity would be more
 If with the wine and brandy store
 Poor *Dandy* of the hue of soot, O
 Should have paid a vis to Pluto!

At length I arrived at Dinapore, where I became a resident for some
 time. I landed—and found myself indeed *alone*. I know not a more
 miserable feeling than that of a Griffin arriving either at Calcutta, or
 at a new Station for the first time. It is taken too much for granted,
 that the stranger under all circumstances can make his way.—Folks
 who have roughed out the best years of existence in India appear to
 feel on that head like Etonians, who declare that a child's fagging at a
 public school, alias performing the meanest and most menial offices
 for a big tyrant of a big boy, is most exceedingly advantageous. Be
 that as it may, I felt, very ill; for the first few days at Dinapore
 I really thought I was dying, and leeches and blistered myself, and,

* A 'shocking bad hat' we fear.—Ea.

in short, put into execution all the art of ingeniously self tormenting. 'It is not good for man to be alone.'—This is a saying fraught with deep wisdom. What added to the gloom of my feelings was that no one came near me; it appeared to me like a City of the Dead. I saw through the windows of my bare barrack-room sundry figures on horseback, and military groups passing backwards and forwards in the square,—still no one came near me. Strange country, India, I thought. At length I was found out by a fellow student of Alma-Mater, J—— H——, as kind hearted a soul as lives, and as absent at times as a professor of mathematics. His visit had the same effect upon my nervous system as, I presume, a good electric shock would have. I felt a different man;—from that time I was restored to health. We chummed—and, on my expressing surprise that while I was sick no one had called on me, he simply enquired, "Did you call on them in the first instance?" I answered in the negative. "Then how the deuce could you expect them to call on you? Were they to find out by inspiration that such a great man had arrived at Dinapore?" Now, strange it may seem, I was not, previous to this lesson of experience, aware of the Indian custom, that the stranger is always expected to call first; I need scarcely say that after this intimation I lost no time in calling upon all the folks, and a kind, delightful set I found them.

Shortly after my arrival H. asked me, with a smile, if I would accompany him to the theatre, and suiting the action to the word he handed me a ticket, marked in pen and ink print—

DINAPORE THEATRE.

BOX TICKET.

Delightful sounds! A theatre in this *terra del fuoco*! come—come—matters are rather more civilized in India than I had imagined. Now as my Reminiscences are *Thespic*, and therefore general, why should they not include our Dinapore dramatic doings? If you do not like the subject, dear reader, you can skip it. Yet, it would not detain you very long, —and Thespics are Thespics wherever they occur.

At length I found myself within the walls of the "Dinapore Theatre," as a large double barrack room *kat exoche* was denominated. The audience part was sufficiently commodious, and well filled;—I might say, *parva componere magnis*, brilliantly so. In the boxes, which were raised,—and adorned with red *curwah*, were seated the aristocracy of Dinapore, Bankipore, and Arrah. In the pit, were crammed the European privates and their families; and in the orchestra sat the Band of His Majesty's — Foot, one of the best I have ever heard in India. The green curtain was down. It looked woefully small; and over the proscenium was the modest legend

'We strive to please.'

The audience in the boxes was really numerous and select. There for the first time, I met several whom I afterwards found staunch friends. There I first saw the Hon'ble J—— E——. Methinks I still see his tall figure bending over towards one of the front boxes, and smiling kindly on some neighbour, while twirling his massy gold ring with apparent unconsciousness that instead of being on his finger, it was between his finger and thumb. I never knew a man in whom the elements were more gently mixed up; he lived, moved, and had his being in an atmosphere of goodness and kindness and charity to all men. Ah! my dear friend, this passing but sincere tribute, is all the poor return I can make for all thy kindness in days that I will not forget.

Here I intended to give a play bill,—a *Dinapore* play bill!—but on second thoughts, perhaps, I may as well not occupy your space with it. I have for a period of years that I do not choose to mention, kept several of them by me. I know not whether one of the *Dramatis Personæ* be now above the ground!

In farces, the *Dinapore* amateur players (consisting of privates of H. M. — Regiment and of the H. C. Artillery) were very strong; and to farces they very judiciously for the most part kept. They got up Tom Thumb with a spirit and gusto the most prodigious. The meeting between Noodle and Doodle caused me the first genuine, hearty, soul-stirring burst of laughter I had since I reached *Dinapore*. The lively, or, generally, the most difficult parts, were in the hands of one whose *nom de guerre*; I give as Jerry O'Maly, the Band master of the Regiment. Indeed the greatest number of the performers were members of the Band. I came a good deal in contact with O'Maly, who (I know not how he made the discovery) found out that I was a friend to the Drama, and would come in the most respectful manner, to ask my advice in Thespian matters, whether as they referred to the mere scenery, dresses and decorations, or the sentiment, gesture and action. Somehow one likes to be consulted; so I used to receive the Thespian aspirant, (by the way he was the Manager too) with great graciousness. He was a genuine son of Erin,—shrewd,—witty,—mercurial and jovial. He was indeed the cleverest of the whole set. 'Pray, shew me, Sir, how I am to do this,—and how I am to speak that.' Then would I take the book and recite the passage with the best emphasis and discretion I was capable of, very much, I suppose, in the vein of Dick the Apprentice. O'Maly, on such occasions, stood a statue of the most imperturbable gravity, although from the twinkle of his Chinese like eyes, I could not help suspecting a *little* that the rogue was laughing in his sleeve. Receiving the book, he would then spout away by the yard, while I sat gravely in the critic's chair, making my remarks—'Mr. O'M., you must not in that passage pronounce the *Oh!* as if you were seized with a fit of the tooth-ache;—utter it briskly and trippingly.'—"Oh, my lord, as for that &c."—"Stop now, and recollect that a gentleman's attitude should not resemble a tea pot."—"What am I to do with my hand Sir?"—"Do! play with your gloves or something?"—"I have no gloves, Sir."—"Well, I'll get

you a pair.' Little did the Dinapore people think what pains I took to enhance their amusement! Ten of a play-night, fired by the scene, I often wished myself one of the amateurs; I was not singular in this, and accordingly we had again and again a talk of getting up an *officer* amateur band, and two or three were very keen for it; but it ended in mere talk, and O'Maly, and his friends were destined to have all the acting to themselves.

Our sentimental gentleman in comedy, and hero in tragedy, was a person whom I shall for the nonce call *Wandley*. He was tall and broad shouldered, with a good natured countenance but deficient in expression. Poor fellow, he had very high notions of his own histrionic powers, although they were exceedingly common place. In tragedy he was dreadfully comical, and in comedy, awfully tragic. If his declamation was rich, his love making and sentimentality were the *ne plus ultra* of the absurd. On, to see him in Falkland (in the Rivals!) Then he would make a leg like a Spumard, and bow with the solemnity of an Italian Conte, placing (for such was his inveterate habit) his hand upon his right side, in a passage where the sentiment conveyed an appeal to the heart. I often spoke to O'Maly to tell Wandley to place his hand—his *right* hand—upon his *left* side. Poor W. was most anxious to avail himself of my hints, but at the next representation they would only occasion a little hesitation on his part;—an embarrassment of two seconds as to *which* hand, and to *which* side,—when slap, his right hand spread out to its utmost extension, would, as usual, pin itself to his *right* side, for there, perhaps, where other folks are supposed to have a very different organ, W.'s heart was situated;—at least he acted as if it were, and surely he ought to know best, or perhaps, W. was sufficiently read in the old authors to know that the liver was supposed to be the seat of the passions. Who shall venture to assert that Wandley was not in the right?

Another of our humble amateurs, M., by name, had always a favour to ask, which was, that in any part whatsoever he has called upon to act, he might be allowed to carry a switch, or a dandy bit of rattan in his hand. 'If not, Sir, I must put my hands to my side;' and so he would, poor fellow, for he generally recited his part in that exceedingly interesting attitude which a soldier assumes at the command of, "Attention!" Accordingly he was allowed his switch; but it certainly looked rather incongruous in some of the characters he represented, for sometimes an elderly gentleman of grave appearance came switch—switching along, or perhaps a disconsolate father, or uncle, entered in an agony of grief with one hand beating his breast and the other dusting his inexpressibles with a rattan. This was a remarkably quiet and well behaved man;—but oh, the fearfulness of human passion when excited by intemperance! The man was of sober habits generally, but one very hot day he had been exposed to the sun after taking his dram. It was about noon; I heard a fearful shrieking, and rushing out, found nearly opposite my door, M. with a bloody sword in his hand, standing over his wife who lay on the ground wounded and

bleeding. I shouted to him, and he dropped his sword instantly and fled. The woman was carried into the hospital; she had several gashes in different parts of her body, but when the medical men insisted on examining her hurts, the poor thing denied that she was wounded at all seriously, and said she had merely fallen over some broken glass. She kept groaning and weeping bitterly all the time, and 'hoping some friend would take care of her dear husband.' Love,—in woman 'strong as death,' even then, in her moments of the greatest agony, bodily and mental, triumphed over every other consideration. At length she said to the medical men, 'I will submit to any thing if you promise me, oh promise me, that no harm shall come to my husband.' Next morning the unhappy man came to his senses, and learned with unfeigned horror what he had done, of which, it need scarcely be said, he was wholly unconscious. He clasped his hands, and reproached himself most bitterly. It was curious enough to see this stick of a man when on the stage, all at once transformed into a totally different being, full of the eloquence of passion in gesture and speech. He entreated most earnestly to be allowed to see his wife. She was equally impatient to see him. He commanded himself till he reached the door of the room where she lay, when, on catching a glance at the cot, his strength totally failed him, and he sobbed and wept like a child. It was a most affecting scene, and there was not a dry eye amongst the spectators. 'Thou knowest,' he at length said, when he recovered his voice, while kneeling like a penitent by the bed, 'thou knowest, my dearest wife, that nothing but the loss of reason could have made me raise my hand against you.' 'Dearest James,' she sobbed, 'I knew that all along, and heaven is my witness, it was of you and your safety I only thought.' After M. came out he proceeded to the Surgeon of the Regiment, and entreated to know if there was any danger. Mr. K., who pitied the poor fellow, for he had up to that luckless juncture borne an excellent character, told him frankly that though she was very ill and required to be kept very quiet, yet he had no immediate apprehensions for her life; this information appeared to make the man half crazy with joy. The woman, it may be satisfactory to the reader to know, recovered; and her husband, after standing a court-martial, became a *good boy* in future, and always had a dread of putting an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains. How many a wretch under similar circumstances has committed a dreadful murder, and awoke next day totally unconscious of it, until the bloody hands manacled with iron, gave fearful intimation of something horrible having occurred! The poor woman alluded to had a narrow escape, but the wounds were of a superficial nature, and it is most likely, that her frantic husband had no idea of her personal identity at the time, but acted under as complete a delusion as Don Quixote when he attacked the flock of sheep!

I have mentioned a man by the name of *Wandley* as the Sentimentalist and Tragedian of the Dinapore Theatre. I may state, as an instance of those turns in character which one often meets with in the world, that

the time was not distant when he was to eschew altogether such pursuits. But we must now change the scene to a distance from Dina-pore;—it was a wild forest on the skirts of our camp. I had wandered out on a sweet evening in the cold season, when sounds of solemn melody came upon my ear, I approached the spot whence it seemed to proceed, and there found a group of soldiers sitting on the ground singing a psalm; Wandley had the book in his hand and gave out the words. To my mind there was something very striking in this incident, and I involuntarily stood still, and took off my hat. The little congregation having finished their act of simple devotion, I addressed Wandley, and asked if they often met thus? His reply was ‘whenever the weather, and duty permitted.’ To hear whence he would say, I changed the subject, and remarked something about amusement in camp and that a theatre might be got up. ‘There is yourself Wandley, and several of the old set.’ He shook his head, and replied ‘No Sir, my acting days are over; I never mean to act again.’ ‘Why so Wandley?’ ‘Because—because Sir, I am not comfortable in my mind at the idea of acting again.’ ‘Then, Wandley, you are right in forming the resolution you have done; and God forbid that I or any one else should attempt to move you from it.’ Nor did I ever see poor Wandley strut and fret his hour upon the stage from that day. I often heard his and his companions’ (who thought like him,) voices rising in the evening breeze as they sat tabernacled in the wild wood; and I am bound in justice to say, that these men bore an unblemished character as sober, steady, good, soldiers. As far as erring man may judge, these poor fellows appeared to be sincere and pious christians.

Presto!—let us again change the scene. Reader, were you ever at Cawnpore? If not, you have been so far a lucky man. Oh the horrid dusty, rusty fusty station of Cawnpore, with its burning hot winds, and eternal clouds of suffocating atoms! The only thing that makes it endurable in the hot season is the *Ice*, which you can have daily, in sufficient quantity, to cool water, beer, wine, and butter. In the cold season, the weather in general is piercing cold and bracing. Nothing can exceed the monotony of the surrounding landscape; but folks manage to amuse themselves, by riding out and paying visits, and, in the evening, at subscription balls, and *Thespics*. It was here I first met the late Major B——ke of the Artillery, a man of a thousand; full of genius, highly accomplished, and of an ardent, generous, kind and winning disposition. Pleasant were the hours I have spent in his own society and that of his amiable wife. B——ke was a handsome man, with a peculiarly expressive countenance and a melodious voice. Thus possessing the natural requisites for acting, he added to these the warmest enthusiasm for the drama and a careful study of it as an art. I never had the good fortune to see him tread the boards of any theatre, but have heard him recite in a room, again and again, and it was beautiful to listen to his admirable readings. By good judges I have heard his acting placed in the highest rank; and I can readily

believe it from what I witnessed at the readings. His line was tragedy. He had much at heart the getting up of a theatre at Cawnpore, and exerted himself actively to that effect; but alas! he was never I believe destined to appear on its boards. One of his favorite characters was Penruddock in the '*Wheel of Fortune*,' and he had acquired great fame for his mode of supporting it. Singular enough it was the last drama he ever appeared in;—but I must not anticipate.

Again let us change the scene. I now raise the curtain at Gyah. 'What, (methinks I hear the reader say),—can Thespian Reminiscences have to do with Gyah?' Patience my friend,—you were never more mistaken in your life. I lived there with my kind and valued friend C.W.S., one of the ablest and hardest working Civil Servants of the Hon'ble John, who ever presided in a catchery. After office hours and on holidays we had rare times of it with one pastime or another. S. had a thousand resources within himself, the not least of which was his masterly command of the pencil and the easel. You never heard *him* complain that time hung heavy on his hands. Those that usually do, know not the art and understand not the rule, of that philosophy, which sweetens the draught of being and smooths the asperities of life *Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem*. To amuse ourselves and others, we determined when we had nothing else to do, *desipere in loco*. Accordingly it was resolved that we should establish Thespics in the holy city of the Gyawals. S.—'s house was a kind of Castle of Otranto structure, built—goodness knows when, but having spacious rooms and wings and all appliances to boot for our purpose. We fixed upon a large hall; and two pilastres about the middle pointed, as it were, where the proscenium should be. We set to work, and really I am quite surprised when I think what pretty scenery and decorations we got ready in a very short space of time. Poor T. one of my Writers' Buildings' friends (now alas! no more) entered enthusiastically into our plan. Before however, getting up a Theatre, we determined to have a little Thespian at T.'s house, in order to shew Mrs. T. and one or two friends a 'spice of our quality.' We put up our curtain (by the way it was a table cloth) in an alcove at the end of the drawing room. The only entrance to the stage behind the curtain (which stood for scenery and all,) was a window some five feet from the ground, and a very little distance behind the curtain. With a noble contempt for all difficulties we pitched upon Hamlet for our *coup d'essai*. The writer of these rambling sketches was to be the Prince, T. the Ghost, and S. Horatio, the King, and I know not how many characters besides. I had a capital dark suit got up for the occasion, and we all did our possible to make the Ghost a grand and awful representative of the 'buried Majesty of Denmark.' After sundry cogitations on this subject, it was universally agreed that the Ghost should, as to externals, be dazzling and glittering. Fish skins could scarcely be procured in sufficient quantity, putting olfactory considerations aside. At length *Eureka*, a most happy thought, struck, if I recollect right, T. himself. Brass or copper foil abounded in the bazar; this sewn

on one's habiliments it was judged would have a very fine effect. The foil was purchased in sufficient quantity accordingly, and a whole host of tailors set to work. After various consultations pro and con, it was found that the only way of managing the matter was, to cut up the foil into shapes so as to enable the tailors to sew them on a pair of common trousers, and a pair of boots to match. A kind of gaberdine of cloth was next prepared, over laid with foil, like the trousers; and to crown all, a helmet of pasteboard, duly covered with foil was manufactured. At last the eventful night came. The little audience were assembled at the opposite end of the drawing room, three candles placed before the curtain, alias the platform, before the Castle of Elisineur formed the stage and all its machinery and decorations. We had helped to dress T. and agreed on all hands that he looked sufficiently awful. For my single self I am free to confess that this being my First appearance on any stage, I felt a sensation, before the three or four who constituted an audience, of a truly agitating character. Nor was I singular in this; we *all* of us laboured under a flutter of the spirits as if our very bread depended upon our performing *comme il faut*. The bell rang (we *had* a bell.)—Hamlet and Horatio proceeded in their parts, the audience listening with the deepest attention.

"Look, my Lord, it comes!"—"Angels and Ministers." I gave a splendid start, suiting the action to the word, but, seeing no ghost, paused. I whispered S— 'where the deuce is the Ghost?' "I cannot tell *what* keeps him, but never mind, go on,—say something." "Confound T—, this is too bad." At this moment we heard a strange gurgling, and T—'s voice exclaiming in a suppressed and anxious voice 'S—, G—, come here for God's sake. I cannot get in at the window.' We took the liberty to retire behind the curtain, and I shall never forget poor T.'s predicament. He had, as it were, stuck in the window owing to the excessive stiffness of his brass-foil habiliments, which ginkled at every movement, like the bells of a caravan. Add to this, that he felt very warm, the perspiration flowing down plentifully upon his face, rendered as ghastly as flour could make it. Neither of us could maintain our gravity, while T. continued to declare, still in a subdued voice, 'by Jove if it were yourselves you would think it no laughing matter.' At length we dragged him in, some way or other, and the audience all this time were much puzzled *what* to make of the ginkling. Having placed him on the floor behind the scene, S— and I returned to our posts, telling the ghost to mark the catch word, which was agreed upon to be the word '*observance*,' viz. from the passage

it is a custom,
More honored in the breach, than the observance.'

Matters now had every prospect of going on well. I, the Prince, purposely abstained from looking towards the point where I knew the ghost was to appear, until the proper moment.

‘Look, my Lord, it comes!’ Again I gave a magnificent start, and threw off my black plumed cap a la Kemble,—but dreaded to look up, for I had the *gingling*, the tremendous gingling, of the brass-foil, which was any thing but an antidote to laughter, in my ears.

‘Angels and ministers of grace defend us!’

I looked up, but notwithstanding S—’s whisper ‘don’t laugh for heaven’s sake!’ out it came, nature could no further go. Unfortunately I looked at T—. Fancy a figure six feet high rigged out fantastically in a suit of brass that gingled at the slightest movement; those movements too, mark me, indicating as if the ghost had gyves between his limbs. Then a flour covered face! I was in an agony, trying to repress laughter and get on.—The ghost saw it. My agitation began to get infectious; the ghastly features of the ghost even could not withstand the ludicrousness of the *tout ensemble*, and there was a general shout of laughter from audience, Prince, Ghost, Horatio, and all!

Poor T—, while I look back to those scenes of harmless merriment, I also think with deep regret of thy premature fate, and of those high and generous feelings, and bright talents, that, under a different destiny, might have extended thy days to an useful and serene old age.

‘Dull grave!—thou spoil’st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik’st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And every smirking feature from the face.
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.’

* * * * *

Our theatre being ready, we lost no time in getting up plays in a more regular manner. We had several changes of scenes, and on the whole were enabled to make a very respectable appearance. Our list of performers too had increased, for we had besides S—, T—, and myself, G— C— and G— R—. We got up *the Heir at Law*. T— had a very happy talent at enacting certain female parts; accordingly his *Lady Duberly* would have been a treat anywhere, and S—’s *Lord Duberly* was capital. ‘On their own merits modest men are dumb,’ I will therefore say nothing of Dr. Pangloss’ performance. The audience, small as it was, gave us great encouragement by their applause, and appeared to enjoy the thing much. The little social suppers that used to follow these Thespics formed by no means the least interesting part of the entertainment. While we had the ‘*Rivals*’ in rehearsal, who should arrive at the station, but Mr. H— a son of Esculapius. We required a Sir Lucius and he immediately volunteered for the part, to which he did ample justice. By all accounts it was not an uncongenial one, for he had fought several duels; but he is now at rest, and peace to his ashes! The characters of the piece were thus cast.

Sir Anthony Absolute,..... S—.

Captain Absolute, C—.

Sir Lucius O'Trigger, H—.
David and *Lucy*, G. R—.

Besides the part of Sir Anthony, S— also doubled up as Fag, and again, your humble servant, reader, also enacted the double part of Acres, and guess—what besides—'fore Jove,—I was *Lydia Languish* ! Some parts of the performance were got through with great spirit ;—T—'s Mrs. Malaprop was really delightful, and S— as Fag, and Sir Anthony, was excellent in both ; but of all the night's exhibitions, my own and R—'s, as *Lydia Languish* and her maid, were the most laughter stirring to spectators, and I may say to ourselves. We were indeed a *pair of Spectacles* ! for I could not look at my maid *Lucy* without a titter, nor she at me without *ditto* ! It was the same with my lover Captain Absolute, and was overpoweringly observable in the third scene of the third act, when on Absolute's turning round *Lydia* exclaims ' O Heavens ! Beverly !'

I had endeavoured to throw as much feminine sentiment into my tones, attitude, and Expression, as I could, nor do I know which felt most agonized with laughter, which we in vain endeavoured to stifle, C. or myself.

Captain Absolute ' Hush, (*pooh ! dont make me laugh*), ' hush, my life, whisper softly, (*Lord ! what a figure you look*) be not surprized !'

Lydia — ' I am so, ' (*pooh—a burst of ill suppressed laughter.*) ' So, astonished and so '—(another ill suppressed laugh), ' so terrified—and so ———.' It would not do, and we were fairly obliged to have our laugh out, which over, we went on as if nothing had happened. Afterwards we got on pretty decently until the exchange of miniatures. *Absolute's* praises of his Mistress's portrait was horribly trying ; however, we kept our features on the screw, until the Noble Captain came to the words—' There Madam' (*offering to restore the miniature.*) ' In beauty that copy is not equal to you.' ' No power of face could stand this ;—the audience first went off in a fit of laughter and Captain Absolute and his *beauty* followed the good example with astounding alacrity.

The characters had retired to the Green Room, and not the least, amusing part of the whole affair was the refreshing scene. There might you see Sir Anthony and Mrs. Malaprop, *Lydia* and *Lucy* and Sir Lucius quaffing brandy and water together. But all at once, Sir Anthony disappeared. The bell rung,—but no Sir Anthony. Ring ! Ring ! Ring !—No Sir Anthony ! ! At length a *peon* came to say that Mr. S. had been called away on particular business. How we conglomerated the conclusion I now scarcely can tell, suffice it that the scene had almost come when the curtain was to drop,—lo and behold a stranger arrived ! This was Sir Ralph Rice, formerly Recorder of Penang, and then on a tour through the Upper Provinces, a remark-

ably pleasant, well informed, and intelligent gentleman. We had all a most agreeable reunion in the supper room, and had just congregated there, when *enter* S—, he had still on a portion of his histrionic costume with a surtout over all. He came in panting, as if he had had rough exercise. We, of the Thespics, ran at him open mouthed, ‘what the deuce became of you, Sir Anthony,—*where* did you go?—*why* did you go?—*what* have you been about?’—Curious enough was the adventure on which S. had so suddenly left us; like a skilful chess player in order to say *check mate*! he merely stated that a rajah *whom he had been hourly expecting* had suddenly arrived, and that he had gone out, even late as it was, to receive him *proprio modo*. Next morning, the rajah, attended by a numerous suite and a most imposing cortege, entered S—’s compound. S—. received the *rajah* and his party with the most imperturbable politeness and had a guard of honour drawn out to receive him. All at once the gates were shut and the pretended rajah clapped in irons, as well as his sirdars and abettors. Reader, S—. got through this scene with his usual ability, and tact; need I now tell you that he had entrapped, admirably entrapped, a formidable band of decoits, and that all the time that his brethern of the sock and buskin deemed he was thinking merely of the *catch word*, he was deeply cogitating another sort of *catch*? Il Bonderani, or the chief yept *Meherbann Sing*, was afterwards hanged at Gyah for murder and decoity. I ever have, and ever must admire, the quiet, sure, and sagacious capacity with which S—. played that game of chess, and were I Haroun Alraschid, to him of all men I ever met, would I commit the chief magistracy of the Caliphat,—not, remember, not of the city of Bagdat merely, but of the whole Caliphat.

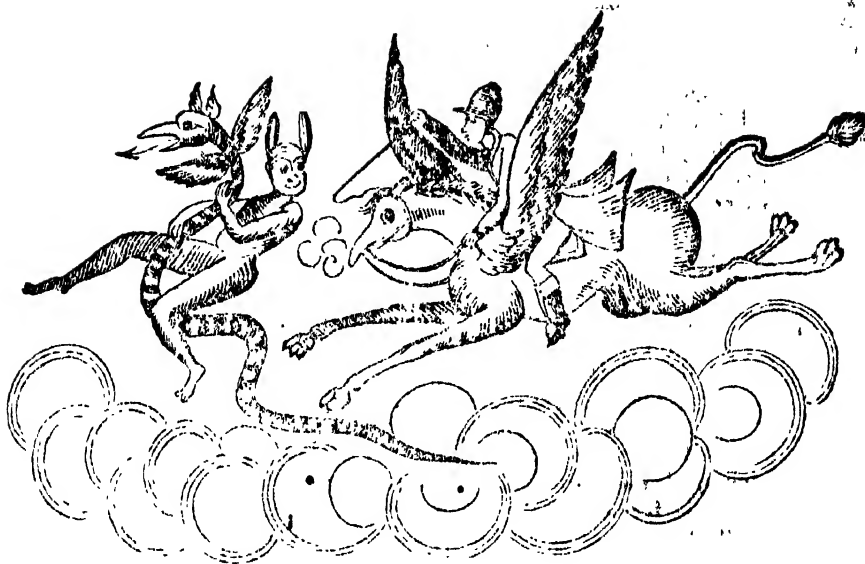
Drop we the curtain,—these days, and several of those who acted in the scenes cursorily described, yea, *currente calamo*,—for I write as the themes—like Banquo’s Ghosts,—cross the glass of memory—are vanished into the darkness of the past.

—————of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Reader, these are a few of my Mofussil Thespics Reminiscences. Should you have patience to bear with me so long, we shall next meet on the old boards of our *Chowringhee Drury*. Meanwhile adieu.

September 18, 1833.

AN OLD STAGER.



NIM EAST'S DREAM.

A STEEPLE CHASE I'THE SKY.

'It's very strange' said the corporal;
'Very strange indeed,' replied my uncle Toby.

STERNE.

'Twas a dream! and aloft on a Hippogriff's back,
In the air I was winging my way,
Thro' the drizzling mists we held our track
At the close of a dreary day.

I and *another*,—away we went
Thro' that darksome world on high,
To the northern pole our course was bent,—
A steeple chase i'the sky.

And the lightnings leap and the thunders roll
Right fast and furiously,
And the northern pole was our icy goal,—
A steeple chase i'the sky.

And as we looked down on the briny flood
With its wild waves tossing high,
The mighty Behemoth's giant brood
Seemed pigmies to our eye.

And we saw the Leviathans spout and churn
In their play, the foaming sea;
And we laughed and we thought of a lady's urn
And a lady pouring out tea.

And that *other*—he was a shapeless wight,
And a winged snake him bore;
And he howled as he went with savage delight,
And the welkin rang with his roar.

And we leapt over the clouds as they crossed our way,
And the patches of sky between
Shewed just like the fields on a sunny day,
Of Melton's pastures green.

And night came on, and a glimmering star
Shone dimly there and here,
As warrior watch-fires seen afar
On a desert murk and drear.

Still the lightnings leap and thunders roll
Right fast and furiously;
And the nothern pole was our icy goal,—
A steeple chase i' the sky!

And all the elements seemed to war,
And the heavens themselves to reel,
And my fiend antagonist's wild Hurrah
Chimed in with the thunder peal!

And at every horrid shout I ween
Our mad steeds faster flew;
And at length the goal in front was seen
Thro' the clear cold sky of blue.

Now neck and neck, now knee to knee,
Rode I and that fearful fiend,
And fiercely strove, and furiously,
Our desperate race to end.

And the fiend these words in mine ear did cry
And they fell on my heart like a stone,
"If I first gain yon boundary
Then, is thy soul mine own."

And as he spoke a whirlwind's blast
Met him in full career,
And when its headlong course had past,
No demon was me near.

Downward hurtling I saw him fall
And sink beneath the billow,
And his last death roar was louder than all,
And I woke—and astride of my pillow

I sat,—but thoughts of that demon shout
In my ears and brain did stick fast,
And of midnight rides—till put to the rout
By the cheering sound of—"breakfast!"

SPORTING DIALOGUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you a Sporting Dialogue which passed the other day, at my house, between myself and Mr. Boots; it is not verbatim of course; and although I have endeavoured to put it into something like intelligible language, I perhaps ought to make some apology for *Old Boots* before I hold him up to the public.

He has of late become very rusty and crabbed, and I fear no brushing up by Day and *Matin*, will now make him shine by *night*, for he has lately been *crossed* in a love chase, and has, in consequence, taken *sadly* to drink: there were many items which would have impeded his progress in that quarter, but, I fancy, '*no whiskers*' was the '*stopper*' that '*floored*' him; and certain it is—his old chops do look of late, as though frequently subject to '*extreme nuction*.'

In the dialogue, you will perceive he had it pretty nearly '*all his own way*,' as he calls it, and particularly in the latter part; the fact is, I don't like to say much to *Old Boots* in his cups, as, being no great sportsman myself, he presumes on his advantage over me in that respect, and is inclined to address me by that opprobrious appellation which immediately precedes '*come out of the coach*.' Should however the accompanying be thought '*deserving a page or two in your Magazine*,' you need not, on my account, be afraid to publish this letter also, as I'll '*stand-up*' to *Old Boots* any day he likes, *when he's sober*, although he may turn out as tough as a stirrup-leather. But I think he will be too much delighted at seeing his prosing in print, to care much about it; and, if you like, you may write at the bottom, '*(to be continued)*' for I shall find no difficulty in getting *Old Boots* to dine with me again, and I'll call him '*nice Old Boots!*'—'*honest Old Boots!*'—'*varmint Old Boots!*' &c. But if you don't want those three words, before mentioned, in a parenthesis,—why, all I can say is, that I'll waste no more time, ink, paper, cheroots, and best Hollands and water, on that, '*abominable—shocking—bad—Old Boots!*' I'll live clean,' and forswear his company.

Somebody says about *tea*, what *Old Boots* often applies to his hot rum and water, that '*a superfluous lump of sugar at the bottom, does'nt make a weak and bad cup a bit the better;*' and as I also perfectly agree with my Lord Duberly, who, much more aristocratically, gives out that '*fair words butter no parsnips,*' I have not attempted to *butter* your Magazine, in order to make it swallow this pill, but merely remain

Your's very sincerely,

JEREMIAH STRAIGHTUS. ^B

General Inspector of *Old Boots*, ^{it}

Mofussil, Aug. 2, 1833.

LETTER No. II.

MY DEAR SIR,—In the young and tender state of Maga, a little ere the mightiest O. K. wrote, your *leaves* stood tenantless, and the '*sheeted dead*,' did squeak and gibber in them most *unkimmonly*; well, Sir, it was *then*, that I, Mr. Straightus, scribbled the above; but when I beheld how swimmingly your little volume was carried along by such a strong tide of genius and wit, I was just about to tie a mill-stone round the neck of '*Old Boots*' and give him a '*lifter*' into deep water, when a compassionate Samaritan, and subscriber to your Maga, chanced to pass by, and at his earnest solicitations the sentence of *death*, has been commuted to *transportation*; and lo! here he is. Pray jam him down head first into the rubbish basket, like '*poor old Jack*' at Windsor, or should you *at any time* require something to fill up the forty* pages of original matter, you may perhaps feel inclined to kick '*Old Boots*' into a corner.

I hope you will forgive my having caused so much trouble; I am at an out of the way place, and have no better amusement than to scribble, and *catch fleas*. So adieu, Sir, for I *feel* I must be at my hunting diversion immediately, and '*what is writ, is writ*; would it were worthier;' but please to remember that '*Old Boots*' is not now '*that which he has been*, and his *visions* *flit less palpably before him*.'

Mofussil, August 19, 1833.

A SPORTING DIALOGUE BETWEEN 'MR. STRAIGHTUS' AND 'OLD BOOTS,'
SHEWING IN THE SEQUEL, HOW MR. BOOTS OVER HIS CUPS, DID
PROSE ON MATTERS RELATIVE TO THE CALCUTTA PACK.

Yoicks! Land of spills, and Cocks of Sport,
From Dum-Dum '*meet*' to Gurreah—Haut,
Does one among you '*na ga* straight'
We will not name him,
He shan't be pictur'd, for—in short
Our Ed. won't *frame* him.

Mr. S.—That *Sporting Magazine* lately got up in Calcutta, will, if scientifically conducted, prove a vast benefit to the sporting world:—but what think you of its solvency?

Old B.—If scientifically conducted!—you'd better not '*if*' the Editor, Mr. Straightus. But to answer your question,—I hardly know (as all chaps say who wish to be thought particularly knowing). I trust it will be kept afloat; but then, you see, there *was one* at Bombay, and it was only a quarterly too, and the only one in India, and yet it didn't stand long†, which was a great pity; but in these intellectual times it may again start into life, and the other Sister Presidency may perhaps let fly an article of the same sort. Only see how the papers are knocking about the Mofussil now; no sooner did

* Seventy now, by'r lady.—Ed.

† This is a mistake. We find our eldest born is still in the land of living, tho' his visits are few and far between.

Meerut make a few observations, than Delhie and Agra cocked up their opinions: all very right and proper, no doubt; and in mere news-mongering, a plurality of prints is perhaps not inimical to the welfare and longevity of the papers themselves, since there can never be a want of matter (I don't mean to affect a dirty pun) so long as the Editors can contrive to pull each others' noses. But such 'jostling' and 'unfair starts' as they take of each other, would, in sporting publications, probably 'send all to the devil in a hand-box:' however, we can never fear such a mishap, with such a 'steward' at the 'post.'

Mr. S.—You mean to say then, that you fear 'our side' can't produce enough of the right sort to fill one monthly. Nonsense—look at the hunting all over the country! Hog-hunting! Jackall ditto! with 'first-rate packs! 'half-breds!' and 'down-right bobberies!'

Old B.—For heaven's sake Straightus, don't stuff me with bobberies! for I'm sure you never will the *Sporting Magazine*. It will no more stink its pages with assafoetida and turpentine, than a young lady will her sweet breath with a Chinsurah cheroot. No, no; bobberies, even 'down-right, acknowledged, bobberies,' are very well in their way just to kill blue-devils (not jackalls) for ten minutes, or so, in the Mofussil; and your 'half bred packs,' may perhaps, now and then, give you a 'fond remembered' squeak of better days, over a villainous country without a blessed jump within hail or sight big enough to stir up your 'liver,' 'spleen,' or, 'kidnies'—But who the devil is a-going to write about them? I don't mean to say—but what there may be a pack or two, which are exceptions; for there is one at Kurnaul (in the cold weather) that only wants a good country, to have bang up sport; and I hear, there will be one at Mynpoorie this year worth riding after; and the country is rather inclined to be good about that station.

Mr. S.—Oh! but I've seen some very good accounts of capital runs in many different parts of the Mofussil.

Old B.—Yes, I know, Mr. Somebody's pack of fox-hounds!!! at Dinapore, Cawnpore,—Agra,—Mhow,—Neemuch,—or Nusserabad, perhaps, (where there is a tree), "ended their season with a superb run of an hour and twenty minutes! without a single check!! over the stiffest country (probably), having gone in that time fourteen or fifteen good miles!!! but notwithstanding 'its the pace that kills,' the whole of the field were well up at the 'finish.'" Then follows such a distressing account of 'distress,—bellows to mend' and the like, that should the Editor, out of sheer compassion, insert this pitiful tale in his book, people, my dear Mr. Straightus, for whom the *Sporting Magazine* is intended, would just shy it against the opposite wall of their breakfast rooms, and capsizing two or three chairs, start up, confirming with a deep substantial 'gutteral' the following opinion,—'what an infernal pack of lies this jackass is telling!'

bet fifty guilders to a rotten potato that, after the first half-mile, every 'soor' was riding him down and knocking him over with his whip, while the whole pack of parriah-pups were staring about and howling in deserted wretchedness for the sweepers who had turned the jackall out of cover,—more than probably—a Kedgeree pot.'

Mr. S.—Very well indeed, Mr. Sceptical; and now what have you got to say about hog-hunting? please to look at the 'Tarra,' hoghunt. There's a capital institution! Is not that worth writing about?

Old B.—Certainly:—it's as good a subject as 'steam,' which will bring out the *Sporting Magazine* in less than half the present time; and the institution is doubtless a *good institution*, and is certainly far cheaper than most of your school establishments for young gentlemen. A lad gets a good education for a '*Chiqueen*' from first rate professors; and very good regulations are set-forth in the Academy such as '*meeting with bold horses*' &c. but I was sorry to observe the professors have been the first to infringe this excellent law; Mr. S—w having apparently *set-forth* with '*one shy-pony*' only, (you should see my stud!) who appears to have been lately so much in contact with pork-chops, that he was really "quite *ashamed* to look a pig in the face;" and another gentleman having lamed his '*no-catch*,' had '*no-catch*' to cure, and no '*Catch*' to mount nevertheless. They are all, no doubt, good men and true; and the plunge into the river, by Mr. H—y, was the signal of pluck, and sounded like a sportsman determined to make *hay* while the sun shone. But since the *best man* thought the river practicable, perhaps the others would excuse an ignorant person saying that, 'a cure for hydrophobia,' and a few improvements in the stud department will be necessary before 'Tarra' becomes the 'Melton of the East.' But success to them with all my heart! Of 'hog hunting,' Mr. Straightus, now termed 'pig-sticking,' there is no doubt a great deal to write about, and the Tarra gentlemen deserve great credit for having set the example; for very few people (*we* never having had a Magazine before) hear any thing about the exploits performed on this side of India, and pig-stickers are generally so deuced close about it: the fact is they don't like to '*blow the country*,' when they have found a good one, and so there's no getting it out of 'em*. Whoever heard that Mr. T—s—n and G—h somewhere in the lower provinces of Bengal, (which I *accidentally* heard as a *fact*, but if I am wrong in my information, it is the duty of the Editor to give us the truth) '*killed upwards of seventy hogs in one day!!!* Murder McTurk! Did they eat them all I wonder in one day, and ask no brother sportsman even to dinner?

Mr. S.—You must surely have heard one *week*, Boots?

* As Editors we say 'out upon such close varmint.'—As sportmen, we think they're right. Since the Bombay Magazine was started all the pigs have been banished the

Old B.—I tell you I heard one *day!* Somebody told me of it about two years ago.

Mr. S.—Well now, what do you say to the up-country sporting? Tigers, elephants, and all the rest of it? Look at the splendid parties annually made every where:—there's matter for the Magazine!

Old B.—True, my friend! there ought to be many a delightful tale to unfold with regard to 'large game;' but as to your 'small-fry,' why, a mere list of killed and wounded makes but a sorry dead article in print however pretty and satisfactory it might look in a bag. Now my opinion is, the Editor must look chiefly to Calcutta itself and the lower provinces for sport, and perhaps also for the 'talent of recording it' too; which you know is a '*rare-find*' and always looking up, since it became the fashion in the 'quick things' of intellect to gibber Greek and Hebrew while you're knocking down park-palings. Since foxes were first imported from the continent, such a revolution has taken place that the very dogs themselves talk French to 'em, and skip merrily to a death in ten minutes, while some crack packs '*walk Spanish*,' and never speak at all.

Mr. S.—Yes:—'a change has come o'er the spirit' of the chase, since fellows have thought proper 'to turn out of a band—box,' to join in it.

Old B.—True.—In England, in the field, now the outside of an excrable '*dung-hill*,' must cover the nerves and sinews of a thorough bred '*Game-cock*.' But if our '*Bantam*' is a-going to *crow*, he must shew himself as learned as Dr. Johnson, and 'grunt Greek like a pig.' But, I was saying that the editor must look principally to the lower provinces for sport, &c. That 'one pack' in such a country as 'Dum-Dum,' 'Gurreah Haut,' and all round in fact (with a writer like O. K. to mount the young gentlemen, and another like Nim East to dismount them again) is a host in itself, for the hunting season at all events; then there is nothing like the lower provinces for '*Pig-sticking*,' '*Cricket*,' and—

Mr. S.—Golf? . .

Old B.—No :—Golf,—go to the Devil!

Mr. S.—And why the Devil should it? Many people, and I for one, like the good, old scientific game as well as any.—I'm for 'all in the ring;' Golf,—Archery,—Fishing,—and—

Old B.—'Three-holes,' I take it, with '*King-taw*;' and the like, well suited to the extremes of life,—first and second childhood!

Mr. S.—Upon my word you are too absurd and 'ridiculous.—Nothing will '*go-down*' but what you in your infinite wisdom '*stick-up*' for yourself. I should just like to know what there is *childish* in golf, 'or fishing?

Old B.—Did you ever see a monkey playing at '*bo-peep*' with a looking-glass, Mr. Straightus?—Did you ever see an old-man, 'su-

garing—(himself,) to catch flies? Because, the monkey was playing just as scientific a game as 'golf,' and the old man employing his time just as sensibly as fishing. But in future, Mr. Straightus, you needn't be 'put'-ing, 'driving,' or 'spoon'-ing your golf-balls at me; nor letting fly your arrows at such a random rate, my rover!—Nobody said, or intended to say, aught against 'archery;' and since young *Dianus* patronize it, who would dare do so? Remember the fate of 'Actæon' for taking a sly peep with his quizzing-glass where he had no business, and I don't want to have all the 'pack o' beauties' about my haunches, you know '—and besides I'm too fond of a 'little bit of Cupid' and 'doing-sammy' at a tiffin party, not to join in the amusement myself.

Mr. S.—But what is there really objectionable to golf and fishing?—let's know.

Old B.—I'm not a-going to give 'my reasons on compulsion,' I'll let you know that; and moreover, that golf is deuced well suited or baited (which you like) for all such as are fond of 'fishing for amusement,' or for golden medals, silver cups, and other 'glittering fry;' but if it wasn't for the grub, devil a one of the tribe would bite! Will that suit you Mr. Straightus?

Mr. S.—I suppose it must, as I have no doubt it is the wittiest speech you can produce on the subject; and if you have nothing better to say of it,—why—you'll be sometime before you put a stop to it, Mr. Boots. So what is there at the presidency after cricket?

Old B.—Why, 'steeple-chase'—you goose; for which no country in India is better calculated to give general satisfaction to man and beast;—to put in your golf when I was a going to mention 'steeple-chases,' and had them on the tip of my tongue, was truly disgusting; 'twas like asking a chap to come in and take 'quiet pot-luck,' when he is bowling off to the Town Hall, to blow out on 'hermetically sealed' and champagne.

Mr. S.—Ah! I had quite forgot those steeple-chases at Gunter's. Truly noble sports! Lots of cramming and spills there! and more than 'four subscribers out of seventeen' come to the scratch, and all keep well on the course too.

Old B.—Why yes, as you say, that 'steeple-chase' the other day, appears by the 'Shikaree-bat-chit' to have been a bungling piece of business altogether; in fact there seems to have been a mighty falling off in sport down below this. 'Tempora mutantur' says O. K. 'Ene signum!' says O. B.—You may stare Mr. Straightus, at my sporting a couple of Latin words if you choose, with your mouth here gaping open, and your ears cocked up like an old mangy pariah-bitch catching flies, or a sow chewing rotten potatoes.—But, let me tell you, 'my father the Deacon' spent more than five-hundred pounds on my understanding alone; and Dr. G. more than three times that number of Brooms on my under-seating (which makes me stick to the

saddle I suppose) and the devil's in me, if my *queer genus* has so soon forgot his '*propria quo marro-bonus*' or his '*as in presenti*.'

Mr. S.—At all events Mr. Boots, you have not forgot your *prosody* or your *sin-tax*! But come, let's for heaven's sake stop these foolish puns, which are as *stale*, and require as much changing and airing as a school boy's '*brown corduroy breeches*.'

Old B.—Ay,—or an 'earth-stopper's, or 'sow-gelder's' *leathers*! But, about that steeple-chase.—'Tony Lumpkin' the winner, and Malachi, who appears to have got *all* the dirt, used to be great performing little horses; so we may suppose t'other two were not bad; and yet they all made bad work of it. There was certainly 'something rotten in the state.'

Mr. S.—But come, is there nothing else at the presidency—what's next?

Old B.—Why, as the sailor (you know that story) when asked '*what next?*' after having named '*all* the baccy in the world,' was puzzled, and so replied '*why a little more baccy*;' so I believe I must say, '*more steeple chases, your honour*.' Last year, about this time, there were five run at Dum-Dum. But look at all the '*sporting-characters*' that have been *made, born*, as it were *nursed*, and turned-out from that part of the world. Why if a good pen, like that '*Thespian Reminiscences*' fellow, was to take up the subject, the magazine might be crammed with worthies for the next ten years.

Mr. S.—Well, you've been a good deal in Calcutta, why don't you take up the subject, which you think would prove so prolific? Of course you would only touch on them as riders and sportsmen.

Old B.—First, because I said it would require a deuced good pen; and secondly, because I should be afraid of giving offence. People you know are very touchy about horsemanship.

Mr. S.—Very true; a man who can't ride at all, is a perfect '*chaw-bacon*;' and of course nobody likes to be called a chaw-bacon. But all these jackall-killing *covies* must be tolerable *horsemen*; and if good *sportsmen* (and what matter what they say if they are not?) would never take offence at any person, who, perhaps, after all, Mr. Boots, might not be much of a judge, seeing that, '*they were not the sons of the very Nimrod himself*;' at all events, '*sub-umbra*,' we may talk over these characters without respect of persons, and I should like to know who are all the '*leading articles*' down below; so, if you will oblige me by suitable responses, I'll just catechise you a little, and should any thing tolerable turn up for the *Sporting Magazine*, I may perhaps send it to the Editor, and leave him to determine the propriety of the sketches being put in *frame*.

Old B.—You may just do what you like with them, only remember, if murder is committed, '*thou can'st not say I did it*' not being the very assassin.

Mr. S.—No ;—I should be hanged at all events, as an accomplice ; for, though (were I in the way, and had ‘ appliances and means to boot’) I might like to start for a king’s plate, I’d see his majesty’s evidence d—d first. So never fear me.—And now ‘are you ready?’

Old B.—Yes ;—go along !

Mr. S.—Well let’s see !—‘ Who was the first man ?’

Old B.—Why he, of course, who first set the hunt a-going ; perhaps the Editor will tell you his name.

Mr. S.—Rather unsatisfactory, certainly ; but never mind, let’s, at it again.’ Come—‘ who was the the first woman ?’

Old B.—First woman !—*he* who always rode good cattle and was always the last man ; Mrs.—‘ What d’ye call her !’ I think our great great grandmother Eve, would have beat him on Balaam’s ass.

Mr. S.—Worse and worse. ‘ Who was the oldest man ?’

Old B.—N—h—t is ‘ Father of the Hunt,’ and S—m, who has, poor fellow, long been ‘ gone to earth,’ was no chicken ; and there are many precious old stagers belonging to the pack.

Mr. S.—‘ Who was the strongest man ?’

Old B.—T—s—n. A dead stop at speed could’nt shake him !

Mr. S.—‘ Who was the wisest man ?’

Old B.—What a question ! Why they were all deuced clever chaps, or *how* could they get along across country at all ?

Mr. S.—‘ Who was the *most hard-hearted man* ?’

Old B.—Most *hard-headed man* ! Why, that lad M—s, of the ‘ blue-coat school.’ More casts of that chap’s ‘ *coroanul*’ have been taken in the mud-banks about the presidency, than ever were stuck-up as the ‘ genuine occiputs’ of Wellington and Old Bony.

Mr. S.—‘ Who was the man after your own heart ?’

Old B. Lot’s of ‘em :—and for affability, good humour, and true sterling, sporting qualifications, I’ll name B—w—! ; V—b—t, H—k—y ; E—l—t ; P—t—n ; T—s—n ; L—s ; M—n—t—n ; J—s—n ; H—v—y ; A—d—r, and many other ‘ too long for this ear catalogue,’ as says my Lord Duberly.

Mr. S.—Come, I’ll give you one more question which, though last, always ought (barring accidents) to be first. Who was the most straightforward rider ?

Old B.—A difficult question indeed,—a regular ‘ stopper ;’ and I’m glad to hear you’ve got no more of ‘em, for out of twenty or thirty tip-tops all going just as straight as so many crows, who shall decide in these straightened circumstances which crow is the blackest, or goes most like the devil ? So much depending too on the cattle of the performers. However, as no man ought to be without an opinion on any subject, here is mine on this :—I calculate the disadvantages of a man, not a light-weight, mounted on a small indifferent looking

Arab with the use of *only one hand* to lift him along, to be very great in a scurry; and no one will deny that, notwithstanding these disadvantages, Captain P—t—n (when in the field at all) let the country be as stiff as *bricks*, was generally to be viewed on *Lobster* going just as true to the music of the pack as the pack to the scent of the game, and fiddling along in as good time over high and low, as the wonder-working Masout on his galloping cat gut: and when we look at the difficulties, and apparent stoppers, which little *Lobster* was obliged to *claw-at*, no time being given him for a *side long* movement, which no doubt he would frequently and *naturally* have preferred, and the very *quiet way* in which this was accomplished; we might boldly assert that the gallant Captain, in a charge across country is second in pluck and judgment to no man this side the Cape*.

Mr. S.—But who used to hunt the pack in your days?

Old B.—S—m; H—k—y; and E—l—t.

Mr. S.—How is it that in an establishment like the Calcutta pack, kept up in such style, and at such an expense, that no *huntsman* has been got out from England?

Old B.—What would be the use of him? A good huntsman is a difficult person to find any where; but people of that description in this country, are almost invariably ‘nasty, conceited, ignorant, gentlemen,’ and the few I have seen, had just as much idea of *hunting* a pack as they had of *riding to one*;—and their nags knew that was’n’t much. Then this is a cruel country to make idle people drink, Mr. Straightus; which makes folks saucy, and somebody would be obliged to ‘take it out’ of the badger about once a fortnight.

Mr. S.—Was S—m a good huntsman?

Old B.—Yes, he was. He perfectly understood the business; he *was* in reality, and *look’d* just as cunning as a jackall. But I think he was rather too *slow* in his movements with the pack. He had however great *perseverance*; he didn’t give up a chance of a kill in a hurry; and he never ‘*over hurried*’ the pack. Of course he was always well mounted, his favorite being, when I knew him, an uncommon clever chesnut (a’very *large Arab* I think). S—m didn’t ride over-straight, and he used to scramble most infernally, but his cattle performed wonders in that way, so with great knowledge of the country, and long habit of riding to hounds, he was pretty generally in his right place and ready to assist when wanted. I have heard he was also a very good hand at a pig, and very fond of that sport. He was very witty on all occasions; and was in the habit of riding into the long grass hog-jungle and jobbing his spear into the likely places, singing out ‘*Qui hi! Sahib, ghur ma hi?*’ and nasty people have caught what they wanted by following this example of bearding the boar in his bush. If there was another thing S—m enjoyed after the chase, it was looking at the young gentlemen at ‘practice.’ Perhaps,

* OLD BOOTS will understand why we have struck out the passage which followed this.—Ed.

his time being always occupied with the hounds, he felt a kind of relaxation in riding home afterwards; he was always on the look out for an opportunity to set the young-men at work in the gardens, although he was never guilty of *joining* in the fun himself:—*‘now then gentlemen who’s for a little ‘change?’* at the same time looking about for some leading character to set the example (*‘pretty jumping upon my word’*) who no sooner commenced than fifteen or twenty aspiring Nimrods would be hard at it. During this interesting amusement, which would sometimes almost compensate for a ‘blauk-day,’ S—m would sit on his nag, leaning back in the saddle, his bridle all abroad, a rein in each hand, and his toes cocked up in the air, grinning most immoderately at the various ‘headers’ and ‘——’s and ‘differences of opinion’ between man and beast, and encouraging the combat:—*‘If he won’t take it, Sir make him smell it!’ ‘Go along, Sir, never stop to look!’—it’s like a black dose, the more you look at it, the less you’ll like it;’* and now, seeing some desperate young-man, grown furious from repeated spills, and smudgy bamboo-cracks on the head, made manifest by a stove in ‘shocking bad hat,’ and enough of earth about his elbows to grow a fair crop of mustard and cress, pulling at a run-a-way dun, grey, or chesnut perhaps, (but now any un-nameable colour you like) whose mouth he has contrived, with his blacksmith fingers, in one day, to regularly *case-harden!* *‘You’re the lad, Sir!’ ‘come along!’ ‘nothing at all!’ ‘a pretty come out, Sir!’* when perhaps it was as dead a spill, as even he himself could have possibly wished; to finish the ‘come out’ then, as the unlucky wight scrambling arose from his head-long catastrophe, ‘not unscathed went he,’ *‘There you are, Sir!’* ‘but you did not *hold him up Sir!*’ S—m excelled all I ever knew in the art of ‘kind enquiries,’ so particularly disgusting to the *spilt*.

“With all the while a cheek whose ‘fashion’
Was a mockery of ‘compassion.’”

Nevertheless, had any thing *very serious* occurred, S—m would no doubt have been as really concerned at it, as in all probability concerned in it, for he was a perfect gentleman, and a first-rate sportsman, and ought not to be, *‘forgot.’*

Mr. S.—Who were all the great riders in S—m’s time? let’s have half a dozen of them. Those must have been rather merry days.

Old B.—Let me see;—There was T—s—n; L—s; F—d—l; and C—l—e; these four men, when speaking of Calcutta riders, always follow each other as naturally as a flock of wild geese, but across the country, they perhaps more resemble ‘the four tits of the sun, in a cloud of smoke;’ the two last were not, I believe, regular Members of the Hunt, being ‘red-coats,’ at all times, (its a very civil pack you know) but where sport was, there they were; having been brought up in the right school.

T—s—n is, or was, rather a tall, spare man, and did’nt ride, I should think, above eleven stone. He has so long been ‘known as the

'*Nimrod of the East*' on this side of India, and had it so often poured into his ears, that were I to say he was a 'perfect horseman,' he would certainly be satisfied in '*smubbing*' me, with 'Thank you Sir!' 'Trumps!' 'But pray who made you a judge of these little matters?' Nevertheless, as every smart fire-eating Captain of a company, when standing up before his admiring light bobs, must expect them to take a cursory glance at his 'regimental tights,' while they whisper to each other in another language 'my eyes! what a bang-up chap;' so (I like the golden rule of proportion, Mr. Straightas ever since I was able to calculate:—if one pair of tops cost twenty-four rupees what will be the damage of two pair of corduroy shorts?) our friend, when leading the 'first-flight' of a 'quick thing,' must also expect those who are following in his wake and getting all the dirt in their teeth will be anxious to find out, 'how it is the Captain of the Host does get along at such an infernal pace?' To see T—s—n then, in *all* his sporting perfections, you must see him almost every where, where sport is; above all, you must see him 'winning a weler by a neck;' you must see him 'touching up pork;' you should see him 'buying a nag;' see him 'doctor him,' and see him 'sell him.' Thank G—d our business does not extend so far as to paint him in all these qualifications; the sketch which we shall attempt is 'Mr. T—s—n with the pack;' and that will no doubt be more than enough for us. And here, we must look at him in two or three different lights; we must see him at the 'beginning,' 'middle,' and 'end,' of a morning with the hounds; for although he is himself, one and the same person, his horse is probably quite another animal altogether.

Suppose the pack then, trotting to a cover, just after day-break. 'Look to the right!' (cries the squinting brick-dust displayer of rare lions), and there you will see the Nimrod of the East, mounted on a cocky little fresh one, just got over his '*three doses*,' and shewing a raw stump at the end of '*six inches*!' Yes, to see him to the greatest advantage, he should be mounted on one of those 'Sticky little Arabs,' as a friend of mine calls them, just out of the *shop*, or, much more probably, one that has been spoilt by a 'craner,' and since had many *owners* and no *master*. One that canters merrily up to a ditch, and there stops on his infernal stiff little shoulder, 'as dead as a mutton' at the very brink, and slouching his ears and lubberly head, will move any way but one, while no applications, or persuasions, can get a kick, rear, plunge, or any thing like life out of him, but stronger symptoms of determined non compliance. Of all unwilling nags, this is, I think, the most trying to the temper, and the most difficult to conquer and make jump; the defence set up (originating perhaps in fear) is perfect donkey-like inaction; and, with the exception of a few Cape horses, I never saw any but an Arab so *silently* sulky, and not many of them. No man but a rider like T—s—n, would think of bringing a horse like this into the field at once, with any chance of seeing any thing of the hounds. The generality of riders, and perhaps all but first-rate instructors, after *sawing*, *badgering*, and *knocking about*, till all the sweat and breath

of their own bodies has gone forth, must give up the matter with a broken winded curse of utter hatred and detestation, of perhaps (barring this) one of the nicest Arabs in the country, or *dismount* and force him backwards into the ditch, with a fervent prayer that his back bone may be broken in the descent. Such I have seen done, and the man cruelly disappointed at not finding at least a hip-bone out of joint. Not so, however, our Nimrod. The difficulty in forcing such horses to take a spring, appears to me to consist in '*sitting a dead stop perfectly*;' and whatever people, who think they ride d—d well, may say, there are very few indeed who can do this, that is, without losing for a few seconds the perfect use of the bridle or whip hand, and perhaps the heels also, and if any time is lost, the golden opportunity has gone with it; for, although you may succeed in keeping his head pretty *tolerable* straight, the 'impetus' or force of the 'ram' or 'cram,' has died away, and the nag, having no fear of the consequences, will drop into the ditch, if possible, (let it be ever so deep) before he will jump it; if he does'nt, he is not in the humour I mean. Now, T—s—n could sit this *stop*, perfectly wide awake and ready for action at all points of the compass: his seat being 'very upright' or rather 'raking' backwards, the hands *low* and just over the pommel of the saddle, and the elbows close, and his legs having a backward direction from the knee, and so pendulum-like or pliable, *when wanted*, that they seemed to answer the purpose of the mighty rudder of a budgerow, while his left hand playing on the reins (as I once heard a man say) 'like a professor's on the fiddle,' he could swing his tit into the 'wind's eye' before the nag knew whether he was steering stem or stern foremost. With such a strong seat, then, and such complete command over his horse, not the tenth part of a second was lost at a stop. The hand kept him up! 'cuts one and two,' right and left cheek, coming down like clock-work, kept him straight; while the heels at the critical moment, pelting in like a hail-storm from behind, said 'there is no alternative—sink or swim—in or over' and as not an inch could be given him for a bend to either side and as no nag will, if he can help himself, ram his *os frontis* against the opposite bank, the result must be a perfect '*hclus bolus*' over accompanied probably by a grunt (free translation) 'Good L—d have mercy on us!'

Now before the 'find,' our sticky little Arab has got an idea that he came into the field to earn his gram by the sweat of his hide, and immediately after, see him in the very best of company, crossing a well enclosed part of the country at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, his blood up, and now something acquainted with his master's character, cocking his expanded nostrils close along side of the best of his brethren, and good old stagers from England and the Cape, refusing nothing, and what's more extraordinary, getting cleverly over every thing as it comes. A 'double back' has perhaps now brought the pack and our little Arab in the vicinity of '*bad characters*', a check is probably the consequence, during which T—s—n gallops up all in a smoke, his

'whip (or rather stick) pointing backwards over the right shoulder, and singing out pretty audibly to somebody near, " 'Who are all those people behind in the gardens? I got over those *little places* with the greatest difficulty !—Its quite impossible for a man riding a fresh horse, or any other, to get along in such company ! A dozen or two of fellows pulling up dead short and crossing right in front of you ! When will people find out that, if the hounds *'are running any thing* pushed strong and straight,' will jump the devil and the river Styx on the other side of him ! By G—d, I'd sooner see a man with *no seat* and *no judgment* at all flying at his horse's ears at every little impediment, than to see a fellow *'crawing'* on every occasion, like a crow peeping down a marrow-bone, just as if he wanted to pick somebody's pocket on the other side !" This speech is perhaps something too long to be put into the mouth of Mr. T. (and I trust he will pardon the liberty taken), who is very quick on all occasions; and during a *'run'* doesn't trouble himself much about other people as he doesn't see many of 'em; and certainly it is too long for the *check*, for the pack is again *'going the pace,'* and with it our little *Sticky*, now leading a line of his own, determined upon not again being interrupted in his *mathematical course* of *'heights and distances,'* gaining confidence at every jump, and before the finish of the run, *'spinning in the air like a top.'* The sport is now over; our little nag on his way home, is again in cold blood, put to the test, and it is now evident he no longer requires the music of the pack to *'screw him over the sticking place,'* he is now completely wound up, and is a perfect little *'musical snuff box,'* and will play any tune he is *set to;* his *rider* may win a steeple chase on him to-morrow, for now the leg which was three or four hours ago thrown across a *'cow,'* is withdrawn from over the back of as good a hunter, as any man who rides straight without *crawing* could possibly wish to possess.

(*Sketch finale*). The blanket is now being set fair, or pulled backwards (by *Peter-Bux*) over the loins. Mr. T. is standing with the snaffle rein, brought over the nag's head, in the left hand;—right arm *'tea pot;'* the Nimrod's legs rather wide apart, in that position called *'half past five o'clock;'* his head inclining to the right shoulder, taking a quiet dèk at the masterly touches in *vermilion* which are exquisitely blended together in the back ground of the picture, and saying (if sketchers may be allowed such license) *'By G—d ! he is a cocky little trump !'* or, *'I would'nt take a hundred gold mohurs for him !'* and so little *Sticky* suddenly become little *'Trump'* walks off to his master's stable, but probably, before he has been there four and twenty hours, his master has changed his mind about the *'hundred,'* and some lover of a good ready made nag has been accommodated with one.

Mr. S.—(*Yawning pulls out his watch, but says nothing, so Mr. Boots makes a fresh brew and proceeds.*)

Old B.—It's not a little strange and worthy of all observation, that notwithstanding Mr. T. being continually riding fresh cattle, I hardly ever saw him down, the only time I can just now recollect (though no doubt he has had many a curious purl) was once, when coming home, in charging a ditch, with a deuced high and stiff back on the other side of it. This I remember from the following circumstance, although it is now ten years old, he rode at it on something he was instructing, four times most determinedly, and four times the nag, not being able to accomplish the task, rolled inconsiderately backwards into the ditch, on the last occasion seating Mr. T. on his 'posterior articulations' at the bottom, who sat very quiet and observed that 'Lord Lake stormed the breach four times and found it was impracticable;' and he did not risk any further useless 'spilling of good blood.' Why Mr. T—s—n never took the pack in hand, I could never make out, but this I think, that had he done so, the whole pack *nem. con.* would have looked up in his face, and given tongue to the following effect. 'By the ghosts of all the stinkers we've killed and eaten we never had such a clipper along side of us before'!—and I have seen a run or two, when nobody else could have been of any use.

Mr. S.—Just two o'clock.

Old B.—Talking of T—s—n, who is universally and properly on this side of India, called the 'Nimrod of the East, always puts me in mind of the man on the other side of India, who in the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* (which by the bye, was an excellent publication;) wrote 'Nimrod on Riding, Hog hunting, &c.' and signed himself 'Nimrod in the East' and who was, no doubt, a first rate performer, and his letters (barring some small talk) masterly productions; but he should have restricted himself to Bombay, or, 'his side,' (wherever it was) and not have called that 'India' on the following occasions, which I will quote, Mr. Straightus, if you will be kind enough to reach me your No. 3 of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*. I know you take in such sort of books, and it is just as well you do, for the devil a bit of sport would you see anywhere else, like many others who keep a hobbery pack and take in the *English Magazine*, just for the pleasure of comparing their packs with Mr. Osbaldistone's, and wondering how it is, that *his dogs* only do twelve miles an hour, when *their own* think nothing of fifteen in half that time. But concerning this 'Nimrod in the East!'—'Bombay,' you must know, or thereabouts, is no more all 'India,' (either in a sporting sense, or any other) than France is all Europe; and if little short—(legged) boys run about the streets of Paris, 'blowing up frogs with straws,' it does not follow that the grave *Whiskerandos* who sits at home 'blowing a cloud' in Constantinople, are guilty of the same practices. Here he is!—"A sportsman in England would scarce believe a man who would tell him that the *Indian* hunters are *untrained to leaping*, yet such is the *actual fact*!" and again, "but can it be believed when a 'bar' can in a fortnight cure a serious imperfection

that a man is willing to add to the risk of a broken collar bone, a thing happening every day, merely to save himself the trouble of an hour's daily attendance in front of the stable?" Now all this, and no part of it, is applicable to our Bengal 'side,' and we had no business to have it knock'd down our throats. The country, in the lower provinces of Bengal particularly, is *too good* to allow a sportsman to neglect his horse's education in the jumping department: and they *are* turned over 'bars,' continually, and every thing else profitable to them; being generally taken out into the country for the express purpose.

But, notwithstanding this, Nimrod having advocated the attendance of sportsmen '*an hour daily in front of their stables*' to teach their nags to jump, he, somewhat inconsistently, remarks afterwards "I would sooner have the *three known ones* than the *most likely looking six fresh ones* that could be pick'd out in Bombay, and that's saying a good deal: the *making a hunter* being, in my opinion, the proper office of the groom, certainly not for the man that wish to enjoy *hunting*." Now I don't pretend to know so much about Bombay, as Nimrod about Bengal and '*India*,' or what kind of grooms they may have there, but I am inclined to think that Calcutta contains *nearly* as large and as good a Sporting Establishment, and I am very sure that *few* gentlemen in Calcutta have a groom fit for such employment. (Query.) Are the grooms at Bombay as good hands at *making a hunter*, as Nimrod's friend Mr. '*Flaps*' is at curing them of diseases? for I think if any gentleman in Calcutta was to give over to a stable-boy, jockey, postillion, (or groom if you like it better) a difficult nag to make a *hunter* of, he would find out, when he came to mount him in the '*Dum Dum*' or '*Cox's Bungalow*' country, (if he was a man at all inclined to be *greedy*,) that he had got upon a '*d—d poor humporth of cheese*, and might just as well have saved his pocket three or four gold mohurs and his '*new purchase*' half a dozen *splints*. And as to enjoying the hunting, every man will tell you he feels a double pleasure in riding a nag he has *made himself*. Also for Pig sticking on this side of India; I think sportsmen will say "give me *fresh Arabs* just made handy, legs can't be too fresh; and the old nags are deuced apt to get devilish shy of Bengal pork." I know a very sporting man who came down to Calcutta from a superb pig-sticking country for the purpose of '*swapping*' his horses on this very account,—they had seen more hogs than they liked. But the fact is, I fancy (and we may judge from Nimrod's own words) there are few, if any, such *fighting* pigs on the other side of India; for listen—(No. 2.) "As one chase is like another, one account will do for all." Then—"From the time of starting to the *turning* of the hog it is nothing more than a hard contested race. On the leading man coming within 20 feet the hog begins to *turn*—I have seen four or five men come up in succession each thrown out in his turn, until the hog, *quite blown*, is *unable to escape the spear*"! There's for you, you Bengally Pig-stickers! did you ever hunt a parriah-dog on the plains? No! no! Nimrod, this will no more answer for hog-hunting in all '*India*,' than John Dockery's

description of the Ahmednuggur pack will for the Calcutta Kennel. A 'Pigsicker' in Bengal wouldn't give a 'glass of gin' for a hog that didn't *come bang at him* directly he closed to the near side of him; and *then*, when he is almost under your right stirrup, is *one* of the golden opportunities of putting in your spear with certainty and effect. What is called a *good* hog, I do not think could be *traced* from any *fixed purpose* by a whole regiment of lancers; and a first-rate one will, very frequently, when *turned out* by elephants, *trot* out a little way into the open, and then, as if *ashamed* of such conduct, suddenly *stop*.—*turn round*.—*his ears cock'd up*.—*his eyes twinkling*.—*his teeth chattering*, and his whole *look*.— — "Now then! I should just like to know who is a coming!" This is a looman worthy of your steel! a 'Boar Fitz Boar!'

'Come one! come all! the earth shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!'

And he is not unpolitely kept long waiting. *Point meets pig!*—he dashes on, as he receives it, from foe to foe, like a billiard ball in the 'cannon game'; two or three appears generally end the fight, and turning about—he staggers!—falls! and dies! It is astonishing how easily a first-rate charging hog is, 'done for;' the slightest penetration of the spear appears to occasion an instantaneous but momentary check to his progress, and your horse being in *motion*, there is no difficulty in avoiding the shock of the charge if the hog is speared; and a man must be a very poor hand at it, indeed, who misses him altogether except under peculiar circumstances,—very bad ground,—a shy horse, or the like. It is true Nimrod gives us an exception to his long-legged 'turners' and 'dodgers'; which only tends to confirm the general rule, for let any one read his account of 'one splendid fellow,' who, altho' 'he didn't *patronize* the legging system' made apparently a *devilish deal of use of it*, and I think he will be of my opinion, that the *haroc* he made and the *shindy* he kicked up, together with the *noise* and *talk* he occasioned afterwards, only shews how unused Nimrod was to see any thing of the kind. When I first saw this account, I exclaimed with the Jew-boy, who after having stolen and eaten a piece of bacon, was overtaken in a thunder-storm, and frightened out of his senses, hid himself in a hollow tree crying out, '*what! all this piece of work about a little bit of pork?*'

But what makes Nimrod so fond of old 'hunters,' (in this country) generally 'stale-screws?' Because, 'Guzzerattees ride like the devil,' and what for 'holes' and 'stones' every man must '*forget his horse has legs*;' and whoever in hog-hunting *thinks* about it? If a man has *head* enough to remember his *nag's legs*, or his *own neck*, he must of course be Mr. No-body, (always excepting, attempting *impossibilities*;) and if much *training* or *making* is required over a country full of nothing but 'hills, nullahs, rocks, holes, and stones,' verily! all *well made* hunters must be perfect *dog's-meat*; for, generally speaking, on '*this side*,' three seasons do up most nags ridden hard and straight with the Calcutta pack; so perfectly *brick*.

out is the country, except during, and immediately after, the rains. What then must become of *hog-hunter's pins* on the other side for let us see how to get over a 'nullah' Nimrod, in his letter, has so scattered this subject, that it is difficult to find what he actually is 'going at.' We are first told in the very beginning of his letter, (page 182,) that 'nullahs' are the most difficult of all countries. Next, at page 184, he *threatens* with crossing at the top of his speed, but turns off at the very edge. Then again at page 185, he tells us what *makes* nullahs so difficult, and shortly after recommends us to follow the hog and be directed by him. But I will read his remarks in the most regular order. (Page 182.) 'In one word, he who is a first-rate performer in nullahs, must prove a *tip-top saviour* in any country under the sun.' (Page 185.) 'What makes nullahs so difficult, are the steepness of their banks, their great breadth, being not twice out of twelve times *leapable*, with deep sand at the bottom, or what much more frequently happens,—large stones or *sheet rock*' (Page 184.) 'We have as yet got only as far as 'nullahs' and have not shown the method of crossing them, which can be told in a few lines. The whole *secret* lies in riding without *slackening* the pace, almost if not to the *very edge*, with a horse that can *turn* round a spear; &c. There is still time to 'luff up' and try elsewhere should the point which the hog has passed, prove, which is not often the case, *impracticable*. *Pulling up* is *out of the question*: so much time is lost, &c. (Page 185.) 'The best advice that can be given is to follow exactly the same track as the hog, who, unless sharply pressed, is sure to take down, if not actually the *best* place, at any rate one in which there will be *no difficulty* in following. Those which are only a few feet wider than a good jump, are of course the most difficult, on account of the small space at the bottom in which the horse can recover himself: but by marking well the time it takes the hog to *re-appear* one may form a very good idea of the breadth, and, consequently, whether an 'in and out clever,' or 'jump' is the point.'

Now this puts me so much in mind of two young Bombay Sportsmen that I can't help mentioning the following circumstance:—Many years ago, I fell in with 'Bombay Troops,' and during my short stay with them, two men offered me an Arab each for sale; one wanted three hundred rupees, and the other five hundred rupees for his tit, and the only *recommendation* either of them had for his nag was 'I'll warrant him to take the *first spear*!' nothing more or less! leaving me to imagine (if I had thought proper to do so), what the young gentlemen were too *modest* to give out themselves; namely, they were each offering me the *best horse in India*, for three or five hundred rupees, had they added '*provided no better runs against him*' there might have been some sense in the *recommendation*. The 'Bengallee,' however did not *bite*, because he thought that these 'very young men,' had possibly not got a *diploma* in their pockets. I mention this *fact* because Nimrod is guilty exactly of the same kind of *modesty*. He has come full tilt (racing pace) to the *very edge*

of the nullah, and left us to *suppose* that if the nullah '*is practicable*,' he goes down it at the rate of thirty or at least twenty-five miles an hour. Now, the banks are '*steep*,' that is, of course, four or five feet drop,—or how came they '*steep*?' Say the nullah is '*not leaping*' (for, '*two out of twelve* are not') being twenty five or thirty feet broad, and the bottom (which is most probable) '*large stones*' or '*sheet rock*,' all of which you can know nothing about until you peep into the nullah. Who's a-going to peep? Down it you go, you cripples! or you are a set of '*cranners*' and '*ginger goers*' or does Nimrod call such a place '*impracticable*? It most certainly is *impracticable* at a '*racing pace*,' or any thing like a racing pace; and had '*Nimrod*' ever *tried it*, we should probably never have been led by himself to suppose he had done so. For he no doubt knows just as well as we do, that '*horse's fore-legs*,' are no more '*blacksmiths' anvils*,' than '*fleas are lobsters*,' and his own *head and neck* neither a hammer, chisel, or block! But why say the whole '*secret*' lies in riding without *slackening* the pace '*almost* if not to the *very edge*?' and then afterwards (which was not *judicious*) make the following remark:—"By marking well the time the hog takes to *re appear*, one may form a very good idea of the breadth, and consequently whether an '*in and out clever*' or '*jump*' is the point." For what use, Nimrod, would you make of this most important discovery regarding the breadth of the nullah? Would you *warn* your nag by whispering into his ear, '*don't try to jump it*,' because, I think that could scarcely be necessary, for I should imagine he might form nearly as good an idea on the subject as his *master*; for really I do not think that *Mr. Owen* of the house of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane Alley, London, would attempt such calculation, when he was told that a hog, *a little pressed*, will *jump* every thing he can, and *can jump nearly*, if not quite, as good a nullah as any Arab; which Nimrod also seems himself to admit for he didn't see any thing wonderful in a hog clearing handsomely a fifteen foot ditch, but the *three Arabs* getting well over, was '*very surprizing*.' 'Come then, your reasons Jack?' 'If reasons were plentiful as blackberries' you could give no other than the following:—because if all '*in and out*' was the point, I would in the last hundred or last fifty yards (depending entirely on the mouth of the horse I was riding) *pull him strong* and as *well together* as I could, in order to make '*an in and out clever*,' knowing that *less time* would be lost in so doing than in turning off to look for a better crossing place, the finding of which is '*very improvable*,' or in going down at racing pace, and *having to put a new pair of fore-legs on my nag, at the bottom of the nullah*, which thing is *impossible*; and these *pros* and *cons* being duly considered, I would not ride so hard as I would if I were going to '*jump*' it; and *this*, and not '*riding to the very edge without slackening the pace*,' is the *mighty 'secret'* of getting over a nullah. Here, Nimrod (like the '*Provincial Snob*' with *Mr. Osbaldistone's pack*) after going well for some time tries to '*Out-Herod-Herod*,' and, '*the death-warrant of the*

little bay horse is scaled, but the plucky 'Snob' attempted in the saddle, what, I take it, the Bombay Nimrod never attempted except in his chair. One would be inclined to imagine from these specimens (did we not know that Bombay contained lots of first-rate sportsmen) that the 'other side,' had got a peculiar kind of 'shilly-shally-small talk,' altogether inconsistent with really plucky people. But such is not the fact, they have plenty of 'good-uns' to do 'deeds of daring,' and make folks open their eyes, without exaggerating their exploits to impossibilities. The drop jumping system is carried on, on this side of India, to a tolerable extent, with the Calcutta pack and in steeple chases; and we know pretty well what nags can stand. The high gardens are raised from two to three, or even four feet perpendicular height above the general level of the country. The edge of the elevated garden is surrounded by a low mud wall, running from one to three feet high, which is formed from the earth dug out at the foot of the gardens, and being 'done up' annually after the rains, leaves a ditch varying from three to twelve feet in breadth, all around on the outside. This is called a 'go in' or 'come out,' and the straightest rider knows that as long as such obstacles intervene the trials of the pack, on a good day, will point out the 'maximum' of the pace, altho' the landing is not 'large stones,' but firm dry earth, which, tho' generally nearly as hard as bricks, is not exactly 'sheet-rock.' About 'losing time,' the following remark made by a very observant sportsman and dashing rider (during the steeple chases over the D. D. country last year) regarding the drop into 'Latchford-lane,' is perhaps not unworthy of notice:—All those who pulled their horses most together before the 'drop in' were the soonest out of it.' In a steeple chase, during the races at Barrackpore, two or three years ago, there was a drop jump over a water ditch of ten or twelve feet, and the 'drop' certainly not more than two, two and a half, or three feet perpendicular, the leap absolutely nothing, but the 'landing place' had been over-flowed from the ditch, and in consequence, made very slippery and bad. Something considerably short of turf racing pace, brought six horses, (all that went at it) two English, two country-breds, and two Arabs, one after the other, 'down like shots,' their legs flew from under them and seemed to be of no more use in 'keeping their bodies up' than so many boiled legs of mutton. And now we have got again well over to this side of India, I will just mention one kind of nullah here, which most hog-hunters on this side 'ken' of, I fancy, viz. 'Swampy nullahs,' abounding in the vicinity of the Sunderbunds, and are influenced by the tides. In some of them, I do verily believe that if a man (having heard of 'Nimrod's secret' of going in racing pace) was to attempt them at any thing like speed, the 'secret' would be 'buried with him,' at all events his wag would never divulge it.

Mr. S.—But when are you thinking of going home, Boots?—its very late?

Old B.—Why, I'm not thinking of it at all just now; you see I commenced this long yarn about 'Indian Hunters,' just to shew you

how advantageous an acquirement 'our Nimrod' does possess over the generality of sportsmen, in being able to '*make a hunder in one day*;' and then afterwards I went on to shew, that what may '*go-down*' as (and in part *be* in fact) '*devilish good roast beef, and plumb puddin.*' on one side of India, may probably be '*spit out.*' as d—d cabbage-*bubble and squeak*' on the other; for (talking of '*Indian hunters*') there can be no doubt that people who are galloping over a country with little more impediment to their progress, in the *jumping way*, than a flock of wild *ducks* find in clearing the atmosphere, while they are poising their spears, and making a '*dead point*' at the tail of a pig; require a '*differently educated nag,*' from such, as are in the habits of swinging along a line of gardens stiffly enclosed, where the sweating jumps come as thick as '*peas in a pod.*' at the tails of the best hounds annually imported from England, singing out '*Head's below!*' '*Qui in?*' '*Who's in?*' '*Don't care!*' '*Can't stop!*' for '*I'm over, thank God!*' A mere '*Bruiser*' will win nothing, riding against men with pluck and judgment, except by a crow; it is the *pace* that wins a spear, a brush, and a cup; but is also the *pace over-done*, that *kills* all hopes of winning any thing, but that little empty applause which is attached to fool-hardiness.

Come, Mr. Straightus, I'll give you a toast, a parody on a hundred parodies, and then I'll be off.

I can't for my life guess the cause of this fuss,
 Why we hear so much of the pigs in Bombay,
 What's a '*Runner,*' a '*Turner,*' or '*Dodger,*' to us?
 We're for boars that will fight, and will have their own way!
 Come then my host,
 I'll give you a toast,
 Be it Running, or Fighting, or risking a fall,
 Fill, fill! to the top,
 Drain down ev'ry drop,
 Here's the '*Calcutta Cry,*' and the '*Boar of Bengal.*'

[Here '*Old Boots*' tossed off the remains of his Hollands and water, lit a fresh weed, took up his back-breaking dog-whip, and calling for '*Rough and Ready,*' stole away at half past three (*Welter pace,*) the wind howling, the rain pelting down like blazes. But high above the blast, was heard the thundering voice of mad *Old Boots*, screaming the '*Calcutta Cry,*' and the '*Boar of Bengal,*' and all circumstances duly considered, I should think that long before he reached his cover he must have got]—*cetera desunt.*

(*To be continued !*)

THE EDITOR'S TABLETS.

THE DERBY.—An unknown horse, one who was thought worth the risk of such heavy odds as 40 to 1, has won the Derby of the present year! The animal rejoiced in the name of DANGEROUS,—leaving *Glaucus*, *Forester*, and others, the favorites at starting “no where.”—This seems to be quite *the* go now a-days, to the infinite confusion of betting books, the chagrin of the knowing ones, and the derangement of the most profound calculations. Three times successively has the winner of the Derby been a ‘stranger’—and as often has the same thing happened with the Doncaster St. Leger. *Margrave* indeed was a known clipper and looked well to win for some time before the last St. Leger came off; but it will be remembered that he went lame only a few days before “the great, the eventful day,” and caused tremendous hedging on the part of his backers. Nevertheless he ‘picked up’ in time for the struggle, and won cleverly to the consternation of the whole field. *Dangerous*, the present winner of the Derby, appears to be the property of Mr. Sadler the jockey, and by all accounts a horse of little “mark or likelihood”. We have no particular account of the running—the time &c. but we gather from a Liverpool paper that Mr. S. Scott’s *Connoisseur* (Templeman up) ran second, though a horse so little thought of that there were no takers on the day of the race at 100 to 1 against him!—“Something is rotten in the state” of Epsom.

HORSE BAZAR.—Contemporary with the appearance of this number of *MAGA*, Tulloch and Co. commence operations in the horse selling way upon an entire new system. Their regulations will be found in our advertisement pages, and we think most of our readers will agree with us that they are calculated to do away with a great deal of complaint on the part of buyers and sellers, even if they do not in fact increase the security of the latter. The system of auction sale and purchase has hitherto been *atrocious*; and *we* have no hesitation in going further and saying that business is not done even in livery stables on the fairest principles, *consistent with what is professedly roguish*. We know that it is not customary for the owners or sellers of the horses standing at Cook’s and Hunter’s stables to warrant the soundness of their wares, nor indeed can they be expected to do so seeing how difficult it is to penetrate the real condition of a horse, who, to all appearance, is sound:—But we do maintain that they are bound to let *intending purchasers* satisfy *themselves* of the soundness of an animal, as well as they can, leaving to *them* all the responsibility of a “mistake.”—At present, if a man wishes to buy a nag he must take him, with all his imperfections on his head, or let him alone. No VET. is permitted to look at him, and offer an opinion to the purchaser. This is in bad taste, and in the long run must be bad policy. It is to be hoped the thing will cure itself:—the horse bazar

at any rate will go a good way to help it. We hope it will meet with large encouragement.

THE FIELD BOOK—Ostell the publisher, who, by the way, is a remarkably civil, intelligent, and industrious person, has sent for our inspection a ponderous tome called 'THE FIELD BOOK, or Sports and Pastimes of the United Kingdom.' Ostell knows we are accustomed to speak our minds, and he has too much regard for his own character and for ours, to expect we shall return his civility with a *puff*. The *quid pro quo* system is quite prevalent enough on the other side of the Cape without our bringing it into vogue here. Where the review system is reduced to a matter of party spirit, or an affair of pounds, shillings and pence, such "dirty work" may fit—but, as old Lady Teynham said to Sir Jonah Barrington, when he offered her some mustard *from his own plate*. "Thank 'ye, sir, but *we* are not come to that yet." But let us *stow our patter* and talk about the book.—The book, then, is a very pretty and well printed book, and contains a vast body of information useful to the sportsman. Our only objection to it is that it tells us a great deal too much of what we already know—a great deal more than we care to know—and an abundance of what has no more relation to the field, or to sport in a general way, than Johnson's Rambler has to the proceedings of the Timbuctoo literary society. Though ostensibly devoted to the affairs of "*The Field*", the work before us treats largely of Billiards, Cards, Yachting, &c. ;—though avowedly a consecration to sport and pastime, one quarter of its contents cannot by any ingenuity be shewn to have the least reference to either of these matters. The form, or plan of the work, is that of a dictionary. We have an alphabetical arrangement of words, and then, every here and there, a pictorial illustration, or a copious note offered to the explanation of the word. The plan is excellent, for the sake of easy reference,—the sketches are vivid, and correct, and the illustrations are drawn from the most approved Sporting Authors. But what we object to is the cramming into the work such words and definitions as the following ; they are both impertinent and superfluous. We quote at random :—

BAG,—A sack, a pouch.

BALANCE,—A pair of scales, the overplus of weight &c.

BALD,—Without hair, without natural covering !

BANDY LEG,—A crooked leg.

CALLOUS,—Hardened, insensible.

CALOMEL,—Mercury, six times sublimated (a precious pastime).

CARRIER,—One who carries something ! (Oh Gemini.)

CHALK,—A white fossil, usually reckoned a stone.

CURD,—The coagulation of milk.

FEED,—To supply with food,

FLEA,—A small insect !!!

FOAM,—To froth—to gather foam, to be in a rage.

' GRIMALKIN,—A cat.

GRIN,—*v. a.* To set the teeth together and withdraw the lips ; to fix the teeth as in anguish &c. &c. &c.

With about *a thousand** other impertinencies, which, as our readers are already "setting *their* teeth together &c." and our printers are very clamorous, we need not trouble ourselves to enumerate.

SUNDAY IN LONDON,—Another of Ostell's favors, George Cruikshank's last. George is a public benefactor ; he is a ' fellow of infinite wit'—the very Prince of illustrators, the modern Hogarth, the Cyphæus of caricaturists. And yet we do not know that George ought properly to be called a ' caricaturist'. The mere caricaturist exceeds truth or falls short of it, rendering the infirmities of human nature ludicrous by extravagant representation. Cruikshank's sketches, on the other hand, are remarkable for their fearful fidelity. He satirises the vices and follies of mankind by portraying their operation in extremes, and if we are at times diverted from their hateful mien, and induced to "set our teeth together, and withdraw our lips" it is because there is something infinitely ludicrous in the actual ultraism of our species, whether it assume the ' shape and feature' of a polished and perfumed exquisite at Almack's, or those of a greasy gemman from the back slums *not* is a little disguised. The book before us is a poignant satire on the habitual abuse of the Sabbath by all ranks and degrees in London, and the thing, being managed without the least cant or humbug, is, we think, calculated to serve a very good purpose. This is no place to discuss such a matter as the ' proper observance of Sunday,' but if we were to enumerate the subjects of Cruikshank's *esquisses*, our most free thinking readers would allow that the *morale* of society requires a little amendment. The morning gin shop, and its concomitant beastialities and brutalities,—the extra pomp of those (not excluding lofty divines) who verbally affect to hold it an offence to Heaven to employ servants or cattle on the Sabbath ; the heavy *sedes*, which deprive numerous *artistes* of the leisure they have a right to look for once a week ;—these are abominations which the least rigid of our readers will readily condemn. Cruikshank has held them up to reproach in the form most calculated to ensure the end proposed, and has added another leaf to his already copious wreath of laurels. We commend the book, which is very cheap, to all who desire a hearty laugh.

* Literally,—*En.*

RACES TO COME.

MADRAS SPRING MEETING 1834.

Resolved at a Public Tiffin at the Race-Stand, fifth day of February 1833, that a plan of Sport be opened for the next Madras Meeting January 1834, with the usual Maidens commencing on the third or fourth Tuesday of the month falling nearest the 20th of the same month.

Proposed that the following Gentlemen be solicited to undertake the office of Members of the Committee of Management.

C. M. Lushington, Esq.
Colonel J. Napier,

Captain C. M. Chase,
P. B. Smollett, Esq.

The Committee for the Management of the ensuing Races, have the pleasure to publish for general information the following Plan of Sport.

The Meeting will open the last Tuesday in January next (weather permitting), with

(FIRST DAY, TUESDAY,—DAY OF JANUARY.)

First Maiden.—A Maiden Subscription Purse of 700 Rupees each, P. P. with 700 Rupees from the Fund for all Arab Horses *that never started for Plate, Purse, Match or Sweepstakes*; Heats, 3 miles carrying 8st. 7lbs. To be closed on the 1st November 1833. Three Subscribers or no Race. At present four Subscribers.

SAME DAY.

Second Maiden.—A Maiden Subscription Purse of 500 Rupees each, P. P. with 500 Rupees from the Fund for all Arab Horses *that never won Plate, Purse, Match or Sweepstakes*; before 1st January 1834. Heats two miles carrying 8st. 7lbs. To be closed on the 1st November 1833. Horses that have never started, allowed 3lbs. Three Subscribers or no Race. At present two Subscribers.

(SECOND DAY, FRIDAY, DAY OF JANUARY.)*

His Highness the Nabob's Cup, value £100, for all Arab Horses, carrying 9 stone. Heats 3 miles, to be challenged before 12 o'clock on the day of ageing and measuring. Challenge Stakes 200 Rupees a bona fide start with not less than two bona fide Horses, or no Race.

SAME DAY.

Third Maiden.—A Maiden Subscription Purse of 400 Rupees each, P. P. with 400 Rupees from the Fund, for all Arab Horses *that never won Plate, Purse, Match or Sweepstakes*, carrying 8st. 10lbs. one and a half mile heats. To be closed on the 1st November 1833. Three Subscribers or no Race, at present 5 Subscribers.

THIRD DAY, (TUESDAY, DAY OF FEBRUARY)

The Chamier Cup on its terms, value 200 Guineas. One heat, one and a half mile and a distance, weight 8st. 4lbs. Horses to be bona fide property, and to be entered by 12 o'clock on the Second Day's Running, and the entrance of 350 Rupees to be then paid.

* The last Tuesday in January will be the 31st of the month, consequently the second day's race must be in February, and not as above.—Ed.

SAME DAY.

A Galloway Plate of 600 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rupees each, Subscription P. P. to be added for all Arab and Country Horses, 13 hands, 8 inches and under, carrying 8 stone. Winners to carry 3lbs. extra. Heats once round the course and a distance.

FOURTH DAY, (THURSDAY; DAY OF FEBRUARY.)

The Ladies' Purse of 1000 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rupees each, Subscription for all Arab Horses, weight for inches, 14 hands, carrying 8st. 7lbs. Heats 2 miles, winners to carry 3lbs. extra.

SAME DAY.

A Plate of 700 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rupees each, Subscription P. P. for all Arab Horses weight for age. Heats 2 miles, winners to carry 3lbs.—oftener, 5lbs. extra.

FIFTH DAY, (SATURDAY, DAY OF FEBRUARY.)

The Madras Union Welter, Twenty five Gold Mohurs each, Subscription P. P. for Arab Horses that never won before 1st January 1834; one mile and a half and a distance. Gentlemen up, carrying 11 stone.

SAME DAY.

A Plate of 700 Rupees from the Fund, for the Beaten Arab and Country Horses of the Meeting—to be handicapped by a Committee selected for the occasion. Heats once round the course.

SAME DAY.

A Plate of 200 Rupees from the Fund for Ponies, 13 hands, and under, catch weights, once round the course.

SAME DAY.

Select Cup on its terms *value* 200 *Gineas*. Challenge Stakes 500 Rupees each. Horses to be entered on the day of ageing and measuring. Two Miles Heats carrying 9 stone.

The following Sweepstakes are proposed and subscribed to, to be run as follows:—

1st Day.—A Sweepstakes for all Arabs 50 Gold Mohurs P. P. 9 stone, two Miles—3 Subscribers or no Race—at present 3 Subscribers.

2d Day.—A Sweepstakes for all Arabs 8st. 10lbs., two Miles 50 G. M. P. P. winners on the Madras Course before the first day of the Meeting 1834 to carry 4lbs. extra—3 Subscribers or no Race—at present 3 Subscribers.

3d Day.—A Sweepstakes for all Arabs 50 G. M.—H. F. 10st. winners on the course before the first day of the Meeting 1834 to carry 5lbs. extra, one Mile—3 Subscribers or no Race—at present 3 Subscribers.

4th Day.—A Sweepstakes for all Arabs, 50 G. M.—P. P. 8st. 7lb. winners on the Madras Course before the 1st day of the Meeting to carry 3lbs. extra, one mile, 3 Subscribers or no Race—at present 3 Subscribers.

5th Day.—Weight for age and inches $1\frac{1}{2}$ Mile and a distance, 25 G. M., P. P. 14 hands and aged to carry 9st., winners on the Madras Course before the 1st day of the Meeting to carry 3lbs. extra—Three Subscribers or no Race—at present 3 Subscribers.

RULES.

Chequered Heats.

A Horse walking over the Course for a Public Plate will be entitled to half the amount only, the other half to revert to the Fund.

The same horse will not be allowed to walk over, for more than one Public Plate.

The same allowance of 3lbs. allowed to Mares and Geldings.

One Gold Mohur entrance for each Horse.

Double entrance and double subscriptions if entered at the Post.

A free Course for Ponies.

Any Horse not having previously paid his entrance and Stakes to the Steward, will not be entitled to the Plate, Purse, &c. should he come in first.

All Private Matches, Subscriptions, and Sweepstakes to be run under the direction of the Committee, and the terms of the race signed by the parties concerned, made over to the Steward by 9 o'clock, A. M. on the day preceding the Race.

The day fixed for Ageing and Measuring to be announced hereafter. Horses with Shoes or Plates are allowed $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch.

All Horses to be named and entered by 3 o'clock, P. M. of the preceding day of running for the Plate. This rule not to apply to Chamber's Cup, Nabob's Cup or the Select Cup for which the terms of entrance are prescribed, nor to private Subscription Purse.

C. TAYLOR, Captain, *Acting Secretary*

BELLARY RACES.

I am glad to inform you that the good people of these parts are not to be frightened out of their amusements by the non-renewal of the Charter, but continue in the true spirit of wisdom to enjoy themselves.

Tuesday, 6th August was the day appointed this year for the Bellary Annual Meeting to revive the Races at this "Little Newmarket" and it was exceedingly well attended. Under the auspices of a few "diamonds of the first water" the object of the meeting was carried nem-con. A steward was elected whose topping qualities gave an earnest that his seneschal duties would be exercised in a style not to be surpassed, and as the result proved, a more admirable choice could not have been made. This "Son of Nimrod" soon struck out a good bit of sod as the scene of action, brought all his science into play and gave us such an arena for the contested goal that we may fairly pronounce it a ne plus ultra of Turf excellence. On the Grand Stand no expence was spared, it was elegantly fitted up for the reception of the beauty and fashion for which this place has been so long and justly famed.

The weather in the early part of Tuesday was stormy and cold, and showers of a most formidable nature to the frail materials of a lady's attire, called forth many an exclamation and sorrowful sigh as curl after curl melted beneath the dewy influence; but, post nubila Phœbus, at six o'clock the God condescended to show his bright face, and immediately the course became crowded with pretty women, bold men and fine horses. The Turf was in the best possible order, Jocks all on the *qui vive*, and every one anxious for the ball to be opened, which was done by *Reprobate* winning the First Maiden. On each succeeding day the weather was most propitious, the course in prime order, and well sprinkled with sporting men and fashionables.

We dread our inability or should enter into the detail of each race which we now leave to some more able pen, but one of a very novel kind we cannot forbear alluding to:—a cheroot race knocked off by three Sporting Doctors each weighing 12 stone, the riders carrying a lighted cheroot; the whiffs of the "herb divine" from these accomplished Glow worms were in good keeping with the fire of the horses. "*Cigar*" however outstripped his competitors, proving him self a prime one.

Before we conclude we feel it due to our Steward to remark on the crack way in which every thing was managed by him. To expatiate on his merits were

"To gild refined gold, or add perfume to the violet."

• The lovers of the Sport testified their high sense of his merits and their grateful recollection of them by presenting him an elegant Silver Cup with suitable devices. The gratification which this mark of public esteem must have caused him is only equalled on the part of his friends by the pleasure they have derived in conferring it.

One word more, Mr. Editor, a tribute to our friend Mr. ASERLO, from whom has emanated that spirit of conviviality which has again so happily inspired the society of this cantonment.

Can we erase from our minds the liberality and kindness of that Gentleman, evinced in the sumptuous entertainments which have calveined us both before and after these races? Or can we forget the warmth and eloquence with which he expressed his sincere hope that the same feelings would long continue to animate us, and that he had ordered from Messrs. Gordon and Co. a Cavalry One thousand Rupees, to be run for at the next Bellary February Meeting. Such generous acts as these need no comment. To crown the whole, the amateur performers added not a little to the gaiety which has of late so much distinguished our little but happy society.—(*Correspondent of the Madras Herald.*)

Selections.

STEEPLE CHASE AT MARSHFIELD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

This long anticipated steeple chase took place on Tuesday. The weather being very fine, and the day having been looked forward to with much interest by those of our fellow citizens and neighbours who find gratification in peripatetic achievements of this kind, the scene of action was crowded at the appointed hour by a concourse of nearly 2000 persons, among whom were many of the most distinguished families of the vicinity for many miles round.

The ground chosen for the chase was, on the whole, well adapted for such a purpose. It was not so dangerous as to cause any expectations of serious accident to the adventurous riders, and yet strewed with difficulties quite sufficient to call forth the best exercise of equestrian skill. The line of running was from a spot adjoining Mr. Codrington's house to a place near the Toghill turnpike-gate, and which was indicated by flags placed as high as possible on two ash trees; the distance was four miles. The ground consisted mostly of pasture, and was very heavy, as the condition of the horses after the chase most amply testified. The hedges being chiefly low, with wide ditches on each side, the leaps (which amounted, we are told, on the average, to about ninety for each horse) were not high, but very trying to the horses. There were two rather difficult lanes to be crossed. As far as the spectators were concerned, the ground was admirably chosen, for from the winning-post nearly the whole scene of contest could be well described.

The following horses started:—Mr. J. Lewis's b. g. Charles, aged, orange and white cap; Mr. E. Smith's Stick-in-the-Mud, aged, puce, black cap; Mr. Austin's b. g. Selim, aged, yellow body, blue sleeves; Mr. J. Moggeridge's b. g. Forester, aged, rose, black cap; Mr. E. Bradley's b. g. Rocket, aged; Mr. Townsend's b. g. Blackberry, aged, white, black cap; Mr. Bayly's ch. g. Taffy, aged, purple, black cap; Mr. Harrison's b. g. Moonraker, aged, sky blue, black cap.

Mr. Codrington's b. g. Toper, was drawn.

The conditions of the race were pretty much as usual. No person allowed to open a gate or make any room or space for the horses engaged in the chase; no rider allowed to open a gate, or to ride more than a hundred yards at one time in a road or lane. The stakes were ten sovereigns each, the winner to pay 3l. towards the expenses of the day. The umpires were C. W. Codrington and John Bayly, Esqrs.

The favourite horse was Charles, but the result of the chase proved that the "knowing ones" were for once in the wrong. The horses having started the usual mishaps occurred. Away went steed and rider over hedge and ditch, through bush and brier, "helter-skelter, rough and tumble." Selim at Harting ran against a gate, which he nearly demolished; crack went the saddle-girths, and down to mother earth, in a jiffy, came his rider, thereby putting a summary conclusion to his share of the day's exploits. The rider of Charles had no fewer than seven falls; six of these tumbles would, it appears, have offered no impediment to his success, for we have been told, that he would undoubtedly have won, had he not, when very near the winning post, met with a seventh mishap, which was neither more nor less than

going, horse and all, into a deep ditch, from which he and his gallant steed were with difficulty extricated. The rider of Blackberry stood a very good chance of success, but, when near the goal, he unfortunately got bewildered in an orchard, from which he could not extricate himself in time to save his opportunity.

The chase was finally won by Mr. Bayly, who ran over the ground (4 miles, as before stated) in 18 minutes. He took a course different from that of either of the other horsemen, and we are told that he had fewer leaps to accomplish. Rocket came in second, and Blackberry third. The whole of the other horses arrived at the winning post at greater or less intervals. They were all completely knocked up, and some of them were happy in being able to muster a walk.—*Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*.

THE CRICKETERS.

The Young Cricketer's Tutor, and the Cricketers of my Time. By John Nyren. Collected and Edited by Charles Comden Clarke. London, 1838.

We have been very much delighted with old John Nyren's reminiscences, and have felt the fervour of our field-days glowing in our veins at his animating descriptions of the feats of the Hambledon Club;—the glorious bowling of Lumpy, the admirable batting of Lord Frederick Beauclerc, the independent spirit of the Kentish yeomen, Tom Sueter and Richard Nyren, and the frank, hearty, true English nobility of the Duke of Dorset, the Earl of Tankerville, and other amateurs of the most manly of games.

We strongly recommend to the members of the Warwick and Birmingham clubs, and to all cricketers who can condescend to litigation, to imbibe, if possible, the spirit of the Hambledon. They may labor in vain to match "the exquisite finish," so Nyren expresses it (p. 52) "that distinguished old Small, Aylward, the two Walkers, Beldiham, and Lord F. Beauclerc;" but they may struggle successfully in imitating the heartiness, the candour, the good-humour, the mutual confidence, and the honourable *esprit de corps* which are such strongly-marked traits in the character of the "*Cricketers of my Time*."

The rules of the game appear to us to be those of absolute authority; but there are some which still require revision, and we fear there is not that genuine love of the sport among persons capable of legislating for it which formerly existed. Nyren's instructions for the play will prove of great value to the young cricketer: if he want any thing to fire his ambition, let him read the account of the match played on the 18th of June (a day noted for extraordinary victories), in the year 1777—the Hambledon club against all England. England was in, and at the first innings the Duke of Dorset was bowled out by Brett before he counted; Lumpy got one run, and the bowler settled him as he did Wood, after the like fortune. Veck and Small caught out White and Miller, the former scoring eight, the latter twenty-seven. Brett then bowled out Bowra, who made two runs, and Pattenden, who reached thirty eight. Lord Tankerville caught out Buller after thirteen runs; and Small did the same service to Yalden, who scored six, while Brett (the bowler) caught out Booker when he had made eight; thus, the first innings were 166 for all England. Now mark the superiority of the Hampshire fieldsmen. At the next innings, all England made only sixty-nine runs, and Hambledon went in. Lord Tankerville made three runs, Lear seven, Sueter forty-six, before they were bowled out by Wood, who caught out Francis when he had notched twenty-six. Lumpy bowled out Veck after sixteen, and Nyren after thirty-seven; White caught Small after thirty-three, and Min-

chin caught Aburrow after twenty-two runs. Brett and Byes scored nine and five, and not out; Taylor made thirty-two, and was caught out by Buller, and Aylward notched 167, when Buller bowled him out! There, young gentlemen, aspirants after the honour of the *atoletæ*, 403 at one innings against the best bowling and fielding in all England! Is not that an achievement to warm your hearts? If you would know more, read Nyren. We are obliged to the editor for acquainting us with so agreeable a record; and we set it, as an incitement to excellence, before the eyes of those who prefer battling to backgammon, and bowling to billiards—a green field to a green table-cover, courage to craft, strength and skill to chance, and a sky canopy and the pure air to the poison of gas and the glitter of the gaming-table—in short to all those who would grow up men, live happy lives, and when the game's over—

Their bats would resign, neither troubled nor vex,
And give up their wickets to those who come next.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATIONAL PROVERBS.

There is scarcely anybody free from some peculiarity of habit, either of mind or body, that often renders them ridiculous, and, it may be, sometimes disagreeable.

The latter, fortunately, is not so often the case as the former, and even *that* we ought to endeavour to correct, if we wish to avoid becoming the jest of our friends. Many a trivial peculiarity of this sort, from being indulged in from childhood, has become so firmly rooted as to defy correction at a later period, and when any such is remarked in young people, it becomes no immaterial duty on the part of parents, or those in charge of them, to correct it. How general a tendency there is in children to protrude the tongue when they are using a scissors, and make *it* as well as the scissors cut very extraordinary figures indeed; this ought to be corrected when observed, for the indulgence in any *one* of a such peculiarity may lead to the contraction of worse. I knew a lady who, though agreeable enough in other ways, made herself excessively ridiculous by a habit she indulged in to excess, of shutting her eyes when she spoke to any one, and it was rendered still more comical by her saying at the same time—"I see, I see."

A gentleman told her one day that he had just witnessed in passing through the next street a trial of skill between a kicking horse and a carter, and that the stubbornness of the garron was an over-match for the whip of the driver.

"Oh dear me!" said the lady, "I can't bear to see an animal beaten;" and she kept her eyes shut, as if in support of her attestation to her own tenderness of heart.

"I don't think you are likely," said the gentleman, scarcely suppressing a smile. "But the horse, madam, was so ungovernable."

"Oh! I see, I see," said the lady, and she shut her eyes closer than before.

I happened to know a very affected gentleman once, who had a similar habit, with this difference, that he always was candid enough to say, "I can't see." He was a person much inclined to doubting what most people had not the least doubt about, and in proportion to the universal belief of every body else, his doubts increased. He was very fond of hearing himself expatiate at length on such matters, and one day, elevating his brows and shutting his eyes, he began with—"Well, I confess I cannot see what a great many philosophers have asserted to exist, that ——"

- “It would be exceedingly hard for you, sir,” said a very blunt person who was present. “while you keep your eyes shut.” This put an end to his doubts for that time. I was assured that on one occasion he indulged in the manner described, for such a length of time, that the person to whom he addressed himself stole softly out of the room without the *blind* gentleman perceiving his retreat.

I could give many other comical examples of such sorts of habit; and who is there that could not remember many instances in point? But there is one example of a ridiculous consequence attendant upon such a personal peculiarity that fell under my notice, that induced me to touch upon this subject thus slightly, for the purpose of presenting to my readers something that afforded me much amusement, and which, I hope may conduce to theirs.

There was a certain Mr. Carr, who was a particularly conceited person, and fondly imagined that there were very few ladies who had the felicity to see him, who were not in love with him. This gentleman wore the stiffest stock about town, put on his hat in the most knowing manner, had one arm employed in carrying a cane, and the other in being placed a-kinbo, and walked very much as if he were picking his steps amongst china, or as the saying is, as if he were “treading on eggs.”—His friends, (and none are so likely to make *ill-natured* remarks upon people as *their friends*)—his friends, from the very elastic tread that distinguished him, (for he seemed as if he were hung upon springs) called him *jaunting* CARR—and others, in consequence of his stiff collar forcing him to wriggle his neck about in an extraordinary manner, giving him the appearance of nodding in whatever direction he looked, protested that “Jaunting Carr” was not so appropriate a name for him as “Noddy.”

Mr. Carr, *alias* Jaunting Carr, *alias* Noddy, was very near getting into a serious quarrel one day by giving one of the superfine jerks of his empty head as he passed along a crowded street; for it happened that a more rash than wise cavalier was escorting a lady at the moment that Mr. Carr came into contact with them, and poked out his chin so much like a salutation to the lady, that her fiery escort thought it a piece of impertinence on the part of Mr. Carr, and it was a very ample explanation that saved him from *giving* the gentleman *satisfaction*—that is to say, shooting him the next morning.

But the ridiculous consequence to which I have previously alluded arose from Mr. Carr having strutted one day into an auction-mart where horses were put up for sale, and, from his continual nodding, he was mistaken by the auctioneer for a bidder.

The persons attending the auction, also, in consequence of his giving a nod for every horse that was produced, considered him a *puffer*, and at last an opportunity offered for punishing him in their own way, for such conduct.

After several good animals had been disposed of, a very wretched hack was produced—a most melancholy specimen of horse-flesh—an over-worked jade, without a leg to stand on, and blind into the bargain. The auctioneer commenced,—“What will you allow me to say, gentlemen, for this horse? well, give me a bidding yourselves—say any thing you like for him.”

“Faix we can’t say much for him,” said a horse-dealer who was present, and sometimes did the facetious, hitting off a “good thing,” while he struck a bargain, and indifferently cracking either his joke or his whip.

“What shall I put him up for?” said the auctioneer.

“He had better put him up for the crows,” said the dealer, in an undertone to the bystanders, “for I think they always *bid fair* for such as him.”

"Well, gentlemen!" reiterated the auctioneer, "what will you allow me to say?—any thing to begin?—Five pounds—four pounds,—three pounds—two pounds,—dear me! Two pounds and no bidding.—I never saw a horse going so badly."

"Faix an *he's* not able to go at all," said the dealer.

"Two pounds and no bidding!!!—well, gentlemen, any thing to begin;—one pound!"

Mr. Carr here gave a fanciful jerk to his head. "Thank you, Sir!" said the auctioneer.—"One pound is bid—one pound one—two—three—four—one pound four—going for one pound four—five—six—seven—one pound eight—one pound nine—ten."—Here a dairy-man came to the rescue—he wanted an old hack to use in a cart for drawing grais for his cows, and he was met in the market by a skinner who wanted a horse to hang his skins on—indeed, the horse's own skin was hanging on him, which, perhaps, gave the idea of a purchase to the skinner.—Between these two candidates the price rose to two pounds fifteen, and a *nod* from Mr. Carr got him up to three pounds.

It was now that some of the knowing ones, the facetious horse-dealer among the rest, thought it a good opportunity for putting the "puffer" in for a *bargain*, and they began to bid against Mr. Carr, raising five shillings or so, at a time, and taking care never to give the auctioneer an opportunity of knocking down the lot to them, for whenever he was about to let his hammer fall, another increase of bidding was made, until the nodding worthily relieved them from their responsibility, and, at last, they managed matters so well, and Mr. Carr's nods were put in so opportunely, that the horse was knocked down to him at ten pounds.

He was applied to, on the spot, for the money.

"For what?" said Mr. Carr, nodding at the same time.

"For the horse you bought, sir," was the answer.

"I bought no horse," replied Mr. Carr in wonder.

"Faix he's *hardly* a horse sure enough," said the mischievous wag of a dealer who was one of the many who crowded around to enjoy the joke.

"Oh, sir, excuse me, you are the purchaser of the last lot," said the auctioneer.

"Ay in throth; and I think you'll have a *dead* bargain of him in about a week," said the dealer.

"I insist upon it, I never bid for the horse," said Carr, beginning to be annoyed at the circumstance.

"I appeal to the gentlemen here, sir," said the auctioneer, "they all saw you bidding as well as me."

"True for you, faith," said the waggish dealer, "and I never seen bolder biddin' in my life; and faix it's rare sportin' horse the same horse is, for he's *fit for the hounds*, and nothin' else."

"Why, sir," said Mr. Carr, very indignant, "do you think I would buy such a horse?"

"I declare, sir, I don't wish to pry into any gentleman's intentions. All I know is, that you bid for the horse."

"Why, sir," said Carr, "he can't stand."

"He was the more in need of your support, sir," said the dealer.

"Look at his legs, sir," said the indignant buyer—"he's all puffed."

"Throth you may say that," said the little dealer—"he's *puffed* sure enough."

"All I know is that you bought him, sir," said the auctioneer, "and I'll thank you for a deposit."

• “I’ll not submit to it,” said Carr, with a fierce nod. “I never bid for the horse. What would I want of such a horse? Why he’s blind as well as lame.”

“An’ well for the poor craythur he is,” said the droll dealer, “for if he could see he’d be ashamed of himself.”

“Every one gives it against you, sir,” said the auctioneer.—“You certainly bid for the horse, and I must be paid. I am answerable for the money.”

The end of it was, Mr. Carr, with a great deal of grumbling and wry faces, was obliged to pay for the horse, that so many were willing to bear witness he had bid for. “Fut, by all that’s sacred,” said he, “I never opened my mouth to bid for the horse—I never said a word during the auction.”

“No, Sir,” said the auctioneer, “but you nodded to me, and every one knows that when a gentleman nods at the auctioneer it is universally understood to imply a bidding.”

“To be sure it is,” said the horse-dealer, laughing, “and besides Sir,” added he, grinning at the disconsolate purchaser, “you know there’s a good awld saying that

A nod is as good as a wink for a blind horse.”

THE ARAB SULKY.

*With a comparison between Arabs of the past and Arabs of the present time.**

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Tongue and buckle must meet now, for you have brought the Sporting Drag through the July stage, notwithstanding the hot weather, like a second Jack Peer; and I have no doubt you will keep equally good time in the August one,* from what appears already booked. You did right to give that saucy nag 'Briton' a little *double thinking* for biting at his partner; for the *tits* should not quarrel, but toddle away kindly together, and then the passengers are pleased, and the *Dragsman's* seat on the *bench* is a pleasant situation enough. I am glad you find it so much so, and that the *team* works so much to your satisfaction. That *smart lad*, your *horsekeeper* Nim, has, I observe, put me at wheel with that good free goer O. K., and I must therefore step out at best pace, to keep up my side of the coach. So now for the long trot. 'All right?' 'Aye! aye!'—Let go then and take care of yourselves.'

In my letter in the June number, I promised to give an account of the Arab Sulky, afterwards *The Cole Arabian*. No Arab was so famed as he was in 'olden times' and *golden times*, and justly so. But the *March of Training* has since progressed so much, that horses now are brought to the post much more fit to run than they used to be, which is half the battle. The old system of ploughing the race courses also, instead of leaving them in turf, could not fail to tell much against good timing; and in riding waiting races, I have had the clods pelting me like a hail storm. The following anecdote will show the difference between running on a ploughed course and turf. At the Barrackpore meeting, in December 1812, my late friend, the owner of the *Maid of all Work* (for I grieve to observe, in the late accounts from home, that his race is run) matched an Arab named *Shamrock*, against another named *Bishop Bluze*, once round the course, give and take weights. *Shamrock's* 9st. 9lb. 8oz. against the *Bishop's* 8st. 10lb. 8oz. was reckoned more than he could give him, and even his owner did not like the match; but his friend, the father of the turf, the late Mr. Yeats, (who though about eighty years old, was still up to more, than any young one among them; and in the days of Jennison Shafts, and other knowing old coves, had run horses, on almost every Race Course in England) bethought him of a *small stratagee* to save the race out of the fire. The old gentleman, the evening before, walked quietly away to the

* Our correspondent's anticipations have been realized. This is the first of November—and here we are "shewing" at the call of "time."—Ed.

turn in of the course, taking with him the Colonel, and his jockey James Edwards, and pointed, with his gold headed cane, the spot and the direction to go off the course, on the outside, and run down to the distance post on the turf. It entirely succeeded; *Shamrock* at coming round the turn, was several lengths behind, apparently dead beat, when he went off, and every one called out 'He has bolted'—but poor James set to at him, when he got on the turf, and to the utter astonishment of that clever jockey Pilcher, who was pelting away on the *Bishop*, through the heavy ground, passed him like a shot, and came in at the distance post where, as they were again on even terms, the *Bishop* began to make up his lost ground, and they ran in a very severe race, *Shamrock* winning by little more than a length, and clearly proving the advantage of *Turf over Plough*.

Sulky's performances may have been equalled, and may be so again, for you know 'There are as good fish in the sea, as ever came out of it;' but I do not think that, considering such disadvantages, they have been, or ever will be surpassed, by any Arab, particularly by a galloway, which *Sulky* was. 'So is Sir Launcelet Goble,' you will say; '*Talk you of young Master Launcelet?*'—a right good one he proved himself, at the last Madras Spring Meeting, by winning a second heat, two miles, with 8st. 3 in 3ms. 5½sds.; but he has not been tried at high weights yet. 'So was *Pyramus* then,' I think I hear you exclaim, 'for *Pyramus* is a sweet faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*' and a very good card too, for *Pyramus* carried 9st. 7lb. two miles, winning with ease in 4ms. 1sd. both in a second, and in a third heat. A great performance; and his carrying 8st 7lb. one mile, five furlongs, and one hundred and ninety yards, in 3ms 22sds. was a still greater; but *Sulky* carried 9st. three miles and one furlong, in 6ms. 25sds. and 9st 12lb. one mile, six furlongs, and twelve yards in 3ms. 31sds winning each race with the greatest ease, over a ploughed course. It is the weight that brings all of them together: think of that, Master Editor!

I have heard various accounts of *Sulky's* origin. The account given of him, in the *English Sporting Magazine*, for December 1818, is 'that he was formerly a pack horse in Arabia, and sent from Bussorah, with several others, to Bombay, where his speed was soon discovered.' I have also heard, that he was first noticed there by a good sportsman, Colonel Scott, who purchased him from a young officer, who used him as a common riding horse. The late General Gillespie too, related in my hearing, that when he was with the wandering Arabs, a horse of great note among them, that had frequently run with success in their races, (for they run their horses, tribe against tribe) was stolen, and traced to a ship, that had sailed from Bussorah for Bombay; and that his description so entirely corresponded with *Sulky's* appearance and marks, both of which were very peculiar, that he believed him to be the horse. I took a note of the conversation at the time, being much struck with the circumstance. Lastly, a

gentleman, who was formerly resident at Bushire, informed me that he purchased *Sulky* at Kuteef, when little more than a year old, and that he sent him to race, when rising four, to Colonel McClintock at Bombay. The inhabitants of the desert, he told me, come yearly to the sea port town of Kuteef to purchase supplies; to pay for which they bring a number of yearling colts for sale, and he declared that they were the best horses he had been able to obtain, and no wonder for they in fact were the true Arabs of the desert, and which, even in the absence of other evidence, there is every reason to believe *Sulky* was, both from his appearance and his performances.

I have no account of *Sulky's* running at Bombay, but I believe he was successful in every engagement but one, and I think it was an English horse that beat him. But on this point I write with much uncertainty; and I wish some of your Bombay friends would enlighten us. I am sure my old friend the Secretary will do so, if he possess any record of it, and give us the rest of *Sulky's* performances there too, which I believe were extraordinary. The owner of the *Maid of all Work* and of *Shamrock* was at Bombay then, and lost a large sum on *Sulky*. It used to be a sore subject with him, and he always thought that he ought to have won; but another friend of mine, an officer of high rank in the Madras service, who saw the race, assured me that all was right. *Sulky* may not have been *well to run* however, and this may happen to the best of horses.

He was brought round to Bengal, in 1809, and was the property of the late Mr. Ravenscroft, who also had the famous horse *Mercury*, that had then never been beat, and of whom I extract the following notice, from the *Bombay Sporting Magazine* No. 5, page 61:—'The Madras horse, *Mercury*, is another old horse, whose performances were excellent. He ran 3 miles in 5ms. 58sds. with 9st. and distanced some of the best horses of the day in that race.' I was informed by the late Mr Oakeley, that *Sulky* and *Mercury* ran a trial, twice round the Akra course, carrying 8st. 7lb. each, neck and neck the whole way—or, as he described it, like a pair of curriole horses (which *Mercury* once was) and this was confirmed to me, by the late Malachi Lyons, who rode *Sulky* in the trial, and in all his races in Bengal.

At the Akra meeting, in December 1809, *Sulky* won a sweepstakes of 50 gold-mohurs each, for Arabs 9st.; twice round (3 miles and 220 yards,) nearly distancing *Odds Bobbs*, who never had been beat before, *Mercury*, who broke down, and *John Bull*, a capital Bombay horse. *Sulky* took the lead, was never headed, and won with the greatest ease in 6. 25. Three days after this, he beat with the greatest ease the Arab horse *Patriot*, 8st. 5lb. each, twice round the course. The first round was run in 3. 6. and the whole in 6. 36. At the Barrackpore meeting, in January 1810, *Sulky*, aged, won in a canter, a plate of 50 gold-mohurs for Arabs, two years old 6st., three 8st., four 8st. 9lb., five 9st. 1lb., six 9st. 5lb., and aged 9st. 7lb..

Heats, round the course, beating *Pumpkin* 5 years old, *Odds Bobbs* 6 years old, and *Patriot* 5 years old; and at the same meeting, carrying 9st. 3lb., he ran a dead heat with *Antelope*, a first rate Arab, carrying 8st. 7lb., twice round the course, but lost the race, from his rider coming in a pound short of weight. *Antelope* took the lead, about four lengths, for two miles, when *Sulky* made a push to recover his ground, which he succeeded in doing, but soon after lost a length. At the bottom they were neck and neck, and from the last turn both at the whip. I regret that I cannot find the time they ran in, for it must have been very good. At the Barrackpore meeting, in March 1810, *Sulky*, carrying 9st. 12lb., won a handicap sweepstakes, once round the course, (1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 12 yards,) beating with the greatest ease, in 3. 31 the following Arabs:—*Teague* 7st. 3lb., *Regulus* 8st. 8lb., *Worthy* 7st. 5lb., and *Pickle* 9st; and the account of him in the English Sporting Magazine says, that he then challenged all India, giving a stone at 7st. 7lb., or 8st. once round the Barrackpore course. He was not taken up, and did not run again in Bengal.

Sulky was then purchased, by a particular friend of mine, for the Hon'ble Arthur Cole, and shipped for Madras *on the sly*; and the time of doing so was a Sunday, during church time; but Jack Clermont, a well-known stable keeper, then happened not to be devoutly inclined, and being at the river side, saw them doing what they ought not to have done on that day; and very good naturedly *blew the business*—so a whisper was conveyed on board the ship, that *Sulky* was there. On its arrival at Madras, a sportsman on that turf, who had, I believe, given a challenge to any horse at Madras, with an English horse named *Trumpeter*, having won the Ladies' purse in first rate style with him that year, was paying a morning visit at a house in which one of the lady passengers was, and she, by way of news, said that they had on board a passenger of great celebrity,—no less a personage than the famous horse *Sulky*. "I am very much obliged to you for this information, Madam," said the gentleman, "I had nearly been in a nice scrape;"—and away he went, and said very little about *Trumpeter* after that.

Sulky, however, like *Pyramus*, (and it will be the fate of every Arab that tries it,) was destined to defeat by a good English horse; not *Trumpeter* however, but *Sir Solomon*, a very good, though very vicious one, whom only one man could ride, and who would obey no law but club law, administered by belabouring him over the head with a club, whenever he began his nonsense. I have no account of this race, or of any of *Sulky's* performances at Madras, up to the Bangalore September Meeting in 1812, but I hope some of our Madras friends will favor us with them, for I believe no Arab had any chance with him. At that meeting he made his last appearance on the Turf, and won the Bangalore Turf Bowl, value £150, for all horses, carrying 8st. 4lb., one three mile heat, beating *Gentleman* and

Plebeian; the first of whom was formerly the noted Bombay horse • *Cotton-bale*, and the other was equally noted as the Bombay *Pickle*. *Sulky* took the lead at starting; *Plebeian* endeavoured to rate with him, but it would not do; *Gentleman* lay by, until the end of the first mile, when he passed *Plebeian*, and lay within two lengths of *Sulky*. *Sulky* gradually, while going at his rate, gained ground on his opponents, while *Plebeian* lost way in the same proportion; *Sulky* won in hand, running the course in 6. 14, *Gentleman* about five or six lengths at his rear, and *Plebeian* more than double that distance. *Gentleman* showed himself a very superior horse; he ran in high style, and did not belie his reputation. The next day *Sulky* walked over the course for the Sulky Cup, for all Arab and Country-bred horses, carrying 8st. 7 lbs. each, one 2-mile heat, and having to carry 3 lbs. extra, for winning the bowl. This was the last time of his starting; and at a dinner at the close of the meeting, on Lieut.-Col. MacDowell's health, the Father of the Turf, being given by the Hon. A. H. Cole, and which was drank with three times three, he returned thanks, and drank "Sulky's safe and speedy arrival in Ireland;" where he did arrive soon after, and both there and in England went by the name of the *Cole Arabian*.

Through the kindness of a friend I have obtained a likeness of him, which formerly belonged to the gentleman who sent him from Bengal to Madras, and which was pronounced by him to be perfect; and I send it to you in hopes that you will give us an outline engraving of it, particularly as I have always heard those who knew *Sulky* declare, that the one in the English Sporting Magazine was not in the least like him. The account of him in it also states that he obtained his name from his sulky and vicious disposition; but though he was a bad tempered horse in the stable, I have always heard that he was a willing, honest, and kind horse on a race course. Indeed all his running proves this, particularly the race, when he was punished so severely, in running the dead heat with *Antelope*. His colour was a golden chesnut, with a blaze on his face, and white legs. May your engraver succeed in preserving his likeness, and may his name be preserved by

Your's very faithfully,

September, 1833.

PICKLE.

THE RULES OF RACING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Sir.—I am glad to observe that the rules of the several race courses are now published with a list of *the races to come*, and that with some very trifling exceptions, those in Bengal nearly assimilate; and are chiefly headed - ‘The general rules of racing as laid down in the Racing Calendar to be applicable.’ This is a great advantage to all concerned and has long been a desideratum. Men, who feel inclined to enjoy the sports of the turf, and I, for one, consider them not only innocent when kept within the bounds of moderation, which is most generally the case at the Provincial meetings in India, but also that they are conducive to health, may easily obtain a sight of an English Racing Calendar, by which they will learn to be prepared to act in conformity to the regulations made for the game they play. Another result, arising from our rules being based upon those of the land of all lands;—the glory is that it will tend to guide those gentlemen, who kindly act as stewards, in forming their decisions, on cases that may arise where they may be, and certainly often are, unacquainted both with the existing rules and the adjudged cases applicable to most points that cause dispute. The rules and orders of the English Jockey Club, are binding on those who engage in racing at New-market, and recommended for adoption at other races. The high sanction of an English Court of Justice lately confirmed a decision of the Jockey Club. In September 1830, for the Guy stakes at Warwick of fifty sovereigns each, thirty-one subscribers, Mr. Beardsworth, br. c. *Birmingham*, by *Filho*, came in first, Sir M. Wood’s b. c. *Cetus* second. The owner of *Cetus* claimed the stakes, on the ground, that the subscriber, in whose name *Birmingham* was originally entered, had not paid all his arrears of forfeits. The question was referred, by the Stewards of the races to the Stewards of the Jockey Club,* who decided that *Cetus* was entitled to the stakes. On this decision being published, Sir M. Wood applied to the stakeholder for the amount; he however, probably from some apprehension of the responsibility attached to parting with so large a sum as £600, when there was another claimant, refused to pay Sir Mark the amount. The consequence was an action brought by Sir Mark against Mr. Atkins the stakeholder. The case was tried at Warwick assizes before the Lord Chief Justice. The plaintiff’s Council, Mr. Serjeant Goulburn, took occasion to refer to a case, reported in the volume of the Racing Calendar for 1810, in which the Court held a decision of the Jockey Club, on a question of this kind binding. This reference caused some laughter increased by the presiding Judge mentioning that Sir James Mansfield, the then Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was a subscriber.

* A proof that stewards in England do not consider their judgment infallible, denying any appeal to other authority than their own dictum.

Mr. Clark for the defendant, endeavoured to impress on the minds of the jury, that they had nothing to do with the rules or decision of the Jockey Club, (neither Mr. Beardsworth nor Mr. Mytton, in whose name *Miss Craigie*, the dam of *Birmingham*, was entered, being members of that Club) asking why should the rules of that club be allowed to govern *all the races of the country*, and supersede the established law of the *land*, and the law of common sense?—further arguing there was no complaint of unfairness on the part of Mr. Beardsworth;—that the jury ought not to trouble their heads about any *absurd regulations* of the Jockey Club, and that Sir M. Wood should have made his objection, if he thought it valid, before the horses started*. The jury, however, having retired for some time, returned with a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £600.

On looking over the numerous '*Races to Come*' for the ensuing season, I notice many plates for horses intended to carry certain weight according to their standard of height: some of these are denominated *give and take*, others *weight for inches*, and at Delhi, in the first race on the second day, these terms are blended. There is however a material difference; *give and take* is what in England was formerly termed a *Whim Plate*, and *weight for inches* what was at the same time, and in England termed *Give and Take*. A reference to the *rules of horse-racing in general*, published in the English racing calendar for 1825, explains the then accepted terms of *Give and Take Plates* and *Whim Plates*;—but on referring to the English Racing Calendar for 1826, and subsequent years, we find no mention of a *Whim Plate*, but the former mode of weighting a horse for it, applied to *Give and Take Plates* which is thus explained—'fourteen hands to carry stated weights according to age, all above, or under, to carry extra, or to be allowed the proportion of 7lb. to an inch.' This rule is not so clearly expressed, as is usual with the rules of the English Jockey Club; for it is evident from the concluding part of the rule, that it is not confined to any particular height, which the commencement would otherwise lead us to suppose. The words 'fourteen hands,' I think should follow the words 'above or under,' and the term *a horse* used instead of 'fourteen hands.' It would then stand thus:—*a horse to carry stated weights according to age, all above or under fourteen hands, to carry extra, or to be allowed the proportion of 7lb. to an inch.* And I consider it would be very desirable, in order to prevent disputes, if the distinction of terms, *give and take* and *weight for inches*, be maintained with us. The former, brings horses of nearly the same standard of height when of different ages, nearer together than the latter.

From reading some of the races past at Bombay, Mhow, Poonah, &c. I incline to think they run weight for age and inches upon the

* An objection made before starting obliges the owner of the horse objected to, to prove his qualification; after running, the onus probandi falls on the objector. Rule LVIII.

plan I have described for 'give and take,' except that they make an allowance of 7lb. for each year, as well as 7lb. for each inch, as the terms, 14 hands and aged, to carry 9 stone, would imply. Now 7lb. is too much to allow between a five and a six year old, and six and aged, if aged, as is sometimes the case, be 7 and upwards, and too little between a three and four year old.

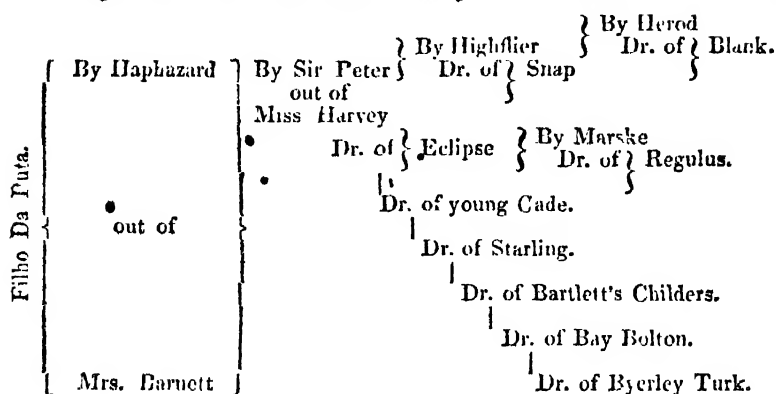
In a letter, which your readers curious on this subject may refer to, signed *Alfred Highflyer*, in the *English Sporting Magazine* for November 1827, will be found a description of a stone, six feet four inches long and three feet broad, on which were two lines, five feet distant from each other, the space allowed between the horses fore and hind feet; the length of each line, two feet: the space allowed, as the distance between the feet. This stone *Alfred Highflyer* discovered near the grand stand at York. He gives an account of the trials practised to make a horse shrink when touched on the withers, and says "a Give and Take Plate, a system of racing for which horses carried a certain weight according to their height and age, was some years ago very popular on the turf though now nearly forgotten."

In your number for July, is a letter signed *Tam*, dated Central India, 14th June, urging me, in honied words (who alas! is proof against them?) to write on the subject of horses and breeding; I shall with pleasure contribute my stock of information on the subject *Tam* touches upon. Indeed your note to *Old Briton's* letter will act as an encouragement to the communication of opinions from many who might otherwise have been deterred, if harsh terms of criticism were admitted by you. The subject on feeding I consider a very interesting one: In one point I have anticipated *Tam's* call; In a letter already sent to you I spoke of ventilation, and the indiscriminate quantity of hay, or, as in this country is more generally given, grass; but as my letters have lately been lengthy, I will reserve what I have to say for a future number, and will close this by noticing an error into which *Tam* has fallen, when he states the dam of *Pilho da Pata* to be only three quarters bred. *Tam* will see by the annexed pedigree that *Pilho's* blood is perfectly pure, both on the side of dam and sire, and that the former has what in England is termed a great deal of foreign blood, Arab and Barb, which I am still partial to.

I am Sir, your's truly,

O. K.

Sept. 19, 1833.

Pedigree of Filho da Puta, bred by Sir W. Maxwell in 1812.

A
 Daughter of { Waxy } By Pot So's
 { } { out of }
 { } { Maria, Herod, Snap, Godolphin, Arabian Y. Bel-
 grade, Bartlett's Childers. }

Grand daughter of { Woodpecker } By Herod
 { } { out of }
 { } { Miss Ramsden, Old Cade, Lord Lonsdale's
 Bay Arabian, Bay Bolton,
 Darby Arabian, Byerley Turk
 Place's White Turk, Tuf-
 fold Barb, Natural Barb
 mare. }

G. G. Dr. of { Squirrel } By Traveller
 { } { out of }
 { } { G. Bloody Buttocks, Bloody Buttocks, Greyhound,
 Makeless, Blimmer, Place's White
 Turk, Dedsworth. }

G. G. G. Dr. of { Blank } By Godolphin
 { } { out of }
 { } { Little Hartley mare, Bartlett's Childers, Flying Whig,
 Woodstock Arabian, St. Victor
 Barb. }

G. G. G. G. Dr. of { Cullen Arabian. }

G. G. G. G. Dr. of { Partner } By Jig out of Sister to Mixbury, Curwen's
 { } { bay Barb. }

G. G. G. G. G. Dr. of { Greyhound—a Barb. }

G. G. G. G. G. G. Dr. of Curwen's Bay Barb.

ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF PURGATIVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR SIR,—When animals are removed from a state of nature, and placed under the dominion of man, they become, it is believed, more susceptible of disease, the removal of which is not only a moral, but an imperative duty; besides we feel sensible it is to our interest, for the sake of their services, and the hope of gain, that frequently induce us to turn over the leaves of the *Materia Medica*, with the expectation of finding a *specific* for every complaint; but should it not be found in those pages, the library is visited, and perhaps in a dusty corner may be seen "*Old Taptin*," *Osmer*, *Hinds*, *John Lawrence*, *Blaine*, and *Perrivall*:—they are carried to the stable, and with a chosen few, the select conclave commence to examine (rather minutely too) into the case of the generous but unfortunate animal.

Something will now be done, but hit or miss may be all the same, as long as his stomach is drenched with *turpentine*, *linseed oil*, *cantharides*, and *pepper*; and should such auxiliaries tend to help him over the way of all flesh, they have the consolation of believing "*that every thing was done for him, and if he dies it can't be helped, for it was a desperate case*." This reminds me of a circumstance that happened some few years ago at Keitah.—A thousand rupee horse, fresh and sound, purchased at the Ghazeepore Stud, was repaid, after a long march, with a dose of physic: on the following morning it had not taken a proper effect, therefore it WAS DEEMED A MOST PRUDENT ACT TO ADMINISTER ANOTHER!! The horse had not swallowed the extra "*Jimmy go nimble*" many hours before the first began to operate!! Super-purgation came on;—the *khitmutgars* were now on the alert making *congee paanee*, and at the recommendation of a disciple of *Æsculapius*, a starch "*LAVEMENT*" (*that is the fashionable term in our days*) was given. The rag by this time had the ROYALS; and as night approached, a glimmering light in the first Troop stable, with the usual attendants on occasions of vital importance, "*told the melancholy tale*." "*Well*," said a long good-looking Cornet, (6 feet 3 inches) "*I think he will kick*." "*Nonsense*," replied (the owner) a gloomy diminutive Lieutenant, "*I hope not, for he was only purchased a few weeks ago, and the devil of it is, should he REALLY die, I shall have deducted from my "tullup" 200 rupees a month for five months, commencing with the next issue of pay; with the melancholy fact of never having crossed him*." As he expressed *most feelingly* these last words, a suppressed titter ran through the assembly of sympathizing friends. "*Well*," added young *Æsculapius*, "*have you any veterinary authors in the book-case, for I confess that my knowledge, my dear fellow, in veterinary matters, is too limited to advise any particular mode of treatment?*" At this juncture, the horse kicks his belly,—cocks his tail,—legs cold,—breaks out in a sweat,—rolls over on his back,—up and down again—nostrils expanded—marked distress of countenance—his very thighs excoriated by the watery

evacuations which now pass involuntarily from him,—he looks round to his sides, when a servant is despatched with a pencil note for Vol. 1, 2, and 3 of White's Farriery, but before the stimulating and certain death-like ingredients were prepared, nature could no longer support the tottering frame, painful convulsions closed the tragic scene, and then followed "*Who would have thought it!*"

Thousands and thousands of horses have been killed by the improper administration of strong purgatives. To this day improvement is studiously resisted, and the practice appears not to have diminished; for ignorance or prejudice, with its companion *obstinacy*, are the greatest enemies that ever entered the stable door. Let me, through the pages of the *Bengal Sporting Magazine*, convey a gentle hint to our sporting friends, to be aware, and well examine, what is termed "*a purging ball*." Cheap remedies, from their innocent effects, are sometimes attended with benefit; but when a man pays from *three to six rupees* for a purgative, (I believe) he does not expect it should be composed of the Croton Tiglium, *flour in order to swell its size*, and a *WATERY SOLUTION OF ALOES*, to SECURE DECEPTION by IMPARTING to it THE ALOETIC SMELL. The Croton seeds (and they are generally used before the oil has been extracted,) as a medicine, under *certain circumstances*, is all very well; still I must protest against substituting it (because it is cheap in this country) for aloes. My strenuous efforts, although perhaps unavailing, shall be, to expose the abuse of it; and it is an incumbent duty, I conceive, we owe towards the liberal-minded sportsman, that in the pages of the *Bengal Sporting Magazine* the practise should be recorded as a breach of *honor and justice*. This brings to memory "*The Horse Drawer*"—but for the information of the *uninitiated*, perhaps it may be necessary to explain. In the wholesale and retail drug shops in England there would be great *waste* without so appropriate a convenience. After powdering and getting the best of linseed, aniseed, ginger, and liquorice root, the refuse, with the daily and annual sweepings of the counter, are all put into one receptacle, the contents of which are then powdered and sifted through a coarse sieve. A little treacle and water, with that *nice and valuable* scent, *oil of aniseed*, are introduced, and the trash retailed in one or two ounce balls at 4½d or 6d each, under the imposing head "*Fine fresh Cordial Balls for Horses sold here*;" but the conscience is saved, for "*any thing will do for a horse*."

It is almost impossible to lay down general rules for physicking horses without some saving clause: therefore the practised and judicious eye will discriminate and not apply one particular rule to individual cases. But every tyro with a new pair of top-boots and breeches, considers himself perfectly *au fait* to carry a horse (speaking in the language of the stable) through his three doses of physic,—"the first being intended to stir up the humours, the second to set them afloat, and the third to carry them off." The horse now gets a rattling dose, excessive purging is produced, and we frequently observe in the *fæces* a white stringy kind of substance. (This has been

taken for FOULNESS, and nothing erroneously supposed could be better to clear him out than the exhibition of this violent purge.) "Oh!" says this SAPIENT chap, (*puffing and blowing like a blacksmith's bellows.*) "It is the melting down of the fat of his body, and the phycic is carrying it off. Gi' um another bucket of water, Dick, and whilst I gets my dinner, do ye see, trot um about for half a hour more—Lord, Lord, how foul his entrails be!"

What is all this but inflammation of the mucous membrane of the intestines?

The poor animal, after taking this farewell trot, is put into the stable; the watery evacuations pass now in quick succession—his breathing is much disturbed—he breaks out in a cold clammy sweat,—spots of perspiration hang *heavily* on his eyelids—and as he moves in the stall his strength entirely fails him—he lies down—looks miserably dejected towards his sides; and in this state, brutality and ignorance help to increase his sufferings. Alarm in the mind of the man is excited, but instead of confessing his inability to afford relief, he proceeds with all expedition to inflict additional torture by "a warm comfortable drink," composed of oil of juniper, gin, ginger beer, and the yolks of eggs. This increases the already over stimulated intestines, death happily steps in, the curtain falls, and in stable phraseology, "*he were lost in his phycic.*"

To deny that phycic is useful, would be at once highly preposterous, for horses cannot be brought to that state of perfect condition without having recourse to medicine. A mild dose of phycic, properly prepared, stimulates defective digestion, increases the secretions of the liver and alimentary canal, restores the appetite, and, in fact, when administered in a rational way, acts like a tonic on the animal spirits. Abernethy's words are very applicable to the subject—"Don't bully the organs into health."

In thin, light carcased, lank-sided horses, violent purging frequently ruins the constitution, and it is seldom the most judicious treatment afterwards will recover the natural tone of the bowels, therefore it ought to be seriously guarded against.

We must, however, not fail to attend to the constitution and temper of the horse we wish to purge, for some will take and receive benefit by it, whilst in others it would be highly pernicious. We cannot do better than quote NIMROD "On the Condition of Hunters." It is no vague assertion, but proof positive:—

"There is another stumbling block too often in the way of my brother sportsmen in their stables,—and that is, they do not regard the constitutional peculiarities of their horses, but are too apt to prepare them all alike; whereas a wide difference exists in the treatment of them. To prove this we must go to the racing stables. Lord Foley's *Ospray* by *Eagle*, out of *Miss Percy*, (sister to *Chippendale*), by *Trumpeter* would neither take a dose of phycic, nor stand training in any way, yet when taken out of his paddock he could beat half the horses at Newmarket for half a mile. Lord Oxford's *Victoria* was obliged to be physicked after every race she

ran, and in one instance (well known to country trainers), worked it off on the road from one country race to another, but winning at both places.' He goes on to say that a Major Pigott, the owner of *York* and *Mantidonnun* told him that *one horse* had *three* doses of physic in the same space of time that the other had seventeen.

In *Victoria's* case, here is good proof of the beneficial effect of medicine judiciously administered; it improved the wind, emptied the bowels, cooled the system, and at the same time prevented her throwing up superfluous flesh, which must have been reduced perhaps at the expense of her legs,—a consideration so important and seldom lost sight of by trainers.

Prosody, by *Don Cossack*, one of the best and most successful Plate mares of her day, and *Victorine* by *Haphazard*, may both be classed with *Victoria*; they were both *well doing* mares, and to keep them going, they required frequently, and more especially, if they had any distance to go, a mild dose of physic. That it must have cleared the lungs, there cannot be a doubt, I imagine, for both *Prosody* and *Victorine* were celebrated for running heats, and the former was a 'rioler' welter. The good effects of physic in such cases cannot for a moment be doubted; besides, it is really astonishing how horses at home are brought to the post, and made to win almost upon 'three legs.'

When a horse in training gets amiss in one of his legs either from the load of sweaters, or going too much the pace, which is frequently the case from the boy letting his head go, the losses to the owner may be serious, if he is incapable of performing his engagements; therefore of two evils we must choose the least, and physic in such cases is our principal dependence.

We must now travel out of the veterinary medical road, for were we to remain in it, the recommendation would be ('with an easy flow of slack jaw')—'He must have rest and bran mashies. I would advise both local and general bleeding—a dose of laxative medicine, and as he is in *high condition*, he is more *susceptible of inflammation*, therefore he had better lose four or six quarts of blood from the neck. The leg must be kept constantly wet with a mixture I shall send.' (Mum, *Mr. Editor*, *only a little extract of Coulard, spirits of wine, and AQUA PURA.*) Now this is, I conceive, the judicious and professional way of treating a screwed leg, but that plan will not *exactly* do in the racing stable; although we are well aware to enable us to bring him to the post, we must allay the inflammation this cursed injury has caused; besides we have another ugly thing before our eyes—REST and HIGH KEEP *will put up flesh surprizingly FAST*, and to reduce it (without the assistance of physic) would be at the expense of this unfortunate leg; therefore, in such a case, our only hopes are in fomentations, spirit lotions, with repeated MODERATE doses of PHYSIC upon PHYSIC. By employing these remedies, we expect to attain our object, in reducing inflammation, and at the same time prevent an *accumulation of flesh*. When the leg becomes cool, and the horse free from lameness, we give him his gallops, and then physic again

to keep him *going* until his match or engagements are at an end; after which, pray *let the Vet. alone*, for he knows how to set him firm on his timbers—the actual cautery no doubt will be employed—but take care how you train him the succeeding year. Be satisfied to run *only* for public money (for it is dangerous to match such a horse), and after his racing career is at an end, endeavour to procure him an honorable and pleasant birth in the stud for improving the breed of horses, belonging to our worthy masters; but should your expectations in this respect be not realized, *pause* before you part with him, but *NEVER allow*, ONCE the object of your *tender care*, to drag out a life of misery, pain, disease, and starvation.

I fear, my dear Editor, this rattling unconnected epistle will puzzle even INDOPHILUS himself; therefore, dreading your displeasure, *I shall add a little more physic to the dose*. In horse practice, a preference is generally given to Barbadoes aloes; they are more certain in their operation, which is of great importance for race horses, and when pressed for time, a failure is indeed a sad nuisance, independent of the serious inconvenience and probable loss to the owner. Blaine writes—‘Much difference of opinion exists as to the preference due to the various kinds of aloes, nor can we ever arrive at a just conclusion on this head, until we unite a conclave of *honest* druggists both wholesale and retail, from whom alone might be procured something like a knowledge of the various sorts *undulterated*; and until we are better informed of the original state of these articles, or until we can get them of real purity, our written accounts can be little depended on; for, if I be not mistaken, they are *mixed* and *remixed* to suit the convenience of the *dealer*, and *named* and *renamed* to suit the wants of the purchaser.’

When we are made to pay at the rate of twelve sicca rupees per pound, exclusive of dawk banghy, tin case, packing, &c. &c. that price alone entitles us to expect the genuine Barbadoes aloes, but of late years eight rupees per pound is the charge, and this gives the druggist, a very handsome profit. In England you seldom pay more than six shillings or seven shillings per pound for the best Barbadoes aloes. I think it would be a capital plan for eight or ten sporting characters, with large and valuable studs, to club together, and get a good supply from England; they would find it a great saving in these hard times; and I may almost venture to add, the average cost, including freight, &c. would not be more than seven shillings and six pence per pound. They should be purchased from a respectable wholesale house, and by ‘*forking out the blunt*,’ so much per cent. will be taken off, and the article rendered comparatively cheap on its arrival in India. To ‘*country gentlemen*’ this hint may not altogether be thrown away, for, in running my eye over the Racing Calendar, I think it *would not be very difficult* to select twenty good fellows, who *may not feel* inclined to oppose the proposition.

Yours very faithfully,

THE CASE OF THE EMPTY BOTTLES.

The following case was found, in short hand, among the papers of a late eminent Barrister. The decypherer has, with much difficulty, converted it into familiar characters. It is to be lamented that there is nothing in the body of the report which permits the decypherer to say decidedly when, where, or in what court, this important cause was tried. So much is evident, however, that it was a court of limited jurisdiction, unembarrassed by juries. From some hints interspersed through the case, as well as from the antiquity of the original M. S. which is much worm eaten, it is suspected that the court must have been one of those established in America previously to the unnatural rebellion of our colonists; who did not sufficiently appreciate the blessings they enjoyed under our government, or the excellence of the judicial establishments by which those blessings were secured to them.

This report is supposed to contain some principles of law and points of practice not generally known even amongst the oldest practitioners: it is published, therefore, for the benefit of the profession at large, and as it may give the student some useful hints respecting the mode in which the administration of justice was conducted in some of our foreign settlements, it is particularly recommended to the attention of those who mean to practise English Law in the East or West Indies.

A CASE.

GOLDING *versus* LAUGHTON.

This was an action of trover, to which a former judgment was pleaded in bar.

The plaintiff's case was stated to the court, in a very able and eloquent address, by Mr. Chatterton. He commenced by solemnly calling the attention of their lordships to the case now before them as one that embraced in it some questions of high moment to public justice, and of very considerable importance to the commercial interests of the country. He assured their lordships that his client's motives in bringing the present action were, in the highest degree, patriotic, and he would almost venture to say disinterested;—that interest alone excepted, which, as a worthy citizen and a man of public spirit, he naturally felt, in common with every other lover of justice, and all honest members of the society in which he lived. It was an action brought to ward off a blow which had been levelled at the very vitals of trade, the pride, and, if he might be allowed the expression, the palladium of our country. In short, it was an action of trover for three dozens of empty bottles.

His client was well known and universally respected as a gentleman of great abilities and of extensive credit in the commercial world. He had for many years carried on an extensive trade in, and with, various parts of the globe, to a very large amount indeed, as he under-

stood; and with great credit and advantage to himself, as well as satisfaction to all who had any dealings with him. That among other articles, he dealt pretty largely in bottled ale, a species of commodity so well known that he presumed it was altogether unnecessary to describe it more minutely. Ale, at least, he was certain, was well known: whether, indeed, it had been much the practice in England to bottle it, he could not, from his own recollection, with safety say; but that in Ireland, when he practised in, and was in the habit of attending, the four courts of Dublin, instances of it came daily under his observation. Nothing, indeed, was there commoner than bottled ale.

He stated that Mr. Laughton, the defendant, had purchased from his client three dozens of bottled ale and that afterwards, in an action of *assumpsit* on account of goods sold and delivered, the plaintiff received, amongst other things, the price of the ale from the defendant;—for there were various dealings between the parties besides that of the bottled ale.

He begged to remind their lordships of that great and important Code of Rational Law which is so highly and justly revered, as well by the legislature as by those entrusted with the administration of justice in every commercial state,—the custom of merchants:—that wholesome and liberal interpretation of the law, which, by the unanimous suffrage of all enlightened persons, had been approved and permitted to regulate the transactions between merchants and all mankind:—that inimitable system of commercial jurisprudence which, in many instances, and under many governments, had been sanctioned by express statute, and the authority of which was every where admitted and maintained by the genuine principles of those unwritten laws which the wisdom of former ages had transmitted to us. This custom of merchants (which he could consider in no other light than as that pledge of commercial credit which increased the real as well as the nominal wealth of every empire that cherished it, and might be esteemed the most powerful, safe guard which the prosperity of any trading could require) had, amongst its many wise regulations, ordained that, in the retail line, he who sells his liquor in bottle, sells not, at the same time, the bottles therewith. Gentlemen might smile, he said, but upon his word, he declared, though he was not much in the habit of purchasing liquor of any kind, that when he did purchase any in the manner he alluded to, namely in retail, he did not consider himself to have more than a usufructuary property in the bottles. He candidly allowed that it might sometimes happen (indeed it might, for aught he knew, have often been the case in his own cellar) that a very considerable length of time elapsed before the bottles were emptied. In such a case, he allowed, a question might arise, his doubts upon which, however, he would not then trouble their lordships with, as he did not understand there was anything in the defendant's case which could render the discussion necessary.

He insisted that the claim of the plaintiff on the bottles was very distinct from that he had maintained on account of the Ale, and

that they could not be prosecuted in one and the same action. He was wholly at a loss to conceive how the defendant's plea could be maintained. As a matter of conjecture it had occurred to him, that, possibly, the gentleman on the opposite side intended to make a stand on the wording of the former declaration. It is there stated that the ale was delivered in good order and condition—with every requisite, to its being, &c., and possibly his learned friends might contend that the bottles, being requisite, were part of the goods sold and delivered for which the *assumpsit* was given, on which the judgment was obtained. He had looked into the books on the subject and every case he turned to, confirmed him in his opinion, that these surplusages and additions, in general terms, and not particularly descriptive of anything definite, were completely nugatory and without meaning in law.

He begged particularly to call their lordships' attention to the case of *Blackhouse* against *Moore* (3. Lev. 18.) The words in that case were '*cum variis utensilibus*.' If such expressions were allowed to have any meaning, he maintained there was no saying how far they might be made to extend. It was, for instance, impossible to say what utensils might be held to be connected with the ale in question, or what utensils might be considered as a requisite accompaniment, and particularly as a consequence of the use of the liquor. This, he said, reminded him of another case (*Strange 809*), a case of crockery ware, in which the phrase '*diversorum incrementorum*'—was not allowed to mean anything because it particularized nothing. On a reference to those cases it would certainly be found (and he was perfectly aware of it) that neither of them applied immediately in the present instance. He did not, indeed, see how they applied at all, except as they were illustrative of the general disesteem in which all such vague and uncertain expressions were held in sound law.

Upon the whole of the case, in short, which he had the honour to submit to their lordships, he said he looked at them with confidence, that they would readily see and decidedly support the distinction he had taken between the case of the ale, and the case of the bottles,—adding with peculiar energy, 'forbid it heaven that I should attempt to pollute the pure fountain of justice by a multiplicity of actions, or, for the trifle of a few empty bottles, endeavor to divert the law from its direct course, or waste its simple stream amongst the windings of artificial channels.' Perish all the empty bottles on earth ere I—ere any gentleman, who practices at this, or at any other bar, should prostitute our talents or professional knowledge, our wigs, our gowns, or even our hands, to such nefarious and piddling purposes !'

The material facts on both sides being admitted, no witness was examined except one, who proved that, at the time of the sale and delivery of the ale, the defendant resided within the limits of the court's jurisdiction.

Mr. Good then rose on the part of the defendant and said that no man could be more interested than he, at that moment, felt himself

to be in preserving the real beauty of justice from the insidious inroads of legal subtlety : he did not anticipate that what he had to urge this day would cast any suspicion of an opposite nature upon him. By the powers wisely delegated to the hands of their lordships he should expect, he said, to be checked, nay, he relied upon being called to order, if he made any attempt of the kind. True it was, he owned, the bottles were not returned : he did not see why they should have been returned. He was himself as unlikely a man as lived to detain a bottle one moment ; he could distinguish very well between the case of a full bottle and that of an empty one ; yet he certainly considered the bottles, in the present case, to have been part of the goods sold and delivered, for which the *assumpsit* was given, on which the judgment was obtained which had been fully satisfied. But this branch of the argument he would come to more regularly by and by. If the bottles were not a portion of the goods sold with the ale there would be no end to the actions which might be brought : the next would be for the corks, though to that action it might, perhaps, be pleaded that they were *delivered under seal*. He did not know, also, but that as corks are well known to absorb a certain portion of the liquor contained in the bottles, the proprietor of the liquor might be said to have an indefeasible property therein. Were he disposed to cavil he might further urge that the corks, so charged with strong liquor, as the law expresseth it, savoured strongly of the reality, and were not, therefore, a personal chattel, for which alone *trover* lies.

With respect to the cases cited by counsel for plaintiff, his own acknowledgement of their irrelevancy relieved him from the necessity of observing upon them. This however he would remark, that the case in *Strange*, concerning the crockery ware, was not sound : it was upset by 2 *Barnes* 222 ;—a case of much less brittle authority than that in *Strange*.

He considered so many actions as a grievous oppression. The plaintiff might have recovered the price of the bottles in his former action :—in fact he did so ; but that point he would for the present keep in the back ground. He would, for argument sake, suppose that two distinct claims existed : one for the ale, the other for the bottles. But why, he asked, could not those two claims, admitting for the moment that there were two, be prosecuted in the same action ? They might at least have been united in an action for *trover*. For, though *trover* might not lie for the ale, it would for the bottles, and then the ale was included. As in the memorable case, *Cro : Eliz* : 661. where it was ruled that though *trover* did not lie for the money, yet that it did lay for the bag containing it,—and therefore, by implication, for the money therein. The law, which abhorred multiplicity of actions, required that these claims should have been joined ; and those which the law “hath joined together, let no man put asunder”.

Trover, he informed their lordships, was derived from the French word *trouver*, to find ; which might, perhaps, he thought a reason

why *trover* would not lie for the ale, especially after it had been drunk; as in that case, he presumed, it would be difficult to find it. But it must be remembered that although the *finding* was formerly an ingredient in *trover*, the law has, for many years, dispensed with this contingent fact which it might often be very difficult to prove. *Conversion* is now the essence of *trover*: if a defendant have converted property to his own use, the law will suppose that he casually found it. The word *trover* now, therefore, is *vox et præterea nihil*. Whether or not the mere drinking of the ale would have been a legal conversion, he had his doubts; but of its conversion afterwards he had none. There was a case in Strange 576, decisive on this head: there the putting of water into wine, that is the converting it into wine and water, was held to be a good conversion in law: *a fortiori*, when the wine (or ale) is converted entirely into water, he must contend that the conversion is undesirable.

His learned brother on the opposite side had very candidly admitted that, as long as the ale remained in the bottles, *trover* would not lie. (The counsel for plaintiff shook his head.) He had so understood his learned friend; but that point was not very material. (Mr. Fosset here pushed over a slip of paper.) A gentleman had that moment put a case into his hand, or rather a note of a case: it was by a gentleman of the bar: the action was, in *replevin*: it seemed—hah!—hum! yes,—hah!—it was concerning a *fiddle case*! It was not altogether, he found, a case in point: there was no fiddle in the case it appeared, and as the notes of an empty fiddle case could not be very harmonious, he would not further play upon them.

He then begged to call the attention of their lordships to a circumstance which rendered all he had been saying perfectly unnecessary. All he had said, indeed, was for the sake of argument, and to combat some very dangerous doctrines which had been upheld as law on the opposite side. However, even, were they good law, the plaintiff could not avail himself of them in the present case, because in the action now before their lordships the defendant had not been proved, and as he was instructed, could not be proved, subject to the jurisdiction of the Court. In the former action, he admitted, the defendant might perhaps, have been so subject; because when he bought the ale, and when that action commenced, it seemed he was, by residence, within the limits prescribed by the Charter of the Court, to all intents and purposes subject to its jurisdiction. The cause of action in that case arose, and the action was commenced, when he was so subject. But though the cause of action in *assumpsit* arose when the *assumpsit* was given, yet *trover* did not lie for the bottles till long afterwards:—in short, not till they were emptied. Gentlemen might shake their heads, but they could not shake the principles of law which he maintained, nor his resolution to maintain them.

He insisted that it was not in evidence where the defendant resided when the cause of action, in the present case arose,—or when this

action itself commenced; nor was there, he relied upon it, a tittle of evidence before their lordships which subjected him to their jurisdiction according to the established rules of the Court. He was instructed that his client was an alien born, who owed no manner of natural allegiance to the King of Great Britain, and that the bottles in question were not emptied nor the present action commenced, until long after he left the limits which bounded their lordships' jurisdiction. He concluded by observing with considerable warmth, that he hoped and expected to see so pitiful and impudent perjury scouted out of Court.

Mr. Sankford, junior counsel for the plaintiff, rose and stated that after the arguments of his learned leader, who had left the Court on an urgent occasion—

Chief Justice Twining was sorry to interrupt counsel, but said that, whatever had been the occasion of Mr. Chatterton's retiring, he very much doubted the regularity of Mr. Sankford's speaking in reply.

Mr. Sankford assured their lordships he would not detain them five minutes. A discussion of an hour and a half accordingly took place to determine whether he could be heard or not, and reference was made to the officers of the Court to decide upon the practice. Mr. Cumberton, the Register, pronounced his opinion, in a very audible voice, that whether or not counsel, in such cases, were actually heard he would not undertake to say, but that he never before knew of objection being raised to their speaking; for that upon all such occasions formerly—that is in the time of Chief Justice Midwinter and Mr. Justice Cockburn—it had been the custom for their lordships or at least one of them, to go to sleep. It was then suggested that the Register, being only an equity officer, was officially incompetent to decide a point of practice on the common law side of the Court. Mr. Watty, the prothonotary, was then called upon, who doubtless delivered his sentiments with great judgment and perspicuity, but unfortunately in so low a tone that our reporter could not catch what fell from him.

At length, however, Mr. Sankford obtained leave to proceed, and observed, after a short rhetorical flourish, that whether he argued from the law of the case, or from the reason of the thing, the conclusion which must follow could only be favourable to his client. It had been urged by counsel for defendant that the bottled ale, and the empty bottles, might have been sued for in one and the same action. That position he took to be untenable and monstrous, as it must be evident to every one who had a grain of sense that the bottled ale, and the empty bottles, could not have had consistent co-existence. When the bottles could with propriety be called empty, it seemed undeniable that the ale ceased to be,—at least it ceased to be ale,—or at all events it ceased to be bottled ale. He would, for argument sake, put it to their lordships that the bottles either had some ale in them, or had no ale in them: as long as the ale was in them there could be

no action for empty bottles,—and when the bottles became empty, there could be no action for bottled ale.—that he conceived must be clear to the most obtuse intellect. Defendant's counsel had admitted that plaintiff could not recover *quad* bottles, till they were empty; and by that time, he presumed, the ale was altogether irrecoverable. True it was the plaintiff had, in a former action, recovered the price of three dozen, that is thirty six bottles of bottled ale; but by the word bottle so used, nothing but a certain well known symbol of admeasurement could be understood, and not bona fide green glass bottles as his learned friend had ridiculously supposed. When we speak of a bottle, he maintained, we mean a quart, or something about a quart, and a man who purchased a bottle of ale had no more right of property in the green glass vehicle containing the ale, than a hackney coachman buying a quart of porter at the tap has in the earthen or pewter pot in which it is served to him. Three dozen bottles of bottled ale, therefore he conceived, meant, in other words, nine gallons of that refreshing beverage, and nothing else; and it was the price of those nine gallons, and nothing else, which had been recovered in the former action. As bottles were, indeed, necessary to constitute bottled ale, gentlemen who were fond of splitting straws,—of nice distinctions,—of subtle quibbles, might, perhaps, be ingenious enough to start a doubt whether or no the words *bottled ale* did not imply something more than mere ale, and they might then ask what that something could be but the bottles? But to this he should reply, that the term *bottled* was purely descriptive of the particular condition of the ale, and used in the pleading of the former action, solely as such. Corked ale, though not so familiar a phrase, might, possibly, have described the state of the ale more correctly; because any liquid might be bottled without corks, but he did not know how it could be corked without bottles.—But he insisted, whether the expression were bottled or corked, the term in either case was a mere participle adjective, and that therefore in neither case could it be understood, grammatically, to mean any thing capable of standing by itself, which bottles were well known to do, however frequently they might chance to turn substantive men into noun adjectives.

With respect to the objection taken to the jurisdiction, he could see nothing in it. This he hoped could be granted, either that the defendant was, or was not, subject to the jurisdiction. If he were subject to the jurisdiction.—

The public was here deprived of further argument concerning this ingenious dilemma by an exclamation of Pook! Pook! approbatory, from the Chief Justice.

Mr. Sankford said he was happy to find that their lordships were so clear upon the subject: indeed their lordships seemed to be so entirely with him throughout the whole case that, as well to save their time as his own, he would urge nothing further on the subject.

Chief Justice.—This is not a case of so much obscurity as it may, on first sight, appear to be. Here are two articles delivered at one and the same time—delivered together—the one as a thing sold, the other as a thing lent. It is, therefore, a great mistake to suppose that a man can, by one action, recover damages for the non-payment of the price of the thing sold,—and at the same time, damages on account of the thing lent not having been returned,—a very great mistake. There must in such a case, be two actions, and the plaintiff may very well recover on both. As long as the bottles were necessary to the ale, so long, I take it, the purchaser is entitled to the use of the bottles, but no longer; and any subsequent act of ownership on his part—such as detaining them and the like—is a good conversion. Were the action for full bottles of ale, the case would not be so clear nor so easily seen through as in the present instance. The bottles being empty, the dry law on the subject I take to be this,—that the vendor's property in them became completely restored. The case was before me in chambers, and I have already decided it there.

With respect to the objection taken to the jurisdiction, (continued the learned Chief Justice with great gravity,) I laugh at it. Shall a man who borrowed three dozens of bottles, and fraudulently conveyed them out of the jurisdiction, then seriously tell us that he is not himself within it? I don't care where he was born, nor where he resided; but he is, and shall be subject to our jurisdiction till we have done with him. In my opinion it is a piece of great presumption in any man to pretend to say where he was born;—and how are we to know, or to be supposed to know, any thing of a man which he cannot know of himself? Or how can we be expected to take cognizance of a fact respecting which the party concerned can give us no certain information? But it is not proved, it seems, that the defendant is a British subject. Very well, it is not proved: what then? Why, you might as well set up a plea that the bottles were not British—just the same. A pretty, a pretty, a very pretty piece of business indeed!

Mr. Justice Leadbeater wholly concurred in what had fallen from the chief justice, and entirely agreed, in what would be said by his learned brother, who was to follow him.

Mr. Justice Perkins.—This is an action of trover, a word derived, as has been already observed by counsel, from the French word *trouver*—to find; because it is an action which lies only where goods are supposed to have been lost by the plaintiff, and by the defendant found, and by him afterwards illegally applied, or converted, to his own use. I say supposed, because the conversion alone is, in reality, the essence of the action. The losing and finding are supplied by a fiction of law, an ingenious fiction too by which the law often finds what never was lost; in return, possibly, for the many good things which are lost by the law and never afterwards recovered or found at all.

I have heard some ingenious arguments, and I must confess a great deal of nonsense, from the bar on both sides in this case,—and some

gentlemen have been cracking jokes about bottles. But counsel should recollect that this is not an action for bottles but for damages; and that the wit, therefore, which does not apply to the damages as well as to the bottles, is not in point. I detest a pun and esteem these bou mots in a grave argument as I do so many flaws, or stars, in bottles—very symptomatic of damages.

As to the objection taken to the jurisdiction, let me ask—is it because a man is in Holland, there can be no action against him in England? cannot he be sued, because he cannot be pursued? Why the thing has been done a hundred and a hundred times! But it seems a plea of alienage is set up,—so that a little foreign blood may entitle a man to run away with another man's bottles! Foreign blood indeed! my own blood boils at the idea! A man who has fattened, heaven knows how long, in an English settlement, and who has no less than three dozens of English ale circulating in his veins, talk of alienage!! Counsel should be ashamed of such a plea.

* This is a case of gross fraud. The liquor to which the bottles were intended as a vehicle, has itself been made a vehicle for the fraudulent removal of the bottles, and the whole intention of the original compact between the parties has thus been most shamefully inverted. I know what the custom of merchants is, and I am not, at this time of day, to be taught the respect due to it. The custom of this merchant in particular I am very intimately acquainted with, for I am a customer of his. He lends me bottles;—lends them to me for years at a time. Let me then ask how any one can be so silly as to expect of me to listen to any argument, however ingenious, in opposition to a fact within my individual experience? When a question turns on one of those fictions in which the law abounds, and the facts on either side are matters indifferent (which sometimes they are, at least to the judges) or where even material facts weigh equally, or nearly so, on both sides, the aid of argument may very properly be called in; but they are mere wind when put in competition with substantial fact. For how can Mr. Golding lend bottles to me, or to my learned brethren on the bench, for so long a term as ten years, or for any time at all, if he recover them not from others? If they will not return them, we must make the law find them for him. Arguments are certainly useful in solving abstract doubts; but as there is no doubt of that which I have just stated, counsel might just as well keep their arguments—(here the learned justice blew his nose, but our reporter believes he heard something about the word 'porridge'.)

I have the record now before me, and am sorry to see the pleadings so unnecessarily long. The converted goods are here called empty bottles; as if bottles alone would not have described the articles sufficiently well, without encumbering the declaration with the term empty. There is nothing in it: you might as well have set out so many bottles of nothing, for there literally is as little in the word as there is said to be in the bottles. The plaintiff is clearly entitled to a judgment, which I shall agree to give him with great pleasure.

Verdict for the plaintiff.

A motion was afterwards made, but without success, in arrest of judgment, the bottles not having been sufficiently described in the declaration. They were styled merely empty bottles; but whether they were quart bottles, or pint bottles,—whether stone or glass bottles,—was not stated; and this was objected as fatal to the verdict. In support of the motion 2 Lev. 176 was cited:—there the number of bottles was adjudged necessary, and it was thence argued *à fortiori* that the dimensions were at least equally requisite; because unless the dimensions were ascertained, the number was immaterial. But to oppose this the case of the pewter porringers (Sly, 199.) was adduced, in which '*lex porula plumbi*' was helden to be fully declarative. It was ingeniously argued by Mr. Sankford, for the plaintiff, that the term *empty* either meant something, or did not mean that the bottles had nothing in them: it meant nothing, for he hoped it would be allowed that an empty bottle was neither a *magnum bonum* nor a *plenum homin*, but was a *vacuum*,—and as a vacuum consisted in the absence of all possible matters and things, it was literally *nothing* or *NO THING*;—and the dimensions of nothing, he must contend, amounted to nothing.

CANINE PURGATIVES.

If the following is of any use, kindly insert it in your next number.

Since my arrival in India, I have always kept a lot of dogs of all sorts, and have found *basillah*, a medicine to be got in any bazar, to be the best purgative.—thirty grains for a middling sized dog, and forty grains for a large one. I always have a lump of black salt in the kennel, and I think it prevents many diseases which would otherwise occur. I wish some of your knowing hands would try the above, and let us hear the result which I am confident would be favorable. The following purgative pills I have also used with success.

1½ dram jakap.

1 ditto calomel.

10 grains tartar emetic.

20 ditto gamboge.

30 ditto ginger.

30 ditto rhubarb.

20 drops peppermint.

The whole to be mixed and made into sixty pills, three pills for a full-sized and one or two for young dogs.

Should this suit you, Mr. Editor, you shall hear again. I trust to be able to give you an account of some clipping runs during the ensuing season at Bareilly.

Your obedient servant,

JEMMY.

P. S. I can give you some more capital receipts, should you require them.

LION SHOOTING.

How often have I blessed the coming day
When toil remitting lent its turn to play.

I shall now proceed to cull from my memoranda of Lion Shooting such incidents as may be worthy to shew the different situations sportsmen are liable to be placed in following this sport: and first I may remark, that lions are always found in dry situations, where the jungle, when it is not thorny, is comparatively easy of access to the elephants. There are, however, places to which a lion sometimes resorts, that it is impossible for the elephants to enter, owing to its imperviously thorny nature. Instances are told of natives having been thrown into these bushes by some cruel monster and allowed to perish, it being impossible for a man to extricate himself once fixed in. I have heard it related that when Lady Hood was out on an excursion after lions, a gentleman of her party got off his elephant, and creeping below the jungle, shot the lion in his den. Tigers are generally found in swampy grounds, not only dangerous to the elephants, but often impracticable for them to advance into, and the swamps are sometimes so deep that to proceed on foot is out of the question; the jungle also consisting of grass and reeds interwoven one with another, prevents the lion from being seen till you are directly upon him—hence the greater danger of attacking him on foot, and, I believe, it is very seldom put in practice.

Having been out with a party, as usual accompanied by suwars, and the jungle being extensive, they were desired to form in the line of elephants and help to scour the jungle. The Duffadar of the party and one or two men were a little backward, and tenacious of retaining their place in the rear, probably with a view to save their horses, although it had the effect of raising sundry gibes at their expense, which latter were not taken in a good humour, and afterwards nearly led to a serious business, as will appear. In the course of the beat information was given of lions being on our right, where we immediately proceeded, and on our entering the jungle, no less than five lions got up at once. One was floored on the spot, and another taking to the plains, was followed as likely to afford the best sport. We saw him quietly resting like a dog, with his eyes fixed upon us; on approaching him he rose, and lashing his tails on his sides gave some hideous grunts, and we immediately expected him down; to our surprise, however, he some how or other got alarmed, and bolted off, making enormous springs, to our right. One of our party fired and made one of those lucky shots which a man remembers for a length of time. The lion was shot through the heart dead on the spot, and, 'if small things can be compared with great,' tumbled over like a hare.

The next day a villager brought us intelligence of a lion being in a bush close to our tents. He had gone out to cut wood,

LION SHOOTING.

and on approaching this place, the lion signified his displeasure at being interrupted by sundry short angry grunts, which once heard, are never forgotten. We immediately proceeded to the spot, and found the bush not more than twenty yards in circumference. We surrounded it, when a fine lioness came out and was shot through the neck; the wound had the effect of rendering her stupid, and she turned round and round, roaring most dreadfully. While engaged in looking at her, three cubs came out of the bush and made across the plain; we did not fire, but intended, as they were small, to take them alive, and called out to the suwars to watch them. The Duffader, sullen from yesterday's jokes, or misunderstanding our orders, immediately drew his sword and charged in upon the enraged lioness, and some of the suwars following him, the confusion was indescribable as we immediately pushed forward our elephants to prevent them; fortunately no accident happened, but we lost the cubs, although we offered rewards for them. On an excursion of the Marquess of Hastings, a party of Skinner's Horse actually rushed in upon the lion and cut it down. His Lordship gave one of the men a gold-mohur. In some things his Lordship's liberality certainly did not keep pace with his great name. A brother officer of mine sent him a present of a fine tame lion, which met his Lordship at Putterlyghur; the present the servant got who had charge of the lion, amounted to only one chequiu. The Bungee remarked, a *Lieutenant** would have given him more, and had sad misgivings of having been cheated out of the greatest part of his Lordship's largess. But if his Lordship were niggardly in small things, he was liberal in great; and there is not a soldier in India whose heart does not warm at his name.

The next lion I have the pleasure to introduce was a teaser; he had just dined off a fine buffalo, and, like a true fighting Englishman, found himself in the "humour for it" after a bellyful. We put him up out of a small bush of jungle close to the scene of his repast, and he sneaked off behind us without a shot, as we were afraid of hurting the suwars. We were soon informed he was in the plain waiting for us, and immediately on our coming out from the jungle, and while we were one hundred yards from him, down he came, lashing his sides with his tail, his mane erect, and roaring dreadfully. Every one of the elephants took to their heels; when the lion returned to his position, which was a high knoll, from which he overlooked us, but which also rendered him conspicuous, and was the cause of his death at last. The elephants were frequently brought back to the charge, and as often driven away in a similar manner, and we were obliged to have recourse to the most unsportsman-like plan of picking him off from a distance, which we were enabled to do from the open and raised position he had taken up. I have known parties with unexceptionable elephants defeated in a similar way. A tiger generally charges from a short distance down jungle, which often

* Lieutenant.

partially conceals him, and the staunchest elephants will be found occasionally to flinch from a lion, or a tiger, charging down from a distance in an open plain, as I have described.

Besides shooting lions from an elephant, I have heard that they have been successfully attacked on camels and horses, by Mr. Fraser, the Governor General's Agent at Delhi, and the late Major Robert Skinner. I believe Mr. Fraser has also frequently gone after them on foot with spears: these spears are very heavy, and formed like a harpoon with barbs, and are awful looking weapons. A good-sized lion sells in England for £500. A Field Officer from Hansi, about eight years ago, took down a couple of cubs to Calcutta, and sold them to the captain of a ship for his passage to England. But I hasten to conclude in case I should tire your readers, who may say with *Bombast*—

"So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore."

Sakurampore.

QUONDAM.

ON BREEDING AND REARING GREYHOUNDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,—Many of your correspondents having called for communications on the subject of Breeding and Rearing Puppies in this country, I am induced to make an attempt, having been in the constant habit for these last nine years, of keeping, breeding, and rearing greyhounds. During this period I have had upon an average, say, eight brace of as good long-tails, as ever coursed a hare, in my kennel continually—of course, of all ages;—sometimes more and sometimes less: this number I found quite sufficient for my coursing; and many and oft has been the time that I have been, what, alas! is now common enough—"hard up," and have been forced to sell some of my favourites.

During six years of this period, there was a fellow Sportsman and intimate friend of mine, who had perhaps even more dogs, and pursued the same plan of feeding, exercising &c., and with even better success than myself, because he had more leisure time to attend to them.

I cannot bring to my recollection more than nine casualties by death, in my kennel, including a litter of five pups, that were brought into "this wicked world of ours," some ten or twelve days before their time. At the same place and time, three or four other gentlemen also had a number of greyhounds, who treated them very differently, sent them to the more salubrious climate of the hills, and the Lord knows what all, who could never rear a pup, or bring a brace in proper coursing condition to the field.

Let me have an imported dog, of good caste, and a brace of bitches also imported, and I will venture to assert that, in due course of time, I will produce as many and as fine greyhounds, as ever turned a hare. I would breed in and in, so far as putting the bitch puppies to their own sire goes, but there stop.

The third generation are never worth the trouble and expence of bringing them up. There will be a visible falling off in all the most essential points of a greyhound. The tail becomes short and curled at the tip,—the eyes lose the protuberancy so essentially necessary in this species of the canine race,—the back loses its curve,—the hind quarters fall off in muscle,—the chest becomes narrow and short, and, in fact, you will scarcely find a good point about him. I have always observed also, that the first produce of imported greyhounds is far superior to their sire and dam; and this may be accounted for, from the greater effect of the climate upon dogs that come from England, than upon those born and bred here. Again, in my opinion, a bitch falls off with every litter she produces; for the rearing of her pups will reduce her so much, that she has not time to recover her strength before she is again put in the slips: the same with a dog. Whenever greyhounds are kept an imported dog is always in great request to ward the bitches, and it is impossible, at any rate unsportsmanlike, to refuse the use of your dog, and he gets too much to do.

Leaving this alone, a courser likes to have different breeds in his kennel and the first and third choice of a well bred litter of pups, is not to be thrown away.

Mr correspondent Vagus, in the last number, is a *run in*; however it is easily to be seen that he is ironicalizing. At page 383, he says Blaine thus, "Blaine says, I am strongly inclined to think that qualities of the foster parent are in some degree transferred with the milk." I have had ample proof of the correctness of the opinion. The following is one of the many cases that have come under my observation:—In the year 1827, a favourite bitch of mine threw ten pups; I gave a pair of them upon condition that they should be taken from her mother immediately. They were so, and a pariah bitch nursed them. Mark the result. They lost all their good points, and in course would never come near their brethren. If a hare gave them a run for it, the moment they got winded, they gave it up,—just stopped and looked at the hare running away from them.

The grand secret, Mr. Editor, is to keep dogs in health and never allow them to get sick, for if you do, die they will. I fear you will not have room for more, this month, so I shall conclude by promising to give you a continuance of this subject in the next *Maga*, and will then tell you, how I managed to keep sickness out of my kennel altogether.

Yours,

Calcutta, 4th September 1833.

SHIBBARAZ.

BURSAUTEE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Observing in your fourth number that your correspondent S. notices but very slightly the use of the Madar Plant, in cases of *bursauttee* in the horse, I am induced to send you an extract from my book of memoranda, collected and derived from personal observations and experience; and should it prove acceptable to your other sporting friends, my object (its publicity and general trial) will be attained. I have never known the application of it, in the manner I have laid down, to fail in immediately removing the disease for a time, when taken in its infancy; but that any radical cure can be effected, I am rather sceptical, for I consider the disease to be hereditary, and am led to this conclusion from having once had a *bursauttee* mare which produced me as fine a colt as I could desire, and which at four years was attacked with the same symptoms but in a very slight degree. *Bursauttee*, I conceive, may be considered to be quite superficial and cutaneous, like gout, and many other complaints in the human subject.—*Recipe*—“Wash the sores, morning and evening, clean with soap and warm water, then apply to a small sore the milky juice of the madar plant, taken fresh from the stem, having first reduced its power by an admixture of sweet oil, say half and half; at the same time give daily, fasting, fifteen grains of the powder, made from the bark of the root:—to prepare which, you first dry it in the sun, then pound it in a mortar, and lastly, pass it through a piece of coarse muslin. A mild dose of physic is to be given every 12 days.”

There is one observation in S's letter, in which I entirely concur;—“that country and Stud-bred horses appear more subject to the disease than others.” Whoever has seen the stable management as adopted at the Government stud when I used frequently to walk through it, must, if the same course is continued by the present superintendent, be fully convinced that it tends more to engender than avoid the disease; particularly in the stallion department, where a horse had no other exercise after the serving season, but a gentle led walk, morning and evening, in one of the adjoining fields;—this, and a system of high feeding, and bad grooming from the dread the syces have of them, must render the produce of any horse liable to a constitutional affection. At the time I speak of, scarcely one of the Company's stallions was free from this disease in a lesser or greater degree: and if any one will direct their attention to the pedigree of any *bursauttee* horse that may hereafter come into their possession, they will find, as I have, that either its sire or dam was tainted with the disease. Another prominent feature I have observed in this complaint is, that it is seldom unattended with a greasy disorder. The Government stallions, I believe, are never put through a regular course of periodical sweats, without which their blood becomes so incrassated and heated above this standard of real health, that it is not surprising that their systems

become constitutionally foul, and thereby deprived of that vigor which is so essential to the propagation of a healthy and well formed progeny. When the power of the sire is not economised, what can we expect but a puny or ill-formed progeny? and I fear it is from not attending to the golden rule—"That a horse should never be put to serve a greater number of mares in a day than he can serve with vigour," that we constantly see so many rejected, and under-sized, ill-shaped colts and fillies thrown upon the country by the annual sales at the Government Stud. These generally fall into the band of Natives, from whom they breed, and thus instead of the breed of the Horse in India being improved, the contrary is effected.

Should you think the above worthy of a place in your ensuing number, I may be induced to send you another letter, in which the treatment of one or two successful cases of that distressing disease "Kumree," so common to this country, that have come under my observation, shall be introduced. Before however I conclude, I must beg to hint that were you to undertake to publish a revised edition of the "Bengal Stud Book," I rest confident, from the distinguished approbation with which your other efforts towards "Sport in the East" have been attended, that if a subscription list were opened, it would soon be filled—par exemple, note down one copy for your well-wisher,

20th Sept. 1833.

N. C.

A DAY'S SHOOTING NEAR GORUCKPORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE*.

SIR,—On the 10th April I sent off five elephants and a rontee to the Toora Nuddee—a favorite tiger cover about 14 miles from the station; and having discussed a hearty breakfast, summoned the gowallahs of the neighbourhood to a council. The jungle to be beaten was a long stripe of rutwa and nurkut swamps, about a quarter of a mile broad, in the heart of the forest; and my sable advisers decided, that if there was a tiger in the country he must resort to this favored spot at noon; the heat precluding all possibility of his keeping to the forest after that time.

At 12 o'clock, therefore, operations commenced. The first hour produced nothing; a few deer and hogs occasionally showed themselves, but were allowed to pass on unmolested;—at length some fresh lairs and the remains of a cow gave promise of sport; and in the course of the next one hundred yards the elephants began to speak.—Soon a succession of roars to the left announced our game.—A tigress, who gallantly charging down put to flight the nearest pad, and breaking through the line, made the best of her way towards the forest. The men in the trees shouted their best; but she heeded them not, and would probably have saved her skin, had not my second shot luck rolled her over—breaking a hind leg.

Before I could come up with her she had crept back again into the long grass, and though the waving jungle for a long time directed the chase, we at length lost all trace of her: my elephant having sunk down into a deep hole, out of which he got with great difficulty. Having beat on for a considerable distance to no purpose, we turned back again; and on reaching the spot where we first started our game, we again came upon her. An hour's rest had not improved her temper,--down she came at a slapping pace, taking no notice of a couple of shots I saluted her with; and before I could fire the second barrel of my fresh gun (the first, alas! had missed fire) she was well up on my elephant's head--holding on by her teeth. She dropped almost immediately, however, and dashing through the grass seized the next elephant (poor Miss Stewart) by the thigh, and was making for a third, when she fell.

On examination it appeared that the hind leg had swollen, and a hard bandage had formed round the fractured bone, rendering the limb apparently serviceable; it is otherwise difficult to account for her having been able to spring, as the two shots she received in her charge both told on her fore-leg, and one, even shattered the joint. She was an old tawney tigress, very lengthy; and with a carcass like a greyhound, and an awkward customer. I once saw a tigress of her shape and temper, pull a mahout from off the gudgeon of a full-sized female elephant; the poor fellow only escaped being carried off by his feet having caught in the neck ropes.

April 11th.--Sent off the elephants to another cover about 8 miles off, similar to the one already described, having a deep nullah running lengthways through the swamp. A tiger was soon aloft: for some time he trotted quietly along, keeping about one hundred yards ahead of the line, when, wishing to try his mettle, I gave him a couple of shots, but with little effect as it turned out; for my friend, after giving me a grin of defiance, rattled off, roaring most lustily, to some high rutwa.

At the end of two hours' fruitless beating, we at length fell in with a herd of bullaloes; and the gowallah informed us that he had seen our tiger, about five minutes before, making for a cover I well knew, and from which he would certainly have gained the forest in spite of all opposition. Having dowered off two pads to cut off his retreat, I continued the chase, and at length, after crossing the nullah, descried the tiger standing half concealed in some burnt grass. He had just discovered that his flank had been turned, and evidently having made up his mind to sell his life dearly, took up a position in a small patch of grass. I cannot imagine any description of sport capable of affording a more exciting position than mine at that moment. I had a glorious tiger within a few yards of me, wrought up to a state of fury, and ready to offer battle the instant I came within a suitable distance, and being unscathed, he was fully capable of making good his spring on any part of my elephant he might take a fancy to. added to this, my mahout's life might almost be said to depend upon my steadiness.

I had scarcely placed my pads a little in the rear, when out came the tiger, his tail erect, and his mane—a very large one—bushy round his head; he was either too much blown or too savage to roar, and made straight for the elephant. The first barrel made no impression; and recollecting yesterday's mishap I reserved the other for close quarters, and so near had I allowed him to advance, that he rolled over a complete somersett against the elephant's fore-leg. He was a fine old tiger, and a great beauty. Scarcely had we secured him on a pad, when a gowallah ran up to report a fresh-killed cow, about two miles off. This intelligence proved quite correct, and a tigress rewarded me for the extra grilling I got, in going after her. She likewise died game, her back being broken in her charge. I returned to the station that evening in time for dinner, after, as you will allow, two days' good sport.

August 27, 1833.

B————

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF PUPS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—In your last number, there appeared a letter "On the management of Pups" signed 'VAGUS,' which has most considerably astonished me, as I doubt not it will have done others who may have perused and cogitated on the contents of the same. I do not pretend to be a good hand at penning epistles, so I trust you will correct any little inaccuracies you may find in this, or throw it away in toto, if such should be your will, but I cannot allow such notions as these stated by 'VAGUS' to pass unnoticed. Imprimis your correspondent says, "It has always been my maxim, if a dog has not already a *raw* on his body, to establish one as speedily as possible by *killfiring* him with lots of meat and salt. Some ignorant people may be about the mange as a *disease* &c." These certainly are curious ideas for any man to entertain, and I hardly think it worth while to answer them, but it really is too bad that the public should be *gulled* in this fashion. Did you ever, Mr. Editor, hear of mangy dogs being considered healthy? I think not. If so, why do sportsmen always do their best to free their dogs of the disease as speedily as possible? It stands to reason that the mange is nothing more or less than a bad *disease*, and all dogs, when known to be attacked with it, should be immediately separated from others; this I believe all true sportsmen do, or ought to do. What does your quackery-throddent mean by establishing a *raw* on a dog's body, and the next is the use of it? Merely, he says because it is a sign that the dog can't help laughing. Mr. Editor. Supposing MR. VAGUS had procured himself with good things had established a *raw*

in his side, or any other part of his body he may like better, would he consider himself in good health? I fancy not; why then should he wish for such *raus* in his kennel? Only fancy *mange* on a dog equivalent to *prickly heat* on the human body! What an idea! A dog infected with the mange generally loses his condition and mopes about, evidently showing that all is not right within; moreover, mange frequently will undermine a dog's constitution, and a man may try to all eternity and never get a dog into proper condition again: this I know from experience. Now as for prickly heat, its effects are nearly as opposite to those of mange as chalk is to cheese. I am very much troubled with this said prickly heat, but am never off my feet, or dull, or in bad spirits. It is considered a sure sign of good health, if I am not mistaken. But enough of this. Your Correspondent states, that "Pups should be bred, if possible, in the hot weather, as warmth is exceedingly grateful to young animals." Hark to this, O ye sportsmen of the East, and cry *Wah! wah!* Such trash and nonsense I never heard before, and my idea is, that Mr. VACUS knows about as much of breeding dogs in this part of the country as he does of teaching dogs to give tongue!* I know well from experience, that the hot weather is the very *worst* time to breed pups; and I think most men will agree with me that pups should be born about the middle or end of October, so that they may have the whole of the cold weather before them, and by the next hot weather their strength will have increased, and they will be able to withstand the dreadful effects of the heat. Last hot weather I had a number of pups, all of which grew and thrived gloriously till they were about three weeks or a month old, when all of a sudden they took their leave of this world one or two per diem, merely on account of the excessive heat, which caused breakings out all over the bodies of some (signs of good health according to VACUS), and the frequent and sudden gusts of wind gave colds and coughs to others, so that I lost them all,—about 12 in number. It strikes me that VACUS is annoyed at something and has taken this mode of venting his spleen; but it only shows bad taste, and the sooner he leaves off entering such propostitious ideas in your *Maga*, the better it will be for all parties, as no man possessed of a reasonable quantum of common sense, would ever think of committing such trash to paper like unto that contained in your correspondent's letter.

I am, your's obediently.

On the Banks of the Junna,
September 26th, 1833.

GO HARK.

* Vide VACUS' letter in *Maga*. No. VII.

SIXZOPINDOG AND THE TIGERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—Since my Buffaloe Tails appear to have suited your taste, permit me to offer you half an hour's work amongst the feline species *acot* happened on the ultimo, as follows:—

About 1 o'clock information was brought of two tigers having killed a cow, the night before near a village, said to be two pukka coss' off, or about four miles; a similar report having been brought about five weeks previously, we were very particular in our inquiries as to the distance.—these natives draw such bows; but the man stuck to his text, 'that it was close to the village,' exactly four miles off, and we were persuaded to start. At 2 P.M., M. and myself set out with a train of twelve elephants, the thermometer in the verandah at 80, and, as we feared, when we had made the village, we found ourselves at least two and a half miles from the place; but to turn back was further than to go on; so we persevered, and after a regular grilling, reached the ground at a distance of seven miles altogether. On coming to the jungle, our hopes were not much raised by the appearance; it was a small patch of scraggy bushes and open in places; but the natives were watching in the trees, insisting that the *two tigers* were still there. We formed a line across and took our stations, M being on the right and myself on the left. The beating elephants had not advanced more than twenty yards, when some of the men gave the alarm 'that one tiger was a foot,' and I soon saw him sacaking off before me at a walk. I sent a couple of balls after him but they did not take effect, for, without altering his pace, he quietly entered a small patch of grass and there remained. M, being some way behind me, I contented myself with taking my place so as to prevent the tiger getting off unscathed, and when all the elephants were again in line, we advanced to the edge of the grass, where M. saw the tiger quietly reposing, and immediately stirred him up by giving him a ball in his side, and with a couple of low grunts he rushed out near me, but I missed right and left, and the tiger passed on, when, having to cross some newly prepared paddy ground, he exhibited himself in full size, and a ball from my *ould* musket hitting him in the loins, dropped him instantan. I never saw a more beautiful sight than he presented as he was crossing at a long canter; but, though I might give you a long description, I must beg you only to imagine such a thing, and that will do equally as well, and save me considerable trouble. The ball having hit him in the lower, or clump end of the loin, had rendered him incapable of moving his hinder parts though he retained full use of his fore ones, and there he sat, his eyes flashing fire as each succeeding ball took effect, and at times grinding his own legs with his teeth. But this was of a short duration, and having made an end of him, we returned to look for the other. Having resumed our first positions, the line was set agoing and had not

got half way through when the men called out that the tiger was up; after about half a minute's delay, he appeared close to where I was, but my elephant becoming very unruly, I missed him twice, when the third shot knocked him down, and induced him to return to the jungle, which was lucky, for had he gone on, we should, in all probability, have never seen him again, the next piece of jungle being very large and heavy. After waiting for some time the tiger was again roused, though very much against his will, and kept sneaking about, from place to place, till at last he established himself in the middle of a large bush and defied all our efforts to dislodge him, charging every elephant that approached most furiously. At last I got a sight of his head, and simultaneously a ball was through it, which gave him an opportunity of forming his elephant closer when a couple of shots more finished the work of destruction. They were immediately loaded on two elephants and carried home before us, the people of every village turning out to welcome us as their preservers. The tigers were said to have infested that neighbourhood for five years, destroying an immense number of cattle. They measured, when cold, nine feet, and nine feet three inches, and, strange to say, were both males.

Your's ever,

SHIKAROPHILUS, E. B. AND M. K.

P. S. Our Rajah was out after a tigress last night, which the natives had got in a piece of high jungle, surrounded on one side by nets: and the following is the way he was for proceeding;— On arriving he ordered the whole of the assembled multitude to go into the jungle and seize her with their hands!! adding with his accustomed kindness and consideration, "you are so many, what can the animal do? It can't hurt you!" On the people insinuating, that though their name was legion, some of them must be hurt, he very humanely desisted from his first intention, and merely ordered them to make a cage of bamboos and put the tigress therein; but still the stupid natives could not be induced to consider this plan more feasible than the other, so, night coming on, he ordered all the neighbouring villagers to be summoned and directed to keep watch and ward at the unnetted sides of the jungle, and to prevent the egress of the tigress till morning, when he would come again, with some fresh plans for its capture!! *Apropos* of plans, do you know what the twenty bags of No. 1 shot lately issued by special order from the Arsenal were for? No, you do not; and not many do, but I'll tell you; stoop down and I'll whisper if you won't tell anybody. They were to shoot monkeys with!!! Poz; and I am about to apply for the appointment of head gamekeeper to the Honourable Company on an allowance of 500 rupees per month. *Verbum Sat.*

SHIKAROPHILUS, E. B. AND M. K.

DACCA AQUATICS CONCLUDED FOR THE SEASON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—As you were kind enough to give insertion to my last on the above subject in your valuable Magazine for August, I trust you will grant me the same indulgence in your next, by publishing our concluding match for this year, which was so far superior to the former that I cannot refrain from sending you an account of it. The match was for the same sum, and chiefly composed of the spirited individuals mentioned in my last, though the crafts were in many respects different. The distance also was much the same, being from Dacca to Phoolbarriah and back, instead of to Nurraingunge. All the preliminaries being concluded, breakfast was as usual ordered on board the *Espiegle*, camp fashion, where the greatest mirth and conviviality reigned, until the hour of getting under weigh, when the parting whiffs of the hookah were resigned for the more noble occupation of sailing. The former match created so much excitement that, on the mere mention of this, our concluding one, inquiries were on foot as to the appointed time, the place, the distance, the boats, the amount posted, the probable winner, &c. &c. &c.; and so much did all appear to be interested in the approaching contest that the whole of the population of Dacca crowded to such an excess along the banks of the river, and on the tops of the houses, that you would almost have imagined such a sight had never presented itself to their notice before. As I mentioned above, many alterations had taken place in the fleet about to get under weigh. I must make you acquainted with them as they now stand re-named: they are as follow:—

1. Mr. Mill's <i>Ravage et Noir</i> , (late <i>Russon</i>) dandy-rigged, hermaphrodite schooner,	15 tons
2. Mr. Greek's <i>Black Magic</i> , cutter,	10
3. Capt. Skinner's <i>Nairy</i> , three-masted lugger,	20
4. Lieut. Sprinker's <i>Dolphin</i> , schooner,	15
5. Mr. Rustumjee's <i>Bangwan</i> , sloop,	65
6. Mr. Clarke's <i>British Fair</i> , (late <i>Catch me who Can</i>) cutter,	20
7. Capt. Tiger's <i>Revenge</i> , (late <i>Rebecca</i>) schooner, &c.	20
8. Mr. Violet's <i>Appeal</i> , schooner,	20
9. Mr. Rush's <i>Polly</i> , two-masted lugger,	10

Thus stood the combatants for the prize. The morning having a hazy appearance, or rather that emphatically described look on board a ship 'a little hezzy to windward,' promised us at starting, the wished for breeze, in which we were not disappointed. Each was moored to its own buoy, forming as good a line as ever Brigadier P. made in his life, and the difficulty at starting, as experienced in the last, was completely avoided by having merely to let go the buoy instead of heaving up the anchor. All on board were waiting wit

breathless anxiety the signal for the start; but oh! Mr. Editor, how can I describe the confusion that occurred previous to a fair one being obtained. The long-looked-for match for discharging the gun at last made its appearance, and as it was visible to all, it was watched with no little attention to the priming of the piece, upon coming in contact with the same a glorious blaze took place, but, oh dire misfortune!! nothing more. The *Revenge*, *Bangwan*, *Black Moggy*, and *Nancy*, little anticipating the probability of a 'flash in the pan,' immediately slipped and were going off in great style till hailed by the Commodore, and were obliged to put about and endeavour to fall into the ranks again, but as luck would have it, the breeze lulled for a moment, and the current running excessively strong at the mills, brought the *Revenge* athwart the *Dolphin*, the *Bangwan* on the top of the *Revenge*, and the *Nancy* stuck her mizen boom into the *Black Moggy's* bull's eye. The confusion you may suppose was great, but fortunately there was little or no damage done. The *Dolphin* having experienced a broadside on the former occasion, was on the *qui vive* on this, and 'well cleared for action,' &c. &c. Each boat having resumed its former station, the gun was once more tried, and fortunately with success. The start was accomplished with the greatest regularity, and the line was well kept up, (the wind being 'right aft') for some distance, when the *Rouge et Noir* having more spare sails than any other craft, began to clap canvas upon canvas, until all competition for the lead was at an end, and we were all bound shortly to fall in her wake, when she presented a most ludicrous appearance, having no less than two sails set on two masts, with the 'tri-color' as usual at her mast-head. However, her success was not doomed to last long, for the first point we made became a matter of 'close haul' to all, and down came no less than six sails at once from the *Rouge et Noir*. The *British Fair*, by far the fastest sailing boat on a wind, soon came along side, and passed to windward taking the lead completely, the *Nancy* pushing her hard. *Black Moggy* passed the *Revenge*, which of course was in company with the *Dolphin*, whose skipper halloed out to her, 'There you go with your eye out,' which piece of wit appeared to occasion universal merriment, particularly to Rustum, of the *Bangwan*, who was within hearing. The *Appeal* and *Polly* by this time had fallen off about a cable's length from the rest, though rating it well together. The next turn brought our sails to the square again, and promised a beautiful run of about two miles and a half, the *Rouge et Noir* carried on again and came up with the *British Fair*, and the race between the two was beautiful, galling on each other alternately: the remainder appeared to be paired off in like manner, all striving to take the lead. At last an alteration in the weather took place, and the wind increasing considerably compelled us to douse the top sails one and all. Now was the interesting scene, those astern getting the first pull, came up to those ahead, and for a few moments all were nearly in their starting situations, but the *Revenge* having discharged great part of the stores with which she was loaded became the favourite and rounded the

flag staff at Phoolbarriah first, the *British Fair* next, and then the *Nancy*, *Dolphin*, *Rouge et Noir*, *Polly*, *Black Moggy*, and *Baugwan*. Poor *Appeal* stuck in the mud and was compelled to abandon the race. The race now became truly interesting. Having had the wind aft nearly the whole way to Phoolbarriah, we were naturally close hauled on our return, and the first tack, I am told, afforded the knowing nautical ones more amusement than any other part of the contest. The *British Fair* pressed *Revenge* hard, and before two tacks were accomplished, left her astern, holding out a rope as if inclined to take her in tow, but this was not accepted, old *Tiger* knowing too well the abilities of his schooner; the *Rouge et Noir* and *Dolphin*, coming down very prettily, and the rest hard by, and so intent upon the match that poor *Appeal*, still sticking in the mud, was passed by without any assistance being offered. To give you an account of each tack Mr. Editor, would not only tire you, but perhaps be tedious to your many readers, I shall therefore skip over the greater part of the return, and arrive at the entrance of the city of Dacca again. But, alas! how can I describe that which is beyond description. However, I will do my best—so here goes. The evening was clear, fine, and resplendent with the rays of the setting sun. * * *—no, hang it, that won't do!—Well then, the population of the city of Dacca having crowded to the utmost summit of their habitations, and surveying the western horizon with doubly anxious eyes as to the probable result of the concluding Dacca Aquatic Match, beheld from aloft the fleet under full sail bearing down as if the devil indeed were about to seize upon the hindmost. First and foremost appeared a one-masted craft; secondly, a three-masted something; next two two-masted things; and thus in rotation came all the fleet with sight of the wondering and highly delighted populace. I have no doubt you will set this down as an hyperbolical account of what took place on the occasion, as you were not here yourself to witness the amusing scene; but if you had been, I think the intense interest displayed amongst the inhabitants, the beauty of the craft contending for the prize, the minuteness of the rigging, &c. appertaining to them, would have called forth even from your easy chair (in which I have no doubt you *loll*) some gentle gesticulation of enjoyment; add to this the innumerable banners borne, which, by the bye, I ought to have given you before; however, better late than never. *Rouge et Noir*, tri-colour—*Revenge*, black ground with a tiger in the centre—*Dolphin*, St. George—*Baugwan*, white ground red cross—*British Fair*, red ensign—*Polly*, blue admiral—*Appeal*, forgot to bring any—*Black Moggy*, something in the shape of a dirty duster—*Nancy*, union jack:—so here they are, and now for the conclusion. It was now no longer difficult to discern the situation of the boats, the approach being far from slow, and the one-masted craft proved to be the *British Fair*, indubitably carrying the day, the three-masted something the *Nancy*, next the *Dolphin* and *Revenge*, and poor *Rouge et Noir* appeared to have been entrapped by the above-mentioned gentlemen, as it was *no where*. *Baugwan*, *Polly*, and *Black*

Maggie still continued well up, and *Revenge*, having a knowing old cox for a skipper in old *Tiger*, took that part of the river known by him to possess the strongest current in his favour, and very nearly succeeded in coming up with the *British Fair*, but she was not to be caught with all his manœuvring, and fairly left him in the lurch, gaining the prize nearly a tack and a half a-head of all the others. The convivialities of the evening on board the *Espiegle*, I think I may say, surpassed those of the preceding match, the beautiful band of the *disbanded* Provincial Battalion having been engaged for the evening:—many excellent songs were sung by old *Tiger*, Lieutenant *Sprinker*, and others, and though last not least, Mr. Mill's 'Portrait Charming' I must now bid you farewell, with my best wishes for the success of your undertakings in the sporting way.

Ever yours, &c.

BLOW ME TIGHT.

P. S. By the bye, I have found out the advantage of writing anonymously, which perhaps you have not. One can hear one's production, *eulogized*, if you happen to have sufficient *brass*, without appearing guilty as to the fabrications. The other day I had the satisfaction of hearing that my last description of the match was *humourously* represented.

Espiegle Flag Ship,

Sept. 18, 1833. }

BREEDING AND REARING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Seeing a very well-written letter from a gentleman signing himself *KONOPHIOS*, whom I can pretty easily recognize through his disguise, I beg to add my testimony to the truth of his statements and the excellence of his system. I had about three years ago the pleasure of inspecting his dogs and kennel, and certainly they bore marks of a master hand in their treatment;—no broken coats or drooping sterna, but all looking as flush as a gamecock just out of his bag. From what I heard and saw, I resolved on trying the same mode of treatment, and continued it for one and a half year: and during the time I persevered, my success was unrivalled. I bred ten couple of thorough-bred fox-hounds without losing a single puppy during that period, and my old dogs were never better, though the latter acquired flesh rather too fast. I discontinued this system, not from any fault I discovered in it, but from the expence being beyond what my means would allow, for it is certainly very expensive—at least where I am situated, and I now feed on sheep's-head soup, which I have every reason to be satisfied with. But in the hot weather especially, I feel convinced that the rice and milk system is beyond comparison preferable to any other. I hope, Mr. Editor, that during the next hunting season you will induce some regular attendant on the '*Calcutta Hunts*' to give us a short but sportsman-like account of the good runs they may have, in the style

of those clever and well-written notices of Nimrod's in the *English Sporting Magazine*, signed N.; and though George Hennessy did once tell me that I should not get much hunting 'at that ere B. scully', yet I hope there is still something of the sort in store for you and your subscribers.*

Eluwah, August 24, 1873

TARQUIN.

ODDS IN FAVOR OF HUNSMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE*.

SIR,—I send you this calculation (should you think it worth while to insert it) in hopes to persuade some of the tremblers for their necks, that they are very nearly as secure out hunting as ambling with fearful spurs on the Calcutta Course.

Yours, &c.

R

SPORTING CALCULATION.

1st.—In the course of a long day's hunting, it is 10 to 1 in favour of a bold and good rider, mounted, that he meets no accident at all.

2d.—Supposing he falls, it is 8 to 1 that either he or his horse is materially hurt.

3d.—It is 6 to 1 the horse is hurt, and not the rider.

4th.—If the rider is hurt, it is 12 to 1 that a bone is not broken.

5th.—It is 20 to 1 if a bone is broken, that the wound is not mortal.

Ergo, $10 \times 8 \times 6 \times 12 \times 20 = 115,200$.

$1 \times 1 \times 1 \times 1 \times 1 = 1$

And $115,200 = 1$ —thus stated, it details

That he has no fall is 10 to 1.

That himself or horse is not hurt, 80 to 1.

That it is his horse and not himself, 400 to 1.

That no bone is broken, 5,760 to 1.

That the hurt is not mortal, 115,200 to 1.

Ergo.—Out of 115,200 persons who go out hunting in the morning, only one is supposed to end his course in that way, from the effect of that day's diversion.

EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE*.

SIR,—A gentleman at this Station has now in his possession two imported pointers, a dog and bitch. The latter came in here a few months ago, and admitted the caresses of the dog, who had been her companion for some length of time. After the usual number of weeks had elapsed, (viz. nine,) she littered the vast number of eleven pups.—a circumstance of excessively rare occurrence in this country.

* We have made arrangements through the kindness of a friend—a tramp—for having a regular library for the season.—Ed.

and in fact also in England, the usual number varying from five to seven. The most extraordinary part remains to be told—that the pups are to this day all alive and well. (I believe they are now nearly three months old, if not more.) They promise to turn out very fine dogs in the field. Their father is excellent. I should also mention that ‘two of the fair sex’ took a great deal of trouble in bringing them up. But, Mr. Editor, can any thing fail when the ‘dear creatures’ have a hand in it?

I had often read of the difficulty of rearing pups in this country, and have had some little experience; I therefore send you the above, hoping you will deem it worthy of a corner in your valuable Magazine. Should you do so, inserting it will greatly oblige, Mr. Editor,

Your constant reader and well-wisher,

Guernsey, Sept. 25, 1833.

CREMONA.

TIGER HUNT.

A hunt—who has seen a tiger hunt? and having seen it, does not regard himself with more complacence than ever, and look with partial nonchalance on the herd of the uninitiated around him!

The 28th of November, 1828, is a day particularly celebrated in the annals of my sporting dictionary—then was my first essay in tiger hunting—then had I my first brush with a real son of the forest! and after several hours of pretty severe play, we flashed our maiden swords, and sent at last the monster to his fathers. The day preceding that I have mentioned, I got the report of a tiger being in my immediate neighbourhood; and in the course of the forenoon a servant of my own saw him crossing the river within half a mile of my bungalow. Knowing that the report was to be depended on, a messenger was immediately despatched to Captain E., the Nimrod of our part of the country, and one whom I knew to be depended on for *shikar* of any kind that had either danger or excitement in prospective. The place was about seven miles from Jamulpore,—a spot where many a good hog had been killed, and affording, as I knew, shelter for game of a nobler, if not of a fiercer disposition. A batch of four or five elephants were despatched from Jamulpore that evening by Captain E., and he and Lieutenant L. made their appearance punctually in the morning. About half past seven we made for the spot, where I expected the desert lord to have taken up his temporary abode. Poor G. was at the time a visitor of mine—he and I had each our elephant and the necessary complement of guns, &c.; but unfortunately for us, howdas were not procurable, and thus on pads merely and with good stout hearts (as I thought) and weapons in our hands, we had not much to fear from any thing we might encounter. Alas! the best laid schemes of mice and men gang all

avry. We were not long kept in suspense. About an hour after leaving the bungalow, and while some were expressing a doubt as to there being sufficient jungle to shelter the animal we were in search of, Captain E. stumbled on a bullock newly killed, and started on his legs to have a clear survey of all around him. Yonder he goes, by Jove; and off went E.'s first barrel to summon to a conference. The tiger turned about immediately, when he was struck on the jaw by one of the bullets discharged at him: this did not stop him in his progress, however, for he made straight for E.'s elephant, which was the largest in the company, and most probably from it, too, the severe wound I talk of had been inflicted. The tiger after making a kind of short leap towards E.'s elephant, and roaring at the same time, made for the second in a similar way to that I have just mentioned. This was rather too much of a good thing, both for men and for elephants, and the latter trumpeting and flying, with their tails aloft in every direction but that of the tiger, defied the skill either of the sahebs or the mahouts to be again reduced to a state of obedience. Poor G., in the mean time, was in a fearful state. After the first brush I heard a faint voice from G., 'S, I don't like this, I'll go home—will you? I'll be d—d if I like this work.' A cheer from one of the party, however, and the sound of something like 'death or glory now' striking on the ear, and the idea besides of a homeward course through the jungle, as probably holding out as many dangers as actually remaining in the hold, restored us all again to a state of quiescence, and another attempt was made to bring our elephants to the scratch. After several partial attacks, in which the tiger had been wounded, (though not severely,) and he invariably charging the elephants, who by no means relished the amusement, the tiger evidently wished to shirk off, and made quietly for the heavier show jungle in the distance. A semi-circle was now formed, we again made for the spot where the tiger had been last seen, and after a little search again saw him at distance. He was then lying on his belly,—his head between his fore-legs,—his ears moving backwards and forwards, and his eyes literally glaring fire on those who approached him. He started to his legs—came in a slow gallop towards his opponents, and making a sort of running leap on two or three of the elephants nearest him, drove them fairly round, and sent them roaring into the jungles. We had not been idle before, though as yet no shot had sufficiently told upon our opponent. At last one seemed to tell more decidedly. The elephants, now in full flight, were followed by the tiger at a gallop. At one spring he got upon E.'s elephant, laid hold of the rope attached to the tail of the *haut'hee* in his teeth, and with a paw on each side of the elephant's tail indented in the flesh, was thus suspended for a distance of sixty or eighty yards. Then fancy the confusion. E.'s elephant became quite unmanageable. He and his gun and shot-belts were driven about in elegant confusion in the howdah, and the efforts of the mahout, were totally ineffectual either to check the animal in his pace or bring him to subjection. E. was carried some one

for two miles in this state and without his hat, (in a hot sun) towards the banks of the Berhaumpooter, down which, when the *hant'hee* began to descend, L. quietly leapt out behind and made slowly towards us. In the mean time the tiger had fallen down, worn out by the loss of blood and exhaustion. L. and I, after reconnoitring at a distance, and on my exchanging from my pad to his howda, had at last ventured up to the honorable deceased and found him 'all alone in his glory.' His size was not great,—about 3 feet high, or so: and his length in proportion. He showed himself however, to be true game, and the account given above entitles him, I think, to the honorable mention I have made of him. A few of the *vyots* now began to make their appearance. The 'beautiful in death' was removed to the back of one of the elephants, and soon after his skin was sent as a trophy of victory to one of the fair ladies in our neighbourhood, and since then I hear it has gone to adorn the hall of some proud Baron or noble chieftain in No. Island.

"For all around the walls to grace
Hung trophies of the fight or chase:
A target there, a bridle here,
A battle axe, a hunting spear,
And broad-swords, bows and arrows store,
With the richest trophies of the boar."

Myrmising.

YAVINE.

BURSAUTEE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BEGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR.—I am delighted to see such an able correspondent as VISTA giving us his ideas and treatment of this most annoying disease, and as he wishes to hear other opinions and remedies, if they are to be found, allow me through your interesting Magazine to call upon a gentleman of the service, of whose complete success in curing and entirely eradicating the *bursautee* from the constitution of a horse, I have often been a witness. As a proof of the possibility of its being done, I offer the following instance.

An Officer of the Horse Artillery had a splendid chesnut stud-bred horse as one of his chargers, that was quite a martyr to the *bursautee* regularly every year, (as I have been given to understand) from the date of his joining the corps as a remount. In 1825 he changed owners, since which period I have been in the constant habit of seeing him daily. In 1828, Mr. G. H. Griffith joined the 3d Brigade Horse Artillery as Veterinary Surgeon, and during the racing season of that year took the horse, (then about twelve or thirteen years old) under his charge. 'In the rains of 1829 he had a return of the old disease, but of a much less virulent nature.' In 1830 he had no return of it whatever, nor has he had since: although in October 1831, he came down to Bengal, where he still is, which is proverbially the worst climate in India for this disease.

Taking into consideration the number of years he has had it in his constitution, the horse's age when first taken in hand by a skilful professional gentleman, and his subsequent removal to the lower price, I am of opinion that there is as a proof of the *possibility* of the *bar-sandie* not only being cured, but totally eradicated from the constitution of the horse as need be wished for. This is only one of many (hundreds I may almost say) cases I have seen perfectly cured by the same gentleman, and who will, I am sure, render the community at large the essential benefit of publishing his treatment in your far-famed Magazine.

Your correspondent O. K. knows the horse I have alluded to well, and has often seen him in the Horse Artillery parade ground at Meerut, unless I am out in my calculation 'pretty considerably,' as a Yankee would say.

If any of your readers in or about Calcutta are fond of having their horses well shod, (and who is not?) I would advise them to pay Mr. Templer a visit at Ballygunje, who, in my humble opinion, has arrived at the *ne plus ultra* in the art of shoeing. The specimens he has of the different modes of shoeing different feet, are well worthy the attention of all lovers of our noble friends the horses.

Your's, Mr. Editor,

PETER.

Cawnpore, October, 1833.

TARRA COURSING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE*.

Sir,—In a somewhat remote corner of Bengal, not very far from the banks of the noble Jinge, whose jungles abound with pigs of no ordinary size, and not a great way from the spot bearing the spirit-stirring name of Tarra, is to be met with as good ground for coursing as may be seen, ay, after travelling many a long mile in search of the like,—and the truth of the assertion will not be denied,—where can be shown large, high, dry grass plains, across which the eye has a wide uninterrupted range, interspersed here and there with patches of low thick grass (sweet bits of cover), and in the season exhibiting nicely separated pieces of mustard cultivation. The residents near these inviting lands, generally four, occasionally five, with six couple of rare dogs, some imported, and some of no less worthy a breed than that of my Lord Rivers, started forth on many occasions during the months of March, April, and May, either early in the morning or after three o'clock in the afternoon, and seldom returned with less than three brace. To enter thoroughly into the scene you must fancy yourself on the spot of action. One day I well remember, (you must be with us on this occasion) a field of four, it was afternoon, we resorted to *surcou khates* well marked by former success, where

poor puss could find both food and shelter. We put in our beaters, fifteen or twenty in number, marshalled in a line, a couple of dogs on each side of the line on the alert. The men examined every inch of ground as they walked through the cultivation. On a sudden there was a general whoop,—a movement was observed,—the plant undulated in a long advancing line,—the beaters came on,—the moment was one of high interest,—the waving line closed towards the open plain. 'Here it comes,' was the cry: the burst is made. 'Soho! Soho! *ohé do*, you villain! Puss has a good start, and bounds over the land like a thug of old: That is a splendid country ahead, off go the bitches, laying out their full lengths, almost touching the ground at each stretch; one general gallop from all quarters takes place; 'This is very fine!' is the unanimous exclamation. 'A rare fellow this,—how he leads!' but the brindle bitch with a white nose (pretty creature) is upon him. Take a shot, Puss is off to the right: the dogs recover, push the game:—with ears recumbent Puss strives hard, turn and turns again, and still with life and death upon the effort, presses on;—the horsemen eager not to lose a single turn, ride accordingly. One of the party, an experienced sportsman, exclaims, 'For God's sake, gentlemen, take care! Gently, gently! do you mean to course the hare yourselves?' The scene nears its conclusion;—anxiety is depicted on every countenance,—the space of running is narrowed,—Puss slackens and slackens her stride,—the brindle bitch is at hand with nose down and mouth open ready for the fatal gripe,—Puss makes a last feint to one side,—the bitch seizes her in the act,—a squeak is heard, and death ends the history. She has run gallantly, the dogs have supported their reputation, and let the lovers of the sport say what they will, the whole has been a beautiful and most exhilarating sight.

Bending on, and after depositing the result of the chery in good keeping, we come to a rather extensive patch of nice, short, thick grass, spread over a sloping bank, shelving towards a sort of dell, from the opposite side of which arose a perpendicular bank, and beyond was a wide clear *maïdan*. After a persevering search out came the desired object. Our dogs for this run were capital,—an imported bitch, and another, a very pretty, most active, little black and white creature. Puss having taken leave of house and farm, and the dogs slipped, away they went pell-mell down the bank, up the other side, and then straight on end along the edge of that bank. It was really lovely! The dogs neck and neck, the little black and white bitch appeared to fly, the hare doubled, threw out her pursuers, was pressed upon, doubled again, baffling the dogs in most capital style, and brought itself at last into the midst of some fox earths, and when just upon the verge of escaping into one of them, the little one pounced her up amongst the congratulations and commiserations of all around.

Again onwards. We put the men into a neat square piece of short grass,—a most likely spot. In an instant the cry of game was heard

close up. 'Keep it in view,' was the order. Excited by our previous good sport, and anticipating nothing less than a repetition of the same, all eyes were on the start; the cover was almost gone through, when out jumped an odorous civet cat. 'A murrain on such vermin, and hold the dogs for your life,' issued from all mouths, and we turned our horses' heads homewards, for evening was spreading her sable mantle o'er the face of nature.

On another occasion we went forth at break of day, ere the sparkling dew drops, the joy of the morning, had melted away beneath the up rising sun. We were ferried over the river, crossed a *chur*, then over the dry sandy bed of the parted waters of the Buhampooter, and then to our favorite ground. The first feat of this day was that of a single dog after the hare; he carried Puss straight forwards, ran in upon her, and killed her without a torn. The thing was short and brilliant. Puss lies very close, and is sometimes difficult to move. We had traversed a plot of short grass, not very large, with twenty or twenty five men,—gone all through it and found nothing,—beat it back again, and from one corner close to where the people had entered up got Puss and took, as a rare stick, forwards. Two half breed dogs (greyhound and foxhound) generally catchers, but on this occasion below their mark, were slipped. They pursued the game keeping well a-head, the dogs lost sight, picked up the hare by scent, and away Puss went over an immense deal of ground, and came cantering leisurely up to the very spot where the other greyhounds had been posted. Puss ought to have escaped, but the opportunity was irresistible; and who's the man that does not ever and anon think of the pot? One dog was unleashed, viewed the hare, and very soon brought it to speed. Puss maintained the course, balked and balked the dog, and was eventually caught with her head actually in a fox's earh,—so near were we all being cheated.

On the same day we had a clipping course with the River's breed, long and well contested, over a most beautiful open country, but Puss, with the help of a little low thinly scattered jungle succeeded in getting earth. Many is the skelter we have been to, and finally left in the lurch by Puss. Several times after a hard contested struggle I have seen the dog give an impetuous spring forward, seize the hare roll; over and over the hare screened by volumes of dust has got off, and for a moment or two only prolonged her period of exit to the burning regions of the kitchen.

This is an epitome of our kind of sport, and if it afford nothing novel or amusing to the general reader, the perusal will at least serve to recall scenes of conviviality and pleasure to the minds of some of your subscribers, partakers of the sport.

I am Sir, your obedient servant,

A WELL-WISHER.

NOBS AND SNOBS, OR A MILL OF A BAD STAFF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE*.

MR. EDITOR. — All good people who were resident in India in July 1827 will remember the grand battle, which was fought in that year, between the Government and the inhabitants of Calcutta, respecting the Stamp Regulations. The ground pitched upon was the Supreme Court, and the ring was formed by upwards of a thousand of our many-colored citizens, wedged as close as they could pack, and leaving a small open space in the centre for the combatants. Each of the parties appeared by their respective champions. Messrs. Tutton and Cleland, the then acting Advocate General and Standing Counsel, pecked on behalf of the Nobs, and Messrs. Winter, Clarke, and Dickens volunteered for the Snobs. This numerical inferiority on the side of the Nob champions was, however, remedied by the chief umpire, whom the men of those days called ‘a Friar of orders Grey.’ He threw up his castor in favor of the smaller number of combatants, and ventured his own person in no less than two hundred and forty rounds* in the course of the contest. This, as any kiddy might foresee, was sufficient, and the swells won the fight, or, in other words, got their Regulation registered. But the Snobs were so pleased with the game which their teen had shewn, and more especially the fibbing which they had served out to the chief umpire, that they gave a regular blow-out on the occasion at the Town Hall, and tipped the lads with a handsome piece of plate each, just for all as if they had won the stakes instead of being obliged to give in. Well, things remained in this state quiet enough for twenty months or more, when the Nobs found that the Snobs were no more minding their Stamp Regulation (for all they had got it registered) than they would three skips of a louse; whereupon they pounced down on five of them, who kept a large concern in the city, and lodged them into Court to pay penalties. Now it had so happened in the last fight, that the chief umpire had got so well sickened by the fibbing and one twos which had been served out to him, that he said he would be blessed, but that at the next bout he would only play *Cock and his General*; and in order to manage the rambustical Snobs, he would have no less than twelve umpires to settle the dispute, or, to use *his* slang term, he would leave it to a jury. Well, he did so, and a pretty kettle of fish they made of it; for, notwith-

* This must be a poetical figure of young Calch's, borrowed from page iv. of Mr Crauford's preface to “the Proceedings of the Supreme Court of Bengal relative to the registration of the Stamp Regulation;” in which he says—“On the face of the printed page it will be seen that the Counsel for the inhabitants were interrupted

On the first day	81 times.
On the second,	40 ditto.
On the third,	48 ditto.
On the fourth,	71 ditto.

Total 240

Deputy Sub-Assistant Printer's Bill

standing all the chaffing of the COMMISSARY GENERAL, the champions of the Snobs regularly gammoned the twelve umpires.—As thus. The Nobs wanted to make the five Snobs, who kept the cagern I spoke of, pay penalties for giving a promissory note, without being stamped, but when it was shewed the umpires that the Nobs had clean forgotten to say any thing about promissory notes in their regulation, they said they'd be blessed if they'd give them a penny's worth of penalties; and straightway they floored the Nobs. Then, indeed, there was lots of chaffing, and the best among the Nobs proved an easy customer to the smallest Snob. The big ones had got out of their tactics altogether, and their only consolation was to blow up the Commissary, and swear it was a cross. The claps whom the Nobs thought to have diddled out of the penalties, were, as you may suppose, well up in the wind, and puffed no small matter about getting the day. They forthwith got up a treat for their principal champion, and those who were there had reason to bless themselves, for a neater turn out in the way of lusk and prog, speechifying and chaunting, does not often occur to most men. So much, indeed, was thought of it, that one of the champion's cores, who followed the same trade as himself, wrote a stave about it. The champion (as he ought to have been) was not a little proud of it, and gave it to me when he went to England some years ago, and as he cannot therefore publish it himself, I herewith send it to you.

I am, Sir, your servant,

CALDWELL BALDWIN, JUNIOR.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas at the jovial feast for verdicts won

By Mischin's father's son!

Around the board in social state,

His guests and Alexander sat,

Resplendent beauty graced the board,

Beauty without whose heavenly aid

In vain the festive banquets laid,

In vain doth Bacchus all his joys afford.

The grosser appetite supplied,

Began the banquet of the soul,

Nor wit nor genius was denied,

To consecrate the festive bowl.

Now after due and awful pause,

Accordant to the banquet's laws;

With graceful gesture rose the host,

Pronounced the great, the glorious toast,

"To M—n this libation flows,

"M—n the guardian of our right;

M—n who, all experienced, knows

To gain the day in legal fight.

Fill high your bowls above the briar,

Trial by jury join with him!"

He said, but ere the gent'le touched his lip,
 Thrice he pronounced the wondrous magic laps:—
 Hip, hip, hip, hurra!—hip, hip, hip, hurra!
 At once a cheer and jubilee rose,
 A thousand voices rend the skies,
 And M———, M———, M———, M——— its glorious name,
 (He shouts more deafening than the vast Trump of Fame)
 From wall to wall rebounds:
 Pleased with the grateful sounds,
 Echo hurls back the ringing name:
 The splendid hurlecock of her and Fame.
 Mine alone remains undented,
 O'erwhelm'd the mighty din:
 Such clamours well denude the mind
 Long used the day to win.—
 At length the sounds have died away,
 Hypocrites once more
 Assume a temporary awe,
 And M——— descends the floor,
 Seated on the tables high
 He stands, a great, a glorious sight,
 His very gesture spoke,
 And language of sublimest kind
 With fervor thrill'd through every mind,
 Before he silence broke.
 Thus stood Demosthenes of old,
 In dignity of place,
 Thus awed ten thousand Dicæa bold.
 With Oratoric grace,
 Or thus, in Rome's more pulmy state,
 Amidst the conscript fathers sate
 Sage Tully, guardian of their fate,
 The styptic of his country's blood,
 But Tully's nor the Athenian fame,
 Oh M———! e'er shall match thy name,
 Thou queller thou of Stamps.
 Pilgrims of fame shall seek thy shrine,
 And kindle at thy flame divine
 Their intellectual lamps.—
 Thrice he essayed, and thrice in spite
 Of conscious worth, and conscious might,
 His voice, his tongue, their aid refuse,
 His words their wonted vigor lose.
 Oh social friendship, thus thy power,
 The grateful generous heart can melt,
 Subdue the breast which in the hour
 Of danger, fear nor doubt e'er felt!
 The applause of friends, our heart's term,
 The smile where woman's lips approve,
 O'erwhelm the soul, the lightning's gleam,
 The battle's thunder could not move
 At length his voice its powers regain,
 The deep majestic tones are heard,
 Women are mute to catch the strain,
 And Wisdom treasures every word.

" If I with this right arm have cramp'd
 The power by which your bills were stamp'd ; —
 If I have used my skill and emulation
 To keep twelve bulwarks in upright position —
 Those mighty bulwarks of the constitution,
 Those safety-valves which save a Revolution ; —
 If I with all a patriot's indignation —
 Stamp'd on their stamps, and stamp'd their regulation —
 If to these mighty ends my deeds have tended ; —
 If, with my voice, your rights I have defended,
 A great, a rich reward this night I own,
 And stand firm seated on the Patriot's throne.
 Your smiles and your applauses, what to these
 Is all the paltry recompense of fees ?
 No — give me thus the rich reward of fame,
 'Tis all I ask to gild my humble name" !!!
 He said, and sat ; — the applauding crowd
 Renewed their promises long and loud ;
 The sparkling wit, the sparkling wine,
 And lovely woman's sparkling eyes divine,
 Their richest, brightest, lustre shed
 Around the happy M — n's head.
 Well deserved the joys surround him,
 Great the triumph, great the cause,
 He — for stamps could not confound him —
 Well deserved a world's applause.
 Thus fled the hours in social mirth
 In Alexander's festive hall,
 A nobler Band not all the earth
 Could boast, upon her peopled hall.
 But hark ! What sounds of woe and care
 From distance wafted on the midnight air
 The ear appals ?
 It comes from halls,
 Where sit the conquered sons of anguish and despair.
 For regulations lost
 They heave the madd'ning groan,
 They count the mighty cost,
 For rights is their moan !!!
 In rage they fiercely stamp,
 But stamping now is vain ;
 The bitter bat they champ,
 Curb'd by the galling rein.
 M — n such the joys surround you,
 Stampers such the griefs you know,
 Stampers late shall still confound you
 Till the Hooghly clear shall flow.

C. T.

BREEDING AND REARING PUPPIES.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — In my last having promised to attempt the subject of "Breeding and Rearing Puppies," I now do so, not with any hopes of being able to give any information which is not stale to most of your readers, but to prove my good wishes to your publication, which, if it only meets half the encouragement it deserves, cannot fail to prosper. I will commence by supposing that the bitch from which pups intended to breed from has been whelped. I should recommend her being allowed to run about the house as soon as she gets heavy, to be fed well, at the same time not allowing her to get too fat as that would not only make the pups smaller, but render her liable to accidents when pupping. About two days before pupping, I generally give a spoonful of castor oil, more or less, according to the size of the bitch, but sufficient to clear her out. Should she appear to suffer much while pupping a warm clyster or a warm bath I have generally found afford relief. In applying the warm bath care ought to be taken to give it where there is no draft of air, and to dry her well after it. Two days after pupping I generally give another dose of castor oil, and after that the bitch cannot be fed too well. Liver pickled, mixed up with chappatees, increases the milk greatly. The sooner you can get the puppies to lap milk the better. Thus they will generally do at about a fortnight old. The milk should be first boiled, and sweetened with a little sugar. As they get older, a little rice may be boiled in the milk, and increased daily till it becomes of the consistency of an unbaked pudding. This I have generally found to be the best food, until the pups are about six weeks old, when I should recommend their being fed with soup and chappatees, commencing with a small quantity of the cake, and increasing by degrees, giving each puppy, on this change of diet, 5 grains of rhubarb. They should now never be allowed to pass a week without a spoonful of sulphur in their meat. I would continue this diet until the pups are at least nine weeks old, until which time no meat should be given. At this period I consider you may commence feeding them with meat, soup, and chappatees, taking care the meat is cut into small pieces, and well mixed up. Whenever a change of diet takes place a dose of physic is necessary, and the change should be made by degrees. Pups will at all times eat any thing they can get hold of, and with all the care that can be taken of them, they will still swallow pieces of leather, chunam, wool, feathers, &c.; for this reason I invariably give (from the time they are eight weeks old) a small pill of aloes, according to the size and strength of the puppy, one day in every ten, besides the spoonful of sulphur one day in every seven, (the latter I recommend to be given to the full grown dogs, as well as puppies, throughout the year). The pill above recommended, should not be sufficiently large to cause purging. I have always found it most efficacious, the puppies grow all the better for it, and I am convinced that it very often keeps away distemper.

Should any puppies unfortunately get this disease at an early age, I must strongly recommend the use of Tartar emetic being discarded by all those who wish to see their puppies recover. I am convinced I have seen hundreds destroyed by this medicine. Anem. Ac. I consider, one of the best remedies in this disease; but for this purpose I recommend either a spoonful of common salt, dissolved in two spoonfuls of warm water, or ipecacuanah; the latter, should the disease commence with looseness, the former, if the bowels are bound. The emetic in both cases should be repeated every third morning, giving, in the event of the bowels being bound, a dose of aloes and calomel about three hours after the emetic. In the case of the distemper being accompanied with laxeness, the ipecacuanah should be given every third morning, giving three hours afterwards, and also in the evening, one of the balls No. 1. I consider this one of the great reasons that so many puppies die in this country, is the huge doses which are sometimes given to them. Puppies in this country generally get this disease at a much earlier age than they do in England;—it is no uncommon thing to see the puppies in this country with the distemper at four or five weeks old; in England it is a rare occurrence if they get it at four or five months. All the recipes in the different books published in England are intended for full grown dogs, and yet these doses are given to puppies of a few weeks old. Another great cause of the mortality I consider to be, from the natural anxiety of a sportsman to cure perhaps a favourite pup, in a country where a good one is so valuable. I have often seen two or three different remedies applied in the course of a day. One perhaps early in the morning, and the pup not being well at 2 p. m., something else is tried, perhaps of a quality which totally counteracts whatever good effects might have arisen from the first. If a person would first well consider the nature of the disease, and then make up his mind as to the course he will pursue, and allow such to have full trial, I am convinced, that though in some cases he may find he has pursued a wrong one, his success in the end will be much greater. Puppies with the distemper cannot be kept too much in the open air. Next to the line of march where the puppies are never two days in the same place, I consider a shed, without sides to it, the best place for them. But though they ought always to have as much fresh air as possible, they should at the same time be kept warm, which can always be done with clothing. Puppies with the distemper cannot be fed too high, if from the table so much the better. I have, I am afraid, by this time tired out both you and your readers, should this be honoured by a place in your Magazine; but however incompetent I may be to amuse, I shall ever remain your constant reader, and warm well wisher,

TALLY HO!

RECIPE.—No. 1.

Extract of Bhatany,	10 grains.
Opium, in powder,	3 grains.
Prepared Chalk,	1 scruple.

Into one ball.

Give one about three hours after the ipercuanha, and repeat in the evening. This is what is given in England, but I have found it *too strong* for this country. For pups of three months old I would divide this ball into three, and give one *morning and evening*, until purging is stopped. For a pup of two months old, divide it into six pills; six months old, into two pills.

Should the pup appear weak after recovering from the disease, give as a restorative

Columbo Root, (pr.)	2 scruples
Acorn-sh Powder,	} of each 10 grains.
Rhubarb Info,	
Subschoene of Soda,	15 grains.
Oil of Eppermint,	3 dws.

Syrup to form a ball.

Divide into two, three, or four balls, and give one morning and evening.

SNAKE BITES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MENAAL PORTFOLIO MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR, —The accompanying mode of treatment for snake bites, including a most simple and cheap process for making the medicine, cannot but prove acceptable to your reader.

I do not offer the present recipe, with a view to experiment, or with any feeling of doubt as to its success—for I have used it successfully during several seasons, and seldom indeed have I found it fail.

During the rains of 1831, it was the means under the favor of the Almighty, of curing thirteen individuals, many of whom were brought to me in a dangerous state.

If it be enquired how many of these patients were bitten by the Cobra de Capello, Coraite, &c., I can only reply that there have been many ascertained cases of both these formidable snakes; however, the person who administers it, will scarce find name for these enquiries; every instant is precious and the information he would obtain would not be depended on, unless accompanied by the recently killed snake.

The last case in which I used the medicine, occurred on the night of the 18th inst. The wife of my cook was bitten on the foot by a Coraite measuring 30½ inches, which was instantly killed and brought to me. When the medicine was given to her about three minutes after being bitten, she was very cold, after the second dose she was relieved.

Directions for making the medicine.

Nousada, (ammonia procureable in all bazars,	1 seer.
Chunam, shell,	1 "
Boiling water,	1 "

Pour the noursada and chunam very fine, and first dissolve the noursada in the boiling water -- then place that and the chunam in any glazed earthen jar, and instantly cork up and lute the mouth.

For ten days shake the jar thoroughly, morning and evening, keeping it in a shady place, and on the eleventh day leave it to settle.

On the fifteenth day, pour off the clear liquid from the sediment, in which operation care must be taken not to disturb the sediment, and instantly shut it up in a ground glass stoppered bottle quite airtight, as the least evaporation weakens the power of the medicine.

Dose.

If a full grown man or woman, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1 \text{ tea spoon-ful of medicine.} \\ 2 \text{ ditto of water.} \end{array} \right.$
 If a child, half the above.

Treatment

The moment a patient is brought, the first dose should be administered: and as deglutition is often impeded, however willing the patient may be to swallow the medicine, the introduction of a round piece of wood, or the best end of an *Eau de Cologne* bottle, will assist the operation.

If after the lapse of five minutes the extremities are getting colder and the pulse weaker, or even sooner if the symptoms are bad, the above dose must be repeated.

If after a further lapse of 10 minutes, or with the like discretion, the recovery remains doubtful, give a stronger dose--viz. --

2 Tea spoonfuls of medicine,
 2 Ditto of water.

It is *particularly* to be kept in mind, that this medicine has *no* effect unless the patient be *simultaneously* put in exercise. It is therefore *absolutely* necessary, that from the *first* moment in which the first dose is administered, two able-bodied persons, one on each side, carry their arms under those of the patient, and cross their hands on his back, putting the arms of the patient, round their own necks and thus supporting him, run him along; and although the patient be nearly insensible, and his legs so powerless as to trail along the ground, still this indispensable treatment *must* be resorted to.

Should the patient plead fatigue, wish to sit down, appear drowsy, or make any other excuse with a view to avoid this treatment, such is a certain sign, that the lethargic tendency of the snake's poison is not overcome: --the request must not be complied with.

When a decided improvement has taken place; when the pulse is good, the patient cheerful, and he can walk and run without support, there is no further apprehension, nor is there any relapse.

The treatment occupies from 10 minutes to double that time -- *Eau de Cologne* freely given, where the patient appears to be sinking is *useful*.

If the medicine has ulcerated the throat, any thing of an oily nature will gradually afford relief.

C. S.

ROBIN HOOD'S DOGGRELS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Kindly, Mr. Editor, the Magazine is getting on 'like a house on fire,' or as our trans-atlantic brethren would say 'progressing slick !' Give my love to *Old Boob*, who is, in my opinion, a deuced clever fellow, and a very agreeable companion ; and tell him, when I can spare time I have got a few words to say to him *enent* his remarks about the Taria Hunt, in the last number. Any thing, so decidedly canine, as *doggrel* verses may surely claim a place in your pages, so I send you some, which will shew you what sort of chaps, you may expect to see, when you undertake your sporting circuit.

ROBIN HOOD.

I.

I never was a sleepy head,
A noisy, lazy hound ;
But always rose, when first I heard,
The cheerying bugle sound !
Some men there are, who like to sleep,
'Till nine or ten o'clock ;
But I would rather take my gun,
And shoot a jungle cock !

II.

I never was a stickler at
A proper rasping leap ;
But always boldly rode at it,
Altho' the ditch were deep ;
Some *cakes* there are, who like to ride,
A quiet, easy jog ;
But I would rather go and hunt,
A precious savage hog !

III.

I never was a sulky beast,
With not a word to say,
Altho' I must confess, I like
Sometimes to have my way ;
Some *spoons* there are, who like to sit
And mope for hours, at home ;
But I would rather, with my dogs,
Across the country roam !

IV.

I never was a stingy regie,
Afraid my cash to spend,
But always had, a crown or two,
To give a needy friend ;
Some chaps there are, who like to hoard,
Their gold and silver store,
But I would rather spend it all,
And trust to chance for more !

October 11, 1888.

ROBIN HOOD.

“HADDIPORE RACES IN THE DISTANCE.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OF BHAGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR.—Well, my good Sir, the thermometer is now 97° and how to pass the weary hours is really a difficulty. *Sporting Magazines*, *Racing Calendars*, the *East Indian United Service Journal*, and a good library, are at this moment within a couple of lengths of my easy chair, yet I cannot command sufficient resolution to rise, even for the purpose of doing a bit of plagiarism for *Maga*. “*Qu’hy, ch’root lau, and Brandy p’rince, doesra kullum lau. Puckah tan, you hear?*” This Hindoostanee lingo puts me in mind of “*The how how, the heeh, and a lick in the head, and this said birch puts me in mind of Haddipore, the Crowther, and Brumanaguns.*” Here they come round, round the corner!

“But he it not long, for in the tedious minutes,
Examine interval! I’m on the rack.
For sure the greatest evil man can know,
Bears no proportion to the dread suspense.”

Blue jacket has it; No, no! Green and white? Yes, yes! Red sleeves and yellow cap has just looked his nose in front. Oh what a rush!! Now, what’s the time? “1.58⁰ upon my soul, the last half mile,” says Mr. Hill, “that is the pace not must shake off cocktails.” The morning really grand,—the ladies (God bless them!) are now waving the muslin with those lovely digits. Oh! what an awful moment! The darlings are now brought to the whip, and the judge exclaims “*a dead heat*” between the two greys, the chestnut bay and iron grey well up—time 1½ miles. 3ms. 2ds.!! “*Poufemour, not so bad, eh? for Provincial running,*” says a Bengal Cockney, just emerged from the Maharatta Ditch. However that *sine qua non*—condition, must tell in the next heat.” “That remark of your’s Sir” says Mr. Hill, “is, very pertinent; perhaps you would like to back the opinion for a cool 20 or 30?” “No, no; thank ye, not at the present moment!!”

Now, my dear Editor, will you allow me to indulge IMAGINATION UNCONTROLLED? If so, let us look through a long delightful vista with Haddipore in the distance and lots of money to heal our wounded honour. Even (if we do fail in the attempt) we will try to be “first and first.” The question is, who shall we meet?—duty has called O’Keefe to another part of the realm; his eyes long ere this, have feasted on a *Clem*, a *Begum*, a *Sawdah*, an *Infidel*, a *White-foot*, and a *Fascinator*; but who is to lead me through the mazy labyrinth of betting men, pretty girls, and beautiful race horses, but the Editor of *Maga*, and the renowned and matchless Captain Clifford!

At Haddipore this year will congregate rank, fashion, and beauty, to compete with which we shall have races, race horses, with men of the right mettle, having Civil and Military hearts, open to offers as candidates for P. P. or H. P. matches; for why should we look with

a frigid indifference on *Love*, a *Cottage*, and *two hundred* rumpes a month? So pray, Mr. Editor, kindly send up a PRETTY supply, with "clean fetlocks," to fill our theatre, ball room, and new stand in the morning.

I wish it were in my power to introduce you to all the terrible high bred cattle. But look! for I observe walking in yonder "*chucker*" that noble horse *Godolphin*. I saw the little and gallant *Edwy* lead him for the Great Calcutta Welter in January last. However, a little good *na* will be beat by a great good horse: and *Edwy* was obliged honorably to assign the laurels to his opponent: he was piloted by a well known performer, Mr. R., of the Civil Service. For the little Welter *Edwy* (receiving weight) took his revenge, and beat the great gun couple of lengths. By the bye, look at that tallish good humoured *chiz*, in a brown frock coat, he rode *Edwy* and a right steady jock is. His name is sociated with one of the best gal-loways of the day---*Berranpory*. Take him all in all, we ne'er shall look upon it like again."

There are some nice looking nags here at all events, the condition of many, no doubt, would do credit to the stables of Robson, Dilly, Day, and Scott; and as for riders, hide your diminished heads, Robinson, Chiffney, Buckle, Pavis, Day, and Chapple!! for here you are supplanted by Mungo, Himut Khau, Chand Khan, Buxoo, Bahadur Goo, Paunchoo, and Rammoola. However, you will be amused, Mr. Editor, when you see these aspirants for the honor of "first and first," riding as an old Colonel said of his sepoy. There you go "higledy, pigledy; eek, ooper eek, buckray ke maufick." Yet, let me tell you

"*They ride to win.*"

"Well," said Dick Lowry, lighting a cheroot, and blowing a cloud in his neighbour's face, "what string is that? for surely, if my eyes do not deceive me, the tall lengthy mare ran in Calcutta in 1831." She is *Supphire*, bred by Colonel Stevenson, got by *Benedict*, dam *Emerald*, by *Delusion*. Do you recollect *Pickle*, (who wrote in *Maga* some few months since,) alluding to her in his letter "The grey mare is the better horse." May such words prove true, for the sake of her sporting owner O. K. who it appears has sent down a few "to raise Haddipore from the dust." "Why" added ---, "his name is down to every sweepstake, and it is as well to risk the glorious uncertainty, as to fork out a lump of money for forfeits! he sides the more horses, the more sport!"

Who is that short, black muzzle fellow, now looking at O'Keefe's nags; he is evidently giving "Mungo" directions?—Watch him, for he has this moment taken "a *McCabe*" from the hands of the gentleman, by his side, and it strikes me, we shall have *McCabe* to quit, if a trial; but perhaps, it may be only to bring him along the last ½ mile. Why the black muzzle chap is fond of the fun, and perhaps would ride 50 miles to see "them brought to the whip."

By the bye, Dick, (don't puff your cheroot in my face) can you tell me who is the owner of that blood chesnut, with a white leg? I remember seeing him (*Wouwerman*) in the front rank many times in Calcutta, but last year he was beaten on this very ground by inferior horse, viz. *Quarantine* and *Grildrig*. However he will be an ugly customer to have it heavy against this season, for I understand he is now in the hands of ONE who will do him justice—*Old Grildrig*; of course, you know he is a lucky one, and fortune may again smile on him at this very meeting.

It is getting late old fellow, jump into the buggy, and let us be off to stables, and then over our Mocha and weed, we will talk of pleasures yet to come, and with light hearts and merry countenances, fancy ourselves at Allyghur.

“The Epsom of India”—Eh?

There we shall see, *Clem*, *Fascinator*, *Begum*, *Whitefoot*, *Infidel*, *Savannah*, *Lancer*, *The General*, *Volunteer*, *Agonistes*, and perhaps the *Little Trump* of the west, alias *Marmion*, with *Jerry*, *Quack*, *Setim*, *Falkland*, *Little Pal*, and all the aristocratic tribe in that ere line: *Stump*, *Sheela*, *Edwy*, and the *Young Duke*, may perhaps be seen also doing a bit of sly in yonder tope. Then at Meerut and Delhi, the Cawnpore gents, and perhaps also O K's nags, all the way from Hadjipore, may, if there is time, come out, and should they meet with a defeat, the owners will have the gratification of running for the glorious uncertainty, which, *entre nous*, is better than losing your coin in an Agency house;

The races at Allyghur, Cawnpore, Meerut, Delhi and Agra, judging from the horses ought to bring a number of good stables together. It will be a rich treat to see *Clem* again compete with the country-breds: his running last year for the cup was noble; the last mile and a half with 8st. 11lbs. in a second heat in 2ms. 56sds. and not at his best either!!! Would a *Lancelot* *Gobble* win in hand at such a pace? Then, at Cawnpore, there was *Infidel*, he ran under every disadvantage last January, which ought to be admitted without a why or an if, for his march from Bombay in the rains answers many questions. The judgment and practical knowledge of the art of training was fully displayed, as the event proved, by our *Somerset* friend B. “He is a valued member of an Indian Turf.” *Infidel* to run his 2 miles, 40 feet. and a distance, carrying 8st. 12lbs. in 4ms. 21sds. must take rank next to *Clem*. May they yet meet is the hope of hundreds, but

‘Hope is the sawning Traitor of the mind,
Which, while it cozens with a coloured friendship,
Robs us of our last virtue—RESOLUTION.’

Perhaps the owners may over a bottle of *Lol* come to the scratch.

Talking of matches, reminds us of *Quack*, for it is said, the little horse whispered to his Sporting Master after the last Agra Meeting

‘My soul is up in arms, my injur'd honour,
Impatient of the wrong, calls for revenge.’

Therefore, to gratify his ambition, he is to appear again against *Savadah*, weight for inches, one mile and a half, over Allyghor for 100 gold mohurs H. F. Now, Dick, what think you of the result?

Why, my advice would be, don't be foolish; for rely upon it, *Savadah*, if **ALL RIGHT**, (altho' he is giving weight) can lead him such a dance that it will be bellows to mend before he arrives "from *Ma*," *Savadah* generally runs up (look at his public running with the *Infidel* last year) the last $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, in 58 seconds!! Why where will *Quack* be? Deckna chya, as old Roger says,—but, my Sporting friend is determined also to measure lengths with *Bannerett*, the property of O. K., who, it appears, whilst tarrying only a few hours at Calcutta, the ruling passion was beyond control, and the result has been three matches against *Quack* to be run over Meerut, viz. half a mile, three quarters of a mile, and one mile, the weights I do not remember, but fancy, it is weight for inches. *Bannerett*, at all events will run under the disadvantages of a long march from Hadjipore; change of water, the chances of gripes, and other drawbacks, together with the distance, must make the odds in favor of *Quack*, and which no doubt his owner brooked accordingly. The Meerut Prospectus is capital for a CHOSEN FEW. Why should *Quack* or *Savadah*, because they have poked their noses in the front rank more than 3 times, have to carry in the Galloway plate 10 lbs. extra? Introduce wire whips, and break their backs at once, Gentlemen. What would the racing men say at home, to see a little weed, under or 13.3, carrying 9st. 2lbs.? With due deference and respect for our friends, "this is too bad." It is a sure way to stop them with a vengeance. Let Martin's Act extend to Meerut is the sincere prayer of

VISTA.

Hadjipore, 1833,

BREAKING BUGGY HORSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—Having on several occasions succeeded in breaking in buggy cattle after ordinary means had failed by a very simple expedient, though I dare say not a new one, a notice of it might perhaps, not be altogether unacceptable to some of your Mofussil subscribers.

After a nag has gone through the regular routine of trotting in the ring and dragging the log, should he shew the slightest aversion to the buggy have him picketted securely, neck and heel ropes allowing as little play as may be, and in that state let him be harnessed to the buggy and kept standing for an hour or two daily.

I have just succeeded in breaking in by this method a stud bred, who, before he came into my hands, had kicked himself out of more than one buggy, and had been pronounced by John Cook, as perfectly

unbreakable. It is true he made some abortive attempts to act up to his character, but the ropes effectually stopped him, and he gave in almost immediately. A horse broken in after this plan invariably turns out cool and patient at starting;—a qualification *not* always to be met with in Mofussil cattle.

A friend of mine hit upon a very ingenious, though not so neat a method, of quieting as unsteady a nag as mine. He stationed him at his Cutcherry door, and every petitioner had to walk through the buggy with his 'bit of paper,' as the only means of access to 'his worship.' The plan however succeeded, and the 'courtiers' looked on the affair as a good joke.

Your's &c.

B.

P. S. Could any of your friends communicate a method for curing tiger skins, so as to preserve the hair from falling, and the skins from imbibing moisture during the rains? I have tried many things without success, and have moreover always found it more difficult to keep the skins of males than females. Why so?

CUTTACK CRICKET CLUB.

TO THE EDITOR OF BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,—Perhaps the following notice of the present Cuttack Cricket Club, may be an acceptable offering to the *Calcutta Sporting Magazine*; if not, you know best what to do with it.

The Club consists of 21 members, and was established on the 12th of September 1833. Our first meeting took place 14th September, a small attendance, but enough for single wicket. Since then we have played regularly, and I select the following matches as being the best. September 28th 1833, Wickets pitched at 4 p. m. One innings each.

1 Tayler,.....	Caught Francis.....	9
2 Mathias,.....	Bowled Paton.....	1
3 Banks,.....	Ditto.....	6
4 Austin,.....	Ditto.....	1
5 Martin,.....	Not out.....	10
6 Cumberland,.....	Bowled Paton.....	2
7 Repton,.....	Bowled Hollings.....	7
8 Nicolson,.....	Bowled Paton.....	5
9 John Ewart,.....	Bowled Francis.....	0
10 Natiys,.....	Bowled Walker.....	6
11 Path,.....	Caught Hollings.....	0

Total, 46

1 Hollings,.....	Bowled Mathias....	18
2 Francis,.....	Ditto	16
3 Paton,.....	Bowled Tayler.....	6
4 Hunter,.....	Ditto.....	8
5 James Ewart,....	Bowled Banks	1
6 Walker,.....	Bowled Tayler.....	0
7 Blake,.....	Bowled Mathias.....	1
8 Hewith,.....	Bowled Ditto	5
9 Eleven,.....	Bowled Tayler.....	10
10 Native.....	Not out.....	1

Total, 66

Our playing ground is very excellent, in some parts a little sandy, which is an advantage this wet weather; no rain had fallen for some days so that the ground was in very good order.

October 3rd, Both sides Ridding. Wickets pitched at $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 p. m.

1 Tayler.....	Caught Hollings ...	53
2 Mathias.....	Bowled Paton.....	0
3 Austin,.....	Not out	15
4 Martin,.....	Bowled Paton.....	0
5 Repton,.....	Ditto Hollings.....	10
6 Nicolson,.....	Ditto Paton.....	9

Total, 92

1 Hollings,.....	Not out	30
2 Francis,.....	Bowled Paton.....	6
3 Paton,.....	Ditto Mathias.....	8
4 Walker,.....	Tipped out.....	0
5 John Ewart,.....	Run out.....	0
6 Path,.....		0

Total, 44

The weather has latterly been very unfavourable and prevented our meeting. Next month, however, we intend to come to the scratch in earnest, and render our exploits more worthy of being recorded in the *Calcutta Sporting Magazine*.

Your's faithfully.

STUMPS

P. S.—Do you think the Club in Calcutta, would accept a challenge if we paid their day's expences?

"PUBLIC CARRIAGES—THE ROAD."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Sir,—A sporting friend has just sent me the *Quarterly*, No. 96, published in December last, in which appears a very able article headed as above,—from the peculiar and artist-like style which pervades it throughout, it is evidently the production of a master hand, and I think a man might safely venture a bet, that it is from the pen of a once celebrated writer, the leader, in fact, in that uniform periodical the *Sporting Magazine*. Neither do I imagine would a man be far out of his line in attributing the paper entitled 'Melton Mowbray.—English fox hunting' (which appeared in No. 93, of the Q) to the same source. Be that how it may; every one must allow that the subjects treated of are shown up in true and bright colours; and it is much to be regretted that we have so very few workmen in all our Sporting departments who are able and willing to record what they may have seen and done, for the benefit and amusement of their brethren. I beg to recommend the article in question to the perusal of such as may not have seen it, whether they be amateurs of the road, or otherwise; indeed to those who only judge of the system of coaching by what they may have seen some twenty-five or thirty years ago, it cannot but prove highly interesting. In nothing, Sir, has England more improved or shone more brilliantly than the present mode of travelling; and it is a query which commands our admiration the most, the cattle, the pace, the build of the drag, the matchless finish of the harness, *et hoc genus omne*, or the gentleman-like and polished deportment of the men in office, whether he be of 'the man wot drives,' or of the active and business like guard. This change is to be attributed to the interest which has of late years been evinced in the cause by gentlemen amateurs, to whose laudable exertions too many acknowledgments cannot be made; in a word (I quote from the Q) 'coach travelling is no longer a disgusting and tedious labour, but has long since been converted into comparative ease, and really approaches to something like luxury.' Doubtless this to some of the old stagers appears paradoxical, but there is that truth in the remark which drives away the very idea of questioning. The consternation and distress of the 'old gentleman of 1742,' is well imagined, and happily hit off; the scene is laid on the great western road, which I knew some years ago perfectly; indeed during a flying visit I paid the country, my '*natale solum*,' in 1826, I had my eyes pretty well open to the merits of different drags and artists journeying between the 'little village,' and the ancient city ycleped Exeter; and should this by any chance catch the eye of a certain honorary member of the fraternity now rusticated somewhere in the West, who had entered well into the humours of the road, and was pretty well known to most of us, he will perhaps recognize in the writer, the gentleman who was at work for Bill H—

in the summer of the year I have mentioned, on the 'Defiance' between the Fairmile Inn and Ilchester. Our friend the Reviewer has not mentioned *this* phenomenon even once; but in my humble opinion, it is superior to those he has trotted up; the *Comet* was established after my leaving England, but the *Herald*, I conceive to be the concern which used to change its name every six months, having figured at different periods as the *Balloon*, the *Sovereign*, the *Age*, the *Empire*, and a proper top it was too. As for her 'admirable performance' (see *Review*, page 358) of a hundred and seventy-three miles in twenty hours, I am quite at a loss to discover in what consists the merit, as I will venture to assert that this is the slowest performance on the whole line of road. Surely little credit can be given when the *Fans* run the distance in thirty hours; indeed we always considered this vehicle the *Regulator* (to which the old joke of 'going by it' was always most truly applied) almost in the light of *Light Waggon*s; they were not however so spiritedly horsed as the other, the *Regulator's* first stage being sixteen miles (into Honiton) and so on in proportion. The mail from Chard *auspice Beavis*, was very well conducted, keeping strict time, without being particularly fast; a sure conveyance for the steady hands, as no locking went on, indeed I marvel, if that surly old fellow Hudson (so well known to the shots of the West) would have allowed such a thing,—there was no occasion for it. The fun was either on the *Defiance* (first and first par excellence) or *Subscription*, both splendidly conducted by those very slap-up proprietors Mrs.* Nelson and Shearman, and between whom a raucorous opposition existed. I always gave the preference to the former; and should like to have shown some of the old bucks the team we had over the flat from Ilchester to Cart Gate, only four miles and a quarter, and twelve minutes the time. *It was actually beautiful*, and worth going miles to see, all so exquisitely clean and neat, and that artist Haynes putting 'em along so merrily, with the tuneful bugle ever on the go. Their last stage in also, eight miles (with one or two rasping hills), with a spanking team of four blood bays, used frequently to be done under thirty-seven minutes; and to see the two screeching along through Heavitree, and the *Defiance* taking the lead going down the hill by Summerland Place, and poor P. giving them 'follow follow over mountain' en passant, ought to have been seen and heard to be duly appreciated. On one of my last journeys with them they did the distance from Hyde Park Corner to the Old London Inn, Exeter, (174 miles) in *fifteen hours and a few minutes*, thus averaging nearly twelve miles an hour. I do not consider myself wrong therefore in placing the *Defiance* at the top of the list. The *Subscription* and the *Celerity* were

* During the hot summer of 1826, the *Defiance* had the good fortune to lose several horses. I remember one day on the down coach arriving at Ilchester Training Haynes asked the guard 'how the old *Lady* (the cognomen given her by the knights of the whip) bore the intelligence?' 'Bore it? why, like a woman to be sure.' But what did she say? 'Why, all she said was, never mind, my lads; you find whips, I'll find horses!'

very little inferior; one team of greys driven by the latter having been purchased subsequently by a Devonshire Baronet.* I should like much to hear where the classic loving O—m is now, or that musical genius Tom G—m, whose bugle used to cheer a long stage with its melody.

An overflowing bumper therefore to 'the Road' the pleasant remembrance of days passed on it remains strongly impressed, and will I imagine never be effaced; years may roll over, and time drive his slow turn-out some few times ere I again have the pleasure of once more enjoying my favorite diversion, 'but 'way with me, laucholy' and let us drink success and prosperity to the Road.

Where Javis and Cornus
Ride tandem with Momus,
Beguiling the way with mirth, banter and glee!

Your's, kind Editor, and your's and your's also, gentle reader,

THE TRAVELLER.

White Lion Tap, at the foot of the Hills, Sept. 25, 1833.

P. S.—I intended at starting to have discussed the merits of several other players I am acquainted with, on the Southampton and Oxford roads, not forgetting that exceedingly stylish and business like set out, the Worcester *Paul Pry*,—but all this must be reserved till some future time.

* Sir L. Park—reckoned a very pretty light coachman.

QUERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LANCET, SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Is there, or is there not, such a shot as number 13? And is number 10, and dust shot one and the same thing? By answering the above through your excellent Magazine you will decide a bet, and oblige.

Your's &c.

September.

A. CUFF.

NOTE.—The highest number made in England is No. 10. This shot and dust shot (containing 1726 pellets to an ounce) are one and the same. The French go up, in their manufacture, as high as No. 13 or 14—but we suppose the bet ought to be decided with reference to English manufacture.—ED.

THESTIC REMINISCENCES, No. IV.

'*Man is but a shadow, and life is but a dream.*'—*Vision of Mirza.*

'And shall the scene no more show forth

His sternly pleasing brow!

Alas the moral brings a tear!

'Tis all a transient scene below!

Campbell.

In the month of January, 1830, I wrote an article for the *Gazette Literary Gazette*, which, for several reasons, I mean to embody here. I remarked that I recently had read in D. L. B.'s columns, with a most kindly pleasure, an account of the late Mr. Terry, which had been extracted, if I recollect right, from that able paper the *Spectator*. I then proceeded—'The writer who never saw Terry but on the stage, calls him his friend. I fully admit the claim, for though I myself never had the good fortune to be privately acquainted with that estimable man, and excellent actor, still must I consider Mr. Terry in the light of a friend—aye and of a dear one too! Those who, like that lamented person, are connected with our juvenile associations have ever a strong hold upon our memory; we look back at them though the postern of time long elapsed, with softened feelings, and most friendly regard!'

How often have I sat in the pit of the Edinburgh Theatre, and given my wife of the heartiest applause to that fine artist and most worthy and accomplished gentleman (for in Terry both characters were beautifully united)! How often have I, the day after a play, stoutly maintained against some subtle disputant—some knowing and sharp fellow student, that what he called defects—were Terry's absolute beauties! Oh these indeed were some of the few 'green spots in memory's waste!'

The Edinburgh stage, I think, may be fairly considered as Terry's *Alma Mater*. It was there, properly speaking, that his talents were first emphatically distinguished, that his genius found the congenial field for its developement and that he attained to an eminence from which he never declined for an instant—but continued till the very last a most cherished and respected favorite of the public: until to the deep regret of the 'Athenians'—he quitted Edinb' for ever—to launch his bark of fame and fortune on the great metropolitan ocean.

Terry, as the writer already mentioned has justly observed, belongs to the old school: the fine old intellectual, and analytical school that studied human nature with the most assiduous attention—but with that diffidence, and proper awe, which the true worshipping of nature always exhibits when meditating amongst her sacred groves and fanes. This was the school of the Garricks, the Hendersons, the Siddons, the Kembles; a school full of true idealism, and so called

of mere animal tricks and vulgar clap traps. I cannot, however, agree with the writer in the *Spectator*, that Terry was the last of that school. No; while Young survives—Terry can scarcely with justice be said to have been the last of the Romans.*

For my own part I cannot help thinking that Terry's powers have been underrated. I have seen all the great performers of our times, some of whom 'after life's fitful fever now sleep well.' And in parts congenial to him, in the highest walks of his profession, I have witnessed, and felt in common with others, that electric thrill—that consentaneous shock of the mental flash, which is the vicer's failing test of excellence, produced as vividly by Terry as by any of them.

It was in impetuous bursts of passion, in the terrible, and in the sternly great, that Terry shone in the tragic walk. I do not think there was his equal on the stage as a Cassius, or a Glencoven; as respects the former character, not even excepting Young super-cunient as he is in the part; for, according to my idea, Terry's countenance was more Roman than his—his movements more classically stern, and he throw, if I may so express it, a greater degree of the ancient Italian *indomitability* into the character than the other. To see him the Cassius to Kemble's Brutus indeed was a sight! In that inimitable scene, which is one of Shakspeare's innumerable good hits,—the lion-like chafing—the terrible impatience of the one and the blended god-like calmness and grand contempt of the other—formed a magnificent antithetical display of beautiful acting.

"Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;

Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further."

You saw the struggle that Cassius had to keep his sword in its sheath—and as he sprang impassioned and fiery towards the noblest Roman of them all—you felt an instinctive dread of the consequences—a kind of conviction that bloodshed must ensue. Then came the rebuke that called the other to proper recollection,

Away! slight man.

Here Kemble majestically waved his hand and arm as if he would brush away an insect, and without deigning even to look at him whom, in his then mood, he considered a slight man.

Terry's delivery of the following injunction wherein he commands his reluctant attendant to kill him—was singularly impressive.

Come hither, Sirrah.

In Parthia did I make thee prisoner;

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,

That whatsoever I did bid thee do,

Though should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath.

Now be a freeman: and with this good sword,

That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand 'till I answer: Here, take thou the hilts;

And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,

Guide thou the sword.—(Caesar, thou art reveng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee.)

* But Young is theatrically dead!—En.

(Diss.)

Here he fell in a way peculiar to himself; indeed Kemble's in *Coriolanus*, and Terry's in *Cassius* were perfect models of grand stage falls. The former made you shriek while admiring for as the Volscian swords pierced the hero, he stood a moment apparently unmoved with his face to the audience, and then *gradually*, like some tall Alpine pine whose rooted holds of the rock have been severed by an avalanche, he fell backwards, with his whole length coming with a clang upon the stage. The last time I saw Kemble in the part, (I have seen him in it four times) he was too feeble, and in too delicate health to do it; and though, as before, he fell backwards, he was caught in the arms of those around him.

When Mrs. Siddons bade farewell to the stage in the Northern Capital, she chose Terry as the Thimo for the evening. This was of itself the highest compliment that could be paid to Terry's talents. I remember the whole thing as if it had occurred but yesterday. How many then rushed vehemently forward to the avenues of the theatre that night have lifted their head upon life's stage and now are 'heard no more.' How little did I in the buoyancy and carelessness of that 'golden time,' dream that I should be many and many years afterwards chronicling the sayings and doings of that evening in the distant capital of Bengal!

I was nearly crushed to death in striving to get a seat—the rush of that living tide was prodigious. Indeed, what with the shrieks of ladies, the screams of children, and the imprecations of men pushing desperately to carry away out of that closely-wedged mass, some female relative who he! fainted, it was an awful scene which I would not willingly witness again. Many were in peril of their lives. Recollect too, that I am not speaking of a rabble, but of a multitude principally composed of respectable householders, and boasting amongst its numbers much of the chivalry of the place, and all excited to the utmost by their expectations of the finest intellectual treat that ever mortal witnessed—Mrs. Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*! Ay, and to witness her for the last time. Oh that word *last* how it grated upon the ear, and how the dropping of the curtain fell on the heart like a knell! At length I succeeded in getting in, and that to my favourite seat, the middle of the fourth form from the Orchestra. I would not then have given up my place for a larger sum than I choose mention.

The scene on the blasted heath was over. I was chatting with a friend, and one of the most tremendous peals I ever heard thundered all at once throughout the house. Methinks I still behold that magnificent and truly Queen-like form! She had just entered from the side of the stage. She was dressed in black velvet with her beautifully-turned snow-white-arms bare, and her fair long down her shoulders, in one large simple classic coil. She held the letter in her hand on which she looked down, and there she stood, the very impersonation of Tragedy!! What a deafening volley of enthusiastic greeting to genius sounded in her ears! but no—she heeds it not—she

does not forget for an instant her ideal being—she is Lady Macbeth—she is not on a stage—but in the privacy of her chamber cogitating aspiring thoughts—her eyes are intently fixed on that letter. At length she raises them—all is hushed—that mighty heart—the audience is still, still as midnight, and you might hear the ‘Mole’s fleet fall.’ *“They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge.”*

These words were pronounced in the calmest under tone as if she were thinking audibly, and yet that voice, scarcely above a whisper too, struck the ear distinctly in every part of the house. Well did the Bard of Hope sing of her and her immortal Brother.

‘Together at the Muses side
The tragic paragons had grown
They were the children of her pride
The columns of her throne!’

But to return to Terry, he was, as I said, the Macbeth of the night. I have seen Kemble repeatedly in the same character. In the more stormy parts I thought Terry more effective, but in the finer developments, and grand depths of passion, Kemble left him, and all others, far behind. Kemble’s dagger scene was magnificent. I cannot decide which was the best in the murder scene, but will endeavour to describe the manner of each. Terry, as he went to the stage door, clenched his muscular hand and held it aloft, and there was an expression of ferocity in his countenance as he pronounced the words “Hear it not Duncan, &c.” He then rushed into the closet, and during his absence the *only* Lady Macbeth in the world stood near about the middle of the stage listening, with that deep abstraction of tragic interest which itself was a matchless picture. At length a noise was heard at the door, and Terry at one bound was on the stage close to Lady Macbeth, firmly grasping the daggers and looking wildly into her face, while with a kind of horrid smile wonderfully expressive he wildly said “I have done the deed!” The smile was terrific, more especially as it was instantly followed by a look of the most hopeless dejection when he glanced at his “hangman’s hands” and burst into that sublime lament “Macbeth hath murdered sleep,” and “Macbeth shall sleep no more!” Here Terry’s head sunk upon his breast and he burst into tears.

Kemble’s “Hear it not Duncan,” was given in a shrill but subdued voice, and as he said “to heaven or to hell” he closed his eyes, and gave a shudder which made all who saw him shudder in return—so eloquent was that simple movement of the “horror of the time.” At the next glance he was gone. When the door re-opened, his majestic, but then cowering figure is sued slowly forth, holding the daggers towards the dark void within the door-way while his head was turned over his shoulder in the same direction, as if “some fiend behind him did tread.” In this attitude he staggered slowly up to Lady Macbeth, and without looking at her, but having his eyes frozen in exquisite horror, as if the ghost of the murdered man stood

beckoning him in the doorway, in tones just audible, intimated that he had "done the deed," he then turned to look at Lady Macbeth, and asked in a manner not to be described; and to be understood and appreciated requiring to be seen, "*did'st thou not here a noise!*"

In the scene where the murder is being discovered to the household, Kemble was transcendent. Terry's uneasiness was too perceptible, and must under any circumstances have palpably betrayed his guilt. Kemble's, on the contrary, was so finely dissembled, that the rising suspicion of every one who observed him was not at once converted into certainty as in Terry's case. Who can forget Kemble's "I am fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf?"

In comedy Terry had a certain terseness, as well as raciness of manner, that was very felicitous. It was a flavor of the old Pierian. He was (at least to my taste) the best Sir Oliver Surface on the stage, and an uncommonly good Sir Peter. His Lord Ogleby was admirable; there he went out of himself. It was no longer Daniel Terry you had before you, but the superfine old gentleman of days gone by. His Madrollis was unique; but I must not expatiate on the details of either.

One of my reasons for reprinting the above, is, that there were some atrocious typographical errors in it, as it appeared in the *Literary Gazette*; and another is---that it is apropos to some observations I am about to make. And every one of those mentioned above is gone! Yes, and Edmund Kean, he too is gone! Kean burst upon the dramatic world like a thunderbolt. Nothing could exceed the sensation he caused. For my own part, my curiosity to see him and judge for myself was irritated to the utmost. For months and months the papers, metropolitan and provincial, were full of him. They could almost dwell upon no other subject, stirring as the times were and interesting the epoch when Napoleon's star began to dim, but KEAN! It may be imagined then with what anticipations I sat one evening in the pit of that most magnificent Theatre, Drury Lane, to see Kean for the first time as *Sforza* in the "Duke of Milan." The music was beautiful, but a theatrical audience expect something besides. The gods began to get very noisy. A misgiving seized the minds of the audience---and the whisper became louder and louder. "Some one must be ill---hope it is not Kean!" At length the impatience became so great---that the curtain rose. Mr. Rae, the Manager, came forward with a face of woe "Ladies and Gentlemen---but why enlarge?---the tone in which he pronounced the words quoted, told no 'flattering tale'. In a word, Kean was not to be found. Mr. Rae could not tell *what* had become of him. He had sent to his house to enquire if he was there---but Echo answered "where is he?" The shouts, the groans, the hubbub, following this announcement became tremendous. When the storm subsided a little, Mr. Rae proposed upon the spur of the moment to get up the 'Tragedy of Douglas. 'No! no! no!' Shade of Home, if you had heard the derogatory shrieks of aversion with which the proposal was received, how would'st thou have been grieved!

Hiss, hiss, hiss. Roar! roar! roar!—"No Douglas! no Douglas! Won't do—won't do!" Retiring for consultation, Mr. Rae again came forward—"Would' the house accept of three farces—*Fortune's Prolic*, '*Ways and Means*', and '*What's next?*' Yes! yes! yes! Bravo, Bravo! The house applauded mightily, and still more to put the 'sweet voices' in good humour—the histrionic corps came forward and sang *God save the King*. How is it that the tragedy of Douglas, which was once such a favorite, received such a rebuff as the above? I suspect the reason is, that it does not contain action enough for the national taste. Look at Shakespeare's plays—how rife with action they are all. The characters don't stand still—every thing moves and lives. I confess I care not if I never see Douglas again, — and why? I like it better in the closet, as one does all poetical dramas; and another reason is that I have seen its characters cast in such a way as I never expect to witness again. Of this, some idea may be formed, when I mention that Mrs. Siddons was Lady Randolph, John Kemble Old Norval, and Henry Siddons the young Norval of the night. I have reasons cogent for recollecting that night well: one of these is, that I sat next a dear and revered relation now mouldering in the dust. I say nothing of the acting throughout, it would be superfluous. Towards the end of the fifth act, the interest deepened till it became perfectly overpowering. Never shall I forget the tones in which Mrs. Siddons uttered the words,

And we must part! The hand of death is on thee
O! my beloved child! O Douglas, Douglas.

Now what made this the more affecting, was the circumstance of the delicate state of health in which her son then was, and which caused general apprehensions for the eventual result amongst the inhabitants of Edinburgh, by whom he was so much beloved and respected,—apprehensions alas! that proved too well founded.

Oh, had it pleased high heaven to let me live
A little while!—my eyes that gaze on thee
Grow dim apace! My mother—O my mother!

I may say without exaggeration that the whole house was dissolved in tears. There was no struggling against the irresistible pathos of the scene. I need scarcely say how much my own venerable relative was moved; but I recollect, as it were only yesterday, her pressing my arm with convulsive force, burying her face in her handkerchief and whispering as well as her sobs would permit, "Good God! this is, not acting!" The maternal anguish, and the filial regret at the stern separation of death, were so true to nature, so beautifully, tenderly true, that nothing could be more exquisite.

But to return to Kean. He did not appear again for about a month after the appointment he caused the public on the occasion mentioned above. He had, it seems, gone on some excursion on the morning or forenoon of that day, and falling out of his gig fractured his arm or dislocated it,—I forget which. His absence certainly was unintentional, and caused by a cruel necessity; this John Bull well

knew,—but John, at times, is unfeeling, to say the least of it, or acts as if he were. Kean was to appear as Richard III.—The house was crammed to the very slips.—Expectation was on the tenter hooks, especially with me who had never seen him. The moment he appeared he was received with hisses and hootings. I must confess, I felt much disgusted. Here was a Son of Genius, who had met with a grievous accident that made it impossible for him to fulfil his engagement on a former evening, and yet he was received in this brutal manner. Kean made a manly speech on the occasion, and that noisy monster, Public, became as nauseously fondling, as he was before cruelly overhearing. I was present on another occasion (Oh tell it not in Gath!) when your polished Londoners hissed and hooted John Kemble, yea, the monarch, the august monarch of the English stage, on the eve of his retirement from it for ever! But I wrong the Londoners, it was not the polished Londoners that did it, but the rabblement. Kemble was cast for the part of Brutus in the tragedy of Julius Cæsar. He was subject to attacks of asthma, which, at times, would come on suddenly. On the day previous to the play, he was taken ill, but rather than disappoint the public and knowing how suspicious the excuses of performers were sometimes, and hoping that he might recover, his voice sufficiently by the hour of representation, he left his sick bed to perform his part. He was scarcely audible. The galleries at length became impatient and began to hiss. Many in the pit and boxes started up and exclaimed shame! shame! All the respectable part of the audience felt that there was downright profanation in their (under the circumstances) ruffianly marks of disapprobation, and they succeeded in drowning them in a storm of applause. At length Kemble came forward to the footlights and his explanation, manly and dignified, conveyed a rebuke that silenced the disorderly for the rest of the night. When will English audiences learn to discriminate, and to treat the professors of one of the finest and most delightful of the arts with, I will not say consideration, but decency? If I felt disgusted at their treatment of Kean I felt tenfold so at their conduct towards the veteran Roscius. Here was a gentleman “the noblest Roman of them all” with whom in a private room they dared not have taken such a liberty, but morely because he is in a larger room they think it their privilege to use him almost as bad as the Pollisines did Sampson. Kemble’s look of indignant astonishment at being hissed for a visitation of Providence, was the finest thing of the evening. There was no acting there, it was genuine nature.

It is not one of the least intolerable consequences of these *John Bull* tantrums, that the unity of the character for the time is utterly violated. Here came Kean forward as Richard, and just as he commenced the soliloquy “Now is the winter of our discontent,” which no man could speak like him, “the rabblement shouted.” It was no longer the king but poor Edmund Kean the actor, writhing under the elephant feet of a London audience. And presto! A few words, set them all roaring again in the contrary direction. But

how can they expect that an actor, who endeavours to make a part his own, can recover his self-possession, and the harmony of his feelings, so as to proceed satisfactorily with his part? Or do they think that uproarious applause will atone to a delicate and sensitive man of genius, and a gentleman, for a gross insult? "Oh reform it altogether." I need not describe Kean's Richard. The impression was one which I can never forget. It was quite electrifying,—especially the dying scene, when the pit rose in a body waving handkerchiefs, and exclaiming, "bravo! bravo!" His eye was itself a living soul that looked through you. His acting came upon you as it were in flashes of mind and bursts of passion, rapid, impetuous and overwhelming. I am as enthusiastic as any man respecting Kean's splendid powers as an actor. To have beheld him as I did, in the zenith of his strength and reputation, and not to have by acclamation yielded to him the palm of transcendent genius, was, I should imagine, impossible. Nevertheless I beg leave to remind the exclusive admirers of Kean that

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona."

A short time ago, I read an article in the *Hurkaru*, admirable in all respects, save, as I conceive, in its disparaging remarks on John Kemble. I forget at this moment the date of the remarks alluded to, but I certainly think that they were (though I feel confident not meant to be so) most unjust in their bearing on John Kemble's reputation. Apropos, is it not curious, the tendency that we have to form comparisons instead of estimating men and things upon the broad basis of their own merits? Could not my friend of the *Hurkaru*, with whom I hold this gentle passage at arms in the best and kindest feeling, could he not have panegyrised Kean without sacrificing Kemble upon his tomb? "It will now scarcely," observes the *Hurkaru*, "admit of a doubt that Kean was the prince of modern Tragedians. He had no rival near the throne. The cold declamatory style of the Kembles is no longer the standard of excellence. The school of Kean is the school of Shakspeare." Holding very grave doubts on this head, I enter my disclaimer against this sweeping, and, I think, partial criticism. While Kemble lived, he, in characters which he had rendered his own, had no rival near the throne; no not one. Where was there an actor who could approach him in Coriolanus, Brutus, Cato? Well, but, perhaps my friend of the *Hurkaru* will say, those were cold, classic declamatory characters. We shall see that by and bye—but let us come to characters more on the level of nature, at least of English nature. Where was Kemble's rival as Lear, as Cardinal Wolsey, as King John, aye, and as Hamlet, and Macbeth, for in these two last Kean tried to divide the crown with him (and they fairly halved it in Hamlet)? Where also was his rival in Octavian and in Penruddock? In these characters, I will venture to affirm, that Kemble was unapproachable. Let it be borne in mind too, that Kean came, saw, and conquered in the prime of life, while Kemble, on the other hand, had "fallen into the sun, the yellow leaf." Oh to hear him repeat those beautiful lines!

Again the writer quoted states, "The spirit of our great bard in his mood of impetuous passion and profound tenderness was but mocked and insulted by the deliberate and studied precision of the Kembles;" and again, "the praise of fine taste and scholarship cannot be denied them;" and still further, in the same strain,—"they were rather great rhetoricians than great actors." In the first place it may be asked, what is meant by the school of the Kembles? The writer somewhat inconsistently does not include Mrs. Siddons as one of the school, yet he places her at the head of it. Mrs. Siddons at the head of a cold and declamatory school! I had intended addressing the *Harkn* direct on the subject—but the hands of both of us were full at the time. I accordingly merely took, pencil memoranda, the passages quoted above, as the paper belonged to a friend. I think it right to mention this circumstance lest any error may have crept into my version of the *Harkn* criticism. As Mrs. Siddons is not included in the Kemble school, may I enquire to whom the phrase particularly applies? Charles Kemble no one will call a mere rhetorician and cold declaimer. Charles Kemble, equally strong in the tragic, as in the comic; and warm, natural, racy and powerful in both, with a vein of rich talent like genuine Hockheimer! The phrase was not, I should imagine, meant to apply to the *only* Talstaff, who while he lived embodied one of the most felicitous and original of all Shakespeare's characters? "No;" methinks I hear my friend exclaim; well then, the objection of mere rhetoric, and cold declamation applies solely to John Kemble. Be it so—and now let us enquire a little into this matter. Will cold declamation and mere rhetoric excite sympathy, pity, terror, horror? Will the one, or the other, or both united, make hundreds, as it were, sit still and motionless, like statues, as if their fate depended upon the very look of the actor? Will the one, or the other, open the fountains of the great deep of human feeling and sentiment? Will cold declamation cause the big tears to course down the cheek of stern manhood in spite of conventional forms and pride of inflexibility, and all those thousand and one reasons that make man ashamed of being detected in the fact of yielding to the all conquering supremacy of genius and nature? If mere rhetoric and declamation cannot do this, then was Kemble no cold declaimer, no mere rhetorician, for all this I have seen him effect over and over again. I am of necessity placed in the disagreeable position of continuing a line of comparison which my friend of the *Harkn* commenced. According to him John Kemble was a mere rhetorician and cold declaimer; but Edmund Kean—his was the school of Shakespeare. To proceed then—John Kemble was a man who in his prime might have served as the model for a statuary. The finest lineaments of the Roman and Greek idealities, if I may so express myself, were stamped in such marked, yet delicate characters upon his noble countenance that he felt at home in both. Perhaps the simplest way of expressing my meaning is to say, that John Kemble whenever he represented a classical character, for the time, annihilated time and space—and threw

you back into the age when the Roman Eagle over-shadowed the world. This naturally leads me to the consideration of what (right or wrong) I suppose the *Hurkany* would call 'cold and declamatory character.' 'The school of Kean is the school of Shakespeare?' I do not deny it—but why not extend the declaration to the school of John Kemble? Shakespeare wrote *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*. Could, or did, Kean ever enact the part of *Caius Marcius* or *Marcus Brutus*? He never did that I heard of: his warmest admirers never dreamed of asserting that he could approach within a thousand miles of Kemble in the one or the other*. Well then, as respects these two characters, the school of Kean was not the school of Shakespeare—for in these, so grand, so over-powering, was the shadow cast forth by the memory of Kemble's excellence, that it paralysed the energies of Kean! Is *Caius Marcius Coriolanus* a declamatory character or a rhetorician? I venture, with submission, to say no. He is a hot headed, choleric, Roman Duke of Newcastle. I presume my readers have seen Kemble in the part: yea, the part of parts, that made you forget Kemble, and Covent Garden, and every thing but the Eternal City! You were thrown back—and felt yourself jostled in the struggle between aristocracy and democracy, and scarcely knowing whether to bow most profoundly to the consuls or the tribunes of the people. Mark the entrance of *Caius Marcius*.—Oh reader, were you fortunate enough ever to behold John Kemble in that part? With what a proud vehemence, and burst of grand scorn, savouring of any thing but cold declamation, he broke in upon the glibulous citizens—

—“What's the matter, you dissensions rogues, &c.?”

and then again—the hot impatient aristocratism breaking forth in spite of his kind friend MENENIUS' precautions.

“He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have you curs, &c.?”

—Kemble's tones and action here were awaking and animated to a degree, and he advanced upon the retreating rabble in a manner peculiarly his own. But Oh—my dear friend of the *Hurkany*, do you recollect John Kemble's god-like form, attitude, and if I may so express it—expansion of spirit when he uttered these words that ever were sure to call down thunders of applause—?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pitch my lance.

There are many passages in this very play, to which I could triumphantly refer, to prove how untenable is the position of my opponent. Look, for instance, at the animated passage in the first act where *Marcus* enters and tries to rally the Romans, just beaten back commencing

“All the contagion of the south light on you.”

* Our much esteemed Spack is at fault here. Kean did enact both. He failed in *Marcus Brutus*, but his *Coriolanus* was a master piece. His mighty heart caused us to forget his “little body.”—Ea.

Does the reader recollect (if he heard Kemble utter the passage he cannot have forgot it,) his magnificent, but passionate aristocratic way of pronouncing the short, but splendid passage—

Choler!

• Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind.'

Then again, the boiling wrath, tempered with patrician dignity, with which he repeated the passage.

"You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
O'ercrack o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I BANISH YOU;"

Does the reader recollect the fifth scene of the fourth act? There was no declamation there! It was very simple. Aufidius asks
What's thy name?

"Prepare thy brow to frown: know'st thou me yet?"

"I know thee not:—Thy name?"

"My name is CAIUS MARCIUS!"

To him who recollects Kemble's inimitable acting here I need say nothing—to him who does not, I shall not attempt to give an idea of it. One more quotation,—and recollect, reader, that I pass over clusters of beauties: I wish to confine myself within as moderate bounds as possible, even though the flood of memory would fain carry me on further than your limits, Mr. Editor, and my own time will admit of.—One more quotation, and I may say the very antipodes of cold declamation, and mere rhetoric.

"Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave! &c.

Cut me to pieces. Volscies: men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False liquid!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscies in Corioli:
ALONE I did it.—Boy!

My reference to Cato will be brief. I purposely cite it, because this play is not altogether unamenable to the charge of being, what the critic has asserted, of the Kemble school—"cold and declamatory." The reader, I doubt not, recollects the scene of the fourth act where the death of Marcus is announced to Cato. It was said of Foote, that it was not so much the words, he spoke, as the manner of telling his story that set the table in a roar. It was precisely so with Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, on the stage, as respected their tragic powers. Where the author did nothing or next to nothing for them, they exhibited their most splendid triumphs, perhaps, by a look, a tone, a gesture of electric eloquence and matchless expression! Portius relates to his god-like father, how

Marcus fell; Cato answers "I'm satisfied"—Kemble's mode of repeating these words is indescribable, but it was unique. Portius, by way of consolation, informs Cato that before he fell, Marcus' sword had pierced through the false heart of Syphax. Kemble looked up to heaven with an expression of rapture exclaiming "Thanks to the Gods, my boy has done his duty?" then there was an instantaneous transition touching in the extreme.

"Portius, when I am dead, be sure place his urn near mine."

But see the corpse of his son approaches, the music playing a dirge. There was one of Kemble's grand hits. Without uttering a word, he stood erect, about the middle of the stage, with his face full to the audience and his arms folded in his robes. Let the reader imagine a strong minded man receiving in the midst of a crowd, intelligence of overwhelming domestic calamity. Let him imagine the internal struggle indicated by the *quivering lip*, and the convulsed action of the facial muscles, that, in spite of stoicism, tell of the broken heart; let him also imagine this strong minded man to possess one of the most singularly noble and expressive countenances that was ever irradiated by "the divinity that stirs with us;" let him imagine this man, standing as I have described, full ten minutes, and a whole audience still as death and dissolved in tears by this *look*, or succession of looks, and then he may form some idea of how Kemble achieved this victory—but achieve it he did in a manner that was unapproachable by Kean or any other actor. I say nothing of the soliloquy—the sublime soliloquy. "It must be so—Plato thou reasonest well"—all have heard of that. I hurry to the catastrophe. The whole scene of Cato's death was wonderfully pathetic. It was a profound study, but this was an after reflection that suggested itself to the mind, for you thought not of it when you beheld the dying Cato—his life ebbing away before you.

Here set me down;

Portius come near me.

Oh Lucius, art thou here.

Alas poor man he weeps! Marcia, my daughter—

Oh, bend me forward! Juba loves thee Marcia.

Then came the prayer—

"I'm sick to death—oh when shall I get loose
From this vain world, the abode of guilt and sorrow!

—Alas, I fear

I have been too hasty—Oh, ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!

The best may err, but you are good, and—oh!—(Dies.)

A man must have had nerves of iron, and sinews of brass, to have withstood the whole of this most affecting scene unmoved. There were no applauses here. The heart was bound up in fetters of intense sympathy. The audience are afraid to breathe lest they lose his dying words—the curtain falls—no applause yet—the audience awake from that intellectual trance—they are no longer in Utica,—they have beheld

Kemble for the last time in Cato—and peal upon peal of applause, loud, continuous, thundering, testify that the spell of the enchanter has just dissolved. “Do you wait the force?” The force! who could witness a force *after that*. Pook the thought is profanation.*

Turn we to Lear. How admirably Kemble dressed for the character! Indeed this observation applies to *all his* characters. Here his fine talent revealed itself continually. I always thought that Kean was soon what too fond of flannel and fardiness. The whole play was most strongly cast: Henry Siddons was the best Edgar I ever saw as Mrs. H. Siddons was beyond compare the sweetest Cordelia.

— Darkness and devils!

Saddle my horse, call my train together,
Degenerate be laid!

No cold declamation here, my respected friend of the *Harkness*. Not one word of cold declamation, not a single mere rhetorical flourish throughout. Every allusion, affecting, beautiful nature. Kemble's Lear had nothing to be desired; it was perfection. With what skill were its features disclosed, and its latent powers elucidated from the bitter and fierce disappointment of the outraged parent and monarch, the indignant victim of grossest ingratitude, the commencing aberration of intellect, and the merging of all its powers in one of the most calamitous conditions that can befall man—Insanity!

Lear's curse, as pronounced by Kemble, was terrible. The feeble old King all at once becomes almost elastic with energy, clasping his hands, he drops on his knees, and with the eyes upturned pronounces that awful curse in a way that makes your flesh creep.

— Hear, O nature, hear;

Dear goddess, hear! &c.

But I must really check myself, for if I go on at this rate there will be no limit to this Thespian gossip*. I trust, however, I have said enough to show, that the school of Kemble was also the school of Shakspeare. Surely it is verging on partizanship, and not just criticism to say that one man, be he who he may, monopolizes the school of Shakspeare. No man could admire Kean more than I did; but my admiration of Kean could not work a miracle, and erase from my memory burning recollections of excellence as towering and grand as his own. They were both great actors in their way, but as a fine landscape may be viewed from different sides, so may there be more readings than one of Shakspeare; and each beautiful, natural, and just. As a whole, Kemble's *Macbeth* was finer than Kean's; as a whole Kean's *Richard* was superior to Kemble's. To carry on the parallel, Kemble's *Lear* was as impossible for Kean, as Kean's *Othello* was beyond the mark of Kemble. Kean then made his own, and his own alone—*Richard*, *Othello*, and *Sir Giles Overreach*. Kean's *Othello*! what an inexhaustible mine of splendid recollections! ‘Fool! fool! fool!’—How *he* repeated those simple

* Who would desire a limit? Worthy ORANGE STAGER, albeit “unused to the melting mood” we cannot write out thanks for very tears! &c.

words! Kemble again made his own—Coriolanus. Brutus. Macbeth. Lear. Cato. Octavian. Wolsey and King John. Now there were *parts* in each's range of character in which the other excelled. For instance, in Richard the III., Kemble's dream scene was (at least in my opinion) finer than Kean's; Kean again, though his Hamlet as a whole was distanced by Kemble's, was far superior to the latter in the scenes with Ophelia—aye, as much as Kemble was to him in the ghost scenes, the soliloquy, &c. and who that saw him has forgotten the mode in which he took a hand of Rozencrantz and Guildenstern, his look of cutting contempt at each as he dashed their hands from him saying 'I know a hawk from a handsaw.' Kean's acting was, if I may use such a fanciful expression, the cataract dashing over the rocks;—yea, the fall of Niagara itself. Kemble's was the ocean, grand, beautiful, mighty, in storm or in calm. In the whirlwind of passion Kemble never forgot Shakspeare's advice, and there was consequently the effect of great mental discipline—a temperance that gave it smoothness. Kean sometimes broke through all bounds, his smoothness was that of 'the torrent ere it dashed below.' Kean's death scenes were awful and terrible, witness his stupendous and original conception of Richard's desperate conflict, that seemed a dreadful reality. Kemble's were fraught with an exquisite tenderness. Kean condescended to tricks and clap traps, and trills of the voice, that at times were out of keeping. Kemble's fastidiousness on this head in his love of simplicity gave his acting sometimes a baldness. In the expression of horror, Kemble was truly great; witness the murder and ghost scenes in Macbeth, the murder scene (as old Wilnot) in Fatal Curiosity, &c. In the vehement and terrible Kean was magnificent; witness, his Bertram, in the Castle of St. Aldobrand, and his Sir Giles Overreach. There was a defect in the voice of both, one was husky and croaking, the other shrill and peculiar. The under tones of both in sudden transitions were exquisite; thus when Hamlet kills Polonius behind the arras—the Queen exclaims

O me what hast thou done?

Hamlet's reply, which was one of Kemble's hits

——— Nay I know not, Was it the King?

Then again, one of Kean's, which can never be forgotten in Richard,

'Well, as you guess?'

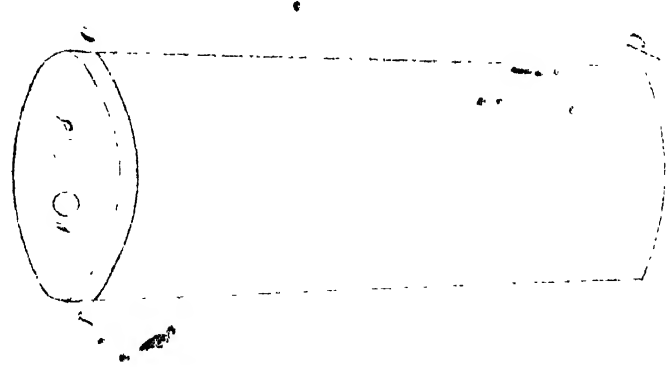
And in Othello,

'I look down at his feet, but that's a fable.'

But of all the death bed scenes that Kean enacted, the account of his own is not the least moving. Fancy poor Edmund Kean, broken like a wheel at the cistern. 'Those days are gone sweet Floranthe!' Poor fellow—Poor fellow! these were amongst the last words he uttered in the wanderings of his mind, before the extinction of that eloquent eye in death. 'Those days are gone sweet Floranthe! Oh the Pathos of those words so spoken!

October 1833.

AN OLD STAGER.



MAKE YOUR OWN ICE!

Gunter and Hooper at the Town Hall, and Warman at the Club, are the only persons in Calcutta, who manufacture Ice Creams, Ice Waters, Ice Custards, Coffees, Chocolates, and Teas, on truly scientific principles. Your Abdar imagines that provided he blends the syrup of some fruit with cream, and succeeds in turning the mixture into a hard mass by means of congelation, that this must be Ice Cream; but if the eater of it can suppose the same thing; he must have either a vast fund of imagination, or a vast deficiency of taste. When the Abdar has to concoct ice creams, he places the mixture in a *Koolfie* or any other form, and plunging it into the ice pail leaves it to congeal, and spares himself all further trouble, but the law of gravity not being counteracted by the skill of the artiste, causes the sugar and the juice of whatever fruit has been used to descend to the bottom of the form, leaving the cream to float undefiled at the top, and in this fashion it freezes. Again the laws of congelation cause the cream to chrysalize in hard icy flakes. Good ice cream, or water ices, should be perfectly smooth, void of all brittle lumps, or crackling flakes, and resembling a hard tenacious butter, and the color and taste of the fruit, and also the sweetness, should be equally blended throughout the whole mass. This can only be attained by keeping the cream in constant agitation until it is frozen to the consistency of a thin batter, after which it ought to be left in a state of rest. This is easily done by means of the freezing pot, and ice-pail which is invariably used by all the confectioners in Europe, and by Gunter and Hooper and Warman in Calcutta. The following is a description of the Machine with a few alterations to adapt it better to this climate*.

a b c is the freezing pot made of pewter capable of holding two seers, the height from *c* to *b* is ten inches and its diameter from *a* to *b* four inches; *d* is a small projecting nob to secure the lid, and there must be another on the opposite side to correspond.

k g h is the cover or lid, which slides over the top of the freezing pot, *f* is a slit which slips over the nob *d*; there is to be another on the opposite side. The height from *g* to *h* should be three inches.

m n is a solid pewter handle twenty inches in length, and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter, strongly riveted in the top and center of the cover.

l is a hole in the cover to admit the handle of the spade *e f*. This spade should be made of pewter, its length twenty-eight inches, its diameter $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch and the spade part of it in the form of a shovel about 1 and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch broad. The hole *l* to be large enough to admit the spade being worked easily round all parts of the freezing pot.

o p q is the ice pail made of wood, with a cover *o q* to lift on and off, its height *o q* is 16 inches, and its diameter 9 inches, *r* is a hole in the lid for the handle *m n* of the freezing pot to go through, and *s* is another hole for the handle of the spade *e f* to go through.

* See Plate.

To make ices, the cream, or whatever you wish to freeze must be put into the freezing pot, the spade is also put in, and the cover then put on, the handle of the spade pressing through the hole *L*. Take five seers of ice, place it in a towel and with a mallet or brick mash it into pieces sufficiently small to admit of their filling up the space between the freezing pot and the ice pail, when the freezing pot is placed in the center of it. As soon as the ice is powdered, which should be done rapidly, add one seer and a quarter of common salt, and shake the ice and the salt together in the towel in order to blend them; then throw this ice and salt into the ice pail, covering the bottom to the thickness of two inches, place the freezing pot on this in the centre of the pail and pour all the rest in, distributing it equally round the sides. Place the cover on the ice pail, the handle *m. n.* of the freezing pot passing through the hole *e* and the handle of spade *e. f* through the hole *s*. Have ready a half dozen chest with straw at the bottom, place the ice pail in this, filling in straw all round the sides and over the top, and throw a blanket over all, taking care that the handle *m. n.* projects through. Your Abdar must commence the turning the projecting handle of the freezing pot backwards and forwards, working the pot on its own axis (which is easily done, the bottom being convex,) this must be done *incessantly* to prevent the juice of the fruit and the sugar from sinking to the bottom. At the end of ten minutes take off the top of the wooden pail and work the cream round with the spade, particularly at the sides and the bottom of the pot, so as to mix any part which is frozen with that which remains liquid; this accelerates the congelation (by blending the frozen masses with the liquid parts,) and prevents it forming in flakes. There is no occasion to take off the top of the pot as the spade can be worked round through the hole in the cover, but you must take off the lid of the wooden pail as you cannot work it sufficiently through the two holes. After the first ten minutes the spade ought to be worked every five minutes, until the whole is formed into a soft mass, which will be the case in about an hour, and during the whole of this time you should keep the freezing pot constantly turning backwards and forwards by means of the handle *m. n.* Let it then rest for twenty minutes or half an hour. When you wish to have it in forms, take the frozen cream out of the pot with a large spoon, fill your moulds, close them, and plunge them into the ice pail. In half an hour they will be hard enough to serve up. But those who prefer eating their ice to looking at it, will dispense with the forms and use China ice pails, in which case keep your cream in the freezing pot till the last moment, then empty it into the pail, putting some lumps of ice out of the ice tub into the jar which surrounds the pail, and send it to table. Jarric directs you not to spare your labor in turning the freezing pot and using the spade, for on this depends the smoothness and uniform flavor, sweetness, and color of the ice.

The ingredients consist of cream, fruit, and sugar, or water, fruit, and sugar, and they should be mixt according to the taste of the parties. An epicure in ice despises all compositions in creams; they

are only fit for ladies in whose ears the word 'cream' sounds gently. But cream ice wants that flavor, spirit, poignancy, and coldness, with which water ice is endowed; but both are inferior to the following composition, which was actually invented by Hebe to appease Jupiter after she had forfeited his favor. Rasp the peel of six lemons on some refined sugar finely powdered, and rasp them so close to the sugar, that it shall catch the essential oil. Pour a bottle of Champagne on this, put it into a jug, cover it up, and let it stand for an hour to sweeten it to your taste, strain it, and freeze it. In this country it may be necessary to employ the following mixture to congeal the champagne. Powdered ice 4 and $\frac{1}{2}$ seers, common salt 1 seer, 14 chatacks, salamoniac and saltpetre 15 chatacks each. You should also cool the champagne with ice before you put it in the freezing pot. In England the confectioners take off the lid of the freezing pot in order to work up the cream with the spade, but in this hot climate it is preferable to work it through a hole in the cover. The half dozen chest with straw, in which the ice pail is placed, and the wooden cover to the ice pail are not in use at home.

The whole of the apparatus as described above may be procured for five Rupees, and for general use, a freezing pot capable of making one seer will be found more convenient. For this purpose, the height of the pot should be only six inches, and the length of the handle fixed to the cover twenty four inches.

JACK FROST.

A FEW WORDS FROM SPUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I am quite rejoiced to see your *invaluable* Magazine in such a flourishing condition; though not much given to writing I send you this short sketch of what we Meerutt wallas hope to do this cold season. Your correspondent *Juvenis* hinted of a "few Beagles and Varmin't Parriers last year as not being quite the thing" for the head Mofussilite station. I then agree with him, Mr. Editor; but what could be done? None of the boys as could go it were present—"ex nihilo nihil fit"—luckily an opportunity offered of our getting up something more respectable, and in the begining of November, we hope to do the trick in style, and it shall be a good Geedar that will give the *little* pack the go-by.—I say little, for at present there are only seven couple, with the addition of the pick of a pack of hobbery dogs. The kennel however looks uncommon strong for the next year. Any hints regarding the treatment of diseases incidental to this country will be thankfully acknowledged. I like taking a leaf out of another man's book, and all the information, I, as an old Stager, may possess, will be at the sporting community's service. I have nearly forgot to mention that the sporting young civilian has I heard a couple of thorough-breds, and during the race meeting he intends renewing his acquaintance with the Meerutt jackals. Should this find favor in your sight, you may be troubled again with another communication from,

Your's truly, SPUR,

NOTE.—For the "sketch" above alluded to see "RACES TO COME."

BAT CHEET.

Location.—THE CRIB.—*Scene.*—THE PUFFERY.

Properties.—Hookahs, the Tube, Cigars and Brandy Pounce.

Time.—Evening, during the Doorgah Poojah.

"I knew by the smoke, which so gracefully curled,"

Mr. Brahmin.

"I shall smoke short cut—you smoke what you please."

Bombardier.

"Divine in Hookahs, glorious in Cigars!"

Begon's Island.

(THE EDITOR *solus*. *Piles of letters before him. To his left a Pigdance—to his right THE BALAAM BOX.*)

Jove, in his chair,
Of the Crib Lord Mayor,
With his nod,
Correspondents keeps in awe!

Ed.—(In an under tone—a kind of mumbling murmur.) Well, well, here's a mass of trash! I must make a clearance, while I have a spare hour, or we shan't be able to start fair with the new year. Here they are; (*takes out letters one by one*)—such pot hooks and hangers!—such inexplicable hieroglyphics! What's this?

"DEAR SIR,—Having frequently observed that some horses have a certain degree of starting or shying being exceedingly dangerous, from an improper mode of treatment, for these can be no doubt, but horses that are young or have been but little used must have for sometime, patience, care and attention bestowed to reconcile them to the strange and numerous objects upon a public road, before they can be expected to approach or pass them without sudden surprise and trouble. The great variety and velocity of the different, &c. &c."

Bow-wow, wow—gossiping truisms couched in bad grammar.
"Boil thou first in the charmed pot!"

(*The paper drops into the Balaam box.*)

(*Reading another*)—"TIM is very sorry that the learned Editor"—puppy!—"should think his lines below par, &c. &c." Ah, I remember—this cove sent a poetical account of the Benares Golfing, and thought we did not mete him out *quantum suff* of justice. Let us take another *dek* at his verses

"I had a letter t'other day
In which alas, I'm sure to say
(The words I'll give you as I got'em
Only in rhyming verse I've put'em)
"Our Golfing Club is thin'd a few
And ladies none came out to view."

Cock-a-doodle-doodle do! Shall we Burke him?—(Echo cries
"Burke him!") (Burked accordingly.)

Hollo!—more verses! um-um-um, oh—I see, intended to describe the Calcutta Pack. Oh that mine enemy would write such lines!

“ Yoicks, tally ho
Away we go,
And we spur our gallant steeds,
Over the ground
We gaily bound
Where e’er our *Beauty* leads.”

Poeta Nascitur non fit.—Let’s try him again—

“ Ha ha! laugh all
Look there—a fall.
‘The man *does* ride very badly;
You are not hurt;
Oh no—but the dirt
Will soil my white breeches sadly.”

That’s enough—breeches in the *Sporting Magazine* to be spelt B, R, E, T, C, H, D, S! Lord preserve us!

(*The Editor lights his cigar
with his “breeches.”*)

What the devil’s this?—

“ In Eve and Adam’s rural day
When Eden paid no ground rent
I bit my tongue and wound my way
To prove the pair incontinent.

“ Eve look’d, Eve smelt, Eve felt the plumb
Eve wept, but bent a nigh bough
The first fruit touched her itching thumb
Eve bit but raised her eye-brow.

I’ll wag my horn, spite Ashburners
Turn Belzebub your to cry
Ammoniac Salts cries Bell rigor
‘Tis Alma Mater’s Bo’ry, &c. &c.”

We shall ask some of our learned Thebans to unravel this. Would that nature had endow’d us with the faculty of comprehension!—Is there any more of you?—Oh, yes—here’s another;—may I never cross nag, if I again complain of a paucity of the poetical!

THE NERBUDDA TIGER.

“ Near the moss grown rock in his thickset bower
The tiger bold doth dwell,
Unbred he sleeps in the mid-day hour,
But at midnight he prowls in the dell.
When the sun doth rest in his noontide bed
The herd all unheeding graze by;
But at dusk when they hear his sullen tread
Not unheeded or scatheless they fly.”

Poor devils! This scrap is not so very bad, but our young friend must try again before we can admit him to MAGA.

(*With an air of melancholy the Editor consigns
the Nerbudda Tiger to oblivion and takes out a
letter signed AN OLD FILE*)

AN OLD FILE!—Nine pages of prose on best Bath post. This must be valuable. Perhaps another O. K.—or a TARQUIN, a ROBIN HOOD—a VESTA, or an OLD BOOTS. No, by our spurs! a criticism

on MAGA! (*Reads calmly and attentively; now smiling, and now gaping*). Two sheets of clean paper entirely spoilt! We must smother our friend, or he will assuredly sink us. The *Bombay Sporting Magazine* went down directly it became the arena of squabbles, and we should hurry to perdition much after the same fashion, were we to countenance such strictures. The OLD FILE, who we take to be a snobbish Novice—says he merely assumes the critic's pen, from a "disinterested zeal for the welfare of Maga." We are obliged to him, but being perfectly satisfied with the success of MAGA, we would rather dispense with such "backing of one's friends." "Out damned spot!"

(*The criticism par excellence performs a few revolutions in the air, and falls under the nose of one of Panto's pups, who entertaining a just sense (scents?) of the value of the production, loosens the bridle of his inclinations and tears it to bits. It is vain that the Editor tries to curb the dog's destructive operations*.)

Come along ye cripples!—(*Forks out another epistle*)—Criticism again! One TOM TROT affects to judge the BAT CHEET*—absolutely pursues us to our dulce domum and seeks to disturb our private peace and happiness!—(*Exit TROT into the BALAAM BOX.*)

(*The Editor continues his scrutiny into the pile of damaged stationery, ejaculating at intervals Pshaw! Bah! Pish! O—h, A—h, pooh! ha, ha—he, he—and ho, ho! with the several accompaniments of twinges, grins, winces, groans &c. ad libitum—but oftener obligato*.)

* The following just criticism only came in time to go to Press here.

BAT CHEET versus BAT CHEET.

"MR. EDITOR,--The same stands thus. Shakespeare in his Hindostanee Dictionary uses the English letters with un-English sounds, which with the reasons for it he explains in the Preface to the work above-mentioned. Your correspondent who objects to *chit* being used to express the English word *bat* ought also to object to *bat* being used to express what in English would be *baat*. Baat spells baat as h,a,t, does hit and not baat or haat.

If (and I maintain your correctness in doing so) you spell the Hindostanee word باٲ with the English letters h,a,t, you are equally correct in spelling

بٲ c,h,i,t--neither of the above words being intended to be pronounced as mere English. If on the contrary, you wish to write the words so that every Englishman must hit the right pronunciation, the following I take to be the orthography--baat-chiet--though as I said above, I incline to bat-chit.

ba . . . spells ba
ban . . . spells ba
baat is baat

hit, hit, hit, are all proofs of the non elongation of the vowel and pat to the subject.

The critic who raises no objection to hit should have no fault to find with chit. If he objects to the latter as being chit, so it is the first hit.

The same difference exists in the spellings of these words is found in the Persian word *gust-ang*. It is spelled *gustagu* and *gustooagoo*. The correct spelling I take to be *gust-o-gu*, being the way that any but an Englishman would reduce the sound to letters.

I remain, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

From my Villa in the Hills,
October 20, 1833.

AQUILA.

To him *Nim East*.—How now, Editor? you look angrily,

Editor.—Have I not reason? Behold the basket,—the box,—the floor,—filled, crammed, covered with ‘addresses’ I have been compelled to ‘reject.’ This is the most thankless part of our vocation. Men mean well, but their good intentions do not give them talent, and what can you then do but decline their aid? Fortunately we are very strong in supporters, or the sweep I have now made would well nigh run *Maga*.

Nim East.—When may we look to hear from *Old Boots* again?

Editor.—Before the 1st December I hope. He is an out and voter.

Nim East.—Trust me, one of the most valuable supporters of your most valuable Magazine, and I wish he were here, with all my heart;—to my mind’s eye he is often present. You know, Editor, how my ‘imagination can picture forth the forms’ of things once seen.—Look, I lean back in this way in an arm chair,—if it has spring cushions, why so much the better,—I put my legs on the table and close my eyes. Now, are you ready with the pen and ink? I shall have him directly (*marvelling*.)

Editor.—(*Looking at fancy Portrait*.) Oh!

Nim East.—It is a coldish morning, the Calcutta Hounds have just crossed the Dum-Dum Range, and are hustling about in a small patch of grass. (The situation would be difficult to describe to those who know *not* the part of the world; those who *do* will be at no loss.) There was a proper scurry out of the said patch last year. The field is rather numerous, nearly all in pink. Our business is with none of them at present: the man we want is *yonder*, he has just let himself drop quietly out of that garden to the left, and though the bank and the ditch beyond it are somewhat of the largest, his judgment and ‘*the finger*’ have enabled him to land himself as lightly as a snow wreath on the narrow road which runs on the hither side. He is of a light active build,—we should say he would barely turn the 9 st 7 lb., and sits upon his saddle, which is small, as if he had spread a layer of pitch on the seat of it before being put up. The colour of the saddle would, if any thing, bear us out in the idea that such had been the case, did we not ‘*know better*.’ His hat might have been a ‘Bicknell and Moore,’ for all we know; not that they would recognise it,—it was one ‘which the vile blows and bullets it had got’ had so incensed that it was ‘almost ashamed to know itself.’

Editor.—A shocking bad hat and no mistake?

Nim East.—No, ’twas a good hat still. But don’t interrupt:—a flannel cricketing jacket with dark seams buttoned tightly up to the throat, but occasionally a queer-cut, ancient-looking red frock, very short in the skirts, and supposed originally to have been pink;—a green silk neckerchief, ‘made fast or belayed’ round the neck after a curious fashion;—white corduroy smalls, and last but not least, the venerable, respectable, dark brown mahogany, north-wester-coloured *old boots*, completed the ‘*tout ensemble*’ of as brilliant a performer in the saddle, and as fond a lover of hounds and hunting, as ever

patronised the noble article of leather in all its various and wonderful applications and ramifications. The mare he rides, is, as he describes her, bay, light timbered, weedy, but blood looking (as her pedigree will certify,) and take my word for it, B G—41, would not have been easily beat 'with her own master at the helm' in any country in the world let alone our Biggest Yawnets at 'Dum-Dum' and 'Gurreah Haut.'

Editor.—(*Writing*)—"Dum-Dum and Gurreah Haut." Sketched to the life!

Nim East.—So much for *Old Boots*:—would he were here? I have seen him in other situations too, but we will say nothing at present of a scene some few years back. (*Whispers the Editor*—the words, all furs, leap, dinner table, decanters, mess, did not break, &c. heard occasionally.)

Editor.—By the way, *Old Boots* had something to say to you in a postscript last month, had he not?

Nim East.—He had. I had forgot, and as he will surely see the report of our *But Cheat*, here is a note to him, and it will at the same time answer, I hope satisfactorily, another correspondent, 'Tally Ho,' with whom, were our four-legs under the same mahogany, we should have no difficulty in agreeing perfectly I dare aver, but who writes somewhat testily about a matter in which I think he will acknowledge he has a little misapprehended my meaning.—(*Writing*)—"My dear *Old Boots*, and *Tally Ho*. First of all, I am not the chap to come forward to discourse upon 'EVERY THING IN THE WORLD,' and had no hand in the heading. Had I, *Editor*?"

Editor.—None, upon the affidavit of an *Editor*.

Nim East.—And if a man only knows, "a thing or two" in this world he is a sharp chap. (*Continues writing.*)—"In the next place, what I know of *Twister's* pops is from hearsay? I never said I had seen them, did I?"

Editor.—Never upon the conscience of an *Editor*.

Nim East.—"My informant was, to the best of my recollection, *Old Boots* himself—who said, as do *Tally Ho*, and I, that the mother was not a pariah;"—in this we all agree. My only intention was to record an opinion hostile to the throwing away fox-bound blood upon a cross with a pariah. May this or any other cross succeed, and may good sport be the result to you whenever you try it! I have tried every cross that can be made—and seen tried,—and have found none to answer with a hound save good-nosed, smooth or wire-haired terriers. Next, my dear *Tally Ho*, when I wrote thus "I mean to try the subject myself some day by authority"—I meant merely to notice and to record the opinions and advice of men, "older in practice" "abler than myself," and not to presume to force down the throats of my fellow sportsmen any ideas of my own save what could be backed up by "opinions and advice" as aforesaid"—was it not? (*to Editor.*)

Editor.—It was—as an *Editor* hopes for salvation.

Nim East.—"This idea, from want of opportunity and leisure, I must now give up—and leave the field to worthier hands—*Tarquin*, *Tally Ho*, &c. &c. A word more, my dear *Tally Ho*! Could you fancy

that it was my meaning to recommend that a couple should constitute a pack;—that any sport could with reason be looked for from such an arrangement? I merely wished to suggest that the glorious, soul-thrilling chase is only *perfect* with thorough bred hounds;—that in this country a small pack is as efficient and more so than a large one, and that tho' hard times will prevent *despyught* our wishes, the keeping up a large kennel, still that eight or ten couples instead of twenty or twenty five will yield first rate sport;—that hounds may be expected to become cheaper every season, and that when they can be imported for two hundred rupees a couple, which *they can*, a few couple to breed from, with the management of a *Tarquin* and many others, will be found a better and cheaper way of ensuring sport than the "cross breeding" ever can do. For an opinion as to the capabilities of "acknowledged bobbies" and "half bred packs"—I must refer you, my dear *Old Boots*, to your own words, in an admirable dialogue with Mr. Straightus. I said that the answer of the cross breeders may be "we cannot breed hounds in sufficient numbers for purposes of sport;" and I reply to it, certainly not, if economy is to be considered, and at the same time they are resolved not to take field with less than twelve or fifteen couples. The thing will remedy itself in time; and in the same proportion that breeding in India is encouraged and supported will the expence diminish and the sport be increased. The best runs in Calcutta have been, when less than twelve couple were in the field,—and in several cases, as the great run at Dum-Dum in 1832 (March), when only nine couple were employed. I am no advocate for the *pace* of the Duke of Rutland's hounds in the celebrated run, but only quoted it as a grand feature in the capacity of fox-hounds to which half-bred ones never can attain. However, thorough-bred or half-bred, I should be very happy to ride knee to knee if possible with you, *Old Boots*, and *Tally Ho!* before time gets much older: and I am sure, there will be no point for us to differ upon round the Editor's mahogany in the evening, either concerning the *breeding, rearing, or hunting* of hounds in India. But enough of this discussion, I would have taken no part in it, (from a conviction that such things do not tend to further the interests of the *Magazine*) were I not sure that *Tally Ho!* had misapprehended my meaning in a letter in No. VI., and had construed it in a measure into an ^{ups}ack upon himself than which nothing could have been further from my thoughts." — There, will that do Editor?

Editor.—Yes—design and seal, and I will dispatch it through *MACA*. Will you have heard of any preparations for taking the field in the approaching season? And how have thriven the hounds through this season of sickness?

Nan East.—Why 'death has mingled in the dance' with us as elsewhere, and many 'brave hearts'—albeit they throbbed in canine bosoms, have ceased to palpitate for ever; among others, and the name should live in these pages, poor '*Old Beauty!*' The pride, the jewel, of the Calcutta kennel for six long years, (during which period she was never a day unable to follow her vocation, but from occasional foot-soreness) sleeps quietly beneath a green mound raised over her

remaining at Garden Reach, near the residence of a late master. Beauty was imported in 1826-27, and supposed to have come from the pack kept by Mr. Hanbury in Hertfordshire. She was marked with an H: she frequently took the lead in runs, even during the last season, and one who knew the Calcutta kennel during a period of 25 years has told me that he never recollected a similar instance of such extreme goodness and honesty in all that time. It was delightful to see poor Beauty gambolling towards the kennel gate, welcoming with her joyous recognition the approach of one who never refused to meet her look of love with kindness, of one who—

‘ Shall the good perish and not a sign ?’

There may be those who would cavil at your notice of matters of such awful importance, as those affecting *death* and the *grave*—but never mind them. They cannot be real sportsmen. The departed sportsman should have the sportsman's tear. Among your readers, trust me, there will be not a few, who will peruse with feelings of the sincerest sorrow the account of the death of *Walter Nisbet, Esq.*—not a few, who will look back upon years ‘ gone never to return’ and call to memory some ‘ moments of blissful delight’ with which his name is intimately associated.—For his virtues as a man, he had become possessed of friends of no common order: But it is only to him as a sportsman, that you have any right to offer a tribute in *Maga*, and as such he is a heavy loss to us—indeed—For 25 years in a country like India, under every disadvantage, he had been a main promoter and prop of all the pleasure that we, and many who have gone before us, have derived from the chase,—and his ‘ early visitation’ was daily during the greater part of that time, seldom withheld from the kennel. As I said before, he was one of our ‘ best and most valued sportsmen, and one to whom every lover of hounds and hunting owes a deep debt of gratitude.’ Alas! that the occasion which called forth that observation in a page of *Maga* should so soon have been required in the record of his own departure from among us.—Fare thee well! there are many left behind thee, who will long cherish in their hearts the memory of thy many virtues.

Editor.—Amen—amen—But it is getting late and we are getting sad.

Nim East.—Right. I have only one more word to say, and that is to *Sky Scripper* one of your ryght trusty and well known contributors.—Did you not conceit his admirable letter on grouse shooting? There were those who piped their eyes at the perusal of parts of it. I understand. For his letter to me I am very grateful—it brought back upon my mind a flood of pleasant recollections, of days which I shall not easily forget, and always remember with pleasure. Good night. Grumblers avaunt! With your present contributors you can ‘ dare do all that may become a man,’ and I see no fun or good to be gained by doing more. Farewell! (*Exit.*)

(*The Editor, who has been smoking, indulges in a long drawn sigh, puts by his papers and adjourns.*)

CAWNPORE RACES TO COME.

1st Day, Tuesday, December 3rd, 1833.

Craven Stakes of 10 G. M's. each, with 25 G. M's. from the fund, for all Maiden Horses bred in India and the Cape. Craven distance, heats. weight for age, 2 years old 6st., 3 years old 7st., 4 years old 8st., 5 years old 8st. 10lbs., 6 and aged 9st. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs.

Purse of 500 Rupees for Maiden Arabs, 8st. 4lbs. each Heats, R. C. entrance 10 G. M's.

Sweepstakes of 5 G. M's. each, with 100 Rupees from the fund, for Ponies that never started before the meeting, for purse, plate, match, or sweepstakes. Weight for Inches, 13 hands, 8st. 1 mile. To close 1st December.

Champion Stakes of 25 G. M's. each *h. f.* for all Arabs, 1 Mile. 8st. 7lbs. to close and name to the Secretary on the 1st December next 1833.

2nd Day, Tuesday, 5th.

Sweepstakes of 10 G. M's. each with 25 from the fund, for all Horses bred in India and the Cape, 2 mile, weight for age, 2 years old, 6st., 3 years old, 8st., 4 years old 9st. 4lbs. Mares and Geldings allowed 3 lbs. horses that never won allowed 4lbs.

A Cup value 100 Sovereigns, given by the Officers of the 16th Lancers

Sweepstakes of 5 G. M's. each with 100 Rupees from the fund, for all Galloways. Weight for Inches 11 hands, 7lb 1½ mile heats.

The Claret Stakes of 15 G. M's. each, craven distance, for all Maiden Arabs, 8st. 7lbs. each. To close and name the 10th November 1833.

3rd Day, Saturday, 7th.

Cawnpore stakes of 25 G. M's. each *h. f.* with 25 G. M's. from the fund for all Arabs. 2-mile heats 8st. 7lb. each. To close on the 1st December, forfeit to be declared by 12 o'clock the day before the Race. Maidens allowed 5lbs. the winner of the Lancer Cup to carry 5lbs. extra.

Post Sweepstakes of 50 G. M's. each for all Maiden Horses. Craven weights and distance. To close on or before the 10th November next.

Welter Sweepstakes of 10 G. M's. each with 15 from the Fund, for Maiden Arabs, 11st. 7lbs. each 1½ mile. Gentlemen Riders.

Purse of 10 G. M's. for Ponies. Weight for Inches 13 hands 8st. heats 1½ mile. Entrance 3 G. M's.

4th Day, Tuesday, 10th.

Sweepstakes of 10 G. M's. each, 25 from the fund, for all Arabs. Weight for age, 3 years old, 7st., 4 years old 8st., 5 years old 8st. 10lbs., 6 and aged 9st. 2lbs. Heats R. C.

Corinthian stakes of 10 Sovereigns each, to be paid bona fide in Sovereigns. Gentlemen Riders 10st. each, 1 mile heats, for all Horses, English excepted. Arabs allowed 7lbs.

Purse of 300 Rupees give and take for all Horses, 14 hands 8st. 7lbs. heats, R. C. Entrance 5.

Cheroot Stakes of 2 G. M's. each, with 100 Rupees from the fund, for all untrained Horses. 1 mile. Gentlemen Riders, 11st. each. The last Horse to pay the Stakes of the 2nd. Any rider coming in without his Cheroot alight, to be declared disqualified. Gentlemen Riding in cocked Hats, allowed 4lbs.

5th Day, Thursday, 12th.

The Cawnpore Turf subscription Cup value 1000 Rs. the Surplus in specie, to be run the 5th day of the next Cawnpore meeting 1833 and 34, for all maiden Arabs 8st. 7lbs. each, one 3-mile heat. Entrance 10 G. M's. A winner during the meeting to carry 5lbs. extra, to close and nominate on the 1st December 1833. 5 G. M's. forfeit if declared to the Secretary by 12 o'clock the day before the race.

The Steward's purse for all horses, to be handicapped. The distance to be named the day before the meeting. Entrance 5 G. M's. 2 forfeit for those who do not stand the handicap.

Sweepstakes of 10 G. M's. each, with 10 added from the fund, for all Horses Country Bred, 82. Arabs 8st. 7lbs. heats R. C. The winner to be sold for 1200 Rupees, if demanded within 1 hour after the Race.

Prize of 20 G. M's. for all Horses that have started for, and not won public money. To be hand capped by the Stewards. R. C. Entrance 2 G. M's.

Ballish Stakes of 5 G. M's. each, with 150 Rupees from the fund, for all Horses 1 st. each; Gentleman Riders 13 mile heats, Winner to be sold for 300 Rupees if demanded within 1/2 an hour after the Race.

Geo. Cox, Secretary.

Sweepstakes of 5 G. M's. 10 forfeit for maiden Arabs, R. C. 8st. 7lbs. each, to close on the 1st December, and nominate the day before the Race. Horses to be bona fide the property of subscribers.

Captain Clifford.

E. B. BERR.

MR. MAXN.

W. A. SWEETMAN.

Sweepstakes of 25 G. M's. 10 ft. for maiden Arab Galloways, 13 mile weight for inches, 14 hands 8st. 7lbs. To close on 1st December, nominate the day before the Race, Horses to be bona fide the property of Subscribers. & S. H. subscribers.

LANCER CUP.

A gold cup value 100 Rs. to be given by the Officers of the 16th Lancers, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M's. each, for all Arabs; heats 8st. 7lbs. each; 12 mile; Winner to be sold for 1200 Rupees, if demanded within 1 hour after the Race.

To close on the 1st November next. Nominations to be sent to the Secretary on or before the 1st December 1883. 10 G. M's. forfeit, if declared previous to the day of nomination. Three horses to start, or the cup to be withheld. To be the 2nd Race, on the 2nd day of next Cawnpore racing.

Cawnpore, April 15, 1883.

RULES.

1st. The general rules for Racing, as laid down in the Racing Calendar, to be applicable to these Races.

2d. Signed nominations to be sent to the Secretary by 12 o'clock the day before each Race, or the Meeting, or the case may be. Entrance money to be sent with each nomination.

3rd. Maidens at the commencement of the Meeting, to be maidens throughout, unless otherwise specified in the terms of any particular race.

4th. Each winning horse to pay 10 Rupees, other 5 Rupees, for Race Course repairs.

5th. Mares and Galloways allowed 5 lbs.

6th. Horse Measuring in shoes allowed quarter of an inch.

7th. The ages of Arabs to be referred to the Stewards and their decision to be final.

8th. English imported Horses excluded from running for public Money.

9th. All disputes to be settled by the Stewards, and two referees chosen by the parties concerned in the absence of one or more of the Stewards, the remaining Stewards to fix on others, in lieu thereof.

10th. Should there not be sufficient funds to pay the Prizes, an equal per centage to be deducted.

11th. In case of unfavorable weather the Stewards have the power to postpone the races, till such time as they think proper.

12th. Two Horses to start for each public purse, if only one appear at the Post the owner to receive half the purse, and the entrance, and no horse to receive more than half of two Public Purse.

13th. No horse to start for public Money, the owner of which has not subscribed 50 Rupees. Each Member of Confidentiality to pay 50 Rs.

14th. No horse allowed to start unless Entrance Money be sent to the Secretary at the time above mentioned.

15th. The Stewards will not decide on any private Race, the stakes of which are not lodged in their hands.

16th. For selling purses preference is given to owners of Horses as they come in, only the owners of the Horses starting allowed to claim.

17th. The Steward appointed to start the Horses will give the word "bring up your horses to the post." No other caution will be given and the word "off" from the Steward, to constitute a fair start. No horse to be considered distanced unless one of the Stewards at the distance Post, and by him declared so.

18th. All Contingencies to be declared the day before the Meeting.

19th. Settling day to be on Friday the 13th.

Length of the Course — 2 miles and 40 feet.

GEO. COX, Secretary.

MEERUTT RACES TO COME.

First day, Saturday, 18th January 1834.

1st Race. Total Stakes of 50 G. M. for all Maiden Horses bred in India or at the Cape. Heats a Course 10 G. M. 2 years old a feather, 3 years old 2-2, 4 years old 2-2, 5 years old 2-2, 6 years old 2-13, aged 9 stone 11b. Subscriptions to close on 1st December 1833.

2nd Race. Purse of 20 G. M. for all Horses, give and take, 14 hands to carry 9 stone. Heats R. C. and a distance. Entrance 5 G. M. Maidens allowed 4lb.

3rd Race. Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each. H. F. with 20 G. M. from the Fund, for all Arabs, 2 miles. Subscriptions to close, and nominations to be sent in on 1st January 1834.

4th Race. Meeting Plate of 50 G. M. for Maiden Arabs, 9-7 each, heats R. C. Entrance 10 G. M. Subscriptions to close on 1st December 1833.

Second day, Tuesday, 21st January 1834.

1st Race. Cup, value 100 G. M. given by the Civilians of the upper provinces, for all Arabs that never started for Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, before the day of naming. Horses to be named to the Secretary on or before the 1st December 1833. Entrance 25 G. M. and a forfeit of 5 G. M. for all Horses that do not start, to be declared the day before the Meeting. Weights 5-7 each. Heats 2 miles.

2nd Race. Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each. H. F. with 20 G. M. added, for all Cape and Country bred Horses. Heats, 2 miles. 2 years old a feather, 3 years old 7-2, 4 years old 2-2, 5 years old 2-2, 6 yrs. old 2-13, aged 9-4. Subscriptions to close on 1st January 1834.

3rd Race. Gallowsy purse of 20 G. M. for all Gallowsys, weight for inches, 11 hands 8-7. Heats 1½ mile. Entrance 5 G. M. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Winners once 4lbs, twice 7lbs, three times, or oftener 10lbs extra.

4th Race. Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each. P. P. for all Arabs 7-7. each. 2 miles. Maidens allowed 5lb. Subscriptions to close on 1st January 1834.

Third day, Thursday, 23rd January 1834.

1st Race. Criterion Welter Stakes of 25 G. M. each, with 20 G. M. added, for all Country-bred and Cape Horses, 11st each. Gentlemen riders. R. C. and a distance. Winners once 4lbs, twice or oftener 7lbs. extra.

2nd Race. Meerutt Welter Stakes of 25 G. M. each with 20 G. M. added, for all Arab Horses, R. C. and a distance, 11st. each. Gentlemen riders. Winners once 4lbs, twice or oftener 7lbs. extra.

3rd Race. Pony Purse of 10 G. M. for all Ponies. Heats 1½ mile. Weight for inches, 13 hands, 8 stone. Entrance 5 G. M. country ponies allowed 5lbs. Winners once to carry 3lbs, twice 5lbs, three times, or oftener 7lbs. extra.

4th Race. Craven Stakes of 10 G. M. each. Newmarket Craven weights, and distance, 1½ mile. 2 years old 6 stone, 3 years old 6-1, 4 years old 8-13, 5 years 9-2, 6 and aged 9-0. To close and name on 1st December 1833.

5th Race. Produce Sweepstakes of 1600 Rs. each subscriber. P. P. 2 miles. Colts 2-7, Fillies 2-4, to be run over the Meerutt Course on the 3rd day of the Meerutt January Meeting, 1834, for all Country bred Horses, then rising 4 years old. Subscriptions to close, and nominations to be received by R. Scott Esq. Meerutt, on or before the 1st July 1832. 4 subscribers.

Fourth day, Saturday, 25th January 1834.

1st Race. A Gold Cup value 1000 Rupees, given by Her Highness the Begum Sumroo, for all Maiden Arabs that never started before the day of running, 8-2 each, Heats R. C. and a distance. Entrance 5 G. M. Four Horses to start, or no race.

2nd Race. Claret Stakes of 25 G. M. from the Fund, and 5 G. M. entrance, for all Arabs. 8-4 each, Heats 2½ miles. Winners once to carry 5lbs. twice 7lbs. three times or oftener 12lbs. extra.

3rd Race. Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, for all Horses, ½ mile, 11-7 each. Gentlemen riders. Arabs allowed 9lbs.

4th Race. Ladies' purse for all Horses, heats R. C. and a distance, to be handicapped by the Stewards. Entrance 5 G. M.

Fifth day, Tuesday, 28th January 1834.

1st Race. A Forced Handicap Purse of 20 G. M. for all Horses which have won public money, or Cups during the Meeting, to be handicapped by the Stewards. Heats R. C. and a distance. Entrance 5 G. M.

2nd Race. A Handicap purse of 20 G. M. for all Horses which have started for, but have not won public money during the Meeting. To be handicapped by the Stewards, Heats R. C. Free to all Horses that stand the handicap, others to pay 3 G. M. to go to the winner.

3rd Race. Charger's Stakes of 20 G. M. 11 stone each. Gentlemen riders. Heats 1 mile. Entrance 5 G. M. Horses that never started before the Race allowed 5lb. Horses to be qualified for these stakes, their owners must produce certificates from their Commanding Officers, or Adjutants of their having been ridden at six Regimental or Battalion Field days between the 15th November and 31st December 1833.

4th Race. Fancy Stakes of 15 G. M. for all Hacks. Heats, 1 mile. Catch weights. Gentlemen riders. Entrance 2 G. M. The winner to be sold for 300 Rupees.

5th Race. The Farewell Stakes of 10 G. M. each, with 10 G. M. from the Fund, for all Horses, R. C. and a distance, 10-7 each. Gentlemen riders. The winner to be sold for 1000 Rupees.

W. F. NEVILLE, *Secretary.*

Captain Weston, Colonel Hunter, Captain Morse Cooper, Lieut. Anderson, and Captain Dennis, *Stewards.*

JAMES IRVING Esq. *Clerk of the Course.*

RULES FOR THE MEERUT RACE MEETING IN JANUARY 1833.

1st.—The general rules of Racing as laid down in the Racing Calendar, to be applicable to these races on all points not herein otherwise specified.

2nd.—Imported English Horses excluded.

3rd.—All disputes to be settled by the Stewards, and two Referees to be chosen by the parties concerned; if there be only two Stewards present they are to fix upon a third person in lieu of the absent Steward, or Stewards. The Stewards will not give an opinion on any private race which may be disputed, unless the stakes be previously lodged in the Treasurer's hands; nor will they decide on any contested point unless reduced to writing, and the parties consenting to their decision being final.

4th.—All Horses must be entered before 2 o'clock on the day previous to the race, unless otherwise provided for. Nominations to be sent to Captain Morse Cooper, His Majesty's 11th Dragoons, (one of the Stewards); the amount of entrance, or subscriptions to be forwarded at the same time, and no horse to be allowed to start unless such entrance, or subscription has been made good.

5th.—No horse to be allowed to start whose owner has not subscribed 50 rupees or upwards. Each Member of a confederacy to subscribe 50 rupees; and all confederacies to be declared, in writing, to the Secretary or Stewards before the first day of the Meeting.

6th.—Maidens on the 1st of December 1833, to be Maidens throughout the Meeting unless otherwise provided for; winners at any other Meeting after the 1st of December 1833, when running as Maidens over the Meerut Course, to carry 5lbs. extra.

7th.—Each winning horse to pay 8 rupees for Race Course repairs, and other Horses 4 rupees, also each horse training on the Course to pay 4 rupees for repairs.

8th.—Two horses to start for each public purse; if only one appear at the post, the owner to receive half the purse, and the entrances, or forfeits. A horse can only walk over once for public money during the Meeting.

9th.—All Sweepstakes, where public money is added, to be considered H. F. if declared the day before the race, unless otherwise provided for. Should only one horse enter, the public money to revert to the fund, and be disposed of as the Stewards may think proper.

10th.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lbs. in all Purse, Plate, Cup, or Sweepstakes, to which public money is given; for private matches the allowance must be specified to be claimed.

11th.—Horses measuring in shoes allowed $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch.

12th.—For the selling Purse, &c. the preference to be given to the owner of the Horse as they come in, if claimed within a quarter of an hour after the last Jockey is weighed; the horse to be sold with his engagements, vide rule No. 57 of the Jockey Club Regulations of 1828.

13th.—The ages of Arabs to be decided by the Stewards. All horses to be aged, or measured, must be in attendance at the Fives Court of His Majesty's 26th Regiment, on the 16th of January, at 2 o'clock.

14th.—Should there not be sufficient funds to pay all the Purse, &c. an equal per centage to be deducted.

15th.—A race once judged cannot be run over again.

16th.—The word "off" once given by the Steward, or person appointed to start the horses, is decisive, and all horses must go, or be distanced. No other notice will be given to the Jockeys than "bring up your horses," when the Steward will use his own discretion as to the word "off."

17th.—Settling-day on Wednesday, 29th January.

18th.—An Ordinary will be held on each evening preceding the days of running. Of the place of Meeting, and terms for dinner, timely notice will be given.

Round the Course 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, and 61 yards.

W. F. NEVILLE, Secretary.

ALLYGHUR RACES TO COME.

Notice.—The Stewards of the Allyghur Races have, in conformity to the general wishes of the Subscribers and supporters of the Turf, and with a view to increase sport, postponed the Allyghur Races to Saturday, the 4th January 1834, making the following alterations:

The subscription Cup, value 1600 Rupees.

1st Race, 2nd Day, to close and name to the Secretary on or before the 1st December instead of 10th November 1833.

All other Races and Cups to close on the different dates as before intimated to the Public.

E. F. TYLER, Allyghur Races.

Coal, 21st August, 1833.

MADRAS RACES TO COME.

The following terms of the select and Chamber's Cup is published for general information.

GOLD CUP

Value Two Hundred Guineas.

Given by Colonel SHOWERS and a few staunch supporters of the Turf on the Madras Presidency, whose names are to be inscribed thereon; to be run for on the Madras Course at the Annual Meetings under the following Rules and Regulations.

REGULATIONS.

1.—To be termed the *Silver Cup* and to be run for on the Madras Course, on the Last Day of the Madras Races, and may be challenged by any number of persons.

2.—Each Person challenging the Cup must stake Five hundred Rupees, and further make declaration that the Horse he starts is *bona fide* property. To be entered on the day fixed for Trials and Lotteries preceding the day on which the Cup is to be run for.

3.—No Person under any plea whatever will be allowed to challenge the Cup, before 12 o'clock at noon on the day that may be fixed for Ageing, Measuring and entering Horses at the Race Meeting; and the challenger or challengers of the Cup shall at the time of challenge pay into the hands of the Steward or Treasurer the Challenge Stakes and entrance Money.

4.—Any Person winning the Cup three times shall retain it in perpetuity; but until this may take place it shall be liable to be challenged every year.

5.—The Cup put to be considered as won unless challenged and run for, and should there be only one challenger and the possessor for the time being should not produce a Horse to defend it, the Cup shall revert to the Course, and Stakes returned to the person that challenges. If two or more challengers and the Cup be not decided the Cup to be run for by the persons so challenging.

6.—Should the winner of the Cup at any time (after being put in possession of it) not produce it when challenged he shall forfeit it and pay into the hands of the Steward or Treasurer Three hundred Guineas to be laid out by the Committee of the Madras Races for the time being, in the purchase of another Cup to be run for under the exact terms of these Regulations.

7.—The distance (2) two miles, Heaty. Carrying nine stone, and free for all 1.1.00 Horses.

8.—All persons challenging the Cup now or hereafter shall subscribe and be bound by these Regulations.

CHAMBER CUP

Value Two Hundred Guineas.

1.—To be run for by Arab Horses on the third day of the Meeting—and to be won three times, before it becomes the property of the winner—one Heat—one and a half Mile and a distance—weight eight stone four pounds—Horses to be *bona fide* property, and to be entered by 12 o'clock on the second day's morning and the challenge Stakes of (300) Three hundred and fifty Rupees to be then paid.

2.—No Horse allowed to walk over for this Cup and the start to be *bona fide*.

3.—The Cup may be challenged on the proscribed day in every meeting until finally won.

4.—The Holder of the Cup to Stake 250 Rupees, as well as each challenger.

5.—If the Holder of the Cup, when there is only one challenger, should not produce a Horse to defend it the Holder shall deliver the Cup to the Committee and forfeit his Stakes to the challenger.

A single challenger or challengers not starting, shall forfeit his or their Stakes to the Holder of the Cup.

7.—In the event of there being no Race for the Cup, the owner of the Horse brought to the Post and declared to start, shall be entitled to receive the Stakes of all who decline starting.

Selections.

VICISSITUDES OF THE FANCY.

On Thursday, April 2d, was appointed for the decision of the matches between Harry Jones and Gipsy Cooper, and Anthony Noon and Jack Leaney—the former for 25*l.* a-side, and the latter, for 10*l.* a-side. By mutual agreement, it was arranged to give the western road a turn, and Shepperton Range, on the Middlesex side of the river Thames, near to Chertsey-Bridge, was chosen as the field of battle. At an early hour in the morning the road leading through Hampton, as well as that through Staines, was thronged with the patrons of pugilism of all degrees, exhibiting their usual diversity of taste in the selection of their vehicles, or their indifference to the progress of every distraction by independently *tromping* it on their *own* toes.

Soon after twelve the ring was formed on the "wide waste" of the Range, far removed from every inhabited house. The ground being swampy, Tom Oliver, the Commissary, with his extraordinary forethought, provided a succession of "straw Ottomans," close to the ropes and stakes for the accommodation of those members of the Aristocracy who are wont to "tip half a ball" for this very welcome provision against the dangers of temporary "lodgings on the cold ground." As the hour for "business" approached, an immense multitude collected round the well-arranged arena, who took up their position in excellent order, the aforesaid "Ottomans" finding an abundance of occupants at the stipulated price. Shortly before one, Harry Jones, accompanied by Tom Spring and other friends, gladdened the spectators of the throng by their approach. They were accompanied by a respectable team of "swell drags," in one of which was Anthony Noon, under the care of Tom Gaynor and his backers; and while this cavalcade darkened the horizon towards Staines, from whence they had come, an equally numerous procession was seen coming from Hampton, led on by a stage-coach, drawn by four rattling pairs, in which Gipsy Cooper and Leaney, who had trained together in the neighbourhood of Kingston, had encased their *corpses*.

The preliminary bustle preparatory to action was now observable: the outer circle was beaten out, and all was "tip-toe" expectation for the entrance of the men. There was little of suspense on this head, for in a few minutes the renowned Harry Jones was ushered into notice, under the guidance of Tom Spring and Jack Adams; he looked in tolerable condition, and both himself and his friends sported "the blue-eyed togle." He was greeted with the customary cheers—a compliment which was shortly afterwards paid to the Gipsy, as he advanced, under the auspices of Tom Gaynor and Dick Curtis. The men having shaken hands, and eyed each other with becoming modesty, their colours were tied to the stakes (yellow for the Gipsy), and paeling commenced without delay. At this moment an alarm was given that a "beak" was in the offing, and the men were making a precipitate retreat; when it was announced that "all was right," and the men resumed the operation of throwing off their superfluous rags. In a few seconds being brought to the scratch, and ready to let fly, another portentous sound stayed hostilities—cries of "*Cheese it!*" and "*Let it!*" and "*Bolt!*" burst from all quarters. The men and their seconds again "made their lucky," and it was ascertained that the second notice was not a false alarm, for, in a short time Sir John Gibbons, Bart., a local Magistrate, was

seen forcing his way through the outer circle, and, before the men were invisible, got within the ropes, declaring his intention to preserve the peace. He was a good deal agitated, for he was alone; and, in very indignant terms, expressed his conviction of the lawless character of the assembly, founded upon practical proof, having been himself deprived of his gold chain and seals as he advanced. The worthy Magistrate was at first assailed by expressions of indignation, but he was soon relieved from all apprehensions of personal danger, by the arrival of Young Dutch Sam, Deaf Burke, and other members of the *corps pugilistique*, who assured him, not only that he should be protected, but that his orders should be obeyed, while others tendered to his Worship their pocket-pistols well charged with brandy, which he politely declined. He declared, that all he desired was, that the men should retire out of his jurisdiction in a peaceable manner, and, in reply to various entreaties, persisted in "spoiling the sport." He said, he had been called upon as a Magistrate to interfere, and he could not compromise his duty. Tom Spring then came forward, and assured the Hon. Baronet that his orders should be obeyed, an assurance which he said he was willing to accept with as much confidence as if it had been given by the great Jackson himself! The terms of capitulation having been agreed upon, Sir John retired with all the honours of pugilistic triumph, Deaf Burke preceding him as a sort of *pareuvent*, laying about him right and left with a cart whip, in a manner so vigorous that he not only called forth the humane interference of his Worship, but cleared an avenue sufficiently wide for the whole Bench of Middlesex Magistrates to have marched in line. Previous to his retirement, Sir John said, he was doubly mortified by the loss of his chain and seals, as, although he cared little for their intrinsic value, yet the seals having been presented to him by members of his family, they were doubly prized. He was assured an effort would be made to restore them to him, if possible, and with this pledge he took his leave—in his person and in his treatment by a motley assemblage of at least three thousand persons, many of them of what might be termed the lowest class, forming a creditable illustration of the good conduct of the patrons of *Middlesex*. At his individual request, unsupported even by a single officer, they yielded their own gratification, and gave a ready obedience to his commands; and this too without offering him the slightest personal insult or violence—beyond that of *bothering* his chain and seals, which, it will be hereafter seen, were safely restored to him, with a becoming expression of regret for any inconvenience to which he had been subjected. The motto on one of the seals was—"Firmus et Fideles" (which translated means—"Firm and Faithful") placed on a scroll over a pyramid of rocks, at the base of which stood a dog—an obvious hieroglyphic of *firmness* and *fidelity*, and peculiarly applicable to the circumstances of this case; for while Sir John displayed a *firmness* creditable to him in the responsible station which he holds, it will be seen the *Fancy* were not less *faithful* to the promises which they made.

The order "To Chertsey," having been given, a simultaneous move immediately took place in that direction. The Commissary collected his material with all imaginable dispatch; the men were re-conducted to their carriages; the horses which had been unyoked were again attached to their "car;" and the breaking up of a Cossack Camp could not have produced a more amusing exhibition of confusion, which was rendered doubly ludicrous by a great portion of the "sitting Members" carrying off large wisps of straw under their arms, as a prudent provision against the damp of the soil on which they might take up their new position.

A field about a mile and a half beyond Chertsey having been obligingly tendered for the reception of the flying forces, thither they repaired; and after considerable delay, arising from the mislaying of the key of the gate and other causes, the arena was once more formed, and by half-past two o'clock, the arrangements were fully complete—Deaf Burke and others of his co-collector having, in the interim, made a handsome gleaming under the long-exploded impost of "gate-money," each carriage on entering paying a toll of one shilling.

The men were once more ushered into the ring by their respective seconds and bottle-holders. The sports commencing with the fight between

HARRY JONES AND GIPSEY COOPER.

On stripping, both men looked well in health, but we thought that Harry had lost of that muscular development which was observable previous to his late indisposition. Both his arms and his legs showed that he was not quite up to his former 'mark;' still he was all confidence, and eager for the fray. Cooper struck us as being too much in flesh, and compared with Harry, both in weight and muscle, he had evidently the advantage; still Harry was the favourite at 7 to 4 and 7 to 1, with few takers.

ROUND 1. On coming to the scratch both men were cautious, but the Gipsy, it was evident, had made up his mind to play at long bowls; he kept his arms well out before him, and on the approach of Harry retreated to all parts of the ring. At last, the Gipsy hit out with his right, and caught Harry on the hip below the waistband; Harry pointed to this spot, and called on him to be cautious. Another long pause, during which Cooper pursued the retreating system, but was at last brought to a stand-still, and both hit slightly, Gipsy open-handed with his left, but no execution on either side. After some further tedious walking round and getting away, the Gipsy rushed in, and plucked his right on Harry's mark; a rally followed, in which some good exchanges took place, and the Gipsy planted his favourite right-handed hit on Harry's ear, which he cut, drawing first blood; it was a stinging delivery, and in the close Harry tried for the fall, but tumbled on his own knees [The "Bush lads" were now uproarious, and Harry looked rather queer on getting on his second's knee].

2. The Gipsy, instead of going in to bustle and take advantage of his success in the last round, again stood off, and repeatedly, when both were made up for mischief, stepped back, got away, and walked round his man. Counter-hits, and away; both had it on the cheek. In this tedious way was the round prolonged for twenty-seven minutes, when the Gipsy paid another visit to Harry's *auricular*, drawing more blood, but not so effectually as in the former hit; Harry hit up, but missed; counter hits were then exchanged. After another pause, the men at last got to work. Harry rushed in, hit over with his right, and closed; a desperate struggle ensued, during which both fished at the body and head, but at last Harry got the lock, and brought the Gipsy over his hip, and gave him a cross-buttock, falling upon him as he lay with his head doubled up. On the Gipsy rising, he showed *claret* from the sniffer, and looked both sulky and serious, while Harry's friends were again on their stilts.

3. The fight had now been thirty-seven minutes in the ring, and cries of impatience burst from all quarters. After a waste of more time, Harry at last got the Gipsy to the ropes, and brought him to a rally; heavy hits were exchanged; and in the struggle for the throw the Gipsy was again down, Harry upon him. Harry showed additional marks of punishment on the mouth, from which blood was drawn.

4. Harry stole a march, and gave the Gipsy a slap on the *sniffer*, drawing more blood ("How do you like that Gipsy?") exclaimed Adams. After another long walk round, and repeated offers to go to work without proceeding, the Gipsy popped in his left on Harry's body; a desperate rally was now fought; both hit away with wildness; Harry hit up, and closing, butted with his head. They then broke away, but again got to work in good style. Gipsy once more planted on the body, and in getting away Harry fell. On getting up after this bustle, Harry looked confounded, and was evidently sick at stomach.

5. Gipsy, proud of his success in the last round, went to work again in slashing style; give and take was the order of the day, and in the close Harry made an exhausting effort for the throw, but was at length thrown himself, the Gipsy on him.

6. The friends of Cooper were now all alive, and the takers of the odds became numerous. Another spirited rally; Harry by no means sat, and Cooper slashing away in good style. In the close for the throw, after another desperate effort, both went down.

7. Harry sick, and the Gipsy groggy. Harry soon came round, and Spring said he was "all right again." After the usual trial of patience, another rally took place, in which both showed weariness, and Harry's blows were wild and ill-directed. Still he had the best of infighting, and in the close they went down together.

8. The fight had now been prolonged to an hour and quarter. The Gipsy tried a right-handed blow, but Harry caught it on his elbow. Cooper stopped Harry's left twice; a short rally; when Harry caught the Gipsy's head under his arm, and held it as if in a vice, but the Gipsy secured his right, and prevented his fibbing. After a powerful effort for the throw, the Gipsy got Harry down, and fell upon him. These exertions were fatiguing, and Harry again showed symptoms of sickness.

9. Harry, after repeatedly making himself up for work, but the Gipsy withdrawing, administered the upper cut. In the close, the Gipsy bored him down.

10. A short rally, and in getting back Gipsy fell; Harry on him.

11. Harry getting fresh and desirous of milling, but Gipsy on the retreat; at last Harry got him in the corner, rushed in, and fibbed; Gipsy was not idle. Harry got him across the ropes, and there hung upon him for some seconds, Gipsy hitting at him as he lay. The seconds parted them, and took them from their awkward positions. From this round to the conclusion, there was little variety in the style of fighting; but the advantage was in favor of Harry, who continued the favorite at 6 to 4. In the 12th round he gave the Gipsy the first knock-down blow, and was loudly cheered. Spring now desired him to "go to work;" he fought to orders, and slashed away in good style, although not with his usual precision. The Gipsy was all abroad, and blowing like a grampus. In the 21st round, Harry gave him a heavy cross-buttock, and in the five following rounds did as he liked, the Gipsy rolling about like a porpoise in the cholera. Harry missed many of his blows, but those that reached their destination told with effect, and in the 28th round the Gipsy gave his last kick, and was unable to renew the struggle. Harry was immediately pronounced the conqueror, and quitted the ring amidst loud cheers. The fight lasted two hours and ten minutes.

REMARKS.—This was one of the most tiresome affairs ever witnessed, and frequently elicited strong expressions of disgust. The Gipsy had no relish for danger, and evidently built upon the chance of tiring his antagonist out. Had he made up his mind to lead off with spirit after the 4th and 5th rounds, when Harry was distressed, there is no doubt he might have produ-

ced a different issue to the combat: but he had not the heart to avail himself of his advantage, and throughout, by his pusillanimity, afforded Harry ample time to throw off any ill effects which his own exertions repeatedly produced. The Gipsy bitterly fought quite at random, with his head down, his eyes shut and hands open--and even Harry seemed to have lost that gift of hitting for which he was formerly distinguished. He repeatedly missed his blows, and threw away much of his strength in wrestling. We thought too he often let the Gipsy escape when he might have brought him to action. He, however, fought the safe game, and, as winning was his object, in ultimately attaining that end, his friends were satisfied. He showed but few marks of punishment, and was active among the spectators in witnessing the second fight. Upon the whole, it was clear, that Harry was not 'knocked,' and nothing but regular living and abstinence from the *lush tub* would enable him to recover his former stamina.

HIS JOHN GIBBONS AND HIS GOLD BEAK.

In closing our account of the day's amusement, we have great pleasure in adding, that in consequence of a reward offered by the patrons of the Fancy, the gold snuff and chain of the *beak* were recovered and safely conveyed to his residence at St. James's, Middlesex, on Wednesday, "carriage paid," with a polite acknowledgement of his inability in the ring, and a hint that he might have encountered a similar accident in the pit of the Opera House, or even in the porch of a Cathedral, without perhaps having the good fortune to have it so quickly repaired. We have no doubt, after this specimen of the "right sort" of feeling among the Fancy, that the worthy *beak* will be prepared to admit that he might have gone further and freed worse; and we can't but well do the patrons of British pugilism the credit to believe that they seek only to promote a spirit of honest rivalry, and the maintenance of those principles of 'fair play,' by example as well as precept, upon which the character of John Bull so much depends. He may say, that it is impossible to allow prize fights without affording encouragement to the "high fingered" gentry—but we would ask to what assemblage a similar remark would not apply, from the great *prigs* in the senate, to the minor *prigs* in the pulpits, or from the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his predilection, to the wild ravings of a Drummhead in 'Fruitful-square.

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT FOX HUNTING, WITH THE WONDERFUL EXPLOITS OF MY FRIEND BOB.

"— poor Tom, whom the foul Fiend hath made proud of heart to ride on a bay trotting horse."—*King Lear*.

My friend Bob is a vastly clever young man. There are few things which he cannot do even to his own satisfaction, which, considering his fastidious taste, with respect to other people, is saying all that is necessary. It is the case with a great many gifted persons of my acquaintance that they cannot restrain themselves from claiming their just dues when they hear others boasting of things which they can do much better themselves. Such a person is my friend Bob. We happened to be invited, one day last winter, at a large dinner-party, where we met the chief of the neighbouring gentry. While the ladies remained, little transpired to put him upon his mettle. Country ladies are usually rather literary, but the sex are not apt to arrogate much consequence to themselves or to their opinions, and Bob contented himself with dropping an oblique hint that it was thought his volume of *esays* would beat Washington Irving out-and-out. The ladies expressed their astonishment at his genius, and the gentlemen stopped eating and stared, but

Bob was perfectly composed, spoke ambiguously of himself and the Great Unknown, and generously volunteered his autograph to a lady at the farther end of the table. From this time, it will readily be supposed, that my friend had the conversation pretty much his own way. Every one was afraid to speak, for fear of getting into a scrape; and every one looked for the literary remarks which fell from him; as though they had been nothing but pearls and rubies. I must say that he was very condescending (great gentlemen always are,) for he had not talked above an hour and a half when he remembered that he had not heard a single voice but his own, and appealed to the company, whether it was not now their turn to entertain him. The appeal was thought very just; and a modest young gentleman commenced, with a proprietary look at my friend, to discourse upon the last new opera. Bob quite forgot the obligations we already owed him, and here likewise played a solo on the first fiddle, talked feelingly of his dear friend Rossini, and modestly disclaimed having assisted him in any of his works, excepting the *Donna del Lago*. There was another pause of awful surprise and wonderment, and Bob was obliged to make use of another expostulation, before he could set the conversation going. Unluckily it turned upon the last Exhibition, and my friend, who really might be said to have done his duty, found it necessary to exert himself once again. He fully proved to us, that we knew nothing at all about pictures, and that our taste was perfectly erroneous, excepting in its admiration of his sworn brothers, Newton, Leake, and Lawrence and repelled, with honest indignation, the report (which by some accident, we had never heard) that he had painted the head of Napoleon at Pourgaugnac for the first, or that of Sancho and the Paches for the second. As for the portrait of George the Fourth, for the last, he could cordially admit that he had given a few hints, but, after all, they were nothing but what his friend Tom would probably have found out of himself. He added, that it was painful to him to talk of the arts, for he was only just out of mourning for his foster-father, Canova, and such subjects always brought a train of mournful reflections on his sad loss. The company appeared to sympathize very much with poor Bob, whose tears were standing in his eyes. "Ah," said he, "we must all die. The best friends must be parted. I should not wonder if Scott, and Moore, and Campbell, were to go soon." With that he tossed off his glass, and the ladies retired, all whispering to the favoured one who had been promised the autograph, and begging that she would not fail to use her interest for them.

Bob soon recovered his spirits when the bottle began to circulate, and chimed into a conversation upon field sports, of which he seemed to know quite as much as he did of every thing else. He had killed more partridges, and had won more races than any one present; and when they talked of fox-hunting (of which country gentlemen have generally very marvellous stories) his exploits, though told in a quiet, unassuming manner, which evidently underrated them, surpassed all that had ever been heard of. I am sure if I or any one else, excepting Bob, had swam the Severn at the new passage, and crossed the Paddington Canal, the world would never have heard the last of it. But persons who have courage to do great things, seldom have courage to boast of them. They are, moreover, remarkable for a disposition to make all due allowances for others. Thus, when Bob talked of the various hunts of Yorkshire, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire, and was compelled incidentally to mention his own celebrity, and surname of Robert the Devil, he gave it as his positive opinion, that there were others in the said hunts who could ride very nearly, if not quite as well as himself, whatever people might think. If he was wrong in his supposition, it must be remembered that he had enjoyed more advantages than the generality

having evidently been mounted on the rative horses which his friends had been afraid to ride. I saw, instantly, by the eager looks of several of the gentlemen, that he would very soon be furnished with a stud; and one of them, who described himself to be a timid rider, put in a petition that he would hunt a young horse for him on the following day. The animal was a little too fresh and mettlesome for the owner, but perfectly *au fait* at last at the thing for such an ass as Bob. Bob would have modestly declined, but we had all such a longing desire to see a specimen of real horsemanship, that it was quite impossible for him to avoid distinguishing himself, and the worthy host engaged all the company present to dine with him again after the hunt, and talk over the feats of Robert the Devil.

The next morning proved particularly fine, and I was up betimes, bustling about to equip my friend. I had never been much of a sportsman, and was totally unprovided with the necessary equipments, for which I was obliged to despatch messengers in various directions, to levy contributions upon my neighbours. It happened that I was particularly fortunate, and my errands were well rewarded—one with a red coat, another with a pair of leather boots with boots and spurs, and a fourth with a most noble hunting-whip. They all fitted to admiration, and my friend really looked so manfully, that it quite did my heart good to behold him. Nevertheless, Bob did not talk much about it. He looked like a man whose resolution was made up to deal in dreadful import; quite I his brows into a determined frown, and took nothing for breakfast but distilled kidneys and orrery. At last the groom of Mr. ———'s groom, with Bob's horse, was announced. Bob took a quick look in the glass, put the finishing touch to his resolution with another drink, and forth we went. Our horses were waiting at the door. For myself I am ashamed to say, that my nerves never permitted me to mount any more formidable than a clever little shooing pony; but, oh! what words came into the majesty of the quadruped which was destined to immortalize my friend? His height was stupendous, his pedegree interminable, and his coat, which was a fiery chestnut, shone like the tail of a peacock. I thought, as he pawed the ground and clamped the bit, I had never seen such a wild eye and terrific nostril in my born-days; but Bob laughed at my fears, and assured me that he would soon let him know who was master. With that he clambered into the saddle, and set, to all appearance, as comfortably as a bird upon a bough. I could not help expressing my admiration, but Bob put on rather a scornful look, and bade me keep my praises till by-and-by; whereupon, he smacked his whip, and dashed his spurs into the animal's ribs, by way of trying his mettle. The horse uttered an ear-piercing squeak, laid down his ears, and swung up his heels, as though he meant to throw a somerset. Bob, as the groom said, showed full three feet of daylight under him, that is to say, he vaulted up in the air three feet from his saddle, which I instantly conceived was by way of easing the horse of his weight, that he might kick the higher and astonish us the more. But this was not the most admirable part of the performance, for when Bob's specific gravity brought him down from his aerial journey, he very skillfully lighted on the horse's tail, which produced a similar evolution to the former one. Bob was determined to amuse us; for in this ascent, which was a foot or two higher than the other, he scrambled with his hands and legs as if he meant to fly away, and then, to borrow another phrase of the groom, plunged chuck into the saddle, as though nothing had happened. "What do you think of that?" said Bob, with a triumphant look. "Think!" I replied, "why, I think it is wonderful."

We soon arrived at the seat of action. It was an extensive piece of furze, on the top of a hill, from which a large regiment of red coats (most of whom

were attracted to take a lesson from Bob, whose reputation had already spread far and wide) were anxiously looking out upon the country over which they were to gallop after him and the fox-brush. Our appearance had been anxiously expected, and created a great sensation. Most of the horsemen came forward to meet us, and those who had the honour of Bob's acquaintance, seemed to shake hands with him with peculiar self-satisfaction. The rest kept riding round him, and eyeing his appointments, of which some were recognised by their proprietors, who, no doubt, meant to treasure them up, when Bob had done with them, as valuable heir-looms to their posterity. Bob, however, had no time to stop and be looked at, but trotted off upon his business, cracking his whip, and crying "voix" to the hounds, which (pardon my ignorance of sporting terms) were beginning to bark violently. I followed leisurely, that I might hear what remarks were made, but nobody ventured to give an opinion, excepting the huntsman, who called out to the whipper-in, "Hollo! Where the devil is that gentleman on the chestnut horse going? He'll head the fox, by —" What *heading the fox* meant I did not exactly know, but I had no doubt that it was some service or movement, and called out, with all my might, "Go along, Bob! You'll head the fox, by jingo!" Something (I suppose, my qualification of the huntsman's more energetic phrase) made the company very merry, but all my anxiety was enlisted for the credit of my friend, and I cared very little what was thought of myself. Bob's manœuvre was crowned with complete success. The fox broke cover, as they called it, just where he had pulled up, and would have gone over a clear, open country, in which, I am quite confident, the hounds could never have overtaken him. Bob foresaw this in a twinkling, and galloped after him, shouting and screaming, till he fairly compelled him to return to his hiding place. The people made a great outcry, swore considerably, and besought each other to go, and stop that tailor; but it was very evident that they knew nothing of fox-hunting, for, motive of which, I humbly conceive, is to catch the fox, and I should like to know how this is to be done so effectually as by driving him into the mouths of the hounds. I had not time, however, to explain the matter to them, for Reynard was no sooner baulked in one direction than he endeavoured to escape in another, and, somehow, through the bungling of the hunters, he effected his purpose. In vain did I cry out "stop him, stop him!" Bob, who was the only person capable of doing it, was too far off, and the felon waved his brash triumphantly in our faces, and went away over a country which was zig-zagged with hedges and ditches enough to make one's heart ache. The hounds soon followed, all howling in concert, as if to upbraid the people for not turning him back, but even they themselves did not appear to know much of their duty, for, instead of separating and going different ways to intercept him, they all ran close together in the same direction. I was certain that Bob would not see this without interfering, and when I looked round he was galloping after them with all his might and main, and bolted, neck or nothing right through the midst of them. About a dozen of them soon altered their note, and went limping after the rest upon three legs, which was a punishment they richly deserved. The main body, however, were quite incorrigible for Bob was not backed in his attempt by any of the hunt, who all kept behind. What was more ungrateful than all was, that they swore Bob was a knut, and shouted "tailor," and "cockney," and a thousand other opprobrious names, which quite made my blood boil. Bob, however, was too busily engaged to take any notice of them, and went on shrieking "tailor," till he was beyond the reach of their voices, and at least three hundred yards before the hounds. He was, evidently, shewing the pack which way to run, but how he knew it himself, I have always been at a loss to guess, for

he certainly could not see the fox; the most probable supposition is, that he *lost* him. Certain it is, that he struck to the same straight-forward course with most admirable steadiness. The people said he could not stop, but I know better things. I should like to see a horse run away with Bob. It was not long before he arrived at the first hedge and ditch, which he charged at full swing, without once thinking of looking on the other side. It was beautiful to see how dexterously the leap was accomplished. The horse cleared the very topmost twig, in consequence, I suppose, of Bob's vaulting, as before, a yard and half into the air, to give him the unnumbered exercise of his powers. It was exactly as if they had been playing at cup and ball, for the animal caught him on the other side of the hedge, with the utmost precision though whether it was on the head or the tail, I am unable to determine. Bob suffered no loss but his lat and whip, which he had no time to pick up, but tore along, hollering as before. The whip, indeed, he did not appear to want, for he continued to gallop upon the hounds as it was, and I almost began to think he would leave them out of sight. By keeping the high combs, and cutting across, I contrived to see a great deal of the hunt, which was very gratifying. Bob kept the lead, as at first, in gallant style, his spurs steadily fixed in the horse's shoulder, and one hand firmly grasping the mane. Whenever he came to a leap, he performed nearly the same evolution as before, excepting that now he held by the mane, he did not alter his part company with his horse, but merely flung his legs up in the air, which gave him very much the appearance of standing upon his head. It was quite tremendous to see him; Astley's journey to Brentford was nothing to it.

But were I to enumerate all Bob's exploits, and admirable manœuvres, I should write volumes. Every one was worthy to be chronicled, but I must confine myself to the most prominent.

After running about half an hour, I lost sight of Robert, (well called the Devil,) hounds, hunters, and all, in a large wood. To my surprise, the dogs and not Bob, emerged from it first. Afterwards, came a crowd of horsemen, but Bob was not amongst them; he had taken, as he told me when we got home, a wrong turn, and, presently, I saw him making ample amends for it. He was not to be outdone by the folks in that country or any other, and he went along furiously. I was close enough to distinguish that he had come nearly the same pace through the wood, for his face was a great deal scratched by the brambles, and the owner of the red coat had to lament that his posterity had lost one skirt of their patrimony. Nevertheless, Bob kept on; nothing stopped him till he came to a large brook, which the rest had avoided, by making a considerable circuit, but my friend was too dauntless to avail himself of their example, and rode, directly for it. Now, the horse, it appeared, had not so much courage as the rider, for he pulled up in mid-career; Bob took advantage of this sudden jerk to spring upon the steed's ears, that he might more conveniently reconnoitre the ground, but he was instantly re-created upon the saddle, though he somehow or other lost the reins, which hung dangling to the ground; perhaps, indeed, he saw that he had no need of them, for the animal was going quite right for another bend of the brook, with the hounds in full view. Bob well knew that he should not get over without a manœuvre, so, when the horse stopped short a second time, he pitched himself clean over his head into the brook upon his hands and knees, by way of making a bridge for him. The horse looked surprised, but immediately took advantage of the movement, leaping first upon my friend's back, and then upon the opposite bank. Bob caught the rein as he passed, leaped upon his back, and was off like a shot. By this time, as I was told, the fox was headed back, and the dogs and men were galloping at full speed to

wards my friend, who was meeting them at the same place. Both parties thought themselves right, and Bob, who was desirous of turning the torrent, charged first through the pack, and then through the pursuers, crippling half-a-dozen of the first, and dismounting as many of the second. I heard his head come in contact with two or three others, with a sound like the smack of a billiard-ball, and, in fact, he made several of the most scientific cannons that can be well imagined. Bob's skull, however, was not to be broken, and he adhered pertinaciously to his course, the hunt going one way, and he another, till I saw the remains of his red coat bounding up and down, in the diminishing distance, like a lady-bird in a windy day, and gradually disappear.

I was now completely at a stand still. Bob was gone one way, and the hounds another, and I could not, for some time, decide which was most likely to catch the fox. At last, my high opinion of Bob's tactics prevailed, and I made after him as rapidly as I could. After about an hour's pursuit, I came up to a farm-house, and inquired if they had seen a gentleman in red, running after a fox. The answer was, that Robert the Devil had actually taken up his quarters there, and hurried in, expecting to see him cooking the fox for his dinner, for I knew that his exertions must have had wonderful effect upon his appetite. When I entered, I found no one but the women of the house, and a person, of doubtful sex, swaddled up in flannel petticoats, and crowned with divers woollen nightcaps. I was proceeding to another apartment, calling out, "Bob, where are you, my prince of fox-hunters?" when, to my amazement, the doubtful creature cried, "Here—I am Bob." To my amazement, do I say? I very nearly dropped to the earth. The being, who asserted himself to be my friend Bob, appeared to have no nose; his eyes were swollen out of his head, and all black and bloodshot; his lips and cheeks were all sorts of shapes, and torn all to rags; and the tone of his voice assured me that he had not a firm tooth in his mouth. "Why, Bob?" I exclaimed in horror, "what has become of your nose?" "Oh, it is all safe," said he, "only a little fastened—I shall soon push it up; but did not I astonish them all with my riding?" "Astonish us! I believe you did, too! But where are all your teeth?" "Safe in my head, my dear fellow, if they will only stay till I can get them fastened in. Did you see how I got over the brook?" "Did I? But, for mercy's sake, let us have some more brown paper and vinegar, for you look as if you had been hanged, drawn, and quartered." "Did you see me upset half-a-dozen of them? That is the way to do the thing! I'll be bound they are—all as jealous and as mad as the deuce!" "I'll be bound they are; but where is the horse?" "I don't know—he ran away as soon as I had done with him." "Where is your coat?" "I don't know—hanging in a bush—I'll teach them how to ride. It is all right to have a few knocks in the head—it looks sportsman-like."

Bob showed wonderful game; he not only unfolded his wrappings, and declared his readiness to return home, but insisted upon appearing, with all his marks of good riding fresh upon him, at the dinner which had been made for him. A taxed-cart was procured, with a driver, who promised not to jolt him much, and, after sending a troop of persons in search of the run-away horse, I followed the remains of Bob's beauty, as chief mourner. Arrived at home, I, of course, had him bled and physicked, plaistered his features together, and made him look as decent as I could.

When he appeared at the dinner, the company were already assembled. The suppressed smile and knowing looks of the gentlemen, who seemed as if they had been laughing heartily, and the half-pitying, half-mirthful countenance of the ladies, convinced me at once, that Bob's essay was thought to have been a failure. It was clear that they did not understand the peculiarity of his tactics: nevertheless, they consoled with him very handsomely on

his misfortunes. Bob did not understand condolences when he expected congratulations, but contented himself by saying that he would ride with any man in England, expatiating on the delights of the day's sport, expressing an ardent desire for just such another, alluding to a few of his leaps, and occasionally pinching his nose into shape. For all this, I could not avoid perceiving that Bob had lost much of his ascendancy. His supposed failure in one accomplishment (which he only possessed in a degree too great to be understood) had caused an unaccountable mistrust of all the rest, and the folks not only talked fearlessly of hunting and shooting, but even resumed the subject of the fine arts and *belles lettres*, which had only yesterday been considered his peculiar province and private property; nay, if he sported an opinion that was not quite satisfactory, he was overruled without ceremony, just as if he had been any body else; and when he apologized for not having performed his promise of the autograph, the young lady absolutely told him not to put himself out of his way for it, for she should be happy to wait till he was perfectly at leisure. Canova (Bob's foster-father) was criticized minutely, as was his sworn brother and familiar friend Tom Lawrence; the heads of Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, and Sancho, and the Duchess, were roundly asserted to be beyond the reach of any hands but those of the ostensible artists, and Geoffrey Crayon was declared to be far removed from the rivalry of any man alive. Poor Bob became gradually silent and crest-fallen, and, in the end, was reduced to the single and forlorn enjoyment of pulling his nose straight. His nose, however, had as obstinate a will of its own as the rest of the company, and always took a wrong shape so that, when he thought the work was cleverly completed, he looked such an outrageous scare-crow, that I was obliged to take leave, and smuggle him away, lest he should frighten us out of our wits. We, accordingly, took our departure, fully agreeing that we had never spent so disagreeable an evening in our lives, and that, in future, all such blockheads as the—hunt, should ride their restive horses themselves.

As my readers must naturally feel a great interest in Bob, I just inform them, for their satisfaction, that his beauty was not quite so much dilapidated as I at first supposed, though his nose is still very considerably askew—that my opinion of his universal genius remains as great as ever—that he still retains the surname of Robert the Devil, and still challenges to do any thing with any man in England.—*Album.*

FISHING IN THE INDUS.

The method of fishing is very singular, and hundreds of persons are to be seen at the same moment engaged in it. Each fisherman is provided with a net on the end of a long pole, and a large earthen pot to float on, many of which are five feet in diameter, remarkably light, and capable of supporting 200lbs. The fisherman leans with his breast over the mouth of the pot which is 8 or ten inches in diameter, and thus floats down the stream keeping his net sunk perpendicularly under him having a *check string* tied to his hand which gives him instant notice when a fish rushes into his net. When the fish is taken the net is instantly brought to the surface, the man floating all the time, and the fish, being killed, is deposited in the Earthen pot and the fisherman again proceeds to work. When the people engaged in this business, have gone two or three miles down (with) the stream, they land and proceed back to the point from whence they started, taking some Earthen pots on their heads. Each individual pays five Rupees to Government on receiving his license at the beginning of the Season, and one third of each day's produce in fishing, which are immediately salted by persons on the behalf of the Government placed at every village.—*MS. Journal.*

PYRAMUS.

(WITH A LITHOGRAPHIC SKETCH.)

The sketch of *Pyramus* which graces our present number is not the best likeness we could have wished for, neither is the execution as perfect as might be desired. We understand—for we never saw the horse—it does not give him length enough, and it certainly appears to us to possess some defect about the legs. This, however, must be said in defence of our Lithographer—he has very closely copied the painting which was sent us.

Knowing nothing of *Pyramus* beyond what Fame has trumpeted forth, and the Racing Calendar discloses, we have been induced to write to one who was on terms of intimacy with the noble animal, and here is an extract from his reply. We may premise by observing that we know that 10,000 rupees were offered for the horse together with forfeits to all the engagements that had been made with him. He has been beaten every where excepting when in the Allipore stables.—

“I think *Pyramus* the best Arab that ever set foot to ground in India, and I'll tell you why I think so. In 1812, *Premium* won the first heat for the Bengal Turf Cup, T. M. in 4mins. 8secs. *Pyramus* lost a good quarter of a mile in full 39secs. at starting, and was well within the distance post when *Premium* passed the winning post, therefore from 4mins. 8secs. deduct 30-12 or 18secs. to find the time in which *Pyramus* actually ran the two miles;—this gives 3mins. 50secs. with 9st. 7lb. And now for my private opinion of what he could have done. The old hands will no doubt laugh and speak of their experience and the young ones will say I am given to yarning, but I don't mind being laughed at and will be glad to hear what they have to say; so here goes.—*Pyramus* was full a quarter of a mile behind *Premium* at starting (for which I allow 28secs.), and could have won the 1st heat (it was also the opinion of his rider) therefore from 4mins. 8secs. deduct 28secs. which gives 3mins. 40secs. the time in which *Pyramus* could have ran the two miles, carrying 9st. 7lb.”

ROBIN HOOD'S NOTE BOOK.

October 10, 1855.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

"Once more upon the waters." And although I cannot exactly say that they feel altogether under me, "like a steel who knows his rider," inasmuch as it requires five or six stout fellows to keep the boat's head straight, so rapid is the stream against me, nevertheless they are not wholly unacquainted with my weight, and I trust, the Burampooter, the Jenai, the Ganges, and the Marabangha, will all do their best to give me a speedy passage to Calcutta, where I should like to arrive before the American ice is all gone, as I wish to drink success to the *Magazine*, in something more congenial to my parched inwards than claret cooled with saltpetre. Mr. Rogers really deserves well of the Calcutta community, and the Mahratta Ditchers will be a set of great cakes, if they do not afford him sufficient encouragement to bring a further stock of such cold comfort.

This is to be a letter "*de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis*" so let us begin with a few words as to the approaching cold season. Whilst most parts of India were nearly ruined this year from the want of rain, the eastern parts of Bengal have been regularly deluged since the end of May. Many of the old people assure me, that they never remember to have seen such a wet season. The inundation began very early, and continued in many places, till within the last fortnight;—the consequence is that many of the poor ryots have lost all chance of a fair rice-crop this year. This is a distressing subject to those who, like me, consider their lot as cast amongst them, and regard them as brethren; so let us pass from it, and consider the inundation as it affects the sportsman. Many a good hare has ingloriously lost her life from the waters themselves, and from the clubs of the village idlers. In the cold season, ten hares are to be found on the chairs for one on the high grounds: this is easily accounted for, as on the former, they are comparatively undisturbed, have a fine soft bottom to lie on, and good shelter; and the soil being light and sandy, is just such as hares in this country seem ever to be fond of. When the rivers come down, which they do sometimes, in these parts with a rise of more than six feet in one night, the poor hares find themselves cut off from the mainland, and as the waters enclose, they move to the few high spots, which yet remain dry. Should the inundation reach them even there, they are, of course, done for; and if they escape from a watery death, they have still a great risk to run from the villagers, who make regular parties to catch, kill, and destroy; and as some twenty or thirty hares are huddled together on half a beegah of ground, their destruction is certain. About two months back a fellow brought a fine hare, just kill-

ed, to me, wishing me to accept it, as, he said, he had some seven or eight more, being his share out of a great number which he and his friends had killed that morning on one of the chers. The inundation just past having been, as I have said, unusually high, and of long continuance, I fear there will be a serious falling off amongst the hares this year.

When the water becomes too high to be pleasant, the wild hogs transport themselves from the chers to the neighbouring villages, and do lots of mischief in the fields and gardens of the ryots. Notwithstanding the belief that a swimming pig will cut his own throat, which I know is really true occasionally in regard to tame pigs, I have seen wild hogs swim such immense distances in this country, that I take it, they seldom lose their lives from the waters, be the inundation ever so high. I once saw a boar swim the Burampooter, where it must have been about a mile across, and this merely because he did not choose to give me a chance of spearing him by taking to the plank. Yesterday I saw their marks for several miles, as I took my evening walk on the banks of the river. I think if I had had a couple of spears and a nag, I could have killed some of the rascals to account for their trespasses, as the ground was quite dry enough to ride over, and the jungle in the villages not at all extensive. Some years ago I was very fond of beating them in the villages during the rains. Fine thumping boars are then very often to be met with in small patches of jungle, or in the paddy fields, and I generally found them tough oars to deal with. About five years back I was going out one morning to look for hares, or foxes, just as luck might settle the matter, as there was always a chance of meeting in with a hog; I had a few spears with me, and lucky it was I had taken them, for a very short way from home the dogs came upon a mighty blue boar, in the middle of a paddy field; he was one of the largest hogs I ever saw, and nobly did the fellow fight for his life! I was first made aware of his vicinity by a bark or two from the dogs, a grunt which made me stand again, and then a rush, which sent the whole of the dogs flying out in no time. Some of the dogs were taken out of the way, and some left loose, with a view to keep upon his track, if he should make off in the paddy, which was very high, and to keep his attention till I could get a spear and be ready for the fight. Such a precaution, however, was unnecessary, for the boar disdained to fly, and stood perfectly still, till I had armed myself. The paddy was very long, and the ground very soft, but as the hog showed no inclination to leave it, there was nothing left but to take him on his own terms. It is all very well serving out a boar that has first had the wind taken out of him by a half mile burst, as hard as he can go, but it is a matter of considerably greater delicacy drawing blood from a boar who bids you defiance from the moment you fall in with him. Being fully impressed with the truth of this, I did not ride slap up to the fellow, but commenced by riding round and round

him, intending to narrow the circle each time;—the boar, however, did not seem to understand this sort of fighting, and accordingly long before I had got near enough to have a dig at him,

Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain cat, who guards her young,
Full at my gallant Bay he sprung.

His rush was awful, and made the rank paddy yield, like smoke before the wind; he got more ill-usage, however, than he liked, as I stopped the charge by planting the spear right in his back. At the end of the paddy field, was one of those large anthills or mounds of earth, which are so common in many parts of Bengal. While I was procuring a second spear, the boar walked slowly towards this mound, and took up a position at the foot of it, which showed him to be a particularly sensible pig, and almost made me imagine that he had studied the modern poets.

His back against the mound he lay
And firmly placed his foot before—
"Come, Robin Hood! this mound shall fly
From its firm base, as soon as I."

Whether my blue friend really did cogitate, in this way or not, I will not take upon myself to say, but I was not so generous as Roderick Dhu, when he had Fitzjames before him. The battle was renewed, and a precious tough one it was! The boar stood foaming, and grinding his tusks, and altogether, looking unutterable things, charging down most gallantly, whenever he thought I became too intimate; but I had, in those days, a reasonably stout arm, a tolerably steady eye, and as clever a horse for a pig sticker as ever was crossed; and the result was, that the porker was at last flayed, without giving the horse a single scratch. He was a very fine boar, fat and firm, standing about thirty-eight inches high, and armed with a pair of splendid tusks. This is, perhaps, a digression, for I was about to tell you that as soon as the waters subside, and the churs get tolerably dry, the hogs return to their old haunts. I have been looking out occasionally, at the country, as I go along; and if I may judge from present appearances, I should say, that there is a likelihood of good sport this year, as the inundation seems to have killed a great deal of the heavy jungle. Further south in the direction of Farreepore and Dacca, I hear that the waters have been very destructive to all kinds of game, they help greatly to thin the hogs by forcing them to take shelter, in great numbers, in small villages, where they fall an easy prey to the *chandals*, *hatrees*, *loonas*, and other castes, who delight in pork.

On the churs I am now passing, (in the Burampootur,) there are lots of buffaloes. Your correspondent *SHIKARPHILUS* seems to think that few men have cracked over the buffaloes in the style that he has; and I acknowledge, he must be a good shot, which is more than

I can say for myself, yet I think I could tell him a *tale* about buffaloes, which would require no *elongation*. The shots would speak for themselves, but I'm not in the humour just at present, and after all when a man is himself in tolerable safety, he might almost as well fire at a barn door as at a great thundering buffalo. I own, that, under peculiar circumstances, he is an *ugly customer*; and were he to be met by a man unarmed and alone, just in the gloaming, or at nightfall, it would be no great wonder if he were taken for what in Scotland is called a *Bogle*. I must say, however, that SHIKARPHILUS knocked them over in right good style. Where I now am, the stream is about a quarter of a mile wide, and very rapid, yet the cows and bullocks are swimming across in great numbers,—they have a very very strange appearance, going along with merely their noses and their horns above water,—they swim slowly, and are carried a long way down the stream, before they reach the opposite side. They often go singly, but more frequently in a continued line, each leaning his head on the back of the one before him, and the last one piloted by a little boy who holds on by the tail. This puts me in mind of what an ingenious friend of mine once told me, when talking about buffaloes. Mr. Rollo, whom I have introduced in a former letter, was always fond of devising new methods of doing what the rest of mankind foolishly supposed they did well enough already. He mentioned two methods of killing buffaloes, which he understood to be practised in Assam. They struck me as being something quite new in the annals of sport, but I have never yet had an opportunity of estimating their value. The first mode is riding a buffalo down, (and) hamstringing him with a sharp and crooked instrument, attached to the end of a spear shaft. The second is attended, perhaps, with less personal danger, but reflects infinitely more credit on the ingenuity of its inventor, and offers a fairer field for the dexterity of the operator: the plan is to force the buffalo to take to the water, and immediately follow him in small boat; on coming up with him, his tail is gently and moderately raised, so as to admit of the introduction of a *choongee* or hollow bamboo, about three feet long, immediately below it, just as boys at school are wont to blow up frogs with a straw. It takes about five minutes to fill a good sized buffalo with water in this way, and then he's your own. You may cut him up and eat him as soon as you like! Never having actually seen either of these modes of disposing of so formidable an animal put in practice, I do not of course give them to the world as facts, but recommend them to the notice of the curious in these matters.

October 18, 1833.

How dear to me the hour when day-light dies,
And sun-beams melt along the silent sea;
For then, sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

It is now evening, and the sun is hastening to bury himself in the Western Ocean, and much need of a cool dip, I take it, he has : for precious hot has he been all this blessed day, holding his course, bright, and unshaded by a single cloud ! His beams are now falling slantingly over the waters ; and fond memory tells me that where my boat now glides along, I have been in other days, with those who were dear, perhaps too dear to me. Ah ! well, if it be a sin to loze aught of this earth, too deeply and intensely, I have suffered enough in some measure to atone for it, for death alone can unite me to some of those whose images now float before me ! Shame and sorrow, too, in reference to my own conduct through life, and its influence on the fate of others, have given me many an hour of agony ; and worse passions than these have often found a place within my breast ! Moments there have been, when I could have torn out the liver and lights of the man who had injured me, and quaffed his heart's blood from his skull ; yet I think each victory gained over such fiendish passions, tended to make me a better man. Most of us, like Balfour of Burley, have our 'dark hour' when remorse and the gloomy imaginations which have been haunting us for days or weeks have arrived at their height, and the mind is agitated and torn by the foul phantoms which assail it ; and, I think our spirits are more subdued, and our hearts more open to tender feelings, and better fitted to receive good and salutary impressions, after it has passed away, than before its access : even as a rattling north-wester scatters and disperses the unwholesome vapours, and stagnant air, which breed disease, and though rough and boisterous in its visitation, brings health and vigour in its train, and robes this region of the sun in fresher and in lovelier hues.

This life is all choquered with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep ;
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting, our eyes as they sparkle or weep.

But what has all this to do with the *Sporting Magazine*? Pardon me for having thus given way to the feelings which are often busy at my heart ! Nevertheless, let it stand. "What is writ is writ—would it were worthier !" Yesterday I spent with a friend, who holds out his flag on the banks of the Jenai, and we had some very edifying conversation about dogs, horses, hogs, hares, foxes, *et id genus omne*. He has some likely dogs, which ought to shew sport in the cold weather, and I have a commission to look at the cattle in the Calcutta stables, and send him up a good stud. The river Jenai, where I now am, is, I fancy, some six or eight miles wide in the rains. Boats of all kinds and sizes are now moving over its waters, and hundreds of porpoises are rising from its depths and sporting on the surface :—these fish, as I learn from that amusing traveller Captain Hall, are caught at sea by the sailors, being to the taste something like coarse beef. The natives of Bengal do not eat them, and do not even allow them to be fish. If one is seen tumbling over in the water, and you

ask "what fish is that," the invariable reply is, "that's not a *fish*, sir, it is a *scassaw*" (the native name):—a particular class of fishermen, however, generally called shikarees, kill them for the oil which they yield. These men are very expert in the use of the harpoon, or barbed spear. The man who is to strike the fish stands up in the fore part of the boat, and as soon as a fish rises to the surface, he discharges his weapon, not at the fish, in a straight line, but up into the air, in such a way that it falls with the barb downwards, and lodges in the back of the fish, who is reined by a rope attached to the other end of the shaft, and held loosely in the left hand, while the weapon is discharged by the right. Long experience must teach the men the direction in which the fish usually goes after coming to the surface, for he is always struck under water. In passing up the Jemal last cold weather, I saw a great many alligators basking on the sand-banks, but as I had no rifle, I left them undisturbed.

I have now got your last number before me, and a right good one it is. A friend and I were talking about it a day or two ago, and he gave it as his opinion, that the *Stoppage* bids fair to rival any thing of the kind in any part of the world. Talking of the last number, he said, he was somewhat at a loss to know how "*The Ruse of the Hunt*" came to find its way into your pages, or to discover wherein consisted its claim to be called "*A righte merric and conceitede poemar*." "Many men, many minds," say I, and this is a matter which rests between the framer of the lay and his conscience, so I leave it to be decided by them accordingly: and proceed to say a few words concerning the Dialogue between MR. STREIGHTFUS and OLD BOORS, which is certainly a very refreshing morsel. OLD BOORS does "*thee to T—s—n*," the "*Nimrod of the East*," but no more than just of our, in my opinion, no man east of the Cape of Good Hope, and west of it, come near him on horseback. I have never had the pleasure of pipe-ticking with him, but I have seen him frequently with the Calcutta hounds, and certainly it was a treat to see him *make* the cat flap go, whether they would or not, and teach an obstinate brute, that had perhaps already defied the efforts of a less experienced horseman, to leap, as if by magic. I recollect once seeing him give a few lessons to a large leggy chestnut horse, (English, I believe,) belonging, I think, to Captain F—h—n, of the *Victory*. He wished the horse to take a ditch and back, but the chestnut seemed to have quite a different opinion of the matter. In such a case you very often see a man taking his horse back some fifty yards, turning him at the leap as hard as he can rattle, and if he refuses it, spurring him, and knocking him about with his whip at no advantage, and perhaps bringing himself and the poor nag into the ditch, after half a dozen unsuccessful attempts. Not so with T—s—n; he brought the chestnut up to the leap quietly, and when he found that he refused to take it, instead of having another run at it, there he kept him, holding his head straight to the leap, giving him the spurs, and touching him up repeatedly about the hock, with a tolerably stout stick, which he held in his right

hand;—the chesnut, of course, did not much like this sort of discipline, but what could he do? There was no escape; so making a merit of necessity, over he went, and when once over, T—s—n gave him no time to repent, but kept him going, and, turning to the left, brought him out again in style.

I have not had the luck to see more than a few extracts from the *Bombay Sporting Magazine*, but the gentleman, who was wont to write in it, under the signature of "NIMROD IN THE EAST," must have but a faint idea of hog-hunting in its glory, judging from the specimens given in the *Dialogue*; and I am grateful to OLD BOOTS for letting the world know that in Bengal, we don't patronise *lunners* and *dodgers*, and that a hog who shews no fight is always voted a great bore. I thank my stars, I cannot charge myself with the guilt of having seen the death of many lady pigs; but I have seen enough of that sort of thing, too, to back a Bengal sow, to shew better fight than one half of such cowardly Bombay grunlers, as those which can't escape the spear—because they can't go further. I dare say hog-hunting on the Bombay side is very pretty sport in its way; but I beg distinctly to say, that the picture of it as drawn by "NIMROD IN THE EAST," will by no means apply to Bengal.

As OLD BOOTS seems to be really a good fellow, I wish to give him a better opinion of the Tarra Hunt than he seems to have formed from my first notice of it. It is very true, we were somewhat short of cattle on the occasion alluded to, but be it known to OLD BOOTS,

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for the purpose of hog-hunting, and we were all enjoying ourselves over our claret, after dinner, when that liberal sportsman, of tiger killing fame, Mr. C—p, proposed the association which now bears the name of Tarra Hog-hunt, and laid the foundation by a very handsome subscription towards the purchase of a tent for the Mess. The good example was not thrown away upon the company present, and I trust we may have many happy meetings yet. This meeting having been got up in haste, OLD BOOTS will perceive that that attention was not paid to the Stud department which it will doubtless claim in future. Indeed, on that occasion, the pleasure of our party was greatly enhanced by the presence of some who had no horses fit for hog-hunting, but who contributed largely to our social enjoyment. OLD BOOTS thinks we must take more kindly to the water, before we can set ourselves up as regular *straightforward* ones; but I am not apprehensive that *hydrophobia* should cast a shade over our exploits in the field. If so happened, that when H—y plunged into the river, there were only two others up, I and another, and we were both in that condition which would have effectually put a stop to our hog-hunting in future, had we done as H—y did. Ill health, if it does not take the pluck out of a man altogether, will yet compel him to think that a

swim after a pig is not the best means of getting rid of a long standing ague, or disordered victualling department. I have had some experience in the swimming way, and with more fortunate results than followed my friend H--y's first attempt; and if you and your readers will pardon a little egotism for the sake of the story, I shall "shoulder my spear, and show how one field at least was won". I remember that keen pig-sticker and most excellent fellow H--ll--d--y, with whom I have spent many a pleasant hour in the verandah of his house jawing away over our tea after our morning's ride, used always to say that nothing is more low, generally speaking, than *huckling* that is telling long yarns, wherein the speaker holds the chief place, but that he conceived a man not only *might*, but positively *ought* to *huck*, as much as ever he likes, about hog hunting, that being '*the sport*,' *par excellence*. So with such good authority, for this agreeable and almost universal practice, let us proceed - If my memory serves me right, it was on the 27th of October, 1828, that I had agreed to meet two or three friends, at half past three o'clock p. m., on the char opposite to Jumalpoore. Four of us there were, H--ll--d--y, F--l, on his way from Assam, with a very neat sled in his boat, L--m--th, and myself. It was the first day of the season, the char being barely dry enough to ride over. I had sent on the horse I intended to hunt before hand, and rode to the ground some seven miles, a long-legged, brown country-bred horse, who would not venture within thirty yards of a hog, but who, from his capabilities in leaping, had got the name of *Thorntopper*. I had got about two hundred yards on the char, and was anxiously looking out for my friends in the opposite direction, when a thumping hoarse ^{NOTS.} out of some grass jungle a short way a-head and quietly trotting ^{jump}. As I had a lot of fellows with spears behind me, I got hold of one, and resolved to give the boar a burster, badly mounted as I was for such a purpose. *Thorntopper*, however, saw the boar as well as I did, and had evidently made up his mind to have nothing to do with him. I was then on one side of a ravine, and the boar on the other, but in vain were the spurs applied to force *Thorny* down it, till the boar was hidden by some intervening jungle; he then crossed it readily enough, and luckily the jungle was not extensive enough to hide the boar. Away I went after him, with the spear well balanced across the horse's withers, so as to allow me the use of both hands, in keeping his head to the work. The water having but lately subsided, the ground was very slippery, so I could only hold on at an easy canter, and that but for a very short distance, as the boar ran into the small end of a delta, formed by two stagnant nullahs, left by the retiring Burrumpootur, and brought himself to a stand still in some long thin grass at the extreme end of it. As he was partly concealed by the grass, *Thorny* held on, till we got within fifty or sixty yards of him, when the nag thought it high time to stop too, and was very anxious to turn back. I was endeavouring with hand and spur to bring him to a

proper sense of his duty, when the boar saved me all further trouble, by charging down upon us with a velocity that left no time for escape, even if I had wished it. Altho' I could not inspire *Thorny* with courage, yet with the help of a good bit, I could hold him in spite of his heart, and accordingly I did my best to keep him in such a position, that I might receive the boar on the off side, and have a fair hit at him. Just as he made his spring at my leg, I took him right in the back, leaving my spear in him and got out of the way; he then went back to the grass, and just then up came some of my men with fresh spears, and barely in time, as the boar moved out again, apparently intending to force his way back to the jungle. I then got *Thorny* in his rear, in hopes to be able to force him up, but it would not do. The boar now finding the spear uncomfortable, made first a stop, then took several steps backwards, placed his head low, and with a sudden rush forwards and a bound into the air, sent the spear flying out of his back, several yards off. During this operation, finding I could not get the horse up behind, I again headed the boar by riding round, and down he came again most gallantly, and luckily was again stopped by a dig in the back. I procured a third spear, intending to renew the fight, as although he bled freely, the hog did not seem to be much the worse of his wounds—instead of coming down again, however, he took to the water, which, at that place, was more than comfortably wide—but what was to be done? I could not go round without losing much time, and I was fully determined not to lose my hog. I accordingly put *Thorny's* head to the water, seated myself firmly in the saddle, and the next moment we were holding our watery way, after the grunter. The horse had never tried such a feat before, but he behaved nobly, and we had nearly got abreast of the hog, when the latter shewed symptoms of giving in;—his strength now failed rapidly—he made several desperate struggles to keep afloat, but they were vain.

“His heart's best blood was on the water.”

He disappeared once,—rose again to the surface,—gave a convulsive plunge, then sunk, and the waters closed over him, as quietly and calmly, as if they had had nothing to do with the pig's death, and unchanged, save by the blood that mingled with them, and the air bubbles which occasionally shot up from the drowned porker! As I was more than half way across, I held on my way, and landed safely on the other side. Soon after, the elephants came up, and the mahouts took three or four of them to the place where the boar had sunk. It is, indeed, extraordinary, with what sagacity these animals are gifted—they seemed to know immediately what was required of them, dived down, and after some search one of them brought up the hog and forced him ashore with his trunk. The hog was a very fine one, being of the largest size, and provided with a pair of right formidable tusks. By the time I got him slung across an elephant, I observed my friends at some distance. We immediately joined

forces, and had not been long on the look out, when we found two more boars, one was killed by Ew—t and F—l, and the other by L—m—th and myself. The latter took to the water and went down just as my first fellow had done, and was of course fished up in the same way. We then parted, and I rode home, not a whit the worse for my wetting. My inexpressibles soon dried of course, but the top boots having no convenient outlet, were regularly soaked. I had tried *Thorntopper* before at a hog in vain, and future attempts were equally useless, and I attribute my luck in killing such a good boar off him solely to the pluck of the latter, who came at him without waiting for an invitation.

On reading a few days ago an article in *Tait's Magazine* for September 1832. 'On the English Hunting Grounds,' I was not a little surprised to find that the writer considered hog-hunting as mere child's play, and not to be talked of on the same day as fox hunting or bear killing. No man loves fox-hunting better than I do, and I confess that he must be a bold hunter who allows a Northern bear to embrace him, taking the chance of having his ribs broken, whilst his only means of defence is a short and well-pointed knife held firmly in the hand and planted against the breast, so that the closer the bear hugs the nearer goes the knife to his heart, till death forces him to relax his grasp. This, I say, is very fine in its way; but let no man who has not had a season in Bengal talk lightly of hog hunting, or undervalue the danger and almost madness of pleasureable excitement which attends this delightful sport. On finishing the article in question, however, my wonder ceased when I discovered *where* the author of it had picked up his notions of hog hunting. He had been out near Dresden with the King of Saxony:—there was a pick of hounds after the boar, a good deal of cantering up and down rides out for the purpose in the forest, and a considerable expenditure of German wind upon French horns. Two hours of this sort of thing brought the boar to bay in a thicket, the horns made a tremendous flourish, and off jumped Royalty and prepared for action by dropping on one knee, and pointing his *couteau de chass.* towards the boar, who dashed at him and received the weapon in his heart. Tait's correspondent very properly thought this a very plucky affair on the part of old Saxony, particularly in these days, when so many kings have proved themselves but bad subjects: but what must have been his disappointment and disgust on finding that the boar's tusks had been *carefully filed off* the night before! Such hog-hunting as *that* is truly child's play! It is vain to attempt to pour-tray a turn up with a really rattling Bengal boar. Words cannot give a true picture of it! It must be seen to be enjoyed and duly appreciated; and a man must kill the boar himself before he knows the exquisite pleasure derivable from this sport. I confess that I think the pleasure and excitement are much greater on the jobbing than on the throwing system. the former is now in vogue, I believe, with most good hog-hunters of the pre-

sent day. I think it requires no words to demonstrate that there is something much more satisfactory in waiting to receive a charge, and sending the boar down with the spear held firmly in the hand, than in riding past him, and throwing the spear either before or after he comes round, and then spurring your horse to get out of the way, as if the devil were at your heels. I remember once talking on this subject to Major D—d—s, who, I have heard, was a first rate pig-sticker in his younger days; he advocated the throwing system, which, I believe, was in fashion in his time, and rejected the idea of jobbing many hogs which he had seen, particularly at a place called "Sadec Khan ka Deear" in the Kishnagur district, where the hogs no sooner saw a horseman than they came at him; but this is just what is wanted in jobbing, as no opportunity for jobbing is so good as when the hog comes boldly to the charge. I feel almost sure that Major D—d—s could never have tried it, as what I have heard of his hog hunting exploits, assures me that he only required to do so to be successful.

October 21st 1833.

Yesterday I crossed the Ganges, so I am now drawing near to the great city, and must bring this letter to a close:—first, because I think it is long enough already; secondly, because I've got some private correspondence to dispose of, before quitting my boat, and thirdly, because, I've got to write a poem for you, to be entitled "The Rape of the Kedgeroe Pot." As far as material for writing goes, a man, who travels on the river, might write his fingers off, as every succeeding reach presents fresh scenes, and suggests new ideas. The Hindoos have ever been proverbial for their patience and perseverance, but the inhabitants of Bengal, of all denominations, may, with equal justice, be brought within the scope of the observation. Yesterday evening, in passing up the Ganges, I saw an old Mahomedan, with a beard like a billy goat's, sitting by the water's edge, and patiently waiting for a bite at small living fish which he had fixed upon his hook; the poor little fish was bobbing away on the surface of the water, close to him, and what with the hook in his back, and the evening sun playing upon him, must have felt miserable indeed. The purgatory of Tantalus must have been a mere joke, in comparison! As I was passing, I said, "I'm afraid, old boy, you'll make nothing of it." He replied, with an air of perfect contentment, "*Khooda ka murzee*"—"God's will. I've returned home five days *unsuccessful*; perhaps I may have better luck to-day!" Very likely I shall find the old fellow still waiting for a bite when I return. Along the banks of most of the rivers I have been passing through, I have seen numbers of people fishing in this way. A tolerably stout, and moderately long rod is fixed into the bank, so as to approach very nearly to the line of the horizon, from this depends a short line, to which, about six or eight inches from the water, is attached a slight piece of bamboo, about eight inches long, and running crosswise—at each end of this

bamboo are two very short lines, with hooks, which last are forced through the backs of two small fishes. These two unfortunate little fishes may be said to be somewhere between wind and wafer, on the last of which, they are just allowed slightly to rest, that their struggles may attract the large fish. When a fish bites, and is hooked, if he is not particularly heavy, he is hauled in by the line, but if he is too powerful to be thus disposed of, he is immediately transfixed, by a weapon, which the fisherman keeps in his right hand, called a *chull*, being a bamboo about six feet long, split at one end, into five or six pieces, each of which is pointed with a sharp iron head, like that of an arrow. The *Bhola*, a fish measuring from one to five feet, is frequently killed in this way, as well as many others of various kinds.

On my way up the Padma river, I called at the house of a gentleman whom I had never seen before, and whom, indeed, I have not yet seen, as he was absent; but in his stable I found two friends who had served against the pigs under me in former days, and of whom I may, peradventure, say somewhat more on a future occasion. One of them, an up country dun poney, called *Lion*, was not only as steady a hog-hunter, but altogether as good a little bit of stuff as ever was put together in the shape of a horse;—he looked miserably thin, and half starved; while the other, a grey Arab, had had so much to eat, that his legs were more like an elephant's than a horse's, from want of work or physick, I suppose: or, perhaps, because the master was not there to keep the syces in order. There were some very varmint looking dogs about the house, and several very nice greyhound pups, one of which I should have liked well enough to have made my fellow passenger: that I did not carry the animal off is not to be attributed so much to the want of opportunity perhaps, as to the sage reflection, which came opportunely to aid my sinking virtue, that

He who prigs, what is n't his'n,
When he's catch'd, must go to prison.

ROBIN HOOD.

TIGER HUNTING.

(Continued from No. VII. Page 387.)

There is scarcely any one in this country, who does not know the misery of being roused out of a comfortable sleep, and having pleasant dreams sent to the right about, by an obstinate bearer, shouting out *saheb* or *khodavund* as often as he attempts to snatch another wink of sleep. This was exactly my case in the present instance, as, after a short four hour's sleep, I was roused, by a summons to turn out, as it was four o'clock. Now as M.'s long stories, washed down by his still better claret, the night before, were not exactly the thing to qualify a man for early rising, it is not at all unlikely that I may have answered his salam, with what Don Juan at first supposed to be the English manner of salutation; be this as it may, it

was my *hookum* to be awake at four o'clock, so there was no use in disputing the point, as get up, or be tormented, I must; so up I got. The first thing that astounded me on turning out, was, how I could have slept amidst such a noise, as there was going on outside the tents in making ready the elephants, and putting on the howdahs; every one there was trying who could hawl loudest, in issuing his own *sahib's* orders about elephants, guns, howdahs, breakfast, &c. Had Virgil been there, sure am I, he would not have said.

"Omnes contingere intentique ora tenebant."

But what was my old friend M. about all this time, sitting in a corner, spitting, and groaning, at such a rate, that I could get no intelligent answer from him, all I could make out was, a confused jumble of the words *soor*, oil, toast *pancee*, and damnation! Now what could be extracted from such a *chaos*, was to me a mystery. However an intolerable smell of cocoanut oil, a teapoy upset, and a broken tumbler, at once throw some light on the subject. The old gentleman was in the habit of having a glass of toast and water placed on a teapoy, by his bedside, every night, but unfortunately by some *mistake*, the tumbler of *cocoa-nut* oil, which had been left the night before, to serve as "a light to lighten our darkness," had been substituted, for the aforesaid toast and water, which fully accounted both for the darkness and our friend's misfortune.

Having had an uncomfortable sort of 5 in the morning breakfast, (M. eat nothing at all) we got on our *hathors* and started for the scene of action. The place where we were told the tiger lay being at a very short distance, it was resolved that we should fire at nothing but tigers, in case the report of our guns should frighten away the royal coward. This is, perhaps, the greatest bore in tiger shooting, especially as in these cases deer, buffaloes, or some sort of game generally make their appearance, and what can be more annoying to a sportsman, than to see an immense buffalo, tossing his head as if threatening to charge and defying him to fire, or perhaps, a herd of spotted deer come cantering past, and still all must be allowed to remain untouched because a tiger is supposed to be near. I recollect a most provoking instance of this happening to me the first time I went out tiger shooting. In beating a thick thicket for a tiger, a rhinoceros dashed through our line of elephants passing within 20 yards of me—on calling out to an old sportsman near me that it was a rhinoceros and that he had not yet left the cover,—the answer I got was, "d—n the rhinoceros; we came out here to shoot tigers;" so in this way we lost him, though with little trouble we might have surrounded and shot him, and after all we got no tiger. However, there is one thing to be said that when a good tiger is found a charge or two from him amply repays the sportsman for all the trouble he may have taken in looking for him. We soon reached the spot where we expected to find the tiger, and beat it twice through, without seeing any trace of him, excepting the remains of a bullock which he had killed some days previous. We then turned our attention, to a

nullah, which, from its being well sheltered, on both sides, with jungle, we concluded must be a sure find; however it was not—and as all chance of our getting a tiger that day left us, so did our patience, we therefore determined to return home, and shoot whatever we could find on the way. As we were jogging along in close conversation with old M. (who was in any thing but a good humour,) we came to a very likely looking patch of grass, when suddenly I—ordered the mahouts to stop, and pointing out to M. something moving about in the long grass at the distance of 25 or 30 yards, he had merely time to say, “do you see it?” when M. without even the usual preliminary movement of thrusting his glass up to his eye, brought *Big Tom* (a Joe Manton of unusually large dimensions) to his shoulder and forth went the messengers of death. “I have hit him by God,” said the old gentleman, snatching up another gun, and ordering the mahout to *chull*. On getting near the spot, we saw from the motions of the reeds, that the beast was struggling and twisting about, so off went two more of M.’s barrels, in order to secure him, before we should have time to fire. All was now perfectly still, and M. hastening to the spot could hardly contain his joy, but it was of short duration, for in less than a minute he turned round, with a face at least 6 inches longer, and exclaimed “by God it’s a *Tattoo*.” I need hardly add that the announcement was followed by a loud laugh on all sides. As we were exhorting him to remember the third commandment and to keep his temper, a man, attired in the simple lig leaf of the country, bearing a sort of whip in one hand, and a *tolah* in the other, emerged from the jungle over-hanging the nullah; on reaching the spot where he had left his chesnut grazing what a sight met his eye!

I waited to see no more, but left them to settle about the price the best way they could, which was ultimately agreed upon at eleven rupees eight annas. I saw the fellow shortly afterwards with his pad and halter on his back following M. to the tents, evidently much better pleased with our day’s sport than we were ourselves. On reaching the tents, we found a poor wretch laid on a *chamroy*, at the door, with his head and shoulders dreadfully lacerated, and bruised and almost dead. The villagers who brought him told us, that he had that morning been seized and carried away a short distance by the tiger, who dropped him owing to the noise and shouting his companions made. To our enquiries after the tiger, we had the satisfaction to learn, that regardless of the trifling distinctions of “*muam* and *tuam*,” he had just taken away a cow, from the neighbouring village, and he was now, without having the fear of the Hindoo law before his eyes, devouring the sacred beast in an indigo field close by.—“Remount and make ready” was now the order of the day and, accordingly off we posted to the field determined not to return without the tiger. Just as we were entering the indigo, M. (whose property it was) whispered to me “this will play the devil with the plant, but I would rather lose three maunds of the blue, than go home without the beast, after all this trouble and vexation. The elephants

now begun to shew symptoms, of the proximity of the tiger, by trumpeting and tossing about their trunks. We were all in suspense, standing up in our howdahs with our guns ready, intently watching for the slightest rustle in the leaves, when we came upon the spot where he had been eating the cow, but he was not there; however, as we got near the farther end of the field, the elephants became more and more restless, which convinced us, that he had not given us the slip. At length we heard the welcome sound of "*bagh, bagh*," shouted out by the mahout of an elephant which we had sent forward to keep a look out a-head, in case the tiger tried to sneak away in that direction. This was the signal for us to push on towards the corner, where the tiger had made his appearance; in doing so our line was broken, owing to some of the mahouts skulking behind; this, the tiger took advantage of, and contrived to steal away back, but, fortunately, he was twigg'd by some of the gentlemen in the rear, and who now set up such a *Tullaho!* as would make a Leicestershire man stare. It had however quite a different effect on the tiger, for, without ever looking back, he scampered away as hard as his legs could carry him for a small patch of sugar-cane. Although the distance was great, we all fired at him just as he was getting into the cover; he showed no symptoms of being hit, but still we thought it nearly impossible to have missed him entirely. On reaching the spot where he entered, we heard him growling, but owing to the closeness of the cover, could not get a sight of him; as we were now determined to make sure work of him, we surrounded the place before commencing the attack; which by the bye, we found no very easy matter, as the elephants had no fancy to "beard the growling monster in his den," and it required the most persuasive arguments of the mahouts, to induce some of them to enter at all.— On the strength of his being wounded, we expected to have some good sport with him, and entered the jungle quite prepared to give him a warm reception as soon as he came to the charge. But, alas! there is a tide in the affairs of tigers, as well as in those of men, for we had not advanced many steps, before L. came upon him as he was lying on his back unable to move.

"Quantum mutatus ab illo *Tigere*."

Without further ado, L. with an oz. of cold lead put an end to the life and reign of the *Ghoomah Rajah*. He measured eleven feet five inches and was one of the handsomest tigers I ever saw. He had, for several years, been in the habit of making a tour over that part of the country, and was pretty well known by his royal cognomen, to the *goallahs* in the neighbourhood, who assured us that his visits to their *boithans*, were by no means, like those of angels, being "neither few nor far between."

P.

P. S. "An old sportsman" has my best thanks for the sketch of his new howdah girth, given in No 7. I have tried it and can recommend it to any of your sporting friends.

P.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR.—I am a by gone man, but one who justifies the old proverb and loves the smack of the whip. I no longer, it is true, keep hunters, for I should only do so, to look at, or to lend, but I do enjoy a tale of the chase with as much zest as I ever did the chase itself. Accordingly, your Magazine was hailed on its publication as an addition to my comforts, and after discussing a number or two, and a bottle of long cork which, (thanks to my youthful habits, still kept up, of taking strong exercise,) my stomach can bear, I am tempted to try my hand in your pages and if some Reminiscences of the olden time be acceptable they are at your service. Of old times alone can I speak; but old times were not bad times, and for sportsmen they were better times than these; for, I now take my morning ride over ground where twenty years ago we hunted and shot within three miles of the tents more game than can now be got in a range of fifteen.

Twenty-two years ago I was a member of "the Seroor Spears," by our rivals, for there were other hunts going, called "The Claret" on account, I believe, of the supposed preponderance of the aristocracy in our ranks; who could alone in those days when the long cork was not to be had, and Carbonel or Paxton and Keys, some fifty rupees a dozen, afford to sport their "Ink." Our number was limited to sixteen, and certainly we reckoned among us two or three Field Officers and most of the staff of the subsidiary force. But there were also a few jolly subs. of whom I was one, who far from finding themselves like fish out of water, grasped the right hand of fellowship extended to them most cordially by the first among the local aristocracy;—and who was he? No less a personage than Mountstuart Elphinstone. Where he was, there could be no undue assumption; and I never saw aught but gentlemanly equality displayed. I recollect on one occasion of his meeting us half way between Seroor and Poonan (where he was then "the resident,")—his people had neglected to bring his chair to the dinner table, and as his own tents were some miles off, he was dependant on his friends for even a knife and fork. Contributions were speedily made, but nothing could induce him to take another's chair, though several were immediately offered. "No," he said, "he must rough it himself," and he sat upon a shade box, and was as usual the most cheerful of the party. The next day he invited us, and we adjourned over to his camp at Tullegaum, where we found Sir John (then Colonel) Malcolm; and I have never since passed two days more pleasantly in spite of bad sport in the field, for one was a blank day, and the other saw the death of only one boar. Sir John was in high blow, and rode an English horse, lent to him for the occasion by Jerry Locke, and as we could find no hogs, he amused himself by riding at and spearing the pots placed upon sticks to frighten away birds in the Jewarree fields: whilst, with his voice high in all, he challenged the youngsters of the party to compete with him.

Our tip-top sawyer was Harry Parker, between whom and Sam Wells a first chop man of "The Bristlers" (his constant guest) were

occasionally some strange passages. Two more desperate riders never crossed a nullah; but Harry had the best of it, and solely from his superior temper. Parker always rode at three quarters speed on the most ordinary occasions. Once when he was down visiting in our lines it so happened that a Marine Officer who was staying there expressed a wish to go to the other end of the camp and asked for a horse. "Take mine," said Harry, "there he stands already for you." "The Commodore" as he was called, did not hesitate an instant; no more did the clever little Arab, for no sooner was the right leg over the saddle than he set off, as he was wont to do with his master, at a tearing pace, but to the great discomfort of the rider; who relinquishing the reins, held on by the mane, till the steed turned sharp into his own compound; when Nauticus came down, but luckily without serious damage.

The next man to Parker was Tom Morse; alas! that we must write him *gone*—he made a sad vacancy in the Line! Equally potent in the field or at the board where his delightful voice added materially to our enjoyment. And here I cannot help observing upon a singular rule in an old hunt, revived in print by your notice of it in the last number of the *Sporting Magazine*, by which married men were excluded. It is strange that two old friends of mine whose names appear therein (now alive) have continued their abhorrence of female influence to the present day, and remain old bachelors; though one never fails to toast "the ladies purse" at a race dinner. Tom Morse was married, and we of the spears were all delighted that he was; much did it enhance our joys to mark the pleasure that lightened up the countenance of his better half when we his companions and friends, visited the house and told of his feats in the field. *He was "at home"* any where. We had our poet too in S—, who wrote one song especially for us, and which he sung himself at every meeting, and of which I only remember the concluding lines* where he prayed that the milk sop who might venture to undervalue our sports, or in other words,

"To rail,
Might dream every night of a pear in his tail".

At every anniversary of the "getting up" of the hunt we held a symposium in S—'s house, which was celebrated for its hospitality and *Claret*. He had on these occasions a new song ready. I think I now see old W— (a guest) dancing round the table with S—'s violincello on the shoulder of his gigantic form, as if it had been a child's two-penny fiddle, "discoursing most damnable music!" S— had gone to bed, (for it was in the *small* house) in a separate bungalow—but hearing the horrible noise, came out night capped as he was to rescue his beloved instrument. It was with difficulty he got it replaced in its snug-box; which he then carried off with him to his dormitory.

We did not kill so much as the lads of the present day though I cannot admit that our pace was slower. The first rule of the spears

* We have the whole of it and will give it one of these days.—ED.

was "no poking," and that may account for our book shewing blank along side of that of "the *Angora*." I am inclined to think we had better sport for this regulation although our bag was diminished by it, for, I feel one, do not see the fun of "poking" five or six sows and pigs in as many hundred yards, with an occasional booby way of variety. A century of carcasses may be made up this way, but *en bono*? The excitement caused by knowing that you must *throw*, and that No. 2, ~~is~~ sits at your elbow to take advantage of "a mistake," is very great, and calls up all your energies. He who has confidence too in his own skill, enjoys a *little* malicious delay beyond measure. — Slow to wound though not afraid to strike, regarding assistance his *friendly* helper. I shall never forget once — when I had enjoyed a short hesitation of that kind, hovering on the flank of a large boar, so close as to preclude misapprehension, till I saw No. 2 pushing for his off block and an over hand spear. What mortification I experienced at seeing my spear thrown with dexterous precision just behind the shoulder, bound off again malicious! Has my right hand forgotten its country? sighed I, as I dismounted to pick it up — when lo! its point was turned up like a Moslem's slipper. We had come over hanging rocks, and I must have dropped it on one of them. Bad stuff, no doubt, and I remembered the lesson, and was more careful of the temper in future.

I have nearly written a sheet of paper full, and am tired, so are you, dear Editor, and like, perhaps, our most grateful public*. So adieu, a word of encouragement and I have more at your command.

Back Settlements, October 1, 1833.

Yours,

CUTTACK CRICKET CLUB.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—The following matches were played on the Chauliabougge plain between gentlemen of the Cuttack Cricket Club, with the natives to field on each side. If you will give them insertion in your *Sporting Magazine*, you will oblige.

Your's obediently,

Cuttack, N. E. I. 1833.

A CRICKETER.

Matches of Cricket played 25th and 26th October, 1833.

1st Innings.		Runs.
Hollings,.....	Bowled Matthias	19
Paton,.....	Ditto by Francis	2
Banks,.....	Ditto ditto	2
Hunter,.....	Ditto ditto	2
Hewitt,.....	Ditto ditto	0
Ewart,	Not out	4
Walker,.....	Bowled Francis	0
Martin,.....	Ditto by Mathias	7

Total 36

* Not a bit of it. We at any rate go along with Ormuz in all his gossip, for he speaks of men and places familiar to our recollection.—Ed.

2d Innings.

		<i>Runs.</i>
Hollings,	Bowled by Matthias.	1
Paton,	Not out	5
Banks,	Bowled Francis.	1
Hunter,	Caught by Graham.	6
Hewitt,	Bowled Francis.	1
Ewart,	Ditto ditto.	3
Walker,	Ditto Matthias	0
Martin,	Ditto by ditto	0
		<hr/>
		Total 16

1st Innings.

		<i>Runs</i>
Austin,	Bowled by Paton	1
Matthias,	Caught by Martin	5
Colvin,	Bowled Hollings	0
Repton,	Ditto ditto	10
Vansittart,	Not out.	2
Graham,	Bowled Hollings.	3
Francis,	Caught by Ewart.	4
Linkton,	Bowled Hollings.	0
		<hr/>
		25
		Byes 3
		<hr/>
		Total 28

2nd Innings.

		<i>Runs.</i>
Austin,	Bowled Hollings.	0
Matthias,	Tipped out.	15
Colvin,	Bowled Hollings	4
Repton,	Ditto by Paton	0
Vansittart,	Bowled Hollings	0
Graham,	Ditto ditto	0
Francis,	Not out.	36
Linkton,	Bowled by Banks	1
		<hr/>
		56
		Byes 1
		<hr/>
		Total 57

Return Match played 28th and 30th October, 1833.

1st Innings.

		<i>Runs.</i>
Hollings,.....	Not out.....	44
Hunter,.....	Caught by Austin	3
Paton,.....	Bowled Francis..	5
Walker,.....	Ditto Matthias ..	0
Martin,.....	Ditto ditto.....	3
Blake,.....	Bowled Francis ..	0
Hewitt,.....	Ditto ditto	1
Brander,	Ditto ditto	2
		59
	Byes 1	
	<hr/>	
	Total 60	

2nd Innings.

		<i>Runs.</i>
Hollings,.....	Bowled Matthias	0
Hunter,.....	Run out.....	6
Paton,.....	Bowled Francis.....	10
Walker,.....	Ditto by Matthias.....	0
Martin,.....	Ditto ditto.....	0
Blake,.....	Bowled by Francis.....	4
Hewitt,.....	Not out.....	2
Brander,.....	Bowled Francis.....	2
		33
	Byes 5	
	<hr/>	
	Total 38	

1st Innings.

		<i>Runs.</i>
Austin,.....	Not out.....	13
Matthias,.....	Tipped out.....	4
Francis,.....	Bowled Hollings.....	32
Colvin,.....	Ditto ditto.....	7
Repton,.....	Bowled Hunter.....	0
Graham,.....	Ditto by Paton.....	0
Pott,.....	Ditto ditto	0
Linkton,.....	Bowled Hollings	4
		60
	Byes 8	
	<hr/>	
	Total 68	

2nd Innings.

		<i>Runs.</i>
Austin,	Bowled Paton	12
Matthias,	Caught by Hunter	0
Francis,	Run out	14
Colvin,	Bowled Paton	0
Repton,	Ditto ditto	0
Graham,	Bowled Hollings	2
Pott,	Ditto ditto	0
Linkton,	Not out	0
		28
	Byes	7
		35

N. B. Mr. Austin's side beating Mr. Hollings's by 33 runs in the first Match, and by 5 runs in the Return Match.

THE BIRHAMPTON HOUNDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR, —Solacing myself the other morning as is my wont with a hot cup of coffee and a real Manilla, together with the chat of a friend or two who usually drop in on their way home, our conversation, as sporting men, naturally turned upon the Magazine and its success. "BARNACLES," said a chap whosat next me with a slap on the shoulder that nearly made me upset my second cup of coffee. "BARNACLES," why don't you spin then a yarn about the hounds here or any thing else that comes first into your head—"Why," said I, as the smoke oozed luxuriously through my half closed lips and I took a fresh draught of the beverage of the faithful. "why, considering that my only effort in that way consists in an annual letter to my old Aunt at home assuring her (for the old lady is somewhat sceptical upon many points) that earthquakes are not caused by white ants in this country and that yellow-guinea faces are considerably below par.—considering all this, I say, I don't think I should be exactly in training for running against the clipping nags which are entered in that 'ere consarn.'" And so, Mr. Editor, might the matter have dropped had it not been for a glance at the polished top-boots and the well-fitting corduroys which graced my nether extremities—"Well, really though," said I, and I drew myself up with complacency "I do not see," why I should'nt look just as well in print shorts as in corduroy ones! So

we'll have a try at any rate, and now good reader gather up the reins of your fancy (I like to be Oriental) and attend to me while I tell you the "how and the whereabouts" of the Berhamptore hounds. The Berhamptore pack, then, consists at present of ten couple and a half of very fine dogs only, one couple is thorough bred imported; and we certainly feel the want of a few couple of heavy English hounds to assist us in getting through the "strong" covers.—This, however, I am happy to say, is likely to be soon remedied as although our pockets might be considerably heavier without any inconvenience arising therefrom, it must be *hard up* with us indeed when we have not a few of the *shiners* to spare for sporting purposes.—These dogs run well together, have plenty of music and afford excellent sport to those who ride to them, a run without a fall being a rare occurrence—those bred by the hound out of the pun or bitch are remarkably fine dogs, give tongue freely and are extremely fast indeed. From all that I have heard and seen I should say that this proves the best cross in this country: but thorough bred dogs are of course always to be preferred.

The district of Berhamptore, considered in a sporting point of view, can scarcely be surpassed by any in India. Free, in a great measure from the large and heavy jungles which abound so much in other parts of Bengal, it still affords numerous covers for the objects of our chase; while, from the dryness of the soil, there are few days, even in the height of the rains, when hunting becomes an impossibility. There are, perhaps, few places in this part of the country where hounds could throw off without a certainty of finding, but the countries belonging to the different meets are in many respects essentially different from each other, and are of course chosen at different times, with reference to the weather and the state of the ground. Kattygong, which is situated about two miles up the river, and on what is commonly called the Cossim-bazar island, is at present a favourite meet from its height and consequent dryness compared with the rest of the country.—Kattygong consists chiefly of grass lands, with clumps of maize or Indian corn sprinkled throughout, and occasionally a garden enclosed with a ditch and bank, the latter of which is usually surmounted by a strong fence. The great objection to this country arises from its smallness:—a large Nullah and the river enclosing it on two sides, while the village adjoining to the city of Moorshedabad occupies the third and puts an effectual stop to our sport if the jackall chooses to turn his nose in that direction which the cunning *varmint* not unfrequently does.

Whitepark at the junction of the Berhamptore and Calcutta roads is another spot where the hounds occasionally throw off. The land here lies considerably lower than at Kattygong and is of course less available until the season is well advanced. It is however in many respects preferable to the meet just mentioned—the country is more highly cultivated, the bank and ditches are more numerous and there

are some of those large jungles which so often puzzle the dogs and save the bacon of a hard run jackall.—It is altogether as fine a country for a run as any sportsman could desire to look upon.

But now gentle and sporting reader (for the terms must always go together) mount your nag and follow me about two mile or thereabouts down the bund to a place yeleft *kuddum gauthy* which forms the third and best meet of the Berrhampton hounds,—a country rich and lovely, a second “fertile smiling Bundland” such as the mere admirer of nature would dwell on with delight, will meet your eye—but these mulberry *khets* with their wide deep ditches and their steep banks to try the courage of your horse, that grass land on which the scent of a December morning must lie hot and steaming causing the mouths of your dogs to water like an Alderman’s at a turtle feast,—these are objects on which your eye as a sportsman must rest with unexpressible delight. But why thus tantalize you with these descriptions?—let me rather act like Barmeride in the *Arabian Nights*, and as you have been excited by the shadow come and enjoy the substance. Bring with you a clipping nag, and if we don’t make you acknowledge that you never enjoyed better sport in your life, all I can say is that my name is not.

Having thus given you a slight and as I fear a very imperfect sketch of the different meets, I shall now proceed in conclusion to say a few words concerning the Berrhampton kennel and the management of the hounds therein contained: and in so doing, I cannot avoid paying my tribute of applause to the zeal and ability displayed by the gentleman in whose charge the kennel has been placed. The high constitution which the dogs have maintained since the period, when he assumed the management, has been the universal subject of remark and speaks volumes in praise of his talents as a kennel huntsman—nor must it be supposed that because he is eminent in the cabinet, (laugh not Mr. Editor, there are many cabinets composed of more *sorry dogs* than our’s) that he is therefore deficient in the field. Who that has ever seen him on his little clipper *Sinbad*, (for a clipper he is Mr. Editor, albeit one of those who in a certain steeple chase thought it needless “to make a labour of a pleasure,”) who that has thus seen him with his eager eye and his joyous face howling along in close proximity with the hounds would not regard him with admiration and point to him as a specimen of the real thorough-bred sportsman? (“*Gaudet equis canibus que*” could not as a motto be more appropriately applied to any one than to himself. But I find I am running into a digression, which, as I always skip myself I ought not to inflict on my readers. So *revenons à nos moutons* and if you will only have patience reader, I shall not be long. The present kennel which has been raised at the sole expense of the sporting owner of *Sinbad* is, I believe, built much on the same plan as those of Calcutta and Tirhoot. For the benefit, however, of those of your readers who may not have been fortunate enough to see either of these kennels. I may be allowed to give a short description of the

one here which has been found to answer admirably. On a sub-structure of large square bricks sloping towards a gutter in the centre is raised a building with a sloping thatched roof thirty feet long by fifteen broad—about three feet from the ground beams passing round the kennel and inserted into the posts support the planks which form the real flooring. These planks are fitted into niches in the beams, and at about a quarter of an inch separate from one another so as to afford ~~easy~~ circulation of air, and to admit of the boards being taken out and washed when nec. The walls are formed of open bamboo work, and the kennel is divided into two by a partition of the same material so that while the planks in one division are being washed and dried, the dogs may at leisure be removed into the other. From below the eaves extends a verandah of the coarse country mat, commonly called *phamp*, supported by sticks, which excludes the sun in the day time, and, being lowered at night, affords a protection against the cold.

This plan I have been told would not answer, where the hot winds are felt with any intensity, and very probably this may be the case. I can only answer for its success in the Lower Provinces. The hounds are fed only once a day, and that in the evening, except before hunting, when they receive half their food at night, and the rest after they return from the field in the morning. The greater part eat together in a large wooden trough, while the weaker dogs are fed separately, and are supplied with richer food. For one and twenty dogs the allowance is seven seers of meat and ten of rice with a little turnerick, being not quite a seer to each dog. In the regular hunting season a larger allowance should of course be given in proportion to the work which the dogs have to perform, but at the present season it is evident from their sleek appearance that it is quite ample. The pack is led out early in the morning to a walk of about a couple of miles, and are washed every other morning on their return; after which they are allowed the run of a large compound for an hour, and are then kennelled up for the day. At sunset they are taken out, and after being fed amuse themselves in the compound as they best can, until dusk again consigns them to the kennel. Never having tried any other system than this myself, I cannot of course speak as to its comparative merits. I can only point to the fact of there having been no sickness whatever in the kennel for the last six months, the date on which this system was introduced, and the time I first became acquainted with these bounds. The only things with which we have been troubled are ticks, for which, I hope some of your correspondents will soon discover an effectual remedy. We have hitherto failed.

A now Mr. Editor, I have done; and it only remains for me to wish you and your readers, a Merry Christmas and to express a hope that you will enjoy the festivities of the approaching season, as much as I intend to do and believe me that no where will the toast of "success to the *Sporting Magazine*" be drunk with more enthu-

siasm, than by a certain set of sporting coves at Berhampore and amongst the rest by your sincere admirer,

BARNACLES.

P. S. In your last number, your correspondent VISTA complains of the badness of aloes and exorbitant price. Let me recommend him to apply to Mr. Hughes of the Body Guard Stables at Ballygunge, where he will not only get his aloes pure but also at an extremely moderate price.

B.

MEDICAL TREATMENT OF A MARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I have now in my possession, a chesnut mare, rising five years old; to whom I was obliged to give some time ago (3d Sept.) a dose of physic consisting of 1 ½ doses of aloes, &c. and thinking that my stables (which are made of grass) were too damp for a nag in physic, I ordered her into a *puckah* room. It was not till the morning of the 7th, that I could get the medicine through her, but by continual enemas of warm water, linseed oil and glauber salts I effected my purpose. After the physic had done its duty, I had her led out in hand on the morning of the (9th.) when to my horror (for she is a very favourite mare) she proved *dead lame*. I examined her most minutely, and could discover no cause for the lameness. I therefore imagined that it proceeded from “rheumatism” occasioned by her kicking the bedding from under her in the night, and lying on the *puckah*. The syce in charge of her, said, he thought it was a strain in the muscles of the arm caused by her stamping when the flies annoyed her: this I thought very probable, but supposing that it would go off in a day or two, I did nothing to it. On Sunday, (15th) she being no better, I ordered her chest and shoulders to be fomented for three or four hours, with warm water and “Neem leaves” and her shoes to be taken off. In the evening I had her led out, and she was if any thing worse. On Tuesday, a gentleman came to see her and pronounced it to be “Navicular” lameness, and advised the use of the lancet, cooling medicine, and her feet to be put into bran poultices, all of which I did and kept her very quiet for several days. On Monday evening, a friend of mine, and a good judge of a horse, came over to see her, I asked him to examine the mare particularly, which he did, and said he thought the lameness proceeded from the chest. However, he took another “*dek*” at her, and perceived, an enlargement of a vein in the inside of the off fore-leg. He endeavoured to touch it, but the mare winced immediately he put his hand upon it. Now we all know from experience, that there is nothing so painful as a strain, or blow across the veins of the back of the hand. I therefore concluded that her lameness proceeded from the enlargement of the vein. On Tuesday morning, I opened it and took a few ounces of blood away, gave her some cooling medicine and kept her quiet till

Sunday, (29th.) Finding her no better, I determined upon blistering, first the off fore-leg and then the near.—I commenced on the off fore-leg on Sunday morning, and blistered her from the top of the hoof, to within three inches of the knee point. The blister rose splendidly, and on Wednesday morning, the 2d of October, the *third* day after blistering her. I had her led out—and "*mirabile dictu*," the mare was *perfectly sound* and continues so to this day. Now, Mr. Editor, if any of your readers, will kindly favor me with their opinion of what the above lameness proceeded from, through the medium of your truly valuable, and amusing Magazine, they will confer a lasting favour upon,

Mr. Editor, your well-wisher,

"A LOVER OF HIS HORSE."

Not 1000 miles from Calcutta, Oct. 10, 1833.

Written near the banks of the Raptee, after a most delicious shower of rain.

TOBACCO.

"Selling tobacco" which from East to West
 Cheats the far labourer or the Turkman's rest,
 Whose on the Moslem's Ottoman dervish
 He chokes, and rivels opium and his berries;
 Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
 Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand."

BARON'S ISLAND.

1.

Friend of the friendless, philanthropic woe!
 On rich, and poor alike thy balm bestow;
 In humble day or richest hookah glower,
 Blest be thy tillage, fruitful be thy seed,
 In happier days from all vice duty fled!
 Light be the turf upon the honor'd grave,
 Of him who bore thee o'er the western wave;
 Deathless in fame, if this his only deed!
 Immortal Raleigh,—were potatoes not
 Could grateful Ireland e'er forget thy claim?
 Were all the proud historic deeds forgot,
 That bleed thy memory with Eliza's fame,
 Could England's annals in oblivion rot,
 Tobacco could enshrine and consecrate thy name.

2.

Let eastern nightingales, as poets sing
 "Die of a rose in aromatic pain,"—
 Let Moore take up the imitative strain,
 And deck with Persian flowers his dulcet string,—
 It sickens me to read of endless spring,
 And flowers that seem alike to bud and blow,
 Beneath the summer's sun and winter's snow,
 Heaping their sweets on Zephyr's weary wing:
 Doubtless such odours most delicious are,
 To votaries of heaven-born potage,
 But to my senses more congenial far
 (Howe'er degrading such confession be,)
 The aroma mounting from a mild segar;—
 Choose worthless flowers who will—Mayonnaise's weed for me.

3.

On many a foreign shore, on many a scene,
 Of beauty, wonder, pearl,—seldom pressed
 By wanderers from the i'lands of the west,
 Lady! the footsteps of thy bard have been;
 The *Sunder* wastes—Napoleon's prison isle;
 Where the young Ganges leaves his native shores;
 The woods and wilds where Irawaddy flows;
 And where Calicut's dingy dorec's smile
 Weary and faint my sinking soul the while,
 But for one loved companion of my toil,
Tobacco!—in my joy, thou didst not flatter,
Tobacco! from my woes thou didst not flee,
 And to time to the winds her gifts may scatter,
 I shall not miss them, so she leave me thee.

4.

Let Pantie boast her marchless cau devie;
 Let gm, Schneidam! immortalize thy name;
 Rum and rum should support America's fame;
 Grog,—toddy,—punch,—whatever the mixture be,
 Or naked dram, shall not be sung by me,
 Unless the praises of that glorious weed,
 Dear to mankind, whatever his race or creed;
 Condition, colour, dwelling of degree!
 From Zembala's snows to parch'd Arabia's sands
 Loved by all lips and common to all hands!
 Hail sole cosmopolite, *Tobacco* hail!
 Shag, long cut,—short cut, pig tail, quid or roll,
 Dark negro head, or Oronoko pale
 In every form congenial to the soul.

¶ 1872

HINTS FOR MAGA'S CONTRIBUTORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I, in common with all lovers of field-sports, from the chase of a rat to that of the mighty elephant, have been much delighted with *Maga* and her nymphs. She shot up so quickly, and got out of her leading-strings at so early an age, that my fears are awakened as to whence sufficient pabulum can be supplied for the sustenance of so precocious an offspring,—one indeed of which we Bengalees may be proud of nursing. Although still smelling of the nursery, I may venture to say that no *Maga* although “fat, fair and forty,” has ever had more admirers than has our young lady; and this she owes to the happy blending of the *utile* and *dulce*, so apparent at her monthly levees. I'm a bad cook, and not artist enough to dress an article fit for your princess, but may be able to *point out* the source and soil of some productions suited to her palate, which, next to supplying them, is the best mode of an humble but hearty well-wisher's testifying his zeal. Dull and unimaginative as is my temperament, such a theme as *Maga's* charms would lift me into the mercurial scale;

a fall would however soon occur—so let me cool my brain, which will be a tough job for Mr. STRAIGHTUS and OLD BOOTS have bit me Sir! and the effect of this bite, Sir, is a *vacuetes scribendi et bibendi*, the latter to their healths—(This is considerably *viz.* Mr. Swigwell Juniper tells me since the publication of No. VIII.) My worthy commandant ~~of~~ late remarked my dulness was somewhat lessened and observed to the Adjutant, “that of course Tarrons and his S. O. had wrought the change!” my thoughts were then with Old Mr. BOOTS, one of whose speeches I unconsciously and unhappily parodied—No!—Tarrons,—go to the devil! This part of my soliloquy felt as hard “as bricks” on the Colonel’s ear and a stifish service I have had of it since then. The following are a few among the articles that would be keenly relished by Mage and her admirers—a plentiful gleaming may reward your toils if one of your sporting medical readers, of whom there are no few, would be kind enough to favour you with their system of treating dogs under sickness and the result of that system accompanied with a few detailed illustrations of cases, which let one into the true road more quickly than whole quarts of general instructions. The dog is, I am told, not unlike *man* in his internal structure, and the medicines, (with some few but important exceptions,) that serve for the one may also be safely given to the other; so that, with a little advice and attention, one may manage very well in the slighter maladies. Strangely to say I never met with a veterinarian who professed to understand “canine diseases”—a great omission in their professional education.—Blaine says “simple fever seldom if ever exists in dogs.” Will any of your readers give us their opinion on this subject? I have seen fox hounds attacked with acute inflammation of the heart—an ill of which Blaine makes no mention;—a fine young puppy of mine lately died of it.—on dissection the pericardium was found to be *red in tincta*. I heard something burst just as breath was leaving him. Digitalis and bleeding were used in the cases that have come under my notice, but not successfully. Most of your writers on hounds, &c. have treated of dogs in health, or very slightly ailing. KENOCHILUS’s diet is no doubt a wholesome and toothsome one; and may answer admirably for the long dogs, spaniels, and perhaps pointers; I humbly suggest whether the want of something more stimulating than vegetable food would not deprive the fox-hound, of that *courage, dash*, and deathless vigour, so essential to, and characteristic of him. The effect that animal food produces is well exemplified in domestic beasts of prey, and is plainly seen in the Moosulman and Hindoo. Will “OSTIR” tell us whether the chalk given as he recommends, ever acts as an astringent as well as an absorbent? Would not soda or magnesia do better?—somewhat more expensive certainly. The former is to be had in an impure state in any bazar. The most troublesome disease my “young hopes” have been cursed with, is one in which the coat stares, belly large and tight as a drum generally (but sometimes flabby)—growth stopped,—appetite good, but digestive organs terribly deranged,—no

food fattening; and death follows in the course of six or eight weeks, or should the poor thing survive, it has a *peaked* look with very small bone and dull temper. I used to suspect worms, and have seen many victims opened, but examination with the naked eye failed to detect them.—I had no glass. I have been told that *arsenic* is of the greatest service in this, but how, and when, and in what quantity it ought to be given, is the thing! Who will confer this favor on us, O-TIR or TALLYHO or perhaps some professional man? It is also to be hoped that some good "kennel huntsman" will enlarge a little on the management of hounds and their kindred; we want much in the upper Provinces a better plan of building kennels than is known or adopted generally. I hope you will be able to induce some one to give us the ground-plan and elevation of a kennel adapted for fifteen couple of dogs, six or seven couple of whelps and a hospital. The price of materials varies at various stations and times, but an estimate of cost annexed would help to guide poor Esquimaux who aspire to have the initials M. B. P., (Master of Bobbery Pack) tacked to their standard bearing title. Folks have begun to discover that a little expenditure in the kennel lessons much that of physic, and fewer *dorings* too are required. I dare say some of your metropolitan readers smile at the enthusiasm wasted upon half-bred mongrels, as they are called, and perhaps justly, but it has been productive of the greatest advantage—in diffusing a love of the chase, born with us certainly, but almost strangled in its infancy by the humbug so prevalent touching ferocity, savage delight, &c. and such sickly sentimentality. Hounds are more numerous up the country than they ever have been, and that kennel management is better understood than in days of yore, when war engrossed our thoughts, is perfectly apparent from the diminution of mortality among imported stock and their descendants, and from the blooming condition of two packs in this part of the world—every skin whole and glossy as a flying fish. Colonel Y's hounds I have not been fortunate enough to see, they are described to me as *heavy* and powerful;—power I don't object to, but weight I most decidedly do; for the ground here is so hard, that the bricks are got ready baked out of it, which accounts for heavy dogs going in the shoulder—a lightish animal is the ticket. Meerut, I am happy to say, rejoices in the hope of sport this year with a young pack belonging to the Artillery; you will, for there is *fronti nulla fides*, hear of them and their *looted* followers. They have already tasted blood, and no hounds could do their work better than they did on the morning in question. Another desideratum ("What, not done yet?" says the Editor) is a list of medicines procurable in the bazars with the native names, Hindoostanee and Hindee. Any remarks as to their medical properties, if differing from those used in the shops, would be most acceptable to all, but to none more than yours, Mr. Editor,

Meerut.

BUMPKIN.

BURSAUTEE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I am no scribbler, but having had considerable experience among horses both at home and abroad, I flatter myself you may think the following remarks on Bursautee worthy of a place in your *Sporting Magazine*.

This disease in my opinion is produced by the unhealthy state of the atmosphere at the latter end of the hot winds and during the rains, and I conceive the sore to be merely an effort of nature assisted by the purgative qualities of the young grass, &c. to throw off some poisonous matter engendered by the impure air the animal breathes.

My reasons for forming this opinion of Bursautee are, viz. 1st Having observed that the disease is more common in some parts of India than in others, particularly in those parts where man is most annoyed with sickness at the stomach or loss of appetite during the rainy season.—2d. That on healing up the sore by external applications, it will be found that the patient's general health evidently suffers.—especially, if this be effected during the rains.—3d. Being aware that there was a disease very like Bursautee prevalent in Wales many years ago, and on the fact being ascertained that the principal sufferers were the horses in the neighbourhood of copper mines; by avoiding those situations as much as possible the disease has almost disappeared, and—4th. There being a disease, in those parts of South America where "*blue mists*" are prevalent which has much the appearance of Bursautee—it generally attacks the joints of the horse, or near these parts.

With regard to the notion that any wound or lile will become a Bursautee sore if exposed to the flies, I have only to say that it will be found that a cure can always be effected even in the rains without injuring the patient, by cutting off all the unhealthy flesh from the sore thus neglected, and then dressing it as a fresh wound.

As to the question of the disease being hereditary, I think the strongest argument that can be urged to confute such an idea is that horses imported from all parts of England, have been known to suffer from the disease in this country.

The preventives of Bursautee I would recommend are, viz. Fresh butter, sweet oil, sulphur, or barley, browned a little more than we do coffee, ground in the same manner and given second or third day in quantities of from half to one seer mixed in the horse's grain. Besides, great care ought to be taken that the horse's stall and stable are kept perfectly *clean* and *sweet*, and that the grass, water, &c. given to him is free from any vicious stench.

When a horse is declared to have Bursautee, I would remove him to a more healthy part of the country, and give him alteratives; as

I conceive it is necessary, in order to effect a cure, to get rid of the original cause of the complaint;—hence the reason so many people of great experience declare this disease cannot be cured till after the rains.

I am sir, your obedient servant,

Upper Provinces, 23d October, 1833.

AN EX-FARMER.

P. S. Some people having observed in this disease, that external applications frequently derange the whole system of the animal, have erroneously attributed it to the medicine used, affecting the digestive organs, but the fallacy of this doctrine can be easily proved by applying the same medicine to a clean wound; when it will be rarely found to produce this effect.

TIGER HUNT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,—I am happy to have it in my power to send you an account of a somewhat extraordinary Tiger Hunt, with which our good fortune favored us two days ago: should you think it worthy of a place in your spirited publication, it is quite at your service. At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, we were excessively astonished by a man coming in with the intelligence, that a large tiger had been seen at the Idoggah, within a quarter of a mile of the city of Bareilly, and that he had scratched two men. We hardly believed such an extraordinary story, and sent off a man on horseback to ascertain the truth, who brought back word that he had himself seen the tiger wound a man who had attacked him with only a sword. It appeared that an *assanee* who was watching his fields heard a crackling in a sugar cane *keyt* close by him, and imagining that somebody was breaking his canes went to see who it was, when he was extremely surprised by a large tiger springing on his shoulders and wounding him severely. The alarm was of course immediately given, and hastily procuring two elephants, we proceeded to the spot. Before, however, we could arrive the tiger had wounded three more men, who had been rash enough to attack him with their swords, making altogether six men who were severely hurt, one of whom, I am sorry to say, died this morning, and from all we heard we had no doubt that he was a regular scratcher. On our arrival we found Mr. C—— and some Nawaubs of the city with three elephants, with whom we immediately proceeded to the attack; there were by this time about a thousand men collected on the spot, and the greatest danger was to be apprehended from our shots doing execution among so large a crowd: but it was quite impossible to get him to retire, and as it appeared more than probable that some other men might be injured by the tiger if he was not immediately put an end to, we determined to proceed to business immediately at all risks. The tiger was on the other side

of a small nullah, ensconced in some long grass, not thirty yards from the crowd, who, the moment we crossed over with the elephants, arranged themselves on the opposite bank, seemingly thinking of nothing but the *tomasha*, and totally insensible to the danger. The moment the elephants approached the tiger he charged out upon them without ceremony, and put the whole line to flight, in spite of all the efforts of the mahouts and our energetic appeals of them to stand firm, which were not in the least attended to. A man who had imprudently crossed over the nullah with us, was immediately attacked by the tiger; he stood firm however, and had just time to strike one blow with his sword, when he was seized and thrown down. It was a terrific spectacle to see the man actually in the animal's mouth, whilst our elephants were running, with all speed, in the contrary direction. One of the Nuwaubs, however, with Mr. H. and myself, (who were in the same howdah) disregarding the danger of killing the man, immediately fired, and notwithstanding the difficulty of shooting accurately under such circumstances, succeeded in making the tiger leave the man, who escaped with a broken arm, and a shoulder dreadfully lacerated. We then once more came up to the attack, and were again repulsed, though not before we had wounded the tiger, so slightly however, that it only made him more savage. But the third time Mr. C. succeeded, in forcing his elephant right into the bush where he was, and the tiger springing out on the elephant, was knocked over by a volley before he could do any damage, Mr. C.'s bullet apparently taking deadly effect in his back. He received another volley as he lay in his cover unable to raise himself on his pins which gave him his quietus, and ended as pretty an afternoon's sport as one would wish to see.

You may perhaps be surprised at the elephants behaving so badly, but they appeared to be "dumb-founded" by the noise and tumult made by the crowd, and as we had no time to select good elephants, but were obliged to take those which were nearest, without any regard to their hunting capabilities, it is not extraordinary that they should have behaved in the manner they did. The mahouts too, did not seem in the least ambitious of too close an intimacy with so formidable a fellow as the tiger had proved himself to be; one in particular, stated that he never had driven an elephant up to a tiger, and that by God's blessing he never would; upon which his place was supplied by a sporting chupprassees, who offered to drive up to shew himself should we fall in with him, but with the best intentions he could not succeed in governing his elephant, never having acted the part of a mahout before.

It is difficult to say what could have brought the tiger so near a populous city, especially as the cultivation extends for miles round. We can only suppose that he had accidentally got out of his regular beat, and travelled through the sugar cane and other high *keyts* without knowing where he was going to, until brought up near

the city. He was of the red skinned species, which are reckoned the most ferocious, and a fine full grown male.

The disregard of the natives to all danger was very remarkable. No less than seven men were wounded by the tiger whilst attacking him, sword in hand; and after our first repulse, as we were returning to the attack, we saw the grass moving just where the tiger had retreated, and were on the point of firing, when out came a man with sword and buckler, who declared that his son had been wounded by the tiger, and that he was determined to fight him.

I very much regret to add that in spite of every precaution on our part, one man was wounded by a bullet, fortunately very slightly, and he is now doing well; considering the crowd which pressed on all sides it may be considered fortunate that more were not injured. Of the other men who were wounded by the tiger, one is dead and another (the man with the broken arm) not out of danger, the rest are doing well. A subscription has been raised by those present at the hunt for the benefit of the wounded and some *assames* whose crops were demolished in the skirmage.

I am, Mr. Editor, your's, very obediently,

SHEER KHAN.

BREEDING AND REARING HOUNDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—A correspondent in a late number of your Magazine, requests some one to give him a few hints regarding the best mode of breeding and rearing puppies in this country. Seeing as yet no answer to his letter, I am induced in the hope of being useful to offer the following directions to his notice.

I have of late years bred a good deal, principally thorough-bred foxhounds, and have had a large share of success, and those who have seen my kennel can, I am sure, attest to the healthy and fine appearance of my hounds and puppies.

In breeding, the first thing to be considered is the choice of a sire hound;—never breed, if possible, from a dog whose constitution is not thoroughly sound, and whose general appearance does not indicate good health and hardiness. No one, I conceive, would dream of breeding from an unsightly or weakly bitch. When the puppies are born, it is too often the case, from the excessive value attached to dogs, especially to thorough-bred hounds, that so many are kept with the dam, as to render the whole litter from want of sufficient nutriment, diminutive and weedy; and this, has, I regret to say, once happened to myself. Four puppies, or if she is a very hearty nurse, five is the

extreme number I should recommend ever being kept with the bitch; and the breeder will find his account in it by his puppies being large, handsome, and *far more healthy*.

At six weeks old the puppies will begin to lap; the best fresh cow's milk, *undiluted*, or good sheep's head soup, should be given frequently in small quantities, to relieve the mother, and they should have space to crawl about and feel their legs. I have always found it advisable to administer at this period, when this change of diet takes place, two gentle doses of castor oil, from which the best effects will be experienced, and your puppies kept healthy and free from disorder. I am by no means a friend to strong medicine with hounds, and the best alternative I have ever met with, consists in one seer of black salt and half a seer of antimony, finely powdered, sifted and mixed together; a table spoonful to be given in the food twice a week, for four or five puppies; it keeps the system cool, promotes a healthy action of the skin, and its effects will be visible in the clear, healthy, and cheerful appearance of your young ones, and with old hounds, its effects are equally good. I beg strongly to recommend the daily and regular use of the hand brush, (such as is used for horses) in the kennel both with puppies and old hounds—it has been one of my best friends and to its constant use I impute much of the health and fine condition of my pack. My practice has been to have them regularly dressed twice a day; not too much, but perhaps more than many may deem necessary. It is however a great pleasure to me to see hounds fine and bright in their coats, nor could I ever feel satisfied, if they were not so, however well and handsomely they may behave: of this you may be certain,—that it improves condition, as well as appearance, and will tell over a rough country with a burning scent, as well as in the kennel.

Your's obediently,

TARQUIN.

BREEDING OF HALF BREDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Should you think the following remarks on the breeding of half-breds worthy of your Magazine, you will oblige me by inserting them in reply to "A WOULD-BE TOP SAWYER."

Being perfectly aware that the great expense of purchasing a thoroughbred pack in this country, and afterwards of recruiting the same, particularly where the vicinity of the hills is too great to permit the possibility of sending the dogs up to refresh themselves, and breed during the hot winds and rains, would be too great for most individuals or even small stations, I have paid great attention to half bred, and I think, now, I could breed a pack, every dog of which should speak, and hunt too; for you must be well aware, Mr. Editor, that even in the first-rate packs at home there are always some dogs

who you might as well leave at home in their kennel for all the service they are of in hunting; but as it is the fashion to hunt with from twenty to twenty-five couples, it does not much signify having a few of these lazy ones present, particularly if they are well-sized and marked, as it gives a finer *coup d'œil* at the covert side; besides it is not every man who is aware whether they hunt or not. Now this will never do in this country, where the expense of dogs is so much greater than at home. After this digression I will briefly point out how, in my opinion, a desirable pack possessing the necessary qualifications for this country, should be bred, housed, and fed.

In the first place I would procure two young stallion-hounds about 22 inches high, on no account higher than 24 or less than 20, as dogs of this size are much better for breeding—at least in my opinion, as being more of a size with the real English smooth black and tan terrier, which is, I think, without any exception, the most likely breed from which the progeny will be musical; they will also have capital noses: but of the latter requisite I have very little fear, as I have generally found half-breds have as good, if not better, noses than thorough-bred imported hounds, particularly if the latter have been two or more years in India. I have also remarked, I am sorry to say, that thorough-breds after that time lose their courage and stanchness, but which indispensables in a good pack are greatly if not wholly preserved by a residence in the Hills during the hot weather and rains. One of the greatest mistakes men commit in breeding half-breds, is, that provided they have a hound as stallion, they are not particular as to the bitch, and they consequently imagine that the pups must be first-rate, although were they to consider for a moment, they would be induced to confess that they have no right to expect that the progeny would be musical. And music all must confess is one of the most exhilarating effects of hunting. For instance, a man with a Bull terrier bitch crosses her with a fox-hound, and, generally speaking, is disappointed in the produce, as few or any of them will ever speak: this may easily be accounted for as the grand sire was a bull, one of whose requisite qualities is silence; and a man may rest assured that if he allows his dogs to be bred from such stock, however good that stock may be in itself the produce will generally disappoint his expectations. I consider the bull terrier or any thing approaching such a breed, as the very worst description of bitch to breed musical dogs from, though they will I own have good noses, carry themselves well, and sometimes give good sport. Having now described what breed I consider the best and worst I will endeavour to point out in what order the various breeds imported into this country come in my humble opinion. Next to the black and tan, I think, all other terriers should come, having of course the requisite height not less certainly than 17 inches, and as this description of dog is generally procurable at every station I would not breed from any other. The pointer, however, is also a very good bitch to have, and next to the terrier the best; and a *“Woudd-bee”* may rest assured

that the nearer the dog and bitch are of a size the better. I mention this, as I am sorry to say, I have once or twice seen a large dog of 20 or 22 inches high, seriously incommoding a little bitch of from 12 to 16 inches, and still the owners have been disappointed and surprised that the pups have been little better than abortions, and in many cases have died before they were old enough to leave the mother. If possible, always have your bitch larger than your dog, when one must be larger than the other. Having now shewn from what parents the pack should be bred, I will now proceed to state how they should be housed. Supposing then nearly all to be with pups I would keep each *bitch* and pups, separate, in a small room not less than six feet square, and having a *micbaun* for the pups to lie on raised about two feet from the ground, with a number of holes bored through, in order that the bedding (which should be of clean straw frequently changed) may be constantly dry which is of the greatest possible consequence to pups; in fact it is so for dogs of all sorts; the bitch should be allowed as much exercise as possible without allowing her to go too much into the sun; she should be fed well and frequently, an opening *pill* about six days after pupping will be beneficial, and afterwards, if found necessary. At six weeks old, I would give the pups soup made of good sheep's heads and broths with a little good fresh *ottah* mixed with it; a small quantity of sulphur may be given to the pups beneficially once a week in a little good milk. I will not go on with the treatment of pups through their various disorders, but at once suppose them six or eight months old, when they should begin to be fed and kennelled with the old dogs. I shall now leave off as your No. VI., Mr. Editor, has just arrived, and I see that TALLY Ho, a much abler hand than myself, is going to give you a letter or two about this self same subject of rearing young dogs, and as I do not wish to poach on another's topic I will leave off immediately. Should TALLY Ho and myself, however, disagree about the treatment perhaps, (if you publish this), I shall at some future period give another line on the subject, till then adieu!

JUVENIS.

THE CAWNPORE PACK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,—Since you have been “unfeignedly” pleased to give me so gracious an invitation to address you again, I think “sweet sir, for your courtesy,” I cannot do less than fulfil my half made promise of sending you a brief account of our Cawnpore pack. I must here, just mention, that a short while since, I was much afraid this kennel would not continue long in existence owing to that “ranting” and “many tongued bitch, gossip,” having hit off a scent, which soon got windy, regarding our honest huntsman and proprietors having gone

off on a Hymenæal chase, his having found the "fair game, and the likelihood of his soon giving the whoop hoop after a run as sharp, quick and decisive as the greatest enthusiast could desire. Such things, however, in my humble opinion may be considered as additions to rather than improvements in, a hunting establishment, causing too strong an attachment to "tail," alias flag (as in this instance making me lengthen too much my "tale") amongst those who otherwise would be considered the most active in the field; and little pleasure would any of the members of the hunt derive on receiving as answer to the following enquiry of "Will" the whip off, "where is the squire to-day?" "Why please your honor, he has taken unto himself a wife and can't come"—and the chances are, such would be the case. Besides they play the devil with the kennel, for very soon your ears would be assailed with "really my dear you must turn these filthy dogs out of the house, how soon you have forgotten your promise" &c. &c. and who with his heart in the right place, can bear to see a suffering dog sent to a hot kennel, when he would be so much more comfortable behind your *tattic*—"Poor Trusty! Ah! well! I suppose what must be, must"—the dog is turned out, your overfull eye follows him down the compound and you ejaculate (intentionally internally) "Ah! what a fool I was to—" hold hard—"What's that you say sir," from your fair helpmate rouses you again to a sense of your situation, &c. &c. But a truce to this harsh severe outline Mr. Editor—my fears regarding such—in this particular case—are allayed at least, for the present;—so now hark! to the pack.

It at present consists of seventeen couples, which during the coming season will be increased and, of course, greatly improved by two or three couples of imported hounds, which have been sent for from Calcutta by the (as I termed him in my last) spirited owner. The dogs (I trust the Master will excuse me for not giving them the appellation of hounds) of which this pack consists, have all in a greater or less degree a cross of the hound in them. Amongst the best are—*Jolly boy* and *Ruby* three parts breed from the fox-hound—both well marked—sufficiently swift and throw their tongues freely—two good looking dogs, *Forrester*, three quarters and *Scorpion* (half-bred) save an ugly twist in their sterns, which forming the line of beauty (a curve, no beauty though in a dog) fall over upon their backs—two very fine black and tan half-bred bitches *Charmer* and *Gladsome*, very true,—large, strong, and having a good note. Three handsome and promising young ones, lately purchased from the pack of the corps about to quit. *Blucbell*, *Reckless*, and *Foreman*, three-quarters-bred—*Beauty* and *Melody*, seven-eighths-bred, rather small but very handsome pups—they have just been entered and give great promise. *Ranter*, a large half-bred dog, very swift and true, strangely misnamed, as he runs mute—he outstrips all the others in speed on which account 't would be as well for sport to hang him or get rid of him any how, which I hope the owner will do after this gentle hint and without doubt, he is well known to be able to do the last to the best

advantage. *Gallopner* a very good half-bred—*Gayless*, *Modesty*, *Ruby*, all half breeds together, with a number more of the same description—a complete list of all of them I send with this—to be inserted, should you think them worthy half a page of your *Maga*. They all give tongue, in general stand about nineteen or twenty inches high, which though perhaps too small to get well through heavy sugar cane, does not prove any hinderance to their general speed, as they, as well as all half or three quarters bred dogs, I have seen invariably outrun the hounds imported to this country.—owing to what cause I shall be happy to learn from some of your valuable correspondents.

The mortality amongst the breeding bitches and numerous litters of pups during the past oppressive season at this station, was very great and truly disheartening, had it been otherwise there would have been a large entry of good ones this hunting season. I hope however things will turn out more successfully next year, and that my friend may rear a sufficient number of the right sort to encourage him zealously to persevere with his “smart little cry.” That he may have health to enjoy and a purse long and strong enough to improve the same for many a day to come, is the sincere wish of his friend and yours, Mr. Editor,

A YOUNG ONE.

List of the Names of the Dogs in the Campore Pack.

¾ Breds.		½ Breds		¼ Breds.	
Dogs.	Bitches.	Dogs.	Bitches	Dogs.	Bitches.
Jolly boy.	Blushell.	Ranter.	Gladsome.	Junius.	Madcap.
Forrester.	Bonnylass.	Scorpion.	Charmer.	Pincher.	Judy.
Foreman.	Beauty.	Gallopner.	Gayless.	Rover	
	Melody.	Criuger.	Ruby.	Don.	
	Ruby.	Captain.	Modesty.		
	Reckless.	Premier.	Musie.		
		Marquis.	Lady.		
		Bluster.			
		Tarquin.			
		Ringwood.			
		Merrymau.			
		Challenger.			

RUM REFORM RHYMES, OR OLD NICK WITH A SHORT DOCK.

“And backwards and forwards he switched his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.”

As the devil one day was sitting in 'H—l,
He got up in a hurry and rang the bell ;—
A footman appeared, all suitably dressed
In flame-coloured liv'ry—indeed 'twas his best ;
Nick sent for his tailor, he thought a reform
Was wanted below as it was very warm ;

So he said of his tail, he would alter the fashion,
 But soon with poor Snip he got into a passion,
 He called him a dunghill, a beast, a disgrace,
 To every thing else but his trade, and the place,
 For the tailor declared if he was to do it,
 His Majesty soon would certainly rue it,
 And if he was only to carry a bob—
 E'en his friends would say that he looked like a snob—
 He must also allow 'twas a badge of distinction
 And if they lost that they might soon find extinction :
 Thus the point was the King, the middle the Peers,
 And so if he cut, for the body he'd fears ;
 The root was the Commons of t'others the source
 But the root can't be head is well known of course,
 Besides, if 'twere altered by cutting at all
 The point as well as the middle must fall,—
 For his part, if he might presume to advise
 A small nick at the root would soon make all nice,
 At least they might try it and if it should fail
 There'd be time enough still for cutting the tail.
 The fact was, the tailor, a cunning old file,
 Said this to amuse old Nick for a while ;
 He thought in the meantime, perhaps, there might be a
 War, or a something to route this idea,
 Off folly, from out the sovereign's head
 And that *cum multis aliis* soon 'twould be dead.
 Old Nick said he had a grey bearded adviser
 An old un but yet of old things a despiser,
 Who said that he had very often been told
 That new things were often more pleasing than old,
 And seeing that he was his highness the devil
 He thought that the tailor was not over civil,
 The tail should be cut—that such was his pleasure—
 The tailor had nothing to do with the measure.
 Well, the devil was changed in his hinder part
 He looked in the glass and thought himself smart,
 He ordered a court of audience straight
 And received the guests himself at the gate,
 But he soon repented of what he had done,
 When he came forward to set on his farone,
 For his own subjects would not mind—
 The devil they said has a tail behind.
 The strangers gave him many a whack
 He had no tail to keep them back :
 All thought with themselves this cannot be
 The devil he formerly used to be ;—
 Nick said he'd explain to them every thing
 And shew them plainly that he was the king,
 But they would not hear him, they couldn't be wrong
 For his majesty's tail was remarkably long,
 And so the poor devil lost his throne
 And all of his kingdom is faded and gone.
 TURK.
 "Oh most lame and impotent conclusion!"—En

A CRUDE SPORTING SKETCH OF TIRHOOT,

BY SKY-SCRAPER.

The rains, thank God, are now over, (I am not fond of water,) and I and all that, like me, joy in out-door amusements, are on the wing; Mantons, Nocks, Purdies, and Westley Richards are scrubbing up for the campaign before us—the “busy note of preparation” sounds over Tirhoot.

I purpose in this letter to give your readers a short sporting sketch of Tirhoot (and a series of such from the different districts of India would, I think, be valuable matter for the *Sporting Magazine*). In the present instance we do not consider it necessary to adhere to the boundaries laid down in the regulations of the Sudder Dewanny and Nizamut Adawlut. We must even make a breach in the law of nations, and include in our topography that part of the kingdom of Nipaul called the Tefai; describing first, the cultivated parts of Tirhoot. Roam we then through the wild solitudes of the forest. I have seen no part of India so highly cultivated, or so rich in varied and beautiful prospect as Tirhoot. It wants but the change from the dead level, the hill and dale, to equal the tame rural scenery of our own loved land. No man's eye ought to be more open to the beauties of nature than the sportsman's. He sees her clothed in the natural garments that God gave to her, where, like the lily of the valley, she “toils not, neither does she spin;” and how much more beautiful than the most labored efforts of human skill! See her now with the curtain of morning just drawn from her bosom, all her glorious charms are open to your view:—anon the veil of evening falls and hides the prospect from human ken; but the eye of the Omnipotent rests upon it for ever. The sporting features of the scenery of Tirhoot are my present object. Grass jungles, rice fields, lakes and jheels, constitute the principal of these.

Grass Covers, and Hares and Partridges.—In grass covers, especially those on the uplands, the hares and partridges breed, but, I much regret to say, not in great numbers. And first of hares. They breed in the beginning of the rains, generally speaking, but sometimes after their termination. In some parts of the district they are pretty numerous. I have more than once shot six in a day, but commonly in a whole day you will not see more than one or two. When the shooting season commences they are to be found in the grass covers, and they stick to them pretty constantly throughout the year, but if there is any *rubbee* field near, towards evening they will stray into that. In the hot months the hares swarm to the banks of the different rivers—driven there, doubtless, by want of water. When the country is pretty open, hares are often coursed in Tirhoot, and they

run pretty well — Now of the black partridge, — here called so universally, but I am inclined to think it is really the bird properly called the painted partridge, the real black partridge being proper to other parts of India, — to the Nagpore country, Guzerat, and the banks of the Nerbuddah. Be this as it may; here we have a bird of the genus *peritix*, with many black feathers. It is therefore a black partridge — Q. E. demonstrandum and corollary; 1st, a bird with white feathers may still be a black-bird; and corollary 2d, a black sheep often shows a white feather. This beautiful bird breeds in the situations above noticed during the rainy months. It occasionally breeds too in indigo fields, and I believe also in sugar cane. It is a peculiar circumstance in the nature of this bird, that it does not, like the common partridge, go in coveys. The birds are most usually, even during the cold months, found in pairs. During the heat of the day and in the early months of the cold weather, grass covers are the favorite haunt of the bird; but as the cold weather crops increase in size, they scatter more over the country, and must be looked for among the oat and barley fields; and different kinds of pea fields are also favorite places of their resort. It is one of the great drawbacks to the shooter in India, that he cannot, even if he had a good dog, see much game to him. Coolies are not a very sporting substitute, but they are indispensable. Beating up a field in line, the partridge generally rises near the end of it. I know not a prettier shot, though for a crack performer somewhat too easy. The black partridge, or, as I believe, he ought to be called, the painted partridge, is pretty generally spread over Tirhoot, but the banks of the Grenduck, the Beriah, and the Dumoutty are the favored situations. Where water is not come-at-able* you need not expect to meet with them, and this is curious, for you meet with numbers of them among the open dry prairies of the forest. At Poosah, a locality that has probably been heard of by most of your sporting readers, there used to be a good many partridges; in the days of my griffinage I was served a waggish trick there by one than whom there are few better shots or better men. We went out sporting together, and after beating some fields for quail with some success, we came upon a large grass jungle: I was just entering it, when a fellow came up and told me there was a tiger in the grass; I instantly passed the word to my friend and was astonished to see with what coolness he received the intelligence, little suspecting it to be a trick of his, and you will perhaps think I took it pretty coolly also when I tell you that I drew the shot from one barrel, put a ball into it, and walked manfully on. We flushed some five or six brace of partridges and gave a good account of them; but no tiger, — and there was I firing my one barrel as steadily as I would with visions of the unfortunate Munro; and the more lucky Captain Colnett flitting before me, but losing the opportunity of a double shot several times,

* It is singular enough that this word has no place in the latest editions of Johnson or Walker; but *Bell's Life in London*, is better authority in sporting language.

so that when we came to the end of the jungle, my friend had the best of the joke in every way.

Quail and Snipe—The quail arrive in Tirhoot very soon after the setting in of the cold weather. I have good reason to suppose that a few birds do even sojourn here during the whole rainy season: this I know, that I have seen a few of them long after the setting in of the rains. In October and the beginning of November, when they usually come in, the rice fields being too damp, they are to be found in the *rain fields*, particularly when these have an under cover of *kadoo* stubble. You put beaters in but ought yourself to keep outside of the *khate*. At the end of the field the bird usually rises and he flies so high that you get a beautiful shot, though he sometimes goes back with immense velocity. The season advancing *i. e.* towards the middle of November, the quail make their way to the rice fields, and this is the scene of their greatest destruction, for when the principal part of the crop has been cut down, they absolutely swarm in what remains of it. The rice crop being disposed of, you find them in the patches of grass usually to be found in rice chowers. These localities they occupy until the partial ripening of the *rubber* crops, when they make their way to the oats and barley—that is near the lakes and rivers. They get vulgarly fat as the weather gets warm, and are too easy a mark. Any fellow among them addicted to that vulgar vice of punning (a vice that can never be laid to the door of SKY SCRAPER) might say *quail's quod erant non sum**, which being translated into numbers would run thus—

How heavy I've grown, how fat—my eye,
I would not race with *Nim East* in the sky! *

That was a beautiful race *Nim* had in the sky in your August number. If my letter to him had appeared before it, I would have claimed the suggestion of the idea.

Altogether the quail is the great staple shooting commodity of Tirhoot, and however easy a shot many may think it. I have known one keep a friend in sport for a whole season. The quail stay long and come regularly. The later the river inundations the longer they are of appearing and the fewer their numbers each season. The student of nature,—and he is no true sportsman who does not study the habits of the game he pursues,—will find it an interesting object of investigation, to consider what the instinct is by which quail migrate in smaller numbers some seasons than others, and that, too, in the seasons when the country is in the least favorable state to receive them. But is it instinct at all? If not, what is the explanation of this fact which applies equally to the snipe and all other birds of passage?

* God only knows what English translation *you* / *devil* will give of this. In my letter to *Nim East*, he translates moribund more bound: the rendering is literal.

In cold countries the migration of birds is generally in correspondence with the severity of the winter, and we have a ready explanation of their flights in their solicitude to seek milder latitudes.

The snipe shooting in Tirhoot, though the birds are not in such numbers as in some other parts of India, is very beautiful, and my favorite sport. They come in with the cold weather, but at this time they are scattered widely over the country, and lie in the middle of extensive rice fields;—so that a good day's shooting is rarely to be got; but in January and February, they are to be found along the banks of the beautiful lakes, of which there are so many in Tirhoot, lying in a kind of reedy green grass, just moist with the subsiding water. You need not wet your feet, which in this climate is no small consideration. When the wind is blowing strong from the westward the birds sit well, and if you flush them by walking down the wind, they rise beautifully; but, as when shooting at a pheasant, you must take care not to fire till the bird has risen to his full height. When he is taking off, draw your trigger. The largest bag of snipe I have known of in Tirhoot was thirty-three couples, and that with two guns. I have myself shot eighteen couples in a day. In some situations you find a good sprinkling of jacks and painted snipe. I am always sorry at meeting either: both are too easy shooting, and the painted snipe is not very palatable, although in plumage a most beautiful bird. Before I came to India I had heard much of the snipe sitting so close in this country; but, as far as my experience goes,—and I have had a good deal in both countries,—it sits much closer in Scotland than it does here, where, when in any numbers, you may pluck a dozen before one rises within range. In a book of natural history now before me, the wise closet naturalist is thus delivered of a remark:—"Though not easily shot, some sportsman have the art of charming the snipe within range of their fowling piece by imitating its cry, whilst others are content to catch it in the night with snares."

Order xii. *palmipeds*; genus *anser*—species of this naturalist unknown, but supposed to be a variety of the green goose. As you, Mr. Editor, appear to be fond of natural history founded on fact and observation,—witness your complimentary note to my letter on grouse shooting,—I shall conclude what I have to say of the snipe by the mention of its place among the natural order of birds. The order *grallæ*, or waders, includes a vast number of birds, which, however they differ in appearance and natural habits, agree in some general attributes—such as the leg being bared up above the knee, and the disposition of all the birds of this order to wade in water. Other characteristics might be added. The snipe is of the genus *scelopax*, which also includes the woodcock. I know but of four species—1st, the *scelopax nigor*, or solitary snipe; 2d, the *scelopax gallinago*, common snipe, or horse hawk; 3d, the *scelopax gallinula*, jack snipe or indcock; 4th, the *scelopax f. knoir-not-what*, or painted snipe. In concluding this part of my subject, I ought to mention that the bittern is sometimes found on the low rice fields of Tirhoot, and

moreover, the *leek* or *bustard florikan* appears during the hot months, and, moreover, that's a Scotch word, which means also wild duck, which of various kinds are very numerous, but they are very wild.

I would not willingly finish my say of the cultivated part of Tirhoot and leave hunting unnoticed. Tirhoot may safely be called a beautiful hunting country. It is, on the whole, open, and the enclosures are nowhere very stiff. The scent lies well, and the ground is safe and soft to ride over and to fall upon. The chief drawbacks are the heavy fogs that prevail in November and December, and the parching dry west winds that often blow during the rest of the cold weather. Add to this the quantity of crops on the ground in the beginning of the hunting season and towards the end of it. But to end as I began—Tirhoot is a beautiful hunting country. I must leave what I would communicate of forest shooting for your next number, this letter being already a pretty d——d considerable, long one.

You have had many descriptions of tiger hunting, and I fear any account I might give of those I have seen killed and assisted in killing might be considered tedious. I shall therefore favor the *Sporting Magazine* and its readers with a very able paper on forest-shooting in general, and with observations on deer shooting in particular, that being my favorite amusement in the Terai. Then, "friends, sportsmen, countrymen," and shooters, lend me your ears.

SKY-SCRAPER.

GULLIBILITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Among all nations the English have ever been looked upon as the most gullible and the most easily duped, and to what are we indebted for the compliment? Doubtless the causes may be various, but first among them I think we may reckon the system practised in the popular works and periodicals of the day, of furnishing the public with historical accounts and anecdotes the most absurd and preposterous, where the reader at home has no opportunity of sifting the chaff from the grain, and eagerly devours the whole as useful and valuable information. So long as a publication can find supporters by feeding men with something palatable, it is of little import to the purveyor whether the food be wholesome or not. The Hon. Mrs. Norton in her *Court Journal* furnishes the public with an account of "an extraordinary combat with a tiger," in which her hero, Stephans, sustains, *on foot*, the attack of the animal, and the story thus proceeds—"The tiger throwing its fore-legs round the man's throat, and fixing its teeth in the back of his head, commenced at the same moment tearing with his hind legs his loins, down which it hung. A man possessed of less presence of mind and muscular vigour would in a moment have been lost. Dropping his gun, Stephans reached his long arms over his head, and seizing his terrible

antagonist *with one hand* by the skin of the neck and by the fore shoulder with the other,

“ ——— a desperate grasp his frame might feel
Thro’ bars of brass and triple steel,”

mustered his whole force for the act, and tearing the brute from his hold, *dashed him to the ground*, then recovering his gun, shot him through the head, &c. &c. &c. He mounts his horse and rides away, and lives to tell his tale. “The tiger,” says the *Journal*, “was of the *largest size*, and at a time of the year when inconceivably determined and ferocious.”

In the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, in a description of a tiger hunt, the tiger is said to possess a “*rapid spring, resembling the flight of an arrow*,” by which means he is said to fix himself upon the elephant. It is well known by all sportsmen that the tiger in his charge *never quits the ground with his hind feet*. If John Bull can swallow such boluses as these, he must be a gull indeed. Can we do nothing to expose these ridiculous falsities? I know but of one method—and that is, to gain for the *Bengal Sporting Magazine* as universal a circulation in England as it deserves, to enlighten their minds a little upon these subjects. If people would only take the trouble to go to the fountain-head they’d get pure water instead of fetching their supply “from below the town,” getting a foul impregnation from all its drains. With a hearty wish for your success,

Ever yours,

McCrutt, Nov. 4.

GINGER.

BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE*.

SIR.—I send for your inspection the skin of a boa, which was killed in the neighbourhood of Dacca in the act of seizing a young deer. In a party in the Sunderbuns, I was present when two boas were killed. Of the larger one I took the dimensions which were as follows:—

ft. ins.

Length from the head to so much of the tail as was left.....	15	5
of the head.....	6	inches.
Breadth of ditto.....	3½	do.
of ditto across the eyes.....	3	do.
of ditto across the mouth an inch and an half from its extremity, }	2½	do.
Length of the mouth or gape.....	4	do.
Girth of the neck or throat immediately behind the head.....	8½	inches.
at 2 feet 10 inches from the extremity of the mouth.....	13½	
at 5 do. 0 do.	do.	16½
at 7 do. 6 do.	do.	17½
at 10 do. 0 do.	do.	14
at the abrupt termination of the body, at the vent.....	10½	
just beyond the vent.....	6½	
when the tail was broken off.....	3	
Length of the remains of the tail, (from the vent).....	16½	

I cannot say how much of the tail was lost; judging from the accompanying skin, and the other serpent killed a day or two after, I should not think that it exceeded a very few inches, so that the total length of the reptile was about sixteen feet. I have heard and believe that there are much larger; and that one far exceeding the present was shot a few years ago by the late Colonel William Wilson in the vicinity of Honsi, and made a good defence, which neither of those I saw shot did, though their stomachs were empty. In the Island of Ceylon, (*or dit*) they are so large as to swallow full grown deer, horns and all, and perhaps an elephant afterwards, to keep all steady.

November 9, 1833.

S.

THE BOAR! THE BOAR!

What shall he have who kills the boar?

As you like it.

1.

Some talk of the pleasures they have with the hounds,
And boast of the leaps which they take;
The Bugles, they say, are sweetest of sounds,
As they swell over jungle and brake.

2.

Others tell us, that naught can compare with the gun,
And the roars of Mantou proclaim;
Shooting snipe in the *pecks* they think *capital fun*,
And their only ambition is—*game*.

3.

I own, there's a something, which charms in the chase,
As we fly over hedge, ditch, and fence;
I feel that excitement, which grows with the *pace*,
And confess the delight is intense.

4.

As for shooting—I've often had very good sport,
E'en in this galling clime of the sun;
Seeing birds tumble down after ev'ry report,
Makes a man quite in love with his gun!

But the sport of all sports is hunting the Boar,
On the far-spreading plains of Bengal!
There's bliss in the thought of the hogs yet in store,
Beneath our good spears that shall fall!

6.

Then give me a country where porkers abound,
Sharp spears, and a fast-going nag;
For in this noble sport alone can be found
The excitement which never can flag!

ROBIN HOOD.

MADRAS RACES.

The Maidens are well filled, and the 2d Maiden shews a list of as many as 8 subscribers.

The 5 Sweepstakes published to be run on the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th days, have each 4 subscribers, and the 3d and 4th have 5.

We hail with delight the prospect of some' competition.—Major Looney appears, from the account of the Bangalore Races, to be in possession of a right good little horse, Selim; and there are rumours of that little horse not being the *best* that he can, if he chooses, produce.

Mr. Fox has, we believe, a fine stud of Maidens, in addition to those truly good horses, Salonica, Harmonica, Nightshade, Cloudsley, Agonista, &c. &c. Mr. Andrew has his old horses Antar, Sackcloth, Esterhazy, and also a large stud of fine looking Maidens; and we sincerely hope that he will this year make up for his former bad luck—for no man deserves good fortune more than "the Father of the Turf." We cannot give any opinion of a stud that has arrived lately from Hyderabad; but there are some who have an idea that, small as that stud is, it will puzzle Mr. Fox to beat it.

In the stud from Calcutta there are also some honest horses; but though they are not supposed to be equal to some of Mr. Fox's and Mr. Andrew's, still the sporting owner has subscribed to all the sweepstakes—though not least.

The stud belonging to the owner of the famous Humdanah is, we hear, also *en route* to Madras; and if he be only as successful this year as he appears, "*by the Sporting Magazine in an article copied from the Scotsman,*" to have been formerly at Madras, Mr. Fox will have as much on his hands as he can well manage: for although he (the owner of Humdanah) only arrived from England three months before the last races, Mr. Fox, it appears, could not prevent him from playing his old pranks on the Course, and carrying off the Nabob's Cup.—*Correspondent of the Madras Herald.*

CEYLON RACES.

It will be no small gratification to our sporting friends at out-stations to hear that the renewal of our Races, under the immediate patronage of the Governor, has met with the utmost success.

On Monday and Tuesday, the days appointed for running, the elegant Race-stand on the Galle face was crowded by four o'clock, so anxious were the society of Colombo to witness this first of all noble sports, and we have no small pleasure in saying that each succeeding race rivalled the other in speed and beautifully contested feats; and it is literally a fact, that many a losing horse was named by those in the Stand as winner, but no one can decide these nice points but the umpire, and we were most fortunate in having one of the best, and who is not to be shaken in his better judgment by the cries of the crowd of "Black has it" when he thinks Crimson the winner.

His Excellency the Governor and Lady WILMOT HORTON were in early attendance each day, and a more splendid assemblage is rarely to be found in any society, than that which we have witnessed on the Colombo race-course within the last two days.

The races commenced with the £10 Sweepstakes.

Mr. KEATINGE'S... <i>Sloop</i>	1	2	1
Mr. McDONALD'S... <i>Strawberry</i>	2	1	2
Capt. STANNUS'... <i>Baggage</i>	3	3	—

Mile Heats,—Catch Weights.

This was a beautiful race, and each horse won by a neck or head.

2d Race.—Match—£25.

Mr. CAULFIELD'S... <i>Dentist</i>	1
Mr. SHAW'S... <i>Dread</i>	2

Won easy by *Dentist*, *Dread* master having been confined to his bed for some days, justice was not done to his training.

3d Race—Sweepstakes—£5 each.

Mr. CAULFIELD'S... <i>Skipper</i>	1	2	1
Capt. MACKENZIE'S... <i>Beppe</i>	2	1	2
Capt. STANNUS'... <i>Comet</i>	2	3	3
Mr. BALDWIN'S... <i>Frank</i>	Drawn.		

Mile Heats.

The race lay between *Skipper* and *Beppe*—*Skipper* trusting to long and excellent training, though he had it all his own way, but *Beppe* soon convinced him he had not, and ran him neck and neck till within a yard of the winning post, when *Skipper* pulled his nose out and won by a head. The 2d heat was run all the way and won by *Beppe* by a nose, but not having been in training like his adversary, he was not up to a third heat, and *Skipper* had it easy.

Second Day.—1st Race—Match—£20.

Dr. FITZMAURICE'S... <i>Marmion</i>	2	1	1
Mr. MANN'S... <i>Pioneer</i>	1	2	2

Mile Heats.

This was acknowledged to be as fine a race as was ever witnessed off the English Course. *Pioneer* won the 1st Heat, and *Marmion* the two next, and although the umpire had no hesitation in naming the winner, he acknowledged the heats to be the closest contested he had ever seen in any part of the world. A trifling accident occurred in running the 3d Heat, and it will therefore be referred to the Stewards to decide which horse won.

2d Race.—Sweepstakes—£10 each.

Mr. CAULFIELD'S... <i>Skipper</i>	1	1	—
Mr. BROOK'S... <i>Brickbat</i>	2	2	—
Mr. NASH'S... <i>Fennel</i>	3	1	—
Mr. TIMMER'S... <i>Little John</i>	4	3	—

Mile Heats.

A pretty race, but *Skipper's* superior training told, and he had it rather too much to himself.

3d Race.—Sweepstakes—£5 each.

Mr. McDONALD'S... <i>Slender Billy</i>
Mr. CAULFIELD'S... <i>Slender Billy</i>
Mr. KEATINGE'S... <i>Sloop</i>

Mile Heats.

Slender Billy, like him of the seven chimneyys, was up to a trick or two and won easy, but we hope neither he or his master will run their heads into the same noose.

Third Race—Match—£15.

Mr. Power's *Bob* not being forthcoming, Capt. Stannus's *Baggage* walked the course.

These two days have gone off admirably and appear to have afforded general satisfaction. There was a numerous attendance of fashionables and unfashionables, and we defy any race course in the most celebrated turf countries in the world to present so novel a scene as the Galle race Monday and yesterday offered. The various costumes, and the curious intermixture of individuals from the most widely separated countries, would have led any one suddenly transported there to suppose that he was a spectator at the same time of a fancy meeting as well as of the exploits of a race course.

CHESS.

The following very singular situation, which actually occurred, is offered to the consideration of Amateurs :

POSITION OF THE BOARD.

White.

King at its Knight's second
 Queen on adversary's Queen's Bishop 2d
 Knight on adversary's Queen's second
 King's Bishop Pawn at its third square
 King's Knight Pawn at its fourth square
 King's Pawn on adversary's King's Bishop 4th
 Queen's Rook Pawn unmoved
 Queen's Knight Pawn at its third square

Black.

King at adversary's King's Rook fourth square
 Queen at her fourth square
 Queen's Bishop at Queen's Knight second
 Knight at adversary's Queen's square
 King's Rook and Knight's Pawns unmoved
 Queen's Bishop Pawn at its fourth
 Queen's Knight Pawn at its third square

The white player having the move moved Queen to adversary's Queen's Square saying " Check Mate."

Adversary replied " No ! I move my Knight's Pawn two squares, intercepting Check Mate," to which the Player of the White answered. " You have no absolute Right to pass my Pawn on your Bishop's fourth square, consequently as your Pawn can never come into a situation so as to intercept the Check Mate, I claim the game."

By pursuing this interesting game, it will easily be perceived that the winning or losing of it quite depended on this point ; for if the player of the Black has the positive right of passing the Pawn (incurring the penalty of its being taken at its Knight's third square) *then* is the Game won by the player of the Black. If, on the contrary, the Veto of the White player be admitted, his claim to the Game is established.

QUERY.

What is the Rule in the present case ?—*Colombo Journal*, October 23.

NOTE.—It is singular how many replies, founded in different opinions, the "query" has elicited, since the publication of the foregoing in the *Englishman* and *Colombo Journal*. We shall await the conclusion of the various answers, and then collect them together for publication in the *Sporting Magazine*. — *Ed.*

Selections.

THE BUSTARD.

Three nests of this very scarce bird have been found at Massingham, Norfolk, on the estate of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, two with two eggs, and the third with one. This is the more extraordinary as a cock bird has not been seen in that country for the last four or five years. Montagu, in a supplement to his *Synopsis of British Birds* (1813), says, "the great bustard has decreased so rapidly within these 20 years, that in a few years more not a vestige of them will remain in these realms."—Mr. Chafin, also, in his *Anecdotes and History of Cranbourn Chase*, says, that "in November, 1751, when residing at Wallon, between Andover and Salisbury, 25 bustards rose and I fired without effect.....I believe such a number of bustards will never be again seen together in England."—*Sporting Magazine*.

TWO RIFLES,

Of the common size, with steel mountings, beautifully engraved with figures of birds, hounds, stags, &c. have been manufactured by Messrs. Allen and Barber of Springfield, for an *English* gentleman at Cadenutta. They are elegant specimens of American skill, workmanship, and finish, and cost one hundred dollars, each.—*American Paper*, July 15.

MARGARET VERCH EVAN.

Of all the females modern Wales has produced, of a surety Margaret Verch Evan, who flourished eight-and-twenty years ago, near Llanberis, in Carnarvonshire, was the most extraordinary. In point of accomplishments, and their practical utility few, if any, of the fair sex have excelled this celebrated Cambrian damsel. Passionately fond of the joys of the chase, in her cottage were to be found at all times a selection of the best thorough-bred dogs in the principality; and her selection was not limited to one species. Grey-hounds, beagles, fox-hounds, terriers, and even curs of low degree, were to be seen frisking about the cottage which Margaret occupied; and the gossips of Llanberis affirm to this day, that she made a more desperate havoc among the hares and foxes than all the confederate hunts did together. Nor were Margaret's qualifications confined to her dexterity and hardihood as a huntress. She managed a boat with admirable facility; she could play on the harp and on the fiddle; she made shoes, built and repaired boats, shod horses, and, at the age of 70, was the best wrestler in the county. What will our fair countrywomen say to this? This amazon died, about 28 years ago, at the advanced age of 92, a wonderful example of native ingenuity, persevering industry, and contented penury.—*Carnarvon Herald*.

PANTHER TURNED SHOP-KEEPER

The last week, a large Puma, or Panther, belonging, among other untameable creatures, to the Menagerie in the Bowery, escaped from his cage and sprang into the street—no person in the passage-way feeling disposed at the moment either to obstruct his progress, or to seize him by the tail. Being thus freed from bolts and bars, the panther felt disposed to make the best use of his liberty. The people screamed and scattered in all directions, so that he had the side-walk to himself, and he bounded along up the street in a swift and interesting manner. But altho' he drove every thing from his path, scattering the people before him as a wolf would a flock of sheep, yet, he did not find the travelling so pleasant on the pavement as the paths he had been accustomed to tread in the forest. His talons could not ensure secure footing upon the smooth stones, and after nearly slipping up a few couples of times, he suddenly changed his mind, and resolved to turn shop-keeper. No sooner thought than done—he sprang into the best shop he could find and had only to show his ivory fangs once, and cast a single glance of his burning eye-balls, before clerks and customers alike obeyed the indications of his expressive countenance, and scampered away. Being thus left to himself, he looked about for a snug place of repose. His tail drooped; the fire of his eyes, went out; the bristling hair upon his arched back was smoothed down; and he curled himself up upon a bundle of flannel under the counter, and went to sleep, purring as greatly as a pussy cat. He had a short but comfortable nap, for nobody was in a hurry to break in upon his dreams. By and bye, however, the keeper discovered the place of his retreat, and succeeded in caging him again—so that, after all, his panther-ship had scarcely time to test the truth of the poet's declaration, that "a day, an hour, of virtuous liberty, is worth a whole eternity of bondage."—*New York Com. Adv.*—*Boston Patriot*, April 10.

RETIREMENT FROM THE TURF.

It is said that the Duke of Richmond will retire from the turf after the present season. We are sorry to hear this; for his Grace has been one of those whose patronage of racing has mainly contributed to shed lustre upon this national sport of England.—*Brighton Gazette*.

HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNT.

A party of officers volunteered for the chase, and were conveyed up the Dundas river in the Albatross. The evening set in before they reached that part of the river where the hippopotami were the most abundant. Three parties were however formed, who at midnight commenced their pursuit. The scene was novel and imposing; a body of men, armed at all points with muskets, harpoons, and lances, walking on the shallows of the river, with nothing but the moon to light them, all hallooing and driving before them their huge game, who blowing, snorting, and bellowing, were floundering through the mud from the numerous holes which they had made at the hot-
tent for their retreat, but from which the hunters' lances soon expelled

them; until ultimately driven upon dry ground; where a running contest commenced, the beast sometimes being pursued, at others pursuing. This lasted for sometime; but still there were no signs of man's boasted pre-eminence; not an animal had that party secured dead or alive. At low water the following morning one party formed a line across one of the shallows, where the depth was not above two feet, while the boats went up the river and actually drove the animals down the stream, another party lined the banks to prevent them taking to the woods and reeds. These, whenever the monstrous but tiny animals attempted to pass them, set up a shout which in most instances proved sufficient to turn them back into the water; when, having collected a vast number on one shallow bank of sand, the whole of the hunters commenced from all sides a regular cannonade upon the astonished brutes. Unwicked as they appeared, still much activity was displayed in their efforts to escape the murderous and increasing fire to which they were exposed. The one pound gun occasionally mowed the thick hide of some, while others were perpetually assailed by a shower of pewter musket-balls. One, a cub, was nearly caught unharmed in attempting to follow its mother, who, galled to desperation, was endeavouring to escape through the land-party; but, as soon as the affectionate brute perceived her offspring falling into the hands of her enemies, forgetting her fears, she rushed furiously at the offenders, when they in their turn were obliged to retreat; but again they contrived to separate them and had almost secured the prize, when the angry mother, regardless of their close and almost fatal fire succeeded in redeeming it from their grasp and bearing it off, although herself in a state of great exhaustion. With the flood this sport ended.—*Owen's Narrative.*

DEER HUNTING IN LOUISIANA.

Two persons go at night, one carrying a rifle, and the other a torch, or brand of fire, or sometimes a pap of coals, upon which a blaze is kindled. They seek the places which the deer are known to frequent, and as these animals will not fly, but stand bewildered and gazing at the fire, the huntsman shoots one of them down as soon as he can see its eye glistening through the darkness. Accidents sometimes happen in this method of sporting, as a neighbour's horse or cow is sometimes found to have received the rifle ball instead of the imagined deer.—*Goodrich.*

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND THE ROYAL WESTERN (IRISH) YACHT CLUB.

The annexed letter has been received by the Secretary of the Royal Western (Irish) Yacht Club, from Sir John Conroy, Private Secretary to the Duchess of Kent:—

“Kensington Place, June 23, 1833.

“Sir,—I am commanded by the Duchess of Kent to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th, and to acquaint you, for the information of the Committee of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, that her Royal Highness most readily accedes to the wish expressed that she would become the patroness of it. Her Royal Highness desires me to observe, that it is most gratifying to her to be associated with this Club, its object being to

promote social intercourse amongst the gentry, and to encourage the fishermen and others to improve their crafts. Her Royal Highness requests you will be so good as to send her the regulations of the Club; also to acquaint her when a regatta may be proposed, that her Royal Highness may send the Club a cup, and arrange some prizes for the boatmen.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

“J. CONROY.”

“Thos. O’Connell, Esq., Hon. Secretary R. W. Y. C., Tralee”

THE DERBY.

The Derby for 1835 and 1836 closed with 133 subscribers, by far the greatest number ever known for this or any other Stakes. Mr. Nowell has eleven subscriptions, and Lord Chesterfield eight. It would not appear by this that the Turf was affected by the general badness of the times.—The Oaks entry is also very large.

CARRIER PIGEON.

A society of pigeon fanciers at Ghent give an annual prize for the best carrier-pigeon. This year it was decided, on the 24th ultimo, when twenty-four birds were sent off from Ronen, where they had been conveyed from Ghent. They were started at 5.5 minutes after nine in the morning. The first which arrived belonged to M. Delcuw, and made the transit in an hour and a half, gaining the prize; one reached Ghent in two hours and a half, three arrived in the course of the day, and four were lost. The distance in a direct line is about 150 miles.

THE TURF.

(By Mr. Apperley, the English Nimrod.)

In splendour of exhibition and multitude of attendants, New-market, Epsom, Ascot, or Doncaster would bear no comparison with the imposing spectacles of the Olympic Games; and had not racing been considered in Greece a matter of the highest national importance, Sophocles would have been guilty of a great fault in his *Electra*, when he puts into the mouth of the messenger who comes to recount the death of Orestes, a long description of the above sports. Nor are these the only points of difference between the racing of Olympia and Newmarket. At the former, honour alone was the reward of the winner, and no man lost either his character or his money.* But still, great as must have been in those old days the passion

* Of the training and management of the Olympic race-horse we are unfortunately left in ignorance—although it can be inferred being the fact, that the equestrian candidates were required to enter their names and send their horses to Elis at least thirty days before the celebration of the games commenced, and that the charioteers and riders, whether drivers or proxies, went through a prescribed course of exercise during the

for equestrian distinction, it was left for later times to display, to perfection, the full powers of the race-horse. The want of stirrups alone must have been a terrible want. With the well-caparisoned war-horse, or the highly-finished *cheval d'école*, even in his gallopade, capriole, or *bâstade*, the rider may sit down upon his twist, and secure himself in his saddle by the clip which his thighs and knees will afford him; but there is none of that (*obstando*) resisting power about his seat which enables him to contend with the race-horse in his gallop. We admit that a very slight comparison can be drawn between the race-horse of ancient and that of modern days; but whoever has seen the print of the celebrated jockey, John Oakeley, on Eclipse—the only man, by the way, who could ride him well—will be convinced that, without the fulcrum of stirrups, he could not have ridden him at all; as, from the style in which he ran, his nose almost sweeping the ground, he would very soon have been pulled from the saddle over his head.

Cowper says, in bitter satire—

‘ We justly boast
At least superior jockey-stap, and claim
The honours of the turf as *all our own* ’

The *abuses* of the turf we abhor, and shall in part expose: let it not, however, be forgotten that, had we no racing, we should not be in possession of the noblest animal in the creation—the thorough-bred horse. Remember, too, that poor human nature cannot exist without some sort of recreation; even the rigid Cato says, ‘ the man who has no time to be idle is a slave.’ Inclosures, and gradual refinement of manners, have already contracted the circle of rural sports for which England has been so celebrated; and we confess we are sorry for this, for we certainly give many of them the preference over racing. Hawking has disappeared; shooting has lost the wild, sports-manlike character of earlier days; and hare-hunting has fallen into disrepute. Fox-hunting, no doubt, stands its ground, but fewer are entertained even for the king of sports. Fox-hunting suspends the cares of life, whilst the speculations of the race-course too generally increase them. The one steels the constitution, whilst the anxious cares of the other have a contrary effect. The love of the chase may be said to be screwed into the soul of man by the noble hand of nature, whereas the pursuit of the other is too often the offspring of a passion we should wish to disown. The one enlarges those sympathies which unite us in a bond of reciprocal kindness and good offices; in the pursuit of the other, almost every man we meet is our foe. The one is a pastime—the other a game, and a hazardous one too, and often played at fearful odds. Lastly, the chase does not usually bring any man into *bad company*: the modern turf is fast becoming the *very manufactory of the worst*. All this we admit but still we are not for abandoning a thing only for evils not necessarily mixed up with it.

intervening month. In some respects, we can see, they closely resembled ourselves. They had their course for full-aged horses, and then course for colts; and their prize for which mares only started, corresponding with our Epsom Oaks-stakes. It is true, that the race with riding-horses was neither so magnificent nor so expensive, and consequently not considered so *royal*, as the race with chariots, yet they had their gentlemen-jockeys in those days, and noted ones too, for amongst the number were Philip, king of Macedon, and Hiero, king of Syracuse. The first Olympic ode of Pindar, indeed, is inscribed to the latter sovereign, in which mention is made of his horse Phrenicus, on which he was the winner of the Olympic crown. Considerable obscurity, however, hangs over most of the details of the Olympic turf, and particularly as regards the classing of the riders, and the weights the horses carried. It is generally supposed these points were left to the discretion of the judges, who were sworn to do justice; and here we have a faint resemblance to the modern handicap.

Having seen the English turf reach its acmé, we should be sorry to witness its decline; but fall it must, if a tighter hand be not held over the whole system appertaining to it. Noblemen and gentlemen of fortune and integrity must rouse themselves from an apathy to which they appear lately to have been lulled; and they must separate themselves from a set of marked, unprincipled miscreants, who are endeavouring to elbow them off the ground, which ought exclusively to be their own. No honourable man can be successful, for any length of time, against such a horde of determined deprecators as have lately been seen on our race-courses; the most princely fortune cannot sustain itself against the deep-laid stratagems of such villarious combinations.

Perhaps it may not be necessary to enter into the very accident of racing; but on the authority of Mr. Strutt, 'On the Sports and Pastimes of England,' something like it was set agoing in Athelstane's reign. 'Several race-horses,' says he, 'were sent by Hugh Capet, in the ninth century, as a present to Athelstane, when he was soliciting the hand of Ethelswitha, his sister.' A more distinct indication of a sport of this kind occurs in a description of London, written by William Fitz-Stephen, who lived in the reign of Henry II. He informs us that horses were usually exposed to sale in Smithfield, and in order to prove the excellency of hackneys and charging horses, they were usually matched against each other. Indeed, the monk gives a very animated description of the start and finish of a horse-race. In John's reign running horses are frequently mentioned in the register of a royal expenditure. John was a renowned sportsman—he needs a redeeming quality—but it does not appear that he made use of his running horses otherwise than in the sports of the field. Edwards II., III., and IV. were likewise breeders of horses, as also Henry VIII., who imported some from the east; but the running horses of those days are not to be associated with the turf; at least we have reason to believe the term generally applies to light and speedy animals, used in racing perhaps occasionally, but chiefly in other active pursuits, and in contradistinction to the war-horse, then required to be most powerful, to carry a man cased in armour, and never weighing less than twenty-stones. In fact, the invention of gun-powder did much towards refining the native breed of the English horse; and we begin to recognise the symptoms of a scientific turf in many of the satirical writings of the days of Elizabeth. Take for instance Bishop Hall's lines in 1597:

"Dost thou prize,
Thy brute beasts' worth by their dam's qualities?"

Says thou, thy golt shall prove a swift-paced steed,

Only because a jennet did him breed?

Or, sayst thou this same horse shall win the prize

Because his dam was swiftest Tranchevee?

It is quite evident, indeed, that racing was in considerable vogue during this reign, although it does not appear to have been much patronised by the queen; otherwise it would, we may be sure, have formed a part of the pastimes at Kenilworth. The famous George, Earl of Cumberland, was one of the victors of the turf in those early days.

In the reign of James I., private matches between gentlemen, then their own jockeys, became very common in England; and the first public race meetings, upon an extensive scale, in Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Surrey, and Epsom, on Epsom Downs, the prize being a golden bell. The art of training also may now be said to have commenced; strict attention was paid to the feed and exercise of the horses, and the effect of weight was not taken into consideration, one stone being generally, we have reason to believe, both the

maximum and minimum of what the horses carried. James patronized racing : he gave 500*l.*—a vast price in those days—for an Arabian, which, according to the Duke of Newcastle, was of little value, having been beaten easily by our native horses. Prince Henry had a strong attachment to racing as well as hunting, but he was cut off at an early age. Charles I. was well inclined towards such sports, and excelled in horsemanship, but the distractions of his reign prevented his following the peaceful pastimes. According to Boucher, however, in his Survey of the Town of Stamford, the first valuable public prize was run for at that place in Charles I.'s time, viz. a silver and gilt cup and cover, of the estimated value of eight pounds, provided by the care of the aldermen for the time being ; and Sir Edward Harwood laments the scarcity of *able* horses in the kingdom, 'not more than two thousand being to be found equal to the like number of French horses ;' for which he blames principally racing.* In 1640, races were held at Newmarket :—also in Hyde Park, as appears from a comedy called the Merry Beggars, or Jovial Crew, 1641.—' Shall we make a fling to London, and see how the spring appears there in Spring Gardens and in *Hyde Park*, to see the races, horse and foot ?'

The wily Cromwell was not altogether indifferent to the breed of running-horses, and with one of the stallions in his stud—Place's White Turk—do the oldest of our pedigrees end. He had also a famous brood-mare, called the Coffin-Mare, from the circumstance of her being concealed in a vault during the search for his effects at the time of the Restoration. Mr. Place, stud-groom to Cromwell, was a conspicuous character of those days ; and, according to some, the White Turk was his individual property. Charles II. was a great patron of the race-course. He frequently honored this pastime with his presence, and appointed races to be run in Datchet Mead, as also at Newmarket, where his horses were entered in his own name, and where he rebuilt the decayed palace of his grandfather James I. He also visited other places at which races were instituted—Burford Downs, in particular—(since known as Bibury race-course, so often frequented by George IV. when Regent)—as witness the doggerel of old Baskerville :—

' Next, for the glory of the place,
Here has been rode many a race
King Charles the Second I saw here ;
But I've forgotten in what year.
The Duke of Monmouth here also
Made his horse to sweat and blow, &c.'

At this time it appears that prizes run for became more valuable than they formerly had been. Amongst them were bowls, and various other pieces of plate, usually estimated at the value of one hundred guineas ; and from the inscriptions on these trophies of victory, much interesting information might be obtained. This facetious monarch was likewise a breeder of race-horses, having imported mares from Barbary, and other parts, selected by his Master of the Horse, sent abroad for the purpose, and called Royal Mares—appearing as such in the stud-book to this day. One of these mares was the dam of Dodsworth, bred by the king, and said to be the earliest race-horse we have on record, whose pedigree can be properly authenticated.

James II. was a horseman, but was not long enough among his people to enable them to judge of his sentiments and inclinations respecting the plea-

* Some time after this the Duke of Buckingham's Helmsley Turk, and the Morocco Barb, were brought to England, and greatly improved the native breed.

tures of the turf. When he retired to France, however, he devoted himself to hunting, and had several first-rate English horses always in his stud. William II. and his queen were also patrons of racing; not only continuing the bounty of their predecessors, but adding several plates to the former donations. Queen Anne's consort, Prince George of Denmark, kept a fine stud, and the Curwen Bay Barb, and the celebrated Darley Arabian, appeared in this reign. The Queen also added several plates. George I. was no racer, but he discontinued silver plates as prizes, and instituted the *King's Plates*, as they have been since termed, being one hundred guineas, paid in cash. George II. cared as little for racing as his father, but to encourage the breed of horses, as well as to suppress low gambling, he made some good regulations for the suppression of pony races, and running for any sum under 50*l*. In his reign the Godolphin Arabian appeared, the founder of our best blood—the property of the then Earl of Godolphin.* George III., though not much a lover of the turf, gave it some encouragement as a national pastime; in the fourth year of his reign, however, Eclipse was foaled, and from that period may English racing be dated!

George IV. outstripped all his royal predecessors on the turf, in the ardour of his pursuit of it, and the magnificence of his racing establishment. Indeed, the epithet 'delighting in horses,'—applied by Pindar to Hiero,—might be applied to him, for no man could have been fonder of them than he was, and his judgment in every thing relating to them was considered excellent. He was the breeder of several first-rate race-horses, amongst which was Whiskey, the sire of Eleanor, the only winner of the Derby and Oaks great stakes, &c. &c. Our present gracious monarch—bred upon another element—has no taste for this sport; but continued it for a short time after his brother's death to run out his engagements, and also with a view of not throwing a damp over a pastime of such high interest to his subjects. It was at one time given out, that his Majesty had consented to keep his horses in training, *provided he did not lose more than 4000*l*. per annum by them*, but such has not been the case. A royal stud, however, still exists at Hampton Court, and the following celebrated horses at 1 mares are now there,—namely, an Arab, given to George IV. by (*then!*) the late Sir John Malcolm; the Colonel, Waterloo, Tranby, and Ranter, as stallions; Maria, Posthuma, Fleur-de-Lis, besides several other mares, some with foals by his own horses, and some by Sultan, Amilius, Camel, Priam and others, the best horses of the day. If we may judge from the last two sales of the yearlings—eighteen bringing within a trifle of 4000*l*.—his Majesty may find breeding not a losing game; and it is worthy of remark, that in his stud, a regard is paid to what is termed stout blood. For example, Waterloo is out of a Trumpeter, the Colonel a Delfini, Tranby† an Orville, and Ranter a Benningbrough mare. Some amusing anecdotes are on record touching the rather incongruous association of our sailor-king with the turf, one of which we will venture to repeat. Previously to the first appearance of the royal stud in the name of William

* The reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and George I. and II., are remarkable in the annals of the turf, as having been the days of the noted Tregonwell Frampton, Esq., a gentleman of family and fortune in the West of England, Master of the Horse during all the above-mentioned reigns; who had a house at Newmarket; was a heavy better, and, if not belied, a great rogue. The horrible charge against him, however, respecting his qualifying his horse, Dragon, for the race, by a violent outrage upon humanity, and alluded to by Dr. Hawlaworth in the 'Elysium of Beasts,' is supposed to be unfounded.

† Tranby, it will be recollected, performed the hitherto unrivalled feat of carrying Mr. Orbell's son sixteen miles in thirty-three minutes and twenty-five seconds, in his wonderful match against time over Newmarket course last October twelve months.

IV., the trainer had an audience of his Majesty, and humbly requested to be informed what horses it was the royal pleasure should be sent down? 'Send the whole *squad*,' said the king; '*some of them, I suppose will win.*'*

Previously to 1733, there were only two meetings in the year at Newmarket for the purpose of running horses, one in the spring, and another in October. At present there are seven, distinguished by the following terms:—The *Craven*, in compliment to the late Earl Craven, commencing on Easter Monday, and instituted in 1771. The *First Spring*, on the Monday fortnight following; the *Second Spring*, a fortnight after that, and instituted 1753. The *July*, commonly early in that month, instituted 1753. The *First October*, on the first Monday in that month; the *Second October*, on the Monday fortnight following, instituted 1762; and the *Third October*, of *Houghton*, a fortnight afterwards, instituted 1770. With the last-mentioned meeting, which, weather permitting, generally lasts a week, and at which there is a great deal of racing, the sports of the turf close for the year, with the exception of Tarporley, a very old hunt-meeting in Cheshire, now nearly abandoned; and a Worcester autumn meeting, chiefly for hunters and horses of the farmers within the hunt.

At Newmarket, though there were formerly six and eight mile races, there are now not more than four over the Beacon Course, or B. C. as it is called, which is four miles, in all the seven meetings. This is an improvement, not only on the score of humanity, but as far as regards sport, for horses seldom come in near to each other, after having run that course. Indeed, so much is the system of a four-mile heat disliked, that, when it does occur, the horses often walk the first two. It, indeed, sometimes happens otherwise, as in the case of *Chateau-Margaux* and *Mortgage*, in one of the meetings in 1826; but all who remember the struggle between those two noble animals—the very best of their kind, perhaps never exceeded in stoutness—and the state in which they appeared at the conclusion, can only think of it with disgust. *Chateau's* dead heat with *Lampighter* was something like a repetition of the scene; but, to the honour of their owners, they were not suffered to run another, and the plate was divided between them.

The Carrah of Kildare is said to be in some respects its equal, but nothing can be superior to Newmarket heath as a race-course. The nightly workings of the earth-worms keep it in that state of elasticity favourable to the action of the race-horse, and it is never known to be hard, although occasionally deep. But the great superiority of this ground consists in the variety of its courses, eighteen in number—adapted to every variety in age, weight, or qualifications of the horses, and hence of vast importance in match-making. Almost every race-horse has a marked peculiarity in his running. A stout horse ends his race to advantage up-hill; a speedy jade down-hill; another goes best over a flat, whilst there are a few that have no choice of ground—and some whom none will suit. The Newmarket

MS A.9.3, ff. 1r & v, 2v, 3.

* It is proper to remark, that the withdrawing the royal stud was compensated by additional King's Plates, and by his Majesty's present to the Jockey Club of the splendid challenge-prize—the *Feltpse Foot*, now in Lord Chesterfield's keeping.

Although other places claim precedence over Newmarket as the early scenes of public horse-racing, it is nevertheless the metropolis of the turf, and the only place in this island where there are more than two race meetings in the year. It does not appear that races took place there previously to Charles I.'s time; but Simon d'Ewes, in his Journal, speaks of a horse-race near Tanton, in Wiltshire, in the reign of James I., at which town most of the company spent the night of the race.

judge's box being on wheels, it is moved from one winning post to another, as the races are fixed to end, which is the case nowhere but at Newmarket.*

The office of judge at Newmarket varies from that of others filling similar situations. He neither sees the jockeys weighed out or in, as the term is, neither is he required to take notice of them or their horses, in the race. *He judges, and proclaims the winner by the colour*—that of every jockey who rides being handed to him before starting. Indeed, the horses are seldom seen by him until the race begins, as they generally proceed from their stables to the saddling-house by a circuitous rout. The best possible regulations are adopted for the proper preservation of the ground during the running, and we know of nothing to be found fault with, unless it be the horsemen being allowed to follow the race-horses up the course, which injures the ground when it is wet. It is true, a very heavy iron roller is employed upon it every evening in the meetings, but this cannot always be effective.

The racing ground on the heath has been the property of the Jockey Club since the year 1753. A great advantage is gained here by giving the power of preventing obnoxious persons coming upon it during the meetings; and it would be well if that power were oftener exerted. Betting posts are placed on various parts of the heath, at some one of which the sport-men assemble immediately after each race, to make their bets on the one that is to follow. As not more than half an hour elapses between the events, the scene is of the most animated description, and a stranger would imagine that all the tongues of Babel were let loose again. No country under the heavens, however produces such a scene as this, and he would feel a difficulty in reconciling the proceedings of those gentlemen of the betting-ring with the accounts he might read the next morning in the newspapers of the distressed state of England. 'What do you bet, on this race, my lord?' says a vulgar-looking man, on a shabby hack, with 'a shocking bad hat.' 'I want to back the field,' says my lord. 'So do I,' says the leg. 'I'll bet 500 to 200 you don't name the winner,' cries my lord. 'I'll take six,' exclaims the leg. 'I'll bet it you,' roars my lord. 'I'll doubt it,' bellows the leg. 'Done,' shouts the peer. 'Treble it?' 'No.' The bet is entered, and so much for *wanting to back the field*; but in love, war, and horse-racing, stratagem, we believe, is allowed. Scores of such scenes as this take place in those momentous half hours. All bets lost at Newmarket are paid the following morning, in the town, and 50,000*l.* or more, have been known to exchange hands in one day.

The principal feature in Newmarket is the New Rooms for the use of the noblemen and gentlemen of the Jockey Club, and others who are *members of the Rooms only*, situated in the centre of the town, and affording every convenience. Each Member pays thirty guineas on his entrance, and six guineas annually, *if he attends*—otherwise nothing. The number at present is fifty-seven:—two black balls exclude.

On entering the town from the London side, the first object of attraction is the house long occupied by the late Duke of Queensberry, but at present in a disgraceful state of decay. 'Kingston House' is now used as a 'hell'

* Great improvements have from time to time been effected on Newmarket heath, but particularly within the last twenty years, by the exertions of the Duke of Portland and Lord Lowther. These have been chiefly accomplished by manuring, sheep-folding, and paring and burning, by which means a better sort of covering to the surface has been procured; and likewise by destroying the tracts of old roads, particularly on that part called the Flat, which is undoubtedly the best racing ground in the world.

(sic transit gloria!); and the palace, the joint-work of so many royal architects, is partly occupied by a training-groom and partly by Mr. Grace of Rutland, whose festivities at Cheveley, during the race meetings, have very wisely been abridged. The Earl of Chesterfield has a house just on entering the town, and the Marquis of Exeter a most convenient one with excellent stabling attached. The Duke of Richmond, Mr. Christopher Wilson, father of the Turl, and several other eminent sportsmen, are also domiciled at Newmarket during the meetings. But the lion of the place will be the princely mansion now erecting for Mr. Crockford, of ultra-sporting notoriety. The *pleasaunce* of this *manor* consists of sixty acres, already inclosed by Mr. Crockford, within a high stone wall. The houses of the Chifneys are also stylish things. That of Samuel, the renowned jockey, is upon a large scale, and very handsomely furnished—the Duke of Devonshire occupying apartments in it during the meetings. That of William Chifney, the trainer, is still larger, and, when finished, will be perhaps, having Crockford's, the best house in Newmarket. Near to the town is the stud farm of Lord Leathley, where Partisan, and a large number of brood mares, are kept—the latter working daily on the farm, which is said to be advantageous to them. Within a few miles, within Lower Hare Park, the seat of Sir Mark Wood, with Upper Hare Park, General Grosvenor's, &c. &c. The stables of Newmarket are not altogether so good as we should expect to find them. In the public ones, perhaps those of Mr. J. P. Edwards, Stephenson, and Webb's (now Mr. Crockford's), are the best.

That noble gift of Providence, the horse, has not been bestowed upon mankind without conditions. The first demand on us is to treat him well; but, to avail ourselves of his full powers and capacity, we must take him out of the hands of nature, and place him in those of art; and no one can look into old works published on this subject, without being surprised with the change that has taken place in the system of training the race-horse. The 'Gentleman's Recreation,' published nearly a century and a half back, must draw a smile from the modern trainer, when he reads of the quackery to which the race-horse was then subject—a pint of gold sack having been one of his daily doses. Again, the 'British Sportsman,' by one Squire Osbaldiston, of days long since gone by, gravely informs its readers that one month is necessary to prepare a horse for a race; but 'if he be very fat or foul, or taken from grass, he might require two.' This wiseacre has also his juleps and syrups—'enough to make a horse sick' indeed—finishing with the whites of eggs and wine, internally administered, and cauting the legs of his charger with train oil and brandy. On the other hand, if these worthies could be brought to life again, it would astonish *them* to hear, that twelve months are now considered requisite to bring a race-horse quite at the top of his mark to the post. The objects of the training-groom can only be accomplished by medicine, which purifies the system,—exercise, which increases muscular strength,—and food, which produces vigour beyond what nature imparts. To this is added the necessary operation of periodical sweating, to remove the superfluities of flesh and fat, which process is more or less necessary to all animals called upon to engage in corporeal exertions, beyond their ordinary powers. With either a man or a horse, his skin is his complexion; and whether it be the prize-fighter who strips in the ring, or the race-horse at the starting post; that has been subjected to this treatment, a lustre of health is exhibited such as no other system can produce.

The most difficult points in the trainer's art have only been called into practice since the introduction of one, two, and three-year-old stakes, never dreamt of in the days of Cauders or Eclipse. Saving and exhibiting the

treatment of doubtful legs, whatever else he has to do in his stable is comparatively trifling to the act of bringing a young one quite up to the mark and keeping him there till he is wanted. The cock was sacred to *Æsculapius* by reason of his well-known watchfulness, nor should the eye of a training groom be shut whilst he has an animal of this description under his care, for a change may take place in him in a night, which, like a frost over the blossoms, will blast all hopes of his success. The immense value, again which a very promising colt now attains in the market adds greatly to the charge over him; and much credit is due to the trainer who brings him well through his engagements, whether he be a winner, or not.

The treatment of the seasoned race-horse is comparatively easy and straightforward, with the exception of such as are very difficult to keep in place, by reason of constitutional peculiarities. Those which have been at work are thus treated, we mean when the season is concluded;—by indulgence in their exercise, they are suffered to gather flesh, or become ‘lusty,’ as the term is, to enable them the better to endure their physic; but, in addition to two hours’ walking exercise, they must have a gentle gallop, to keep them quiet. If frost sets in, they are walked in a paddock upon litter, it being considered dangerous to take them at that time from home. When the weather is favourable, they commence a course of physic, consisting of three doses, at an interval of about eight days between each. A vast alteration has taken place in the strength of the doses given, and, consequently, accidents from physic now more rarely occur. Eight drachms of Barbadoes does form the *largest* dose at present given to aged horses, with six and a half to four-years olds, six to three-years olds, five to two-year olds, and from three to four yearlings. After physic—and after Christmas,—they begin to do rather better work, and in about two months before their first engagement comes on, they commence their regular sweats—the distance generally four miles. After their last sweat, the jockeys who are to ride them generally give them a good gallop, by way of feeling their mouths and rousing them, for they are apt to become shifty, as it is termed, with the *bays* who have not sufficient power over them. The act of sweating the race-horse is always a course of anxiety to his trainer, and particularly so on the eve of a great race, for which he may be a favourite. The great weight of clothes with which he is laden is always dangerous and often fatal to his legs, and there is generally a spy at hand to ascertain whether he pulls up sound or lame. Some nonsense has been written by the author of a late work,* about omitting sweating in the process of training; but what would the Chifneys say to this? They are acknowledged pre-eminent in the art, but they are also acknowledged to be very severe with their horses in their work,—and, without sweating them in clothes, they would find it necessary to be much more so than they are. It is quite certain, that horses cannot race without doing severe work—but the main point to be attended to, is *not to hurry them in their work*. As to resting them for many weeks at a time, as was formerly the case, that practice is now entirely exploded amongst all superior judges, and experience has proved, that not only the race-horse, but the hunter, is best for being kept going, the year round—at times, gently, of course. With each, as with man, idleness is the parent of misfortune.

Thucydides says of Themistocles, that he was a good guesser of the future by the past; but this will not do in racing; and not only prudence, but justice towards the public demands that a race-horse should be tried at different periods of his training. The first great point is obviously to ascertain the maximum speed, and the next to discover how that is affected by

weight : but here there are difficulties against which no judgment can provide, and which, when the best intentions have been acted upon, have led to false conclusions. The horse may not be quite up to his mark, on the day of trial—or the horse, or horses, with which he is tried, may not be so : the nature of the ground, and the manner of running it, may likewise not be suited to his capabilities or his action. *At the trial and his race may be very differently run.* Chifney, in his *Genius Genuine*, says, the race-horse Magpie was a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards a better horse some days than others, in the distance of two miles ! Tiresias won the Derby for the Duke of Portland in a canter, to the ruin of many of the betting men, who thought his chance was gone from his previous trial with Snake, who beat him with much ease. It afterwards came out, that his being beaten at the trial had been owing to the incapacity of the boy who rode him—and he was a bad horse to ride : indeed, we remember his taking old Cliff, his jockey, nearly into Epsom town before he could pull him up, after winning the race. We are compelled, however, to observe that much deception in the late years has been resorted to, by *false accounts* of trials, and thereby making horses favourites for the great stakes—as in the instances of Panic, Premier, Swap, the General, Prince Llewellyn, and others—some of whom were found to be as bad as they had been represented to be good. But the trial of trials took place many years back at Newmarket, in the time of George I. A match was made between the notorious Tregonwell Frampton and Sir W. Strickland, to run two horses over Newmarket for a considerable sum of money ; and the betting was heavy between the north and south country sportsmen on the event. After Sir W. Strickland's horse had been a short time at Newmarket, Frampton's groom, with the knowledge of his master, endeavoured to induce the baronet's groom to have a private trial, *at the weights and distance of the match*, and thus to make the race safe. Sir William's man had the honesty to inform his master of the proposal, when he ordered him to accept it, but to be sure to deceive the other by putting seven pounds more weight in the stuffing of his own saddle. *Frampton's groom had already done the same thing*, and in the trial, Merlin, Sir William's horse, beat his opponent about a length. 'Now,' said Frampton to his satellite, 'my fortune is made, and so is yours ; if our horse can run so near Merlin with seven pounds extra, what will he do in the race ?' The betting became immense. The south-country tortifes, who had been let into the secret by Frampton, told those from the north, that 'they would bet them gold against Merlin while gold they had, and then they might sell their land.' Both horses came well to the post, and of course the race came off like the trial.

The Jockey Club law is very strict as to trials at Newmarket, notice being obliged to be given to the keeper of the trial-black within one hour after the horses have been tried, enforced by a penalty of 10*l.* for neglecting it ; and any person detected watching a trial is also severely dealt with. Nevertheless, formerly, watching trials was a trade at Newmarket, nor is it quite done away with at the present day ; though we have reason to believe that the better who should trust much to information obtained by such means would very soon break down. It often happens that the jockeys who ride trials know nothing of the result beyond the fact of *which horses ran fastest*, as they are kept in ignorance of the weight they carry—a good load of shot being frequently concealed in the stuffing of their saddles.

But to return for a moment to the effect of weight on the race-horse. Perhaps an instance of the most minute observation of this effect is to be found in a race at Newcastle-under-Lyme, some years back, between four

horses had been killed by the celebrated Dr. Bullyse; namely, Sir John Egerton's Asbury, 4 years old, 8 stone 6 pounds;—Mr. Mytton's Handel, 4 years old, 7 stone 11 pounds;—Sir William Wynne's Taragon, 4 years old, 8 stone;—Sir Thomas Stanley's Cedric, 3 years old, 6 stone 13 pounds. The following was the result. *Of the first three heats there was no winner, Taragon and Handel being each time nose and nose; and, although Asbury is stated to have been third the first heat, yet he was so nearly on a level with the others, that there was a difficulty in placing him as such. After the second heat, Mr. Littleton, who was steward, requested the Doctor and two other gentlemen to look steadily at the horses, and try to decide in favour of one of them, but it was impossible to do so. In the third dead heat, Taragon and Handel had struggled with each other till they reeled about like drunken men, and could scarcely carry their riders to the scales. Asbury, who had laid by after the first heat, then came out and won; and it is generally believed the annals of the turf cannot produce such a contest as this. So much for a good handicap, formed on a thorough knowledge of the horses, their ages, and their public running.*

Taking into consideration the immense sums of money run for by English race-horses, the persons that ride them form an important branch of society, and although the term 'jockey' is often used in a metaphorical sense, in allusion to the unfair dealings of men, yet there ever have been, and now are, jockeys of high moral character, whom nothing would induce to do wrong. Independently of trustworthiness, their avocation requires a union of the following not every-day qualifications:—considerable bodily power in a very small compass; much personal intrepidity;—a kind of habitual insensibility to provocation, bordering upon apathy, which no efforts of an opponent—in a race—can get the better of; and an habitual check upon the tongue. Exclusive of the peril with which the actual race is attended, his profession lays a heavy tax on the constitution. The jockey must not only at times work hard, but, the hardest of all tasks—he must work upon an empty stomach. During his preparation for the race, he must have the abstinence of an Asiatic—indeed, it too often happens that at meals he can only be a spectator—we mean during the period of his wasting. To sum up all—he has to work hard, and deprive himself of every comfort, risking his neck into the bargain, and for what?—Why, for five guineas if he wins, and three if he loses a race. The famous Platt, the jockey of the no less famous little Gimcrack, (of whom, man and horse, there is a fine portrait, by Stubbs,) rode eleven races over the Beacon course in one day, making, with returning to the post on his back, a distance of eighty-eight miles in his saddle.

Of course we must go to Newmarket for the élite of this fraternity, and this reminds us that Francis Buckle is not there. He is in his grave; but he has left behind him not merely an example for all young jockeys to follow, but proof that honesty is the best policy, for he died in the esteem of all the racing world, and in the possession of a comfortable independence, acquired by his profession. What the Greek said of Fabricius might be said of him—that it would have been as difficult to have turned the sun from its course, as to have turned him from his duty; and having said this, we should like to say a little more of him. He was the son of a saddler, at Newmarket—no wonder he was so good on the saddle—and commenced in the late Honourable Richard Verney's stables at a very early age. He rode the winners of five Derby, seven Oaks, and two St. Leger stakes, besides, to use his own words, *most of the good things at Newmarket*, in his time; but it was in 1802 that he so greatly distinguished himself at Epsom by taking long odds,

that he won both Derby and Oaks, on what were considered very unlikely horses to win either. His Derby horse was the Duke of Grafton's Tyrant, with seven to one against him, beating Mr. Wilson's Young Eclipse, considered the best horse of his year. Young Eclipse made the play, and was opposed by Sir Charles Bunbury's Orlando, who contested every inch of ground with him for the first mile. From Buckle's fine judgment of *pace*, he was convinced they must both stop; so following and watching them with Tyrant, he came up and won, to the surprise of all who saw him, *with one of the worst horses that ever won a Derby.* The following year, Young Eclipse beat Tyrant, giving him 5lbs. Buckle, having made one of his two events safe, had then a *fancy*, that Mr. Wastell's Scotia could win the Oaks, if he were on her back, and he got permission to ride her. *She was beaten three times between Tottenham's corner and home*; but he got her up again in front, and won the race, by a head. The Newmarket people declared they had never seen such a race before, snatched out of the fire, as it were, by fine riding. In another place (Lewes), he won an extraordinary race against a horse of the late Mr. Durand's, on which he had a considerable sum of money depending, thus winning his race, but losing his money. He rode Sancho for Mr. Melbush, in his great match with Pavilion, and was winning it when his horse broke down. He also won the Doncaster St. Leger, with Sancho.

Buckle, as we have already said, commenced riding exercise at a very early age, but his first appearance in public was on a colt of Mr. Vernon's, in 1783, when he rode one pound short of four stone, with his saddle. He soon entered the service of the late Earl Grosvenor, with whom he remained to his death. His weight was favourable, being seldom called upon to reduce himself, as he could ride seven stone, eleven pounds with ease. He continued riding in public until past his sixty-fifth year, and his nerve was good even to the last, although, as might be expected, he was latterly shy of a crowd, and generally cast an eye to the state of the legs and feet, when asked to ride a horse he did not know. His jockeying green Mantle, however, for Lord Exeter in the second October meeting, 1825, and winning with her, after the tricks she played with him before starting, showed that even then his courage was unshaken. But it is not only in public, but in private life, that Buckle stood well. He was a kind father and husband, and a good master, and his acts of charity were conspicuous for a person in his situation of life, who might be said to have gotten all he possessed, first by the sweat of his brow, and then at the risk of his life. In a short biographical sketch of him, his little peculiarities are noticed in rather an amusing style. 'He was,' says his biographer, 'a great patron of the sock and buskin, and often bespoke plays for the night in country towns. He was a master of hounds, a breeder of greyhounds, fighting cocks, and bull-dogs (proh pudor!), and always celebrated for his hacks. In the language of the stud book, his first wife had no produce; but out of the second he had several children. We may suppose he chose her as he would a race-horse, for she was not only very handsome, but very good. He left three sons, who are comfortably and respectably settled in life—one a solicitor, one a druggist, and the other a brewer.' 'Young Buckle' is his nephew, and considered a fair jockey, though he does not ride so often as his uncle was called upon to do. But Frank Buckles are scarce.

The present Samuel Chifney, presents the *beau idéal* of a jockey—elegance of seat, perfection of mind, judgement of face all united, and

How much is it to be lamented, that we have no faithful representation of the Olympic jockeys—of Philip on his brother to Polyphemus, or the king of Syracuse on Phreicus! We are not to expect that they were dressed à la Chifney, but we

power in his saddle beyond any man of his weight that ever yet sat in one. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he is son of the late celebrated jockey of his name, by the daughter of a training groom, consequently well bred for his profession, to which he is a first-rate ornament. Such a rider as James Robinson may slip him, but no man can struggle with him at the end, and his efforts in his saddle, during the last few strides of his horse, are quite without example. There are, however, peculiarities in his riding. Excellent judge as he is of what his own horse and others are doing in a race, and in a crowded one too, he is averse to making running, sometimes even to a fault. Let whatever number of horses start, Chisney is almost certain to be amongst the last until towards the end of the race, when he creeps up to his brother jockeys in a manner peculiarly his own. But it is in the rush he makes at the finish that he is so pre-eminent, exhibiting, as he said before, powers unexceeded by any one. His riding his own horse, Zaganee, for the Claret stakes (Craven meeting, 1829), was a fine specimen of his style, when contending against Buckle and James Robinson, and winning to the astonishment of the field. In height, he is about five feet seven, rather tall for a jockey, and not a good waster. In fact, he is subject to much punishment to get to the Derby weight. Samuel does not ride often, but whenever he does his horse rises in the market, as was the case with his father before him at one period of his life.

Some anecdotes are related of Chisney, confirming his great coolness in a race, and among others the following:—Observing a young jockey (a son of the celebrated Clift) making very much too free with his horse, he addressed him thus: ‘Where are you going, boy? Stay with me, and you’ll be second.’ The boy drew back his horse; and a fine race ensued, but when it came to a struggle, we need not say who won it. Chisney’s method of finishing his race is the general theme of admiration on the turf. ‘Suppose,’ says he, ‘a man had been carrying a stone, too heavy to be pleasant, in one hand, would he not find much ease by shifting it into the other? Thus, after a jockey has been riding over his horse’s fore legs for a couple of miles, must it not be a great relief to him when he sits back in his saddle, and, as it were, divides the weight more equally? But caution is required,’ he adds, ‘to preserve a due equilibrium, so as not to disturb the action of a tired horse.’ Without doubt, this celebrated performer imbibed many excellent lessons from his father, but he is considered to be the more powerful jockey of the two.

James Robinson, also, the son of a training groom, is a jockey of the highest celebrity, and, as far as the art of horsemanship extends, considered the safest rider of the present day. He may owe much of this celebrity to his having, when a boy, had the advantage of being in the stables of Mr. Robinson, the chief of the Newmarket trainers, and riding many of the trials of

could not see deformity on such classic ground. As suited to their occupation, nothing can be more neat—nothing more perfect—nothing more in keeping, than the present costume of the English jockey; but a century back it was differently personified. ‘Your clothes,’ says the author of *The Gentleman’s Recreation*, in his direction to his race-rider—for by the poet, annexed we must decline calling him jockey—‘should be of coloured silk, or of white Holland, as being very advantageous to the spectator. Your waistcoat and drawers (then culottes, we presume) must be made close to your body, and on your head a little cap of black. Let your boots be gartered up fast, and your spurs must be of good metal. The saddle that this living object—this figure of fun—was placed upon, also had a defence to good jockeyship, being nearly a fac-simile of that upon a child’s rocking horse; and which, from the want of a proper flap, as well as from the forward position of the stirrup-leathers, gave no support to the knee.

his extensive and prosperous studs. When we state that such a rider as Robinson is considered equal to the allowance of three points weight to his horse, we can account for his having been employed by the first sportsmen of the day. It is supposed that he has ridden the winners of more great races than any jockey of his time. In 1823, he won the Derby and the St. Leger, receiving 1000*l.* from a Scotch gentleman (a great winner) as a reward for the latter; and in the following year he went a step beyond this. He won Derby, Oaks, and *was married* all in the same week, fulfilling, as some asserted, a prediction—according to other authorities a *bet*. We may also notice his kindness towards his family, which we have reason to believe is most creditable to him. As a jockey, he is perfect.

William Clift is next entitled to notice, as one of the oldest, the steadiest and best of the Newmarket jockeys, and famed for riding trials, but he has taken leave of the saddle. William Arnall, who has ridden for most of the great sportsmen of the day, has long been in esteem at Newmarket, and considered particularly to excel in matches. He has been much afflicted with gout, but when well, is a fine rider, and steady and honest, as his father was before him. Being occasionally called upon to waste, he feels the inconvenience of his disorder, and the following anecdote is related of him. Meeting an itinerant piper towards the end of a long and painful walk,—‘Well, old boy,’ said he, ‘I have heard that music cheers the weary soldier: why should it not enliven the wasting jockey? Come, play a tune, and walk before me to Newmarket.’ Perhaps he had been reading the Mourning Bride.

‘A good name is as a precious ointment,’ and by uniform correct conduct in the saddle, as well as in the stable, John Day—a very celebrated jockey—has acquired that of ‘honest John.’ The endowments of nature are not always hereditary, and well for our hero that they are not, for he is the son of a man who weighed twenty stone, whereas he himself can ride seven! His winning the Newmarket Oaks on Pastime, with nine stone six pounds on her back, is considered his *chef-d’œuvre*. He resides at Stockbridge in Hampshire, where he has a large training establishment, and several race-horses of his own. Samuel Day, his brother, is also a jockey of great ability, and a singularly elegant horseman, with remarkably fine temper. Whentley is the son of an eminent jockey of that name, who rode for the celebrated O’Kelly, and contemporary with South and Pratt. He is a fine horseman, and esteemed a dangerous opponent in a race by reason of his tact in creeping up to his horses, when little thought on, and winning when least expected. He is likewise a severe punisher when punishment is wanted, and has a character free from taint. He has ridden Mameluke in some of his best races, and exhibited a rare specimen of his art in the ever memorable contest between that fine race-horse and Zingance, with Chisney on his back, for the Ascot cup, 1829. Ascot Heath never was honored before by so many good horses,—and, alas! never again by the presence of George IV. George Dockery stands high on the list as a powerful and good horseman, with excellent nerve in a crowd; but he is a bad waster, and is much punished to bring himself to the three-year-old weights. Frank Boyce is very good, and esteemed an excellent starter, a great advantage in the short races of the present day. Richard, or Young Boyce, as he is called at Newmarket, a very pretty horseman, with a good head, has now given up riding, owing to being too heavy. Conolly, who has been riding successfully for Lords Chichester and Verulam, is in high repute at Newmarket. He has a bad Irish sent, but he is very strong upon his horse, and his hand and head are good. Wright is also a steady good rider, and comes light to the scale. He has been very successful on ‘Crutch.’ Nitt is a very improving jockey.

and is engaged by the Earl of Chesterfield. James Chapple, very good and very light, seven stone without wasting, rode the winner of Derby and Oaks this year. Arthur Pavis has the call for the light weights at Newmarket, worth 100*l.* per annum to him at least. He is in very high practice in public and private, and never being called upon to waste, is in great request, and perhaps rides more races in the year than any other jockey in England. As practice makes perfect, Pavis is approaching perfection, and will, no doubt, arrive at it in time. He has a very elegant seat, being cast in the mould for a jockey, and is very full of power for his size. Another of the clever light weights is Samuel Mann—the lightest man of all his Newmarket brethren, and of course very often employed. Macdonald, another Newmarket jockey, is a very superior horseman, whose skill is not confined to the turf. He is famed for riding and driving trotting matches, having ridden Driver against Rattler, and driven Mr. Payne's Rochester against Rattler in the disputed match. He has capital nerve, and shines upon savage horses, which many would be unwilling to encounter. Darling, a very eminent country jockey, has lately been riding for Lord Exeter at Newmarket, where we hope he will be often employed, as he has been very true to his *clients*, Messrs. Houldsworth, Ormsby Gore, and others.

The name of Goodison has been long associated with Newmarket, the late Richard Goodison having been so many years rider to the Duke of Queensberry, with whom the present jockey, Thomas Goodison, began, by winning the famous match on Pecker, against Bennington in 1795, B. C., five hundred guineas aside, then riding only 4*st.* 1*lb.*, and six to four on him at starting. His father accompanied him on a thorough-bred horse during the latter part of the race, as he was riding against an experienced jockey, and perhaps his instructions enabled him to win. Thomas Goodison rode much for the late king, but his 'first master,' as the term is, was the Duke of York, for whom he won many great races, and particularly distinguished himself by winning the Claret stakes with Moses (with whom he also won the Derby) in the Craven meeting of 1823, beating Morisco, Posthuma, and three other good ones, by *extreme judgment* in riding the race. He has ever been distinguished for his patience and decision, and the turf lost a first-rate jockey when he retired.

There are more Edwardses at Newmarket than there were Cæsars at Rome, and they all ride, as it were, by instinct. James, or Tiny Edwards, as he is called—par excellence of course—is father of all the jockeys that bear that name, and also of William, formerly a jockey, who trained for his late majesty, and has a pension and part of the palace and stables at Newmarket, as his reward. James trains for the Earl of Jersey, and is considered first-rate, and particularly so in his preparation for the Derby course. The cleverest of the jockeys is Harry, (the one-eyed man who lived with the late Earl Fitzwilliam,) a very elegant horseman; and our Caledonian friends will not forget his winning the King's Plate on Terror. George is likewise very good, as are Charles and Edward, young ones, not forgetting Frederick, little better than a child, but with the seat of an old man. When his late majesty saw his own horses mixed with Lord Jersey's at Ascot, and the answer to every question of 'Who is that?' was 'Edwards,' 'Bless me,' exclaimed the king, 'what lots of jockeys that woman breeds!' It happens, however, that they are the produce of three different marriages, so the glories come, as Garter would say, from the Baron, not the Queen. We are sorry to say Samuel Barnard has lost his eye sight. He was a steady, good jockey, and rode for the Duke of Rutland,

Lord Henry Fitzroy, and several of the best sportsmen on Newmarket heath. But we must not conclude without mentioning old Forth, as he is called, who won the Derby in 1829, at the age of sixty, with a horse very little thought of before starting. He also won a very large sum of money on the event, and has now a string of horses in training.*

Every trade, profession, or pursuit, opens, in its own peculiar circle of habits, a distinct subject of study; and perhaps the existence of the Newmarket stable-boy, a thing on which the majority of our readers have never spent a thought, might, as painted by Holcroft, interest them more than the most accurate delineation of many higher modes and aspects of life. In that able writer's Memoirs—the genuine and really valuable part of them—all this is capitally described, from his first arrival at Newmarket to his final departure, at the age of sixteen; from his fall off Mr. Woodcock's iron-grey filly, in his novitiate, to his being one of the best exercise-riding boys in the town—until all his equestrian hopes were ruined by 'fiddling away his time in reading,' as he was emphatically told by his master; by his spelling a word of six syllables, to the surprise of his drunken schoolmaster; by his being

* It is said of the Yorkshire jockeys that they should come to Newmarket for a seat. It is true they do not appear to such advantage in the saddle as their brethren of the south, nor, speaking generally, are they equal to them in their calling; but many very excellent jockeys have always been to be found in the north. At the head of those now alive is the noted Billy Pierce, who used to ride Hippazard for the Duke of Cleveland. Having feathered his nest well, he has retired, but is remarkable for the hospitality of his house, situated in the town of Richmond. Robert Johnson is likewise one of the oldest, best, and we may add, most successful of the northern jockeys, having ridden Doctor Syntax throughout his glorious career, and been four times winner of the St. Leger stakes; but John Jackson eclipsed him, having experienced that honor no less than as often again, a circumstance unparalleled among jockeys, and he very nearly won it the ninth time, on Blacklock. Johnson trained and rode Galopade for Mr. Riddell, the winner of the Doncaster cup last year. John Shepherd, an old jockey, is still alive, keeping a public-house at Malton. Shepherd was supposed to be the best judge of pace in a four-mile race of any man of his time. We are sorry to hear that John Mangle, another eminent Yorkshire jockey, is blind. He won the St. Leger five times, three in succession—for the Duke of Hamilton, and in all four times for his Grace. Ben Smith has retired rich; but the renowned John Singleton, one of the riders of Eclipse, and the first winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, 1776, for the late Lord Rockingham, died a pauper in Chester workhouse.

George Nelson is a very conspicuous man among the northern jockeys, and the more so, as having been thought worthy of being transplanted to the south to ride for his late majesty, in the room of the second best jockey at Newmarket, viz. Robinson. Nelson was brought up by the late Earl of Scarborough, in whose opinion he stood high, and his lordship confirmed it by a pension. He won the St. Leger for the Earl on Tarrare, a very unexpected event. He was likewise very successful in his exertions for his late majesty, from whom he also had his reward; but his great performances were upon Lottery, Fleur de Lis, and Mina, having never been beaten on the first two, and winning no less than eight times in one year on the latter. He first distinguished himself in a race at York, when riding only 6st. 4lbs. Tommy Eye, as he is called, is a very celebrated northern jockey, a great winner for the Duke of Cleveland and others, and rides very light, and very well. Templeman, the Duke of Leeds' rider, and Thomas Nicholson, also stand high. But the Chifney of the north is William Scott, and perhaps for hand, seat, and science in a race has very little inferior to any one. He rode St. Giles, the winner of last year's Derby, for Mr. Ridsdale, and won the Leger for Mr. Watt, once (on Meunon), and for Mr. Petre, twice, viz. with the Colonel and Rowton. A very excellent print of the latter horse and himself has been published by Ackeman, from a painting by Herring. But such men as Scott, Chifney, and Robinson, generally appear to advantage—they are in great request, and consequently are put on the best horses in the race, and have the best chance to distinguish themselves. William Scott is possessed of considerable property (part in right of his wife), and is brother to the well-known Yorkshire trainer of his name.

detected in studying Arnold's Psalmody, under the guidance of the journeyman leather-breeches maker; and, lastly, in casting up figures on the stable-doors with a nail, from which the other boys, and the old housekeeper to boot, augured his very soon running mad.

Although, to use his own words, Holcroft scarcely saw a biped at Newmarket in whom he could find anything to admire, and despised his companions for the grossness of all their ideas, he had no reason to complain of his treatment by the several masters whom he served, and especially by Mr. Woodcock:

"He discovered a little too late, that the dark-grey filly, and I could not be trusted safely together. But though he turned me away, he did not desert me. He recommended me to the service of a little deformed groon, remarkably long in the fork, I think by the name of Johnstone, who was esteemed an excellent rider, and had a string of no less than thirteen famous horses, the property of the Duke of Grafton, under his care. This was acknowledged to be a service of great repute; but the shrewd little groon soon discovered that I had all my trade to learn, and I was again dismissed."

After bewailing his misfortune of being out of place, and so far from home, *ex forma piti peris*, he thus proceeds:—

"I know not where I got the information, nor how, but in the very height of my distress I heard that Mr. John Watson, training and riding-groom to Captain Vernon, a gentleman of acute notoriety on the turf, and in partnership with Lord March, now Duke of Queensberry, was in want of, but just then found it difficult to procure, a stable-boy. To make this pleasing intelligence more welcome, the general character of John Watson was, that, though he was one of the first grooms in Newmarket, he was remarkable for being good tempered; yet the manner in which he disciplined his boys, though mild, was effectual, and few were in better repute. One consequence of this, however, was, that if any lad was dismissed by John Watson, it was not easy for him to find a place.* With him Jack Clarke lived, the lad with whom I came from Nottingham: this was another fortunate circumstance, and contributed to inspire me with confidence. My present hopes were so strongly contrasted with my late fears, that they were indeed enviable. To speak for once in metaphor, I had been as one of those who walk in the shadow of the valley of Aith, an accidental beam of the sun broke forth, and I had a beautiful view of heaven."

"It was no difficult matter to meet with John Watson; he was so attentive to stable-hours, that except on extraordinary occasions, he was always to be found. Being first careful to make myself look as much like a stable-boy as I could, I came at the hour of four, (the summer hour, for opening the afternoon stables, giving a slight feed of oats, and going out to evening exercise,) and ventured to ask if I could see John Watson. The immediate answer was in the affirmative. John Watson came, looked at me with a serious but good natured countenance, and accosted me with, "Well, my lad; what is your business? I suppose I can guess; you want a place?" "Yes, Sir." "Who have you lived with?" "Mr. Woodcock, on the forest. One of your boys, Jack Clarke, brought me with him from Nottingham." "How came you to leave Mr. Woodcock?" "I had a sad fall from an iron grey filly, that almost killed me." "That's bad, indeed! and so you left him?" "He turned me away, Sir." "That's honest. I like your speaking the truth. So you're come from him to me?" At this question I cast

*This is still the case at Newmarket. No trainer will take a boy that offers him; and until his late master has been consulted.

my eyes down, and hesitated, then fearfully answered, "No, Sir."—"No! what, change masters twice in so short a time?" "I can't help it, Sir, if I'm turned away." This last answer made him smile. "Where are you now, then?" "Mr. Johnstone gave me leave to stay with the boys a few days." "That's a good sign. I suppose you mean little Mr. Johnstone at the other end of the town?" "Yes, Sir." "Well, as you have been so short a time in the stables, I am not surprised he should turn you away; he would have everybody about him as clever as himself; they must all know their business thoroughly; however, they must learn it somewhere. I will venture to give you a trial but I must first inquire your character of my good friends Woodcock and Johnstone. Come to-morrow morning at nine, and you shall have an answer." It may well be supposed I did not forget the appointment, and a fortunate one I found it, for I was accepted on trial, at four pounds or guineas a year, with the usual livery clothing.

It was in the service of John Watson that Holcroft became a horseman, and the exercise of his skill, in his contest with a certain strapping dun horse is very amusingly told:—

"It was John Watson's general practice to exercise his horses over the flat and up Cowbridge hill; but the rule was not invariable. One wintry day he ordered us up to the Bury hills. It mizzled a very sharp sleet; the wind became uncommonly cutting, and Dan, being remarkable for a tender skin, found the wind and sleet, which blew directly up his nostrils, so very painful, that it suddenly made him outrageous. He started from the rank in which he was walking, tried to unseat me, endeavoured to set off full speed, and when he found he could not master me so as to get head, began to rear, snorting most violently, threw out behind, plunged, and used every mischievous exertion of which the muscular powers of a blood-horse are capable. I, who felt the uneasiness he suffered, before his violence began, being luckily prepared, sat firm, and as steady and upright as if this had been his usual exercise. John Watson was riding beside his horses, and a groom—I believe it was old Cheever—broke out into an exclamation—"By G—d, John that's a fine lad!" "Aye, aye," replied Watson, highly satisfied; "you will find some time or other there are few in Newmarket that will match him." It will not be amiss here to remark, that boys with straight legs, small calves, and knees that project but little seldom become excellent riders. I, on the other hand, was somewhat bow-legged; I had then the custom of turning in my toes, and my knees were protuberant. I soon learned that the safe hold for sitting steady, was to keep the knee and the calf of the leg strongly pressed against the side of the animal that endeavours to unhorse you; and as little accidents afford frequent occasions to remind boys of this rule, it becomes so rooted in the memory of the intelligent, that their danger is comparatively trifling."

Of the comparative good and bad temper of race-horses, the dramatist thus speaks:—

"The majority of them are playful, but their gambols are dangerous to the timid or unskilful. They are all easily and suddenly alarmed, when anything they do not understand forcibly catches their attention; and they are then to be feared by the bad horseman, and carefully guarded against by the good. Very serious accidents have happened to the best. But, besides their general disposition to playfulness, there is a great propensity in them to become what the jockeys call vicious. Tom, the brother of John Clarke, after sweating a grey horse that belonged to Lord March, with whom he lived, while he was either scraping or dressing him, was seized by the animal

by the shoulder, lifted from the ground, and carried two or three hundred yards before the horse loosened his hold. Old Forester, a horse that belonged to Captain Vernon, all the while I remained at Newmarket, was obliged to be kept apart, and to live at grass, where he was confined to a close paddock. Except Tom Watson, a younger brother of John, he would suffer no lad to come near him. If in his paddock, he would run furiously at the person that approached, and if in the stable, would kick and assault every one within his reach. When I had been about a year and a half at Newmarket, Captain Vernon thought proper to match Forester against Elephant, a horse belonging to Sir Jannison Shaftoe, whom by-the-bye I saw ride this famous match. It was a four-mile heat over the straight course; and the abilities of Forester were such, that he passed the flat, ascended the hill, as far as the distance-post, nose to nose with Elephant, so that John Watson, who rode him began to conceive hopes. Between this and the chair, Elephant, in consequence of hard whipping, got some little way before him, while Forester exerted every possible power to recover at least his lost equality; till finding all his efforts ineffectual, he made one sudden spring, and caught Elephant by the under jaw, which he gripped so violently as to hold him back; nor was it without the utmost difficulty that he could be forced to quit his hold! Poor Forester he lost, but he lost most honorably! Every experienced groom thought it a most extraordinary circumstance.

Of the stable discipline among the boys, Holcroft gives the following little specimen —

‘I remember to have been so punished once, with an ashens stick, for falling asleep in my horse’s stall, that the blow I concluded, was given by Tom Watson, as I thought no other boy in the stable could have made so large a wale; it reached from the knee to the instep, and was of a finger’s breadth.’

We conclude our extracts from this amusing history of a stable-boy’s progress, with something like a shot at the march of the present very refined times:—

‘I ought to mention, that though I have spoken of Mr. Johnstone, and may do of more *Misters*, it is only because I have forgotten their Christian names; for, to the best of my recollection, when I was at Newmarket, it was the invariable practice to denominate each groom by his Christian and surname, unless any one happened to possess some peculiarities that marked him. I know not what appellations are given to grooms at Newmarket at the present day, but at the time I speak of, if any grooms had been called *Misters*, my master would have been among the number; and his appellation by everybody, except his own boys, who called him John, was John Watson.’

We have reason to believe there are no ‘*Johns*’ among the Newmarket trainers of these times, though we much doubt the benefit of the change to *Mister*, and all the appliances to boot. If we mistake not Sir Charles Buxbury’s training-groom wore livery to the last. At all events, Newmarket jockies and their Jennys were not then to be seen in an Opera-box, which we find is no uncommon occurrence now. ‘A cow at the Opera’ would have been considered equally in her element.

Those who have only seen race-horses on a race-course would be surprised to witness what discipline is required in many of them in their training, and the perfect command they obtain over them. In the neighbourhood of large racing establishments, the parents of poor children are

glad to embrace an opportunity of putting them into the stables of a training-groom; knowing that they are certain to be well fed and taken care of, with a fair chance of rising in the world. But the question that would suggest itself is,—How are the poor little fellows made equal to the task of riding so highly-spirited an animal as the race-horse in a few weeks after they are put to the task? The fact is, that Tom or Jack is little more than a looker-on for the first month, or so. He makes the other lad's beds, and performs sundry odd jobs: but then he has his eyes open—if he shows no signs of opening them, he is rejected in a twinkling; and he sees the other boys in their saddles, and observes the confidence with which they appear in them. After a certain time he is placed upon his master's hack, or a quite pony, and becomes a spectator on the training-ground. So soon as he has the rudiments of hand and seat he is put on the quiet horse in the string—generally one that has been some time training, and has been doing good work—who follows those that are before him, without attempting to swerve from the track, or to play any antic tricks. The head lad generally leads the gallop, being the best judge of pace, unless it be necessary to put him on some other horse which is difficult to ride, and not well calculated to lead. In that case he generally places himself second, so that he may instruct the boy before him; but all this takes place under the watchful eye of the trainer.

Order is the beauty and strength of society; and neither in school nor university is regularity of conduct more strictly enforced than in a training establishment. In fact, the soldier might as well absent himself from roll-call, or the sailor from his watch, as the stable-boy from the hour of stable. 'Woe to him,' says Holcroft, 'who is absent from stable hours.' In the morning, however, he is sure to be there; for, in most cases, the horse he looks after reposes in the same chamber with himself. This is on a principle of prudence rather than of economy. Horses in high condition are given to roll in the night, and get cast in their stables, and here assistance is at hand; as, by the means of stirrup-leather buckled together, they are extricated from their awkward situation by the joint efforts of the boys. We have been told that an interesting scene takes place on the awakening of the boys in the morning. The event is anxiously looked for by the horses, who, when they hear them awaken each other, neigh and denote their eagerness to be fed, which is the first step taken. The second is a proper arrangement of their beds, and then dressing and exercise. When they return home the horses are well dressed again; the boys break their fast; and Holcroft spoke from experience when he said, *Nothing can exceed the enjoyment of a stable-boy's breakfast.*

Considering the prodigious number of race-horses in training, and that each horse has its lad, it is astonishing that more accidents do not occur. As we have before observed, almost all race-horses are playful; and 'horse play is rough.' But we do not wonder at their becoming vicious. Highly bred as they are, hot in blood, and their tender and nearly hairless skins irritated by a coarse brush, and, after sweating, scraped with rather a sharp wooden instrument, that, we repeat, is no wonder. Nevertheless, it seldom happens that they hurt the boys who look after them. Indeed, it is an interesting sight to witness a little urchin of a stable-boy approach, with perfect safety to himself, an animal that would perhaps be the death of the strongest man in the land who might be rash enough to place himself within his reach. To what shall we attribute this passive obedience of an animal of such vast power and proud spirit, to a diminutive member of the creation—an abortion of nature, indeed, as we might be almost induced to call him—whether to self-interest or to gratitude, to love or to fear, or to that un-

speokable magic power which the Almighty has given to the eye and voice of even the child of man?

Preecocity of intellect in a stunted frame, is the grand desideratum in a Newmarket nursery, where chubby cheeks, and the 'fine boy for his age,' would be rackoned deformities. There are some good specimens of the pigmy breed now at Newmarket; John Day, for instance, has produced a fac-simile of himself, cast in the right mould for the saddle, and who can ride about four stone. These feather-weights are 'absolutely necessary where two-year colts are brought to the post; and they sometimes ride a winning race: though if it comes to a struggle, as the term is, they are almost certain to be defeated by the experienced jockey. But speaking seriously, it is a great blessing to the rider of races to be of a diminutive size, to prevent the hardship and inconvenience of wasting—a most severe tax on the constitution and temper. On this subject the following memorandum of some questions addressed by Sir John Sinclair to the late Mr. Sandiver, an eminent surgeon, long resident at Newmarket, and a pretty constant spectator of the races, with Mr. S.'s answers, may amuse our readers:—

'How long does the training of jockies generally continue? With those in high repute, from about three weeks before Easter to the end of October; but a week or ten days are quite sufficient for a rider to reduce himself from his natural weight to sometimes a stone and a half below it.—What food do they live on? For breakfast, a small piece of bread and butter, with tea in moderation. Dinner is taken very sparingly; a very small piece of pudding and less meat; and when fish is to be obtained, neither one nor the other is allowed. Wine and water is the usual beverage, in the proportion of one pint to two of water. Tea in the afternoon, with little or no bread and butter, and no supper.—What exercise do they get, and what hours of rest? After breakfast, having sufficiently loaded themselves with clothes; that is, with five or six waistcoats, two coats, and as many pairs of breeches, a severe walk is taken, from ten to fifteen miles. After their return home, dry clothes are substituted for those that are wet with perspiration, and, if much fatigued, some of them lie down for an hour or so before their dinner; after which no severe exercise is taken, but the remaining part of the day is spent in a way most agreeable to themselves. They generally go to bed by nine o'clock, and continue there till six or seven next morning. What medicine do they take? Some of them, who do not like excessive walking, have recourse to purgative medicines, glauber salts only.—Would Mr. Sandiver recommend a similar process to reduce corpulency in other persons? Mr. Sandiver would recommend a similar process to reduce corpulency in either sex, as the constitution does not appear to be injured by it; but he is apprehensive that hardly any person could be prevailed upon to submit to such severe discipline, who had not been inured to it from his youth. The only additional information that Mr. Sandiver has the power to communicate is, that John Arnall, when rider to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was desired to reduce himself as much as he possibly could, to enable him to ride a particular horse, in consequence of which he abstained from animal and even from farinaceous food for eight successive days, and the only substitute was now and then an apple. He was not injured by it. Dennis Fitzpatrick, a person continually employed as a ruler, declares that he is less fatigued, and has more strength to contend with a determined horse in a severe race, when moderately reduced, than when allowed to live as he pleased, although he never weighs more than nine stone, and has frequently reduced himself to seven.'

* Arnall died at the age of 62. Fitzpatrick at 42, from a cold taken in waiting.

The present system of wasting varies from the one here described, and particularly as to the length of the walk, which appears to have been unnecessarily severe. The modern Newmarket jockey seldom exceeds four miles out, and then he has a house to stop at in which there is a large fire, by which the perspiration is very much increased. Indeed, it sometimes becomes so excessive, that he may be seen scraping it off the uncovered parts of his person after the manner in which the race-horse is scraped, using a small horn for the purpose. After sitting awhile by the fire and drinking some diluted liquid, he walks back to Newmarket, swinging his arms as he proceeds, which increases the muscular action. Sufficiently cool to strip, his body is rubbed dry and fresh clothed, when, besides the reduction of weight, the effect is visible on his skin, which has a remarkably transparent hue. In fact, he may be said to show condition after every sweat, till he looks as sleek as the horse he is going to ride. But the most mortifying attendant upon wasting is the rapid accumulation of flesh, immediately on a relaxation of the system, it having often happened that jockies, weighing not more than seven stone, have gained as many pounds in one day from merely obeying the common dictates of nature, committing no excess. *Non misere vult qui parce vult*, is an acknowledged truism; but during the racing season, a jockey in high practice, who, —as is the case with Chifney, Robinson, Dockerray, and Scott, —is naturally above our light racing weights, is subject to no trifling mortification. Like the good catholic, however, when Lent expires, he feels himself at liberty when the racing season is at an end; and on the last day of the Houghton meeting, Frank Buckle had always a goose for supper! his labours for the season being then concluded. But it will naturally be asked how these persons employ or amuse themselves during the dead months, of which there are five? At Newmarket, we believe, just as they did in Holcroft's time, in visiting their friends, cursing, and cock-fighting — the latter a favourite amusement — but with no species of gambling, beyond a few shillings on the event of a course or a battle. A few also take the diversion of hunting, or any other out-door amusement that keeps the body in play. Most of them have neat and well-furnished houses, and appear to enjoy the comforts of life.

Among the conspicuous characters on the English turf of past and present days it is hard to say who stand foremost, but we suppose we must give the *pas* to the Duke of Cumberland, great uncle to his present Majesty, as the breeder, and to Mr. O'Kelly, as the fortunate possessor of Eclipse, and other horses whose character and fame have never yet been eclipsed. It will also be remembered that the duke bred *Musk*, the sire of Eclipse; and *Herod*, who not only, like Eclipse, beat every horse that could be brought against him, at four, five, and six years old, but transmitted a more numerous and better stock to posterity than any other horse ever did before, or has ever done since — amongst others, *Highflyer*. From the death of Charles the Second till the period of the duke's coming upon the turf, racing had languished, perhaps from want of more support from the crown and the higher aristocracy, and his royal highness was the man to revive it.

But, as has been observed, this was effected without an immensity of expense, and an incredible succession of losses to the sharks, Greeks, and black-legs of that time, by whom his royal highness was surrounded, and, of course, incessantly pillaged. Having, however, in the greatness of his mind the military maxim of "persevere and conquer," he was not deterred from the object of his pursuit, till, having just become possessed of the best stock, best blood, and most numerous stud in the kingdom, beating his opponents at all points, he suddenly "passed that bourne from whence no tra-

veller returns," an irreparable loss to the turf, and universally lamented by the kingdom at large.

One of the heaviest matches of former or of present days was run at Newmarket in 1761, between his royal highness's famous horse, *King Herod*, as he was then called, and the late Duke of Grafton's *Antinous*, by *Blank*, over the Beacon course, for a thousand pounds aside, and won by Herod by half a neck. Upwards of a hundred thousand pounds were depending on this event, and the interest created by it was immense. His royal highness was likewise the founder of the Ascot race meeting, now allowed to be only second to Newmarket.

In point of judgment in racing, Mr. O'Kelly was undoubtedly the first man of his day; although, were he to appear at the present time, it is admitted that he would have a good deal to learn. For example, his suffering *Eclipse* to distance his horses for a bet would be considered the act of a novice. As a breeder, however, he became unequalled; and from the blood of his *Volunteer* and *Dungannon*, in particular, the turf derived signal advantage. Both were got by *Eclipse*, who was the sire of no less than one hundred and sixty winners, many of them the best racers of their day, such as *Alexander* and *Meteor*—the latter pre-eminent—*P. t. 8-o's*, *Soldier*, *Sal-train*, *Mercury*, *Young Eclipse*, &c. In 1793, Mr. O'Kelly advertised no less than forty-six in-foul mares for sale, chiefly by *Volunteer* and *Dungannon*, *Eclipse* being then dead, which fetched great prices, and were particularly sought after by his late Majesty, then deeply engaged on the turf. It is confidently asserted, that O'Kelly cleared £10,000 by the dam of *Soldier*, from the produce of *Eclipse* and *Dungannon*; and his other mares, of which he had often fifty and upwards in his possession, were the source of immense gain.

As a breeder coeval with the royal Duke and O'Kelly, the late Earl Grosvenor stands conspicuous. Indeed, we believe, his lordship's stud for many years of his life was unrivalled in Europe; but such are the expenses of a large breeding establishment, that, although he has known to have won £200,000 on the race-course, the balance was said to be against him at the last! Earl Grosvenor, however, was a great ornament to the English turf; he ran his horses honestly and truly, and supported the country races largely. His three famous stud horses were *John Bull*, *Alexander*, and *Meteor*, the two latter by *Eclipse*, and the two former perhaps the largest and noblest thorough-bred horses ever seen in England, and the sires of many good ones; but his two best racers were *Meteor* and *Violanté*; the latter the best four-miler of her day. The Earl was the first patron of Stubbs, the horse-painter, whose pencil may be said to have founded a new branch of the art in this country, on which the painters of the present day have improved, adhering more closely to nature than their exemplar. The late Duke of Bedford was likewise a great patron of the turf previously to his taking to farming, and had more than thirty horses in training at one time. Among these was *Grey Diamond*, remarkable for his races with *Escape* and *Traveller* at Newmarket; also *Skyscraper*, *Pidgett*, and *Dragon*. His grace was a great loser, and probably retired in disgust. *Charles Fox* was also deep in the mysteries of the turf, and a very heavy bettor. The father of the present Prince (the trainer) trained for him, and *South* and *Chimney* were his jockeys; but the distemper in his stables ruined his stud. These were also the days of the great Dukes of Kingston, Cleveland, Ancaster, Bridgewater, and Northumberland; Lords Rockingham, Boringbroke, Shelworth, Barrymore, Ossory, Abingdon, and Foley; Messrs.

Shaftoe, Wentworth, Panton, South Barry, Ralph Dutton, Wildman, Meynell, Bullock, and others, who were running their thousand-guinea matches, and five hundred-guinea sweepstakes, most of them over the Beacon course, and with the finest horses perhaps the world ever saw; and also, considering the difference in the value of money, for nearly as large stakes as those of the present times, a few only excepted.

Another of the noted turf characters of those days was the Honorable Richard Vernon, commonly called Dick Vernon, owner of the famous horse Woodpecker, with whom he won the Craven stakes no less than three times. He was an excellent judge of racing, backed his horses freely, and was the best bettor of his day, as may be inferred from the following page of Holcroft's Memoirs:—

“ In addition to matches, plates, and other modes of adventure, that of a sweepstakes had come into vogue; and the opportunity it gave to deep calculators to secure themselves from loss by *hedging* their bets, greatly multiplied the bettors, and gave uncommon animation to the sweepstakes trade. In one of these Captain Vernon had entered a colt, and as the prize to be obtained was great, the stable was on the alert. It was prophesied that the race would be a severe one: for, although the horses had none of them run before, they were all of the highest breed; that is, their sires and dams were in the first lists of fame. As was foreseen, the contest was indeed a severe one, for it could not be decided—it was a *dead heat*; but our colt was by no means among the first. Yet so alert was Captain Vernon in hedging his bets, that if one of the two colts that made it a dead heat had beaten, our master would, on that occasion, have won ten thousand pounds: as it was, he lost nothing, nor would in any case have lost anything. In the language of the turf, *he stood ten thousand pound to nothing*! A fact so extraordinary to ignorance, and so splendid to poverty, continues Holcroft, ‘could not pass through a mind like mine without making a strong impression, which the tales told by the boys of the suddenrise of gamblers, their empty pockets at night, and their hats full of guineas in the morning, only tended to increase.’ And in truth it was not without its effect, for poor Holcroft began betting next morning, and before the week ended, half of his year’s wages were gone! Another staunch hero of the turf was the late Earl of Clermont, the breeder of Trumpator, from whom were descended all the *ators* of the day, viz., Paynator, Venator, Spoilator, Dismator, Ploughator, Amator, Pacificator, &c. &c.; besides which he was the sire of Sorcerer, Penelope, Tune-ful, Chippenham, Orange-flower, his late Majesty’s famous gelding Rebel, and several other first-rates. Lord C. also was a great contributor to the turf by bringing with him from Ireland the famous jockey, Dennis Fitzpatrick, son of one of his tenants. We have his lordship, indeed, before us this moment, on his pony on the heath, and his string of long-tailed race-horses, reminding us of very early days.

The late Sir Charles Bunbury’s ardour for the turf was conspicuous to his last hour. He was the only man that ever won the Derby and Oaks with the same horse, and he was the breeder of many of the first racers of his time—Smolensko among them. Sir Charles was likewise very instrumental in doing away with the four-mile races at Newmarket, and substituting shorter ones in their stead. Some imputed this to the worthy baronet’s humanity, whilst others, more correctly we believe, were of opinion that short races better suited his favourite blood. The Whiskies and Sorcerers, for example, are more for speed than for stoutness, although, where the produce from

them has been crossed with some of our stout blood, (for instance, Truffle and Bourbon,) they have been found to run on. On the whole, Sir Charles, latterly, with the exception of Muley, had got into a soft sort. He was also a bad keeper of his young stock, and would not be beaten out of his old prejudices in favour of grass and paddocks. Had some persons we could name been possessed of his stud—imperfect, perhaps, as it might have been as far as the real object of breeding horses is at stake—they would have won every thing before them at the present distances and weights. His much-talked-of, and justly celebrated, Smolensko died rather early in life, and his stock, with a few exceptions, did not realize the hopes and expectation of the sporting world.

The name and exploits of the late Duke of Queensberry, ('Old Q.') will never be forgotten by the sporting world, for whether we consider his judgment, his ingenuity, his invention, or his success, he was one of the most distinguished characters on the English turf. His horse Dash, by Florizel, bred by Mr. Vernon, beat Sir Peter Teazle over *the six-mile course at Newmarket* for one thousand guineas, having refused five hundred forfeit; also his late majesty's Don Quixote, the same distance and for the same sum; and, during the year, (1789,) he won two other thousand-guinea matches, the last against Lord Barrymore's Highlander, eight stone seven pounds each, *three times round 'the round course,'* or very nearly twelve miles. His carriage match, nineteen miles, in one hour, with the same horses, and those four of the highest bred ones of the day, was undoubtedly a great undertaking, nor do we believe it has ever been exceeded. His singular bet of conveying a letter fifty miles within an hour, was a trait of *genius* in its line. The MS. being inclosed in a cricket ball, and handed from one to the other of twenty-four expert cricketers, was delivered safe *within the time*. The duke's stud was not so numerous as some of those of his contemporaries on the turf, but he prided himself on the excellence of it. His principal rider was the famous Dick Goodison, father of the present jockey, in whose judgment he had much reliance. But, in the language of the turf, his grace was 'wide awake,' and at times would rely on no one. Having, on one occasion, reason to know—the jockey, indeed, had honestly informed him of it—that a large sum of money was offered his man if he would lose—'Take it,' said the duke, 'I will hear you harmless.' When the horse came to the post, his Grace coolly observed, 'This is a nice horse to ride; I think I'll ride him myself,' where, throwing open his great coat, he was found to be in riding attire, and, mounting, won without a struggle.

The name of Wilson commands great respect on the turf, there being no less than three equally conspicuous and equally honourable sportsmen thus yelegt. Mr. Christopher Wilson, now the father of the turf, and perpetual steward of Newmarket, resides at Beilby Grange, near Wetherby, in Yorkshire, where he has a small but very fashionably bred stud, and is now the owner of Chateau Murgaux and Comus. He is the only man who claims the honor of winning the Derby and St. Leger stakes the same year, *with the same horse*, which he did with Champion, by Pot-8-os, ridden in each race by Francis Bickel. The turf is highly indebted to this gentleman, not only for his paternal care of its general interests and welfare, but for having, by his amiable and conciliatory manners and conduct, united the sportsmen of the north and of the south, and divested their matches and engagements of some disagreeable features which had previously been too prominent. Mr. R. Wilson, resides at Bildeston, in Suffolk; is one of the largest breeders of

††† Dash carried 6 stone 7 pounds, Sir Peter 9 stone.

††† It is remarkable that both Champion and Hambletonian had a hip down.

acing stock, of which he has an annual sale; and Lord Berners, late Colonel Wilson of Diddington, near Brandon, Suffolk, has likewise some capital mares, and bred Sir Mark Wood's Camarrie, the best mare of the present day. His Lordship was the owner of her sire, Juniper, now dead, and at present has the stud-horse Lamplighter.

The star of the race-course of modern times was the late Colonel Mellish, certainly the cleverest man of his day, as regards the science and practice of the turf. No one could match (*i. e.* make matches) with him, nor could any one excel him in handwapping horses in a race. But, indeed, '*nihil erat quod non tetigit; nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*' He beat Lord Frederick Bentinck in a foot race over Newmarket heath. He was a clever palmer, a fine horseman, a brave soldier, a scientific farmer, and an exquisite coachman. But—as his friends said of him, not content with being the *second-best* man of his day, he would be the *first*, which was fatal to his fortune and his fame. It, however, delighted us to see him in public, in the meridian of his almost unequalled popularity, and the impression he made upon us remains. We remember even the style of his dress, peculiar for its lightness of hue—his neat white hat, white trousers, white silk stockings, and we may add, his white, but handsome, face. There was nothing black about him but his hair, and his musketos which he wore by virtue of his commission, and which to *us* were an ornament. The like of his style of coming on the race course at Newmarket was never witnessed there before him, nor since. He drove his barouche himself, drawn by four beautiful *white* horses, with two outriders on matches to them, ridden in hussar's habits. In his rear was a saddle-horse groom, leading a thoroughbred hack, and at the rubbing post on the heath was another groom—all in crimson liveries—waiting with a second hack. But we marvel when we think of his establishment. We remember him with thirty-eight race-horses in training; seventeen each horse, twelve hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, and not a few hacks! But the worst is yet to come. By his racing speculations he was a gambler, his judgment pulling him through; but when we had heard that he would play to the extent of 40,000*l.* at a sitting—yes, *he once staked three sun on a throw*—we were not surprised that the domain of Blithedale passed into other hands; and that the once accomplished owner of it became the tenant of a premature grave. 'The bowl of pleasure,' said Johnson, 'is poisoned by reflection on the cost,' and here it was drink to the dregs. Colonel Mellish ended his days, not in poverty, for he acquired a competency with his turf, but in a small house within sight of the mansion that had been the pride of his ancestors and himself. As, however, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, Colonel Mellish was not without consolation. He never wronged any one but himself, and, as an owner of race-horses, and a bettor, his character was without spot.

Among other leading sportsmen of the turf, now no more, were the late Duke of Grafton, and Douglas, Duke of Hamilton. The Duke of Grafton was a keen sportsman, and an excellent judge of racing, and his horses, having been well and honestly ridden by South, he was among the few great winners amongst great men. It is somewhat singular that the success of the Grafton stud may be traced to one mare, and therefore the history of her is worth relating. In 1753, Julia, by Black, was bred by Mr. Panton, of great Newmarket fame; her pedigree running back not only to Bay Bolton, Darley's Arabian, and the Beyerly Park, beyond the Lord Protector's White Turk, generally the *ne plus ultra* of pedigrees, to the Taffolet Barb, and the *Natural Barb* mare; and at seven years old was put into the

duke's stud, and produced Promise, by Snap. Promise produced Prunella, by Highflyer, the dam of eleven first-rate horses, whose names (after the manner of foxhounds) all begin with the letter P., the first letter of the mare's name, and she is said to have realized to the Grafton family little short of 100,000*l*. In fact, all breeders of race-horses try for a strain of the justly celebrated Prunella. The all-graceful Hamilton (often called 'Zeluco') was equally conspicuous in the north, and celebrated for stout blood. He won the St. Leger no less than seven times, a circumstance quite unparalleled on the turf, and ran first for it, the eighth, but the stakes were given to Lord Fitzwilliam, his Grace's rider having jostled.

Coming nearer to our own times, Sir Harry Vane Tempest and Mr. Robert Heathcote made great appearances with their studs, as well as the heavy engagements they entered into; and such horses as Schictoni, the property of the latter, and Hambletonian, Rolla, and Cockfighter, of the former, are very seldom produced. Vivaldi, by Woodpecker, also the property of Mr. Heathcote, was the sire of more good hunters than almost any other in England, and the very mention of their being 'by Vivaldi,' sold them. Hambletonian was one of the meteors of the day. Sir Frank Standish, and his Yellow mare—the breeder of Stamford, Eagle, Indelot, Parisot, and Archduke, all Derby and Oaks winners, except Stamford, one of the best of our stud horses—must not be passed unnoticed, not only as a sportsman, but as the true stamp of an English country gentleman. Sir Ferdinand Poole also cut a great figure on the turf with his Waxy, Worthy, Wowski, &c.; and could some of our present breeders of race-horses have now before their eyes *Maria* by Herod, out of Lisette by Snap, and *Macaria* by Herod, out of Titania by Shakespeare, the one the dam of Waxy, and the other of Mealy, we have reason to believe they would turn away from many of their own mares in disgust. His contemporary, Mr. Boworth, was likewise strong in horses, and an excellent judge of making a book on a race. But Mr. Bullock, generally known as 'Tom Bullock,' was, we believe, more awake than any of them, and was often heard to declare, that he should wish for nothing more in this world than *to be taken for a fool at Newmarket*.

We find the Prince of Wales (George IV.) in 1788, when only in his twenty-sixth year, a winner of the *De but*. In 1789, he accompanied the Duke of York to York races, where he purchased his famous horse *Traveler*, by Highflyer, which ran the grand match against the late Duke of Bedford's Grey Diomed, on which it is supposed there was more money depending than was ever before known, or has ever been heard of since. But it was in the years 1790 and 1791 that his late Majesty's stud was so conspicuous—the days of Baronet and Escape, the former notorious for winning the Ascot Oaks, beating eighteen picked horses of England, with twenty to one against him; and the latter, for his various races against Grey Diomed, which caused his royal owner's retirement from Newmarket. This is now an old story; and though we should be among the first to say—

Curse on the coward or perfidious tongue
That dares not e'en to kings avow the truth;

yet we think the Jockey Club dealt rather hardly by the young prince, and he was quite right in refusing their invitation to return. We wish for proof before we condemn; and we think proof was wanting here. Where were the orders to the jockey to lose, and where was the money won by losing? We can hear of neither. But if the change in a horse's running (accounted for by the late Samuel Chifney, by the treatment of *Escape*) is of itself

enough to damage the character of his owner, what would have become of that of his Royal Highness's principal accuser, the late Sir Charles Bunbury? Look at the running of his Eleanor: it is well known she was the winner of both Derby and Oaks—the best mare of her day. Well! at Huntingdon she was beaten by a common plater, a mare called Two Shoes—*ten to one on Eleanor*. The next week, at Egham, she beat a first-rate race-horse, Bobadil, and several others, *ten to one on Bobadil*. In both these cases money was lost, and the question that follows is,—who won it? But Sir Charles too is in his grave, and therefore we say—*requiescat in pace*.

After quitting Newmarket, his late Majesty was a great supporter of country races, sending such horses as Knowsley, by Sir Peter, and others nearly as good, to run heats for plate; and he particularly patronized the meetings of Brighton and Lewes, which acquired high repute. But Bibury was his favourite race-ground; where, divesting himself of the shackles of state, he appeared as a great gentleman, for several years in succession, an inmate of Lord Sherborne's family, and with the Duke of Dorset, then Lord Sackville, for his jockey. During the last ten years of his Majesty's life, racing appeared to interest him more than it had ever done before; and by the encouragement he then gave to Ascot and Goodwood, he contributed towards making them the most fashionable, and by far the most agreeable meetings—we believe we may say—in the world. Perhaps the day on which his three favourite horses came in first, second, and third, for the cup at the latter place, was one of the proudest of his life.

The stud of George the Fourth, however, was not altogether so successful as it ought to have been from the great expense bestowed upon it, and the large prices given for race-horses bred by other sportsmen. Amongst those of his own breeding, perhaps Whiskey, Munfred, and his favourite mare Maria, were the best. The latter was a great winner—yet made but small amends for persevering in breeding for her sire. The Colonel and Fleur de Lis were also great winners—the latter decidedly the best mare of her year, either in the north or in the south, and her symmetry not to be excelled. The two last were purchased at very high prices, and now form part of the royal stud, as also does Maria. The history of this mare is worth notice. When, from prudential motives, the royal stud at Hampton Court was broken up, Waterloo and Belvoirina were the only two kept, and their produce was the said Maria. Miss Wasp, the dam of Vesper, late winner of the Oaks, was likewise bred by George IV.

In his Majesty's long career on the turf, he of course had several trainers and as many jockeys. Among the latter were the late celebrated Samuel Chifney, and South, who rode his horses at Newmarket, and, afterwards, Richard Goodison and Robinson. Latterly, however, he imported one from the north, the well-known George Nelson, who gave him unbounded satisfaction. His trainers were Neale and Osborne, in former days; but latterly, William Edwards, of Newmarket, who enjoys a pension for life, and the use of the royal stables. The last time George the Fourth was at Ascot was in 1829, but he lived to hear of the next year's meeting. He was on the bed of death; and so strong was the 'ruling passion' in this awful hour—and his Majesty was well aware his hour was come—that an express was sent to him after every race.

The late Duke of York was equally devoted to the turf, and, in 1816, we find his Royal Highness a winner of the Derby, with Prince Leopold, and in 1822, with Moses; the former bred by Lord Durham, the latter by himself.

His racing career may be said to have commenced at Ascot, where he established the Oaklands stakes, which at one period were more than equal in value to the Derby, being a hundred-guinea subscription. Indeed, we have reason to believe, that when they were won by his late Majesty's Baronet—beating eighteen of the picked horses in England, his own Escape amongst the lot—there was more money depending than had ever been before excepting on two occasions. His Majesty won 17,000*l.* by the race, and would have won still more had Escape been the winner. We wish we could add to this trifling sketch a long list of his Royal Highness's winnings; but the Duke of York was on the turf, what the Duke of York was everywhere—good humoured, unsuspecting, and confiding, qualifications, however creditable to human nature, ill fitted for a race-course. It is therefore scarcely necessary to say, that his Royal Highness was no winner by his horses, nor indeed by anything else; and we much fear that his heavy speculations on the turf were among the chief causes of those pecuniary embarrassments which disturbed the latter years of one against whose high and chivalrous feelings of honour and integrity no human creature that knew anything of him ever breathed a whisper. In 1825, we find the Duke with sixteen horses to his name, and, with the exception of two, a most sorry lot; but previously to that period he had incurred severe loss by persevering in breeding from Aladdin and Giles. The stud usually ran in Mr. Orville's name; were trained by Butler, of Newmarket now deceased; and chiefly ridden by Goodison, who did the best he could, for them.

The late Earl of Fitzwilliam was distinguished by the princely way in which he conducted his stud, and the magnificence of his rearing on the race-course. His lordship was likewise the breeder of many eminent racers, amongst which were the justly famous Orville—an inestimable treasure to the British turf—and Mulat to who beat Memnon, Fleur-de-Lis, Bedlamite, Tarrare, Non-plus, Fanny Davis, Starch, Longwaist—in fact, all the best horses in the north; and ran second to Tarrare for the St. Leger. Earl Fitzwilliam never sent his horses south, but was a great supporter of York and Doncaster, and won the Fitzwilliam stakes at the latter place in 1826 with the horse we have just been speaking of. He is got by Catton, also bred by his lordship, out of Desdemona by Orville—all his own blood—grandam Fanny by Highflyer. The stud is now broken up.

The venerable Earl of Derby has been, and to a certain degree continues to be, a warm supporter of racing. Next, perhaps, to Eclipse and Herod, no horse that has ever appeared has been equal to Sir Peter Teazle as a stud horse, we believe he produced more winners than any other on record. In him were united the best blood this country can boast of, a King Herod, Blank, Snap, Regulus, and the Godolphin Arabian. As, however, the sun is not without its spots, Sir Peter was not without a blemish. His own legs gave way at four years old, and those of his produce were not, on an average, good; notwithstanding which, as we before stated, their winnings are without a parallel, hurring those from the stock of the unparalleled Eclipse. The following anecdote is, we believe, authentic. Doctor Brandreth, the family physician at Knowsley, was commissioned by the then American consul to offer Lord Derby seven thousand guineas for Sir Peter Teazle, which his lordship refused, saying as he said, already refused ten. He certainly would have been a loser, had he accepted the offer.

The present Duke of Dorset, when Lord Sackville, not only showed himself an admirable judge of a race-horse, but few jockeys by profession

could ride one better; and, indeed, at one period of his life, few of them were in much greater practice. His grace was always cautious in his engagements, but from his perfect knowledge of his horses, generally placed them winners. In the days of Expectation, Lucan, and others, he won all before him; but mark the change of the times! Looking into the Calendar for 1800, we find Expectation, by Sir Peter, out of Zilla, by Eclipse, running four miles at Lewes, and beating two very stout mares, for what? Why, for the sum of sixty guineas, which could not pay the expenses! But then another of his horses, and a good one too—Laborie by Delpini—wins a 50l. plate the same year at Winchester. *The best of three-four mile heats!* Were the Duke of Dorset on the turf now, he would have something better to do with such horses as Expectation and Laborie!!

The present Duke of Grafton has been a great winner, having inherited, with his domains, the virtues of old Prunella; but owes some of his success to his late brother, Lord Henry Fitzroy, whose judgment in racing was equal to any man's. With the assistance then of Lord Henry, the training of Robson, and the good riding of the late Frank Buckle, John Day, William Clift, and others, his grace has done very well; although since the retirement of Robson, the honors of the turf have not poured in so thickly upon him. The Duke, however, has no reason to complain having won the Derby stakes four times, and the Oaks eight; and, as Buckle said of himself, 'most of the good things at Newmarket,' for a few years in succession. Indeed, unless we have made a mistake in our figures, his grace pocketed the comfortable sum of 13,000*l.* in the year 1825, from public stakes alone! But we must do the Duke of Grafton the justice to say, that in his stable he has marched with the times, *his horses having been always forward in their work*, the grand desideratum in a training stable. His grace also deserves success, for he is a nobleman of high character on the turf, and, unlike too many owners of race-horses, whom we could name, *always runs to win*. The Duke of Grafton's stable is, in consequence, heavily backed, when it brings out good horses for any of the great stakes.

The Duke of Portland has been a steady and ever honorable patron of the English turf, but his stud is now small. In fact, since winning the Derby with Tiresias, in 1828, the tide of fortune appears to have turned against his stable, and he has not done much. His grace, of Rutland is likewise become slack, having had but three horses in training last year, two of which are sold. He won the Derby with Cadland (whom he bred), after a dead heat with the Colonel—a circumstance previously unknown for that great race—and the Oaks with Sorcery, and Medora. On the other hand, the Duke of Cleveland's passion for the turf appears to grow with his years, his grace being the best buyer of the present day. He gave 3500 guineas last year for Trustee, and Liverpool, and but a few years back, no less than 12,000*l.* for four horses, namely,—Swiss, Swab, Barefoot, and Memnon, the two last winners of St. Leger, for Mr. Watt. The Duke of Cleveland never won the St. Leger till 1831, with Chorister, nor was he ever winner of either of the great Epsom stakes; but in the days of Agonistes and Haphazard, his stable was the terror of the north, and his grace was a great winner of cups, though he afterwards flew at higher game. His match with Pavilion, against Colonel Mellish's Sancho, at Newmarket, in 1806, was one of the greatest races of modern days, as to the extent of betting; and immense sums were lost on Agonistes, when he was beat by Champion for the St. Leger, in 1800. His grace has good horses in his stable now; amongst them Trustee, and Emancipation by Whisker, who had the honour of receiving forfeit from Priam in last (third) October meeting, receiving 9*lbs.*: likewise

Muley Moloch, the winner of the York Derby stakes at the last Spring Meeting; and Liverpool, of the gold cup. The duke is one of the heaviest bettors on the turf, and few men know more of racing, or indeed of any thing relating to the sports of the turf or field. The Duke of Richmond has been one of the most zealous supporters of the turf, having expended a very large sum on the race-course at Goodwood, now the first country meeting in England, after Epsom, Ascot, and Doncaster. Although his grace has been a considerable winner, he retires after this season, and his stud is already diminished. He won the Oaks, with Gulcare, in 1827, and has had quite his share of success.

The Lord of Exeter stands first of the Marquises on the turf. Until last year his lordship has been a *great* winner, and having carried the Oaks of last year with Calatea, and many of the good things at Newmarket, and elsewhere, perhaps he had no reason to complain; but his stable has lately rather disappointed the public. It consists of upwards of twenty-two horses. Lord Exeter has won the Oaks three times; but, somewhat extraordinary, he has never been a winner of the Derby. He breeds much from the famous stud-horse, Sultan, his own property, whose price, to others, is fifty guineas each mare. The Marquis of Westminster, although *very well bred for it*, never signalized himself on the turf, and has therefore wisely withdrawn from Newmarket, confining his stud, a very small one, to the provincial meetings in his own immediate neighbourhood, where it is quite right for great lords to make the agreeable. We believe the last time his lordship was at headquarters was to see his horse Navarino win the great Riddlesworth stakes! The Marquis of Conyngham is a sportsman, and backs his horses freely, as does the Marquis of Sligo; but as his lordship belongs to the sister kingdom—for the honour of old England, we presume, he is not often allowed to win. He, however, has had the distinction of being second for the St. Leger. Neither can much be said of the prowess of the most noble Marquises of Tavistock and Worcester, who, though good and honourable men, will never increase their patrimony by racing. In short, since the Duke of Cleveland has quitted their ranks, our sporting Marquises, with the exception of Lord Exeter, do not shink on the race-course.

But we cannot say this of the noble earls, amongst whom are some of the best judges of racing of past or present days. We will begin with the Earl of Egremont; and not only by the rule of seniores priores, but looking upon him as one of the main contributors to the *legitimate* end of racing—the improvement of the breed of horses, his lordship having always paid regard to what is termed stout, or honest blood. Lord Egremont bred Gohanna, by Mercury, by Reliance, and purchased Whalebone from the Duke of Grafton (the old Prunella sort), whose stock have been invaluable to the turf, and will continue to be so for many years to come. His lordship has likewise turned the amusement—and such has been his object in the pursuit of it—to an excellent account, in the liberal acts of affording to his tenants, and neighbours, the free benefit of several of his stud-horses. Among these have been two very fine animals—Octavius and Wonderer, the latter, not inaptly named, as for many years of his life he was never known to lie down, but was generally in action in his box. He was a noble specimen of the horse, and one of the best bred ones in the world for all the purposes for which horses of speed and strength are wanted; being by Gohanna, out of a sister to Colibri, by Woodpecker, esteemed our stoutest blood. The Earl is likewise the breeder of honest Chateau Margaux, and Camel, ornaments to the British turf, and sons of good little Whalebone. Lord Egremont won the Derby three times in four years—twice with sons of Go-

hanna, and subsequently with Lapdog, by Whalebone. He has also been three times the winner of the Oaks, with fillies from his own stud. But all this success is not to be placed to his lordship's own account: he received great assistance in all his racing speculations from his late Mother, the Honourable Charles Wyndham, since whose decease the stable has not been so successful.

The Earl of Burlington (Lord George Cavendish) is of great repute on Newmarket heath, as a good breeder of race-horses, a very high better, and we need not add, a most honorable man. His Lordship, no doubt, has his fancies in his betting, which of course he now and then pays for—when he does ‘fancy his horse,’ as the turf-phrase is, he will risk an immense sum upon him, not far short, we have heard, of ten thousand pounds! But what is money? His Lordship, at present, has but a small stud.

The late Earl of Stradbroke was one of the keenest and best sportsmen at Newmarket, and owner of a large stud. Amongst the number, was the celebrated mare Persepolis, the dam of thirteen good racers, amongst which were Araxes, Tigris, Indus, Euphrates, Phasis, and Cydnus, all sons of Quiz, and Granicus and Rubicon, by Sorcerer. The famous brood mares, Cobbea (the dam of Sorcery), and Grey Duchess, by Pot-8-os, were also in his lordship's stud, and presented by him to George IV. when he commenced breeding race-horses at Hampton Court. The present Lord Stradbroke, and his Grace of Richmond, have lately been confederates on the turf.

The Earl of Orford took the field last year as usual, with a tolerably large string of horses, and, to use his own words, when he won the Great Produce Stakes at Ascot with his Muley filly, and the Clearwell stakes with his Clearwell colt (a *clear* thousand by the way, and the other five hundred), ‘got out of his place,’ which has generally been a good *second*. His lordship, however, takes all this with perfect good humour, and is himself always a favourite at Newmarket, should his horse not prove to be so. The Noble Earl is considered a very liberal matchmaker, if not something like a contributor towards the training expenses of one or two of his competitors; but he has made a very good beginning this year. Of the Earls Verulam, Warwick, and Clarendon, we do not hear much, although the first-named lord is rather an extensive breeder. Lord Warwick has a spart colt by Centaur, which won every time it started last year, and is entered for the next St. Leger. Lord Clarendon we consider little more than an amateur. Earl Sefton began his racing career late in life, and although he entered into it with spirit, giving two thousand guineas for Bobadilla, soon abandoned the slippery course. Indeed so hastily did he retire from it, that, on a little disappointment at Epsom, he would not wait for the assistance of the printer, but sent a manuscript notice to Tattersall's yard, that his stud were immediately to be sold. We confess we admire his lordship's decision—‘When fortune frowns, the first loss is the best.’ The Earl of Litchfield is rather deep on the turf, as the list of his horses shows. Indeed, his lordship does every thing with spirit, but even spirit cannot command success. Lord Litchfield, however, is a sportsman, and what is termed a high and honorable better. The Earl of Wilton, as well bred for the turf as Eclipse, being grandson to the Earl of Grosvenor, is not only an owner of race-horses, but a jockey—one of the best gentlemen race riders of these days. The Earl of Chesterfield too is becoming conspicuous, as a peep into the Racing Calendar will confirm, no less than fifteen horses now appearing to his name. His lordship has also at his stud-farm, in Derbyshire, the renowned horses, Priam and Zin-

gamee, purchased at great prices—the former having finished his brilliant career with winning the Goodwood cup. Report says, that he is likely to make his way in this ‘forest of adventure,’ as his experience increases with his years. But the best judge of this rank is the noble Earl of Jersey, who, indeed, does every thing well. As a breeder, perhaps his lordship may not quite equal the Duke of Grafton and Lord Egremont, but we must place him third, having produced from his own mares one winner of the Oaks—Cohweb, supposed to be the best bred mare in England—and two winners of the Derby, namely, Middleton and Mameluke, the latter of which he sold to Mr. Gully for four thousand guineas! ‘Perhaps no man ever brought to the post on one day two finer racers of his own breeding than Mameluke, the winner of the Derby, and Glenartney, who ran second to him, beating twenty-one others, with the greatest ease.’ Lord Jersey’s stud is not large, but well selected, and he has every convenience for breeding at his seat, Middleton, Stony, Oxfordshire. His Lordship was formerly confederate with that thorough sportsman Sir John Shelly, who had the honor of breeding Phantom. The Earl of Durham has retired, but when Mr. Lambton he had a splendid stud, which was sold by Messrs. Tattersall in 1826, when eight *foals* realized the astonishing sum of 1,533 guineas (above 200*l.* each.)

Of Newmarket Viscounts we only muster two, but if there were more we must give Lord Lowther the *pas*, not only from his experience and knowledge, considered quite first-rate, but from the single fact of his having had sixteen horses in training last year, although we fear we cannot call them ‘first-rate.’ It is a singular fact, that his lordship has only won the Derby once, and never won the Oaks, in his long career on the turf. He had formerly a large breeding establishment at Oxerost, eight miles from Newmarket, but the land not being suited for it, in addition to the great prevalence of flies, it has been removed to within a few hundred yards of Newmarket town, where his lordship occupies a farm. Here is the horse *Partisan*, the sire of many good ones, and amongst the rest, Mr. Ridsdale’s *Glancus*, purchased at three thousand guineas, after beating *Clearwell* (Lord Oxford’s), in a match for five hundred guineas, in October last. The best judges are sometimes mistaken, and Lord Lowther should not have sold *Glancus* for three thousand guineas without having had a better taste of him, for, besides his winnings, amounting to fourteen hundred guineas, General Grosvenor cleared nearly three thousand by the purchase. But ‘*Glanci permutatio*’ is a standing proverb for a bad bargain, ever since the hero he is named after exchanged gold for iron under the walls of old Troy. Joseph Rogers, of Newmarket, trains for his Lordship. Of Lord Randolph, the other Newmarket Viscount, we have very little to say, his lordship’s stud being so small; and we must consider our noble secretary for foreign affairs, Viscount Palmerston, only a humble provincial. To the satisfaction, indeed, of his competitors his lordship has now relinquished even these rural honors, for *Lizborough*, *Grey-leg*, and company, were sad teasers, to the west-country players.

Our noble barons make no figure in the Newmarket list. Strange to say, we cannot find one. Lord Wharcliffe was the last, and still more strange to tell of so unweaving a Tory, his lordship’s best horse at one time was *Reformer*!

Of honourables we can find but one, Captain Rous, a good sportsman, and very spirited betted. Neither can we produce more than two Newmarket baronets, and are obliged to ask, how is this? Sir Mark Wood stands first, with a long string of horses—*Lifcetta*, the best mare of her day, and *Camarine*, the best of the present day, amongst the lot—not forgetting *Vespa*,

the winner of this year's Oaks. Some apprehensions were entertained for Sir Mark when he entered the ring, with youth on his brow, and Gatton, just in time by the bye, in his pocket; and it was feared all might find its way into schedule A. But Sir Mark has made a good fight—*He has given a good price for good horses*, which, with good training and good riding, have pulled him through. His last week of last meeting at Newmarket was a very pretty finish. He won six times and received forfeit once; and on one match, Camarine versus Crutch, he is said to have netted three thousand pounds! His beating Rowton also for the Ascot cup, with the same mare (Robinson riding against Chitney), after running one dead heat, was one of the grandest events of the last racing season. He is now in possession of the two great Newmarket challenge prizes, the cup and the whip, by the aid of his good mare; and if she continues to run in her old form, she will be pretty certain to obtain for him the grand prize, the foot of Eclipse, presented to the Jockey Club by his majesty. But one word more for old Lucetta, who must not be eclipsed by this flying daughter of Juniper, the last of his produce. Lucetta with 8st. 9lbs. met the Duke of Grafton's Oxygen (a winner of the Oaks) with 7st. 2lb., one six years old, and the other four, for the Jockey Club plate, at Newmarket, Beacon course. Lucetta won, and the speed was very little short of Childers, as they were but seven minutes in coming to the Duke's stand. Sir Sandford Graham has a small stud, but not the best in the world.

One of the oldest sportsmen at Newmarket is General Grosvenor—but far from being the most fortunate. Indeed it is a trite saying, 'The General is honest, but unlucky,' and this is well said in these slippery times. He won the Oaks, in 1807, with *Brimus*, with heavy odds against her, consequently a round sum besides; and, again, in 1825, by Chitney's fine riding with *Wing*, with ten to one against her. He likewise won, with *Blue Stockings*, the Riddleworth of 1849, perhaps the greatest stake ever won, being, including his own subscription, 5000 guineas! Fortune has also smiled upon him again, for the last year was a winning one. He bought *Glaucon* for 350 guineas,* won 1400 with him, and sold him for 3000!—thus reversing the proverb. But his late winnings have been somewhat unaccountable; his horses having been in the hands not of a regularly bred trainer, but of his north-country colt-breaker, who has been in his service twenty-eight years. They amounted to twenty-five fines in nineteen months, previously to the opening of the present season, and he has been a considerable winner at the late Newmarket meetings.

After the father of the turf, we believe Mr. Batson, one of last year's stewards, is about the oldest of the Jockey Club. He has never carried the Epsom honors, although he was placed third with Hogarth, Middleton's year, and ran third this year for the Oaks. But Mr. Batson takes things quietly; and when he has got a good horse, never refuses a good offer, for which we esteem him a wise man. He has a pretty good horse now, *Mixbury*, by Catton, a favourite for the St. Leger, but we recommend him to put him into his pocket, for he will be safer there—or rather at his banker's—than contending against twenty Yorkshire jockeys. Mr. Rush also is an old jockey, and a very good supporter of the turf, running his horses more for amusement than profit. He also breeds, but his stock does not shine at Newmarket, where he is generally satisfied with a good third. As the provincials, however, he is rather more fortunate; and it is something to say he was James Robinson's first master. He had seven or eight horses in training last year. Mr. Biggs is another old member of the Jockey Club, but, like

* How so—if as stated on the other side Lord Lowther sold him for three thousand? There must we suspect be a misprint in this.—Ed. B. S. M.

Mr. Batson, is more formidable in the provincials, where he has been a great winner, and hard to beat. Some years since, at Stockbridge, his horse, Camerton, was the winner of a memorable race. Three others, started, namely, Sir John Cope's Shoe-strings, the late Lord Foley's Offa's Dyke, and the late Lord Charles Somerset's Scorpion. The following was the result. Camerton, ridden by the late Sawyer, who died shortly after, never started again; Shoe-strings, by John Day, broke down; Offa's Dyke, by Goodison, went blind, but recovered his sight; and Scorpion, ridden by Joseph Rogers, now trainer at Newmarket, fell dead at the distance-post, from the rupture of a blood-vessel at the heart. The distance was two miles, and only one heat. Mr. Thornhill is one of the best judges of racing at Newmarket, and has one of the largest studs at his seat at Riddlesworth, whence the great Riddlesworth Stakes takes its name. He has won the Derby with Sani, and Sailor, both sons of Scud, and the Oaks with Shoveler, also a daughter of Scud. Previously to Sam's race, this shrewd judge pronounced the Derby stakes in his pocket, and he also picked out Gulbare as winner of the Oaks, for the Duke of Richmond, without the possibility, as he expressed himself, of losing it, barring the accident of a fall. The strange coincidence of his winning the Derby with *Sailor* by *Scud*, during a violent gale of wind, will, perhaps, never be forgotten at Epsom! Mr. Thornhill owns *Amilius*, the celebrated sire of *Prima*, (whom he bred) *Oxygen*, &c., whose price is forty guineas. Colonel Udney's name stands high at Newmarket, but he has lately all but retired from the turf. He won the Derby with *Amilius*, and the Oaks with *Corinne*, and has had quite his share of 'most of the good things at Newmarket,' as Buckle said, who was the Colonel's principal jockey. He was once confederate with Mr. Payne, uncle to the gentleman of that name now on the turf.

Mr. Lechmere Charlton has been on the turf more than twenty years, having run third for the Oaks in 1811, and has been an owner of several good horses—Master Henry, perhaps, the best. He has likewise been a great breeder of racers, and besides Henry, (whom he purchased cheaply for 700 guineas), had Manfred, Sam, Hedley, Castrel, Banker, Anticipation, as stud horses, and several good mares from the Duke of Grafton and Lord Grosvenor, and indeed from any other celebrated studs within his reach. Like all great breeders, Mr. Charlton has had many public sales, at one of which, the sum of 1900*l.* being offered for Henry, by a very badly dressed person in the crowd, he was asked by the auctioneer for whom he was bidding? '*Here is my authority*,' said the man pointing to his breeches pocket. A few years ago Mr. Charlton took rather a curious turn, exchanging the cap and jacket of the race-course for the wig and gown of the courts, and was actually called to the bar. Like Dido's love, however, the passion for racing could not be smothered in the murky atmosphere of Westminster Hall, nearly as gloomy as the vault of Sichæus; and we now find him with a good string of race-horses. There are not many better judges than Mr. Charlton, though we fear, like most other gentlemen-sportsmen, he has paid rather dearly for his experience. Mr. Vansittart has also been a long time on the turf, and ran second last year for the Derby, with *Perion*, a very formidable horse. He is a breeder of race-horses, and sold a clever colt, called *Rockingham*, this year, for 1000 guineas, to Mr. Watt. This colt is one of the favourites for the St. Leger, having the other day won a good stakes at York, beautifully ridden by Darling. Mr. Vansittart is a good judge, and always runs his horses to win, if they can. Mr. Hunter, of Six Mile Bolton, near Newmarket, is a first-rate judge of racing, and considered a good bettor. He won the Derby in 1821, with *Quadratus*, and has since used him as a stud-horse, but not to much profit. The last year, however, he made some amends, by producing

Forster, the winner of the July stakes, and several other things, and was backed freely for the Derby, being out of an Orville mare. With the exception of the great card in their pack, all the Pecks have a taste for the turf. The Colonel, however, is the only one who has the courage to face Newmarket, which he does with nearly as good a stud as is to be found even there. Amongst them is Archibald, by Paulwitz, the winner of the 2000 guineas stakes, last year, the Shirley stakes, at Epsom, and the Newmarket St. Leger, beating the far-famed Margrave, winner of the Doncaster St. Leger and Beiram. The Colonel is a heavy better, and loses with a philosophic indifference, worthy of anoble cause. Mr. Massey Stanley, son to Sir Thomas, has a small, but neat stud, and one very good horse, called Crutch, a great winner of last year. Mr. Sowerby has likewise a pretty stud which he uses, like a gentleman, for his amusement. Mr. Scott Stonehewer is of the same class. In the latter gentleman's stable is Variation, a winner of the Oaks, in 1830. Mr. Payne has also a small stud, not winners, we fear, neither is he a judicious better. Lastly, Mr. Osbaldiston has made his appearance on the heath, not as the Hercules of horsemen, as he proved himself in his awful match against time, but as the owner of a string of race-horses. We had rather see the *Squire*, with his hounds, in Northamptonshire, where nothing can eclipse his fame.

Of the public racing men at Newmarket, Messrs. Crockford, Gully, Ridsdale, Sadler, the Chifneys, &c. we need not say much, their deeds being almost daily before us. But looking at the extraordinary results of these men's deeds, who will not admit racing to be the best trade going? Talk of studs, talk of winnings, talk of racing establishments, our Grafton's, Richmonds, Portlands, and Clevelands, with all their means and pliances to boot, are but the beings of a summer's day, when compared with those illustrious personages, and their various transactions and doings on the turf. Here is a small retail tradesman dealing in a very perishable commodity, become our modern Cæsar in a few years, and proprietor of several of the finest houses in England! Behold the champion of the boxing ring, the champion of the turf, the proprietor of a noble domain, an honourable member of the reformed parliament, all in the person of a Bristol butcher! Turn to a great proprietor of coal-mines, the owner of the best stud in England, one who gives 3000 guineas for a horse, in the comely form of a Yorkshire footman! We have a quondam Oxford livery-stable-keeper, with a dozen or more race-horses in his stall, and those of the very best stamp, and such as few country gentlemen, or, indeed, any others, have a chance to contend with. By their father's account of them (see *Genius Gemine*, by the late Sam. Chifney) the two Messrs. Chifney were stable-boys to Earl Grosvenor at eight guineas a-year, and a stable suit. They are now owners of nearly the best horses, and—save Mr. Crockford's—quite the best houses in their native town. There is the son of the ostler of the Black Swan, at York, betting his thousands on the heath, his neckerchief secured by a diamond pin. Then to crown all, there is Squire Beildsworth of Birmingham, with his seventeen race-horses, and his crimson liveries, in the same *loyal*, but dirty town, in which he once drove a hackney coach. Taking for granted that all this is done honestly, why should we despair of having the gratification to see this worthy little devil who trots with this sheet to Stamford Street, appear some fine morning on Newmarket heath, with his seventeen race-horses, his crimson liveries, and his diamond pin?

It rarely happens that what are called provincial studs, do much in what may be termed the capitals of the racing world, but we cannot forget Lord

Oxford beating the crack nags of Newmarket,—Eaton among the rest,—with old Victoria, and his Hedgeford Jockey, the late Tom Cat; Mr. Glover winning the Craven with Slender Billy; and though last, not least, the great Worcestershire grazier (the late Mr. Terret, tenant of Mr. Lechmere Charlton) taking his fine Rubens horse, Sovereign, in his bullock caravan, to Newmarket, winning the St Leger stakes with him in a canter; and, what was still less expected, his rural jockey, Ben Moses, out-jockeying the best riders on the heath. Neither will the same jockey's performance on Lady Byron, over the course, to the benefit of the said grazier, be very soon forgotten. But we must not enter upon the large subject of the provincial studs.

Deservedly high as Newmarket stands in the history of the British turf, it is but as a speck on the ocean when compared with the sum total of our provincial meetings, of which there are about a hundred and twenty in England, Scotland and Wales—several of them twice in the year. Epsom, Ascot, York, Doncaster, and Goodwood stand first in respect of the value of the prizes, the rank of the company, and the interest attached to them by the sporting world, although several other cities and towns have lately exhibited very tempting bills of fare to owners of good race-horses. In point of antiquity, we believe the Rhodée of Chester claims precedence of all country race-meetings;—and certainly it has long been in high repute. Falling early in the racing year—always the first Monday in May—it affords a good trial for young horses, and there is plenty of money to be run for by the old ones, who come out fresh and well. This meeting is most numerously attended by the families of the extensive and very aristocratic neighbourhood in which it is placed, and always continues five days: The course is far from a good one, being on a dead flat, with rather a sharp turn near home, in consequence of which, several accidents have occurred, particularly previously to some late improvement.* When we state that there are nine good sweepstakes, a king's plate, two very valuable cups, and five plates at Chester, its superiority as a country meeting will speak for itself.†

Epsom, however, ranks first after Newmarket. It is sufficient, perhaps, to state, that there were no less than one hundred and fourteen colts entered for the last Derby stakes, and ninety-seven fillies for the Oaks—their owners paying fifty sovereigns each for those that started, and twenty-five for those that did not. There are, likewise, a gold cup, and several other stakes, as well as three plates. Independently of seeing him run, amateur admirers of the race-horse have here a fine opportunity of studying him in the highest state of his perfection. We allude to the place called the Warren, in which the Derby and Oaks horses are saddled and mounted. It is a small but picturesque bit of ground, in the forest style, inclosed by a wall, and

* The following most extraordinary accident happened here some years back. A colt called 'Hairbreadth,' by 'Escape,' the property of the late Mr. Lockley, bolted over the ropes, and coming in contact with an Officer of Dragoons, Sir John Miller, who was on horseback, was killed by the peak of the helmet entering his skull when on the head of the baronet, who escaped with trifling injury!

† The Eaton stud now cuts a poor figure on the far-famed Rhodée. Mr. Clifton is no more, but his memory will live at Chester for many years to come. Lord Stamford and his Sir Oliver have deserted it. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn has not a race-horse; neither has Mr. Mytton, one of the greatest supporters of this meeting. Sir Thomas Stanley is no longer 'cock of the walk,' nor can Sir George Pigot run second. Lord Derby stands his ground, and so does parson Nauney (*scripsisse pigdet*!); but Messrs. Gloudsworth, Giffard, Walker, Beardsworth, and a few more fresh competitors of the new school, have lately carried most of the north-west county honors.

entered by all who choose to pay a shilling. To some it is a great treat to see the celebrated Newmarket jockeys, who may be only known to them by name. A view of half the aristocracy of England, also, is, even in these times, worth a shilling to many. The sporting men, meanwhile, reap much advantage from their anxious inspection of the horses as they walk round this rural circus. They can closely observe the condition of their favourites; and should anything dissatisfy them, they have a chance to hedge something before the race is run, although the ring is generally broken up about the time the horses are assembled in the *Warren*.

But what is the sight in *the Warren*, interesting as it really is,—thousands on thousands depending on the result, rumours perhaps to many—compared with the start for the race? Fancy twenty-four three-year-olds, looking like six-year-old horses, with the bloom of condition on their coats, drawn up in a line at the starting place, with the picked jockeys of all England on their backs, and on the simple fact of which may prove the best, perhaps, and on which depends, *'They are off!'* 'No, no!'—cries one jockey whose horse turned his tail to the others, just as the word *'Go'* was given. 'Tis sufficient: 'tis no start; *come back!*' roars the starter. Some are pulled up in a few hundred yards—others *go* twice a day. But look at that chestnut colt—white jacket and black cap—with thousands depending upon him! He is three parts of the way to Tottenham's corner before his rider can restrain him. Talk of agonizing moments!—the pangs of death! what can at all equal these? But there are no winnings without losings, and it is *not* to those who have backed him out. Who can say, indeed, but that, his temper being known, the false start may have been *contrived* to accommodate him? However, they are all back again at the post, and each rider endeavouring to be once more well-placed. Observe the cautious John Day, how quietly he manoeuvres to obtain an inside *location* for his worthy master His Grace of Grafton. Look at neat little Arthur Pavis, putting his horse on the neck and sides, and admiring himself at the same time. But his breeches and boots are really good. Watch Sam Chifney minutely, but first and foremost his seat in his saddle—

—————
'Incompos'd and dema-nur'd
With the brave beast'

and his countenance! 'Tis calm, though thoughtful; but he has much to think of. He and his confederates have thousands on the race, and he is now running it in his mind's eye. Harry Edwards and Robinson are side by side, each heavily backed to win. How they are formed to ride! Surely Nature must have a mould for a jockey, for the purpose of displaying her jewel, the horse! And that elegant horseman Sam Day—but see how he is wasted to bring himself to the weight! Observe the knuckles of his hands and the patellæ of his knees, how they appear almost breaking through the skin. But if he have lost nearly half of his frame in the sweaters, the remaining half is full of vigour; and we'll answer for it his horse don't find him wanting in the struggle. Then that slim, young jockey, with high cheek bones, and long neck, in the green jacket and orange cap—surely he must be in a galloping consumption! There is a pallid bloom on his sunken cheek, rarely seen but on the face of death, and he wants but the grave-clothes to complete the picture. Yet we need not fear. He is heart-whole and well; but having had short notice, has lost fifteen pounds in the last forty-eight hours. *They are off* again—a beautiful start and a still more beautiful sight! All the hues of the rainbow in the colours of the riders and the complexions of their horses! What a spectacle for the sportsman who take their stand on the hill on the course, to see the first part of the

race, and to observe the places their favourites have gotten ! *They are all in a cluster*, the jockeys glancing at each other's horses, for they cannot do more in such a crowd. They are soon, however, a little more at their ease ; the severity of the ground, and the rapidity of the pace, throw the soft-hearted ones behind, and at Tottenham's corner there is room for observation. 'I think I can win,' says Robinson to himself, 'if I can but continue to live with my horses, for I know I have the speed of all here. But I must take a strong pull down this hill, for we have not been coming over Newmarket flat. Pavis's horse is going sweetly and the Yorkshireman, Scott, lying well up. But where is Chifney ? Oh ! like Christmas, *he's coming*, creeping up in his usual form, and getting the blind side of Harry Edwards. Chapple is here on a dangerous horse, and John Day with a stain of old Prunella.' *It is a terrible race !* There are seven in front within the distance, and nothing else has a chance to win. The set-to begins ; they are all good ones. Whips are at work—the people shout—hearts throb—ladies faint—the favourite is beat—white jacket with black cap wins.

Now a phalanx of cavalry descend the hill towards the grand stand, with *Who has won ?* in each man's mouth. 'Hurrah !' cries one, on the answer being given ; *my fortune is made.* 'Has he by —— ?' says another, pulling up with a jerk ; 'I am a ruined man ! Scoundrel that I was to risk such a sum ! and I have too much reason to fear I have been deceived. Oh ! how shall I face my poor wife and my children ? 'I'll blow out my brains.' But where is the owner of the winning horse ? He is on the hill, on his coach-box ; but he will not believe it till twice told. 'Hurrah !' he exclaims, throwing his hat into the air. A gipsy hands it to him, It is in the air again, and the gipsy catches it, and half-a-sovereign besides, as she hands it to him once more. 'Heavens bless your honor,' says the *dark lady*, 'did I not tell your honor you could not lose ?'

There are two meetings now at Epsom, as indeed there were more than half a century back, but the October meeting is of minor importance. The grand stand on the course is the largest in Europe, and, to give some idea of its magnificence, it has been assessed to the poor's rate at 500*l.* per annum. The exact expense of its erection is not known to us, but the lawyer's bill alone was 557*l.* Poor distressed England !

Ascot also stands in the foremost rank of *country* races. It is of a different complexion from Epsom, not only by reason of its being graced with royalty, and aristocracy in abundance, but as wanting that crowd of 'nobody knows who' which must be encountered on a Derby day, the cockney's holiday. It is likewise out of reach of London ruffians, a great recommendation,—and the strictness of the police makes even thieves scarce. But the charms of Ascot, to those not interested in the horses, consist in the promenade on the course between the various races, where the highest fashion, in its best garb, mingles with the crowd, and gives a brilliant effect to the passing scene. In fact, it comes nearest to Elysium of anything here, after Kensington Gardens, in 'the leafy month of June.' Then the King's approach, with all the splendour of majesty, and, what is still more gratifying, amidst the loud acclamations of his subjects, sets the finish on the whole. Long may the royal name be venerable to the English people ! This year, if the papers speak true, there has been a falling off in the cheers.

Goodwood is the next great aristocratic meeting in the south, and has monopolized nearly all the racing of those parts. The Drawing-Room, and the Goodwood stakes, and the Cup, are prizes of such high value, that, as

birds pick at the best fruit, all the crack horses of Newmarket are brought thither to contend for them, and they were last year won by Belton, Lucetta, and Priam. The corporation of Chichester add 100*l.* to the cup, and his Majesty gives a 100 guineas plate. This course at Goodwood is also one of the best in England, nearly 10,000*l.* having been expended upon it—including the stand and the improvement of the road leading to it—by the Duke of Richmond; but his grace will be reimbursed, if the meeting continues, by the admission-tickets to the stand, &c.

Let us take one glance at that modern Epsom, the county of York, in which there are now twelve meetings in the year—(nearly a century ago, there were half as many more). York is one of our oldest race meetings, and was patronized by the great sportsmen of all countries in former days; but the names of Cookson, Wentworth, Goodricke, Galloway, Hutchinson, Crompton, Gascoigne, Sitwell, Pierce, Shafto, and some others, appear indigenous to Knaresborough heath. The money run for a year, at the Spring and August meetings, exceeded 11,000*l.* in plates and sweepstakes. Catterick Bridge, in this county, is also an important meeting, as being very early in the season, and Richmond and Pontefract are tolerably supported. But what shall we say of Doncaster?

‘True once was great, but oh! the scene is o’er,
 His glory vanish’d! and his name no more.’

And wherefore this? Is it that we miss Mrs. Beaumont in her coach and six, with her numerous outriders? Is it that the lamented Paul Fitzwilliam, with his splendid retinue, is no longer there? Oh no!—the Magnates of Devonshire, Cleveland, Leeds, Londonderry, and Durham, can replace *all that* at any time; but it is the many dirty tricks, the *innumerable* attempts at roguery which have lately been displayed, that have given a taint to Doncaster race-ground, which it will require many years of clean fallow to get rid of. We will not enumerate these vile *faux-pas*—the last, ‘the swindle,’ as it is termed, the most barefaced of all—but let the noblemen and gentlemen who wish well to Doncaster, and who do not wish to see the meetings expunged from the Racing Calendar, act a little more vigorously than they have hitherto done, and not let villainy go unpunished before their eyes. Let a mark be set upon all owners, trainers, and riders of horses, with which tricks are played; let them be driven off the course by order of the stewards; let them never again appear at the starting-post or in the betting-ring; and then, but not till then, will racing be once more respectable. Let us indulge our hopes that this will be the case, and that Yorkshire racing no longer shall be the reproach of the present age. ‘All these storms that fall upon us,’ said Don Quixote, ‘are signs the weather will clear up—the evil having lasted long, the good can’t be far off.’ May it prove so here!

The alteration in the amount of the St. Leger stakes will do something towards abating trickery at Doncaster. The sum subscribed was twenty-five sovereigns, play or pay. It is now fifty sovereigns, half forfeit. The lightness of the old charge induced several ill-disposed persons to bring their horses to the post, purposely to create *false starts*; and it will be recollected that, in 1827, there were no less than eight of these, to which the defeat of Mameluke was chiefly attributed. The grand stand on this course is one of the finest in England; and if the genius of taste had presided at the building of it, we scarcely know what improvement could have been made. The betting-room has been considered thoroughly *Greek*!

On more accounts than one, our turf proceedings must make foreigners marvel. Some years since, a French gentleman visited Doncaster, and gave it the appellation of 'the guinea meeting,'—nothing without the guinea. 'There was,' said he, 'the guinea for entering the rooms to hear the people bet. There was the guinea for my dinner at the hotel. There was the guinea for the stand, for myself; and (Oh! execrable!) the guinea for the stand for my carriage. There was the guinea for my servant's bed, and (ah, mon Dieu!) ten guineas for my own, for only two nights.' Now we cannot picture to ourselves Monsieur at Doncaster a second time; but if his passion for the race should get the better of his prudence, we only trust he will not be so infamously robbed again. Indeed, he may assure himself of this, for Doncaster will never be what it has been nor is it fitting it should be. Neither do we consider it a recommendation to state the amount of the money run for at the last meeting,—viz. 13,918*l*!

Warwick, Manchester, Liverpool, Cheltenham, Bath, and Wolverhampton, are now among our principal country race-meetings, and all of these have wonderfully increased within the last few years; particularly Liverpool, a very young meeting, but which bids fair to catch the forfeited honors of Doncaster. Stock-bridge also is now in repute, owing to the Bibury Club being held there—a renewal of the Burford meeting, one of the oldest in England. Bath and Liverpool have races twice in the year, and the valuable *produce-stakes* which all these young meetings have instituted are likely to ensure their continuance; as to the ever princely-hearted Liverpool, at all events, there can be little fear. Speaking generally, however, nothing fluctuates more than the scene of country racing. Newton, in Lancashire, still keeps its place, but Knutsford and Preston decline, and Oxford, once so good, we may consider gone. At the latter place, indeed, it has been Dilly, Sadler, and Day—then Day, Sadler, and Dilly—winning everything—till country gentlemen became tired of the changes being rung upon them!

It was high time that a change, to a certain extent, should be made in country racing,—but in some respects it has gone too far,—we allude to the value of the prizes. A hundred years ago, the breeding and training of race-horses costing comparatively little, running for fifty-pound plates might have paid. Eclipse, indeed, was nothing but a plate horse, having, in all his running, only won two thousand pounds, and the manor-bowl in the good city of Salisbury! But nothing can now-a-days be got by plating, and the contest by heats, many of them four miles, with high weights, borders on cruelty. On the other hand, out of nearly thirty races last year, at Liverpool, there were only three run at heats, and not one four-mile race. At Newmarket there have been no heats, except for a town plate, since 1772; and this is undoubtedly a most beneficial change, and creditable to the feeling of British sportsmen. This is as it should be; man should on no account inflict unnecessary labour on the horse, and above all, on the race-horse. From no apparent motive but that generous spirit of emulation which distinguishes him above most other animals, and entitles him to our high regard, how he struggles to serve and gratify us! All these things considered, we are inclined to wish well to country racing, as, in itself, a harmless privileged pleasure, which all classes have the power to partake of; indeed, we envy not the man whose heart is not gladdened by the many happy faces on a country race-course. In fact, the passion for racing, like that of hunting, is constitutionally inherent in man, and we cannot re-form nature without extinguishing it altogether. The Isthmian games suffered no intermission even when Corinth was made desolate—the Sicyo

nians being permitted to celebrate them until Corinth was again inhabited; and it is certain that during the embarrassments, privations, and panics to which England has been exposed during the last twenty years, racing, particularly country racing, has progressively increased, and in many respects improved.

We believe it is admitted that in no country in the world do people ride with so daring a spirit as in the little island of Great Britain, and particularly in our Leicestershire hunts. But riding over a country, and race-riding, if they must be called sister-arts, are *diversæ tanten*, it being well-known that many of our first-rate jockeys (Buckle among the number, who often attempted it) have made a poor appearance after hounds. On the turf, however, as on the field, our *gentlemen* 'delighting in horses' have, from old time, been forward to exhibit their prowess.

'Smit with the love of the Laconic boot,
The cap and wig succinct, the silken suit;'

though we take it that it was not until the Bibury and Kingscote meetings that gentleman-jockeyship arrived at perfection in England. It is beyond a doubt that there were gentlemen-jockeys at that time, almost, if not quite, equal to the professional artists, and a few of them nearly in as high practice in the saddle. Amongst these first-rate hands were, the present Duke of Dorset, and George Germaine, his brother; Lords Charles Somerset, Milsington, and Delamere, (then Mr. Cholmondeley); Sir Tatton Sykes; Messrs. Delme Radclyffe, Hawkes, Bullock, Worrall, George Pigot, Lowth, Musters, Douglas, Probyn, &c. &c. Which was the best of these jockeys it might be invidious to say; the palm of superiority for head, seat, and hand, was generally given to the Duke and Mr. Hawkes; but Messrs. Germaine, Delme Radclyffe, and Worrall, were by some considered their equals. Lord Charles Somerset was a fine horse-man, too tall for a jockey, and he often rode a winner. Mr. Bullock was also very good till his leg and thigh were broken by his horse running against a post, and Mr. Probyn was superior on a hard-pulling horse. Mr. Radclyffe often rode in the Oaks, and continued to ride at Goodwood and Egham, till nearly the last year of his life. All the others have retired, and some to their long home; but it is favorable to this manly pastime, and the temperate habits it induces, to state, that out of seven gentlemen-jockeys, who rode thirty-two years ago at Litchfield, only one, Mr. D. Radclyffe, who rode the winner, has died a natural death, all the others being alive, with the exception of Mr. Bullock, who was drowned.

The eminent jockeys of the present day are Lord Wilton, Messrs. White, Osbaldiston, Bouveri, Peyton, Kent, Melony, two Berkeleys, Platel, Burton, Griffiths, Becher, and others whose names do not this moment occur to us. But looking at the value of the prizes at Heaton Park, for example, (where gentlemen *alone* are allowed to ride,) Bath, Croxton Park, and several other places, we marvel not at the proficiency of these patrician jockeys; and during certain parts of the racing season, such performers as Lord Wilton, Messrs. White, Peyton, Kent, and one or two more of the best of them are in nearly as much request as the regular hired jockeys, and are obliged to prepare themselves accordingly. Wishing them well, we have but one word to offer them. For the credit of the turf, let them bear in mind what the term *gentleman-jockey* implies, and not, as in one or two instances has been the case, admit within their circle persons little, if anywise, above the jockey by profession. This has been severely commented upon as having led to disreputable practices, with which the name—the sacred name of gen-

flemen—should never have been mixed up. With this proviso, and considering what might be likely to take place of 'the Laconic boot,' were it abandoned, we feel no great hesitation about saying, go,

'Win the plate,
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown.'

A new system of racing has lately sprung up in England, which however characteristic of the daring spirit of our countrymen, we know not how to commend. We allude to the frequent steeple-races that have taken place in the last few years, and of which, it appears, some are to be periodically repeated. If those whose land is thus trespassed upon are contented, or if recompense be made to such as are not, we have nothing further to say on that score: but we should be sorry that the too frequent repetition of such practices should put the farmers out of temper, and thus prove hurtful to fox-hunting. We may also take the liberty to remark, that one human life has already been the penalty of this rather unreasonable pastime; and that from the price the horses must travel at, considerable danger to life and limb is always close at hand. In the last race of this description that came under our observation, we found there were no less than seven falls, at fences, in the space of three miles.*

After the example of England, racing is making considerable progress in various parts of the world. In the East Indies, there are regular meetings in the three different Presidencies, and there is also the Bengal Jockey Club. In the United States, breeding and running horses are advancing with rapid strides; and the grand match at New York, between Henry and Eclipse, afforded a specimen of the immense interest attached to similar events.† In Germany we find three regular places of sport, viz., Gustrow, Dobboran, and New Brandenburg; and the Duke of Holstein Augustenburgh has established a very promising one in his country. His Serene Highness, and his brother, Prince Frederick, have each a large stud of horses, from blood imported from England; and amongst the conspicuous German sportsmen, who have regular racing establishments, under the care of English training grooms, are, Counts Hahn, Plessen, Bassewitz, (two,) Moltke, and Voss; Barons de Biel, Hertefeldt, and Hamerstein. The Duke of Lucca has a large stud, and the stables at Marlia have been built in a style of grandeur equal to the ducal palace. At Naples, racing has been established, and is flourishing. Eleven thorough-bred horses were lately shipped at Dover, on their road to that capital, and which were to be eighty days on their journey, after landing at Calais. Prince Butera's breeding stud, on the southern coast of Sicily, is the largest in these parts: it was founded by a son of Haphazard, from a few English mares, and his highness is one of the chief supporters of Neapolitan horse-racing. In Sweden is some of our best blood, and Count Woronzow and others have taken some good blood stock to Russia. In Austria, four noblemen subscribe to our *Racing Calendar*; in Hungary, eight; in Prussia, two. France makes very little progress in the matter; it does not suit the taste of that people. But, of all wonders, who would look for racing in good form in Van Diemen's Land? There, however, it is: we perceive several well-bred English horses in the lists of the cattle at Hobart's Town, where they have three day's racing for plates, matches, and

* We recommend the sportsmen, who wish to have some notion of a steeple-chase, to study an admirable set of prints on that subject lately published, after drawings by the Hogarth of the chase, Mr. Atten.

† There are two Sporting Magazines now published in America, and one at Stockholm.

sweepstakes, (one of fifty sovereigns each,) with ordinaries, and balls and six thousand spectators on the course! This little colony is *progressing* in many odd ways: it turns out, *inter alia*, as pretty an Annual, whether we look to the poetry or the engraving, as any one could have expected from a place of three times its standing—though the engraving, to be sure, *may* be accounted for!

The great and leading qualification of a horse bred for the turf is the immaculate purity of his blood. It is then little less than a misnomer to call a half-bred horse a race-horse; it is like the royal stamp impressed upon base metal. Besides what are called stakes for horses *not thorough-bred* have been the cause of much villainy, on the turf, by reason of the owners of full bred horses producing false pedigrees with them, to enable them to start, when of course they are sure to win. Perhaps the most successful, and at the same time the most imprudent case occurred in 1825, when a Mr. W—— took about the country a horse which he called 'Tom Paine, by Prime Minister, not thorough-bred,' and won several large stakes with him, whereas this said Tom Paine was proved to be Tybalt, by Thunderbolt, not out of Lord Grosvenor's Meteor, by Meteor, *the best mare in England* of her day! But, besides all this, we doubt a good result, as regards the horse and his uses, from these stakes. In the first place, a really half-bred horse will rarely endure severe training;—and if he does, his constitution and temper are all but sure to be ruined by it. Secondly, however good he may be as a half-bred racer, he cannot transmit his base blood to posterity. Again—regular trainers dislike having to do with half-bred horses, and seldom give them fair play, *i. e.* seldom trouble themselves to go out of the usual course with them in their work, *which must be done to bring them well to the post*. Finally, these stakes are also the very hotbed of wrangles; and the system lately adopted of produce stakes for half-bred horses opens a still wider door for villainy and fraud. We wish we could see the turf confined to pure blood.

But we must not conclude this article without a word or two to the Young Gentlemen just starting into the world, who may have rubbed the ambition of shining on the English turf. Let every such person remember that he presents a *broad mark*—that there are hundreds on the watch for him—and that *he stakes* what is *certain* against not only all other chances, but the ripe chance of fraud! Let him, before he plunges into the stream, consider a little how it runs, and whither it may lead him! In these days, indeed, gambling is not confined to the turf, the hazard room, the boxing-ring, or the cock-pit; but is unfortunately, mixed up with too many of the ordinary occupations of life. 'Commerce itself,' said Mr. Coke of Norfolk in one of his public harangues, 'is become speculation; the objects of a whole life of industry and integrity among our forefathers, are now attempted to be obtained in as many weeks or months, as it formerly required years to effect.' The fatal passion has, indeed, taken fast hold on a great body of the people, and what is called a levanter is perhaps a less rare occurrence from the corn market, the hop-market, or "the alley," than from the betting ring or Tattersall's. But we are told that betting—

* Though no science, fairly worth the seven,*

is the life of racing, and that without it the turf would soon fall into decay. To a certain extent there may be some truth in this doctrine; nevertheless *betting* is the germ which gives birth to all the roguery that has of late lowered this department of sport in the eyes of all honorable men. The scripture phrase, in short, is now every day verified, the race not being to

the swift, but to the horse on whom the largest sums stand in certain persons' books. Indeed, it was not long since asserted by a well-known rider and owner of race-horses, deep in turf secrets, that if Eclipse were here now, and in his very best form, but heavily backed to lose by certain influential bettors, he would have no more chance to win than if he had but the use of three of his legs! What, may we ask, must be the opinion of foreigners, when they read the *uncontradicted* statement of the New Sporting Magazine, that in the Derby stakes of 1832, when St. Giles was the winner, every horse in the race, save one (Perion), was supposed to have been made safe *i. e.* safe not to win? By whom made safe? Not by their owners, for many of them were the property of noblemen and gentlemen, of high personal character. The foul deed can only be perpetrated by the influence of vast sums of money employed in various ways upon the event—in short, where the owners stand clear, trainers or jockies *must* combine with the parties concerned in the robbery. But what a stain upon the boasted pastime of English gentlemen! And then the result:—

* This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench!

But we may be told racing—or rather betting on racing, supposed to be essential to its existence—cannot go on without what are called the ‘Legs,’ (described by an old writer on sporting subjects ‘as the most unprincipled and abandoned set of thieves and harpies that ever disgraced civilized society,’) and that pecuniary obligations are commonly discharged by them with as much integrity and despatch as by the most respectable persons in the commercial world. Undoubtedly they are; for if they fail to be so, the adventurer is driven from the ground on which he hopes to fatten. ‘I would give 50,000*l.* for a bit of character’ (said the old sinner Charteris)—‘for if I had that I think I could make a plum of it;’ and the rogues of our day, though not so witty, are quite as knowing as the venerable Colonel.

Woe befall the day when Englishmen look lightly on such desperate inroads upon public morals as have lately passed under their eyes on race-courses! Do they lose sight of the fact, that whoever commits a fraud is guilty, not only of the particular injury to him whom he deceives, but of the diminution of that confidence which constitutes the very existence of society? Can this familiarity with robbing and robbers be without its influence on a rising generation? We say it cannot; and if suffered to go on for twenty years more, we venture to pronounce the most mischievous effects to all classes of society. Talk of jockey-club regulations! As well might Madame Vestris sit in judgment on short petticoats, or Lord Grey on the sin of nepotism, as a jockey club attempt *then* to pass censure on offences which they must have suffered to grow before their faces,—if indeed they should have been so fortunate as all along to steer quite clear of them themselves.

But let us look a little into these practices. In the first place, what is it that guides the leading men in their betting? Is it a knowledge of the horse they back either to win or to lose? and is it his public running that directs their operations? We fear not; three parts of them know no more of a horse than a horse knows of them, but it is from private information, purchased at a high price—at a price which ordinary virtue cannot withstand—that their books are made up. Again; how do the second class of bettors act? We reply—they bet upon *men* and not upon *horses*, for so soon as

they can positively ascertain that certain persons stand heavy against any one horse, that horse has no chance to win, unless, as it sometimes happens, he is too strong for his Jockey, or the nanscating ball has not had the desired effect. He runs in front it is true, for *he can run to win*; but what is his fate? Why, like the hindmost wheel of the chariot, he is

* Curs'd

Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first."

Unfortunately for speculators on the turf, the present enormous amount of a few of our principal sweepstakes renders it impossible to restrict the owners of race-horses from starting more than one animal in the same race. The nominations for the Derby, Oaks, &c., take place when the colts are but one year old, consequently many of them die before the day of running, or, what is worse, prove good for nothing on trial. Thus, the aspirant to the honour of winning them, enters several horses for the same stakes, and perhaps two of the number come to the post, as was the case with Mameluke and Glenanney for the Derby of 1827—an occasion when the race was *not* to the swift but to the horse which stood best in the hook; the losing horse, it is no dispute, could have won, had he been permitted to do so. By the laws of racing this practice is allowable, but it gives great cause of complaint, and opens a door for fraud. One of the heaviest bettors of the present day, who had backed Mameluke to a large amount, observed, that he should not have lamented his loss, *had it not been clear that Mameluke could have won*. A similar occurrence took place last year for the same great race. Messrs. Guley and Ridsdale (confederates, and as such, we believe, allowed to do so) *compromised* to give the race to St. Giles, although doubtless Macgrave could have won it. All outside bettors, as they are called—those not in the secret, as well as those not in the ring—are of course put *hors d'combat* by such proceedings; their opinion of horses, formed from their public running—the only honorable criterion—being sacrificed by this compromise. But we will go one point further. It is proceedings such as these that are too often the cause of gentlemen on the turf swerving from the straight-forward course; men—true as the sun in all private transactions—allow themselves to deviate from the right path on a race-course, in revenge for what they deem to have been injustice. We could name several honorable and highly-minded gentlemen who have openly avowed this. 'Our money has been taken from us,' they have declared, 'without our having a chance to keep it, and we will recover it in any way we can.' In truth, we are too much inclined to believe, that a modern *Arctides* has fearful odds against him on the English turf at the present time. Look, for example, at the sums paid for race-horses, which we think must open our eyes to the fact. Three thousand guineas are now given for a promising colt for the Derby stakes!! But how stands this favourite? There are upwards of a hundred horses besides himself named for the stake: more than twenty will start for it; and if he wins it, it does not amount to much above his cost price. But the purchaser will back him to win it. Indeed! back him against such a field, several of which he knows have been running forward, and others which have not appeared at all, and *may* be better than his own! No; these three thousand guinea horses are not brought to win the Derby;—but the price makes them *jaquins*—and *then* thousands are won by their *losing* it.

Then there is another system which cannot be too severely reprobated—namely, making a horse a favourite in the betting, and then selling him on the eve of a great play or pay race. We confess we could by no means understand 'the white-washing,' as it was termed by Lord Oxford, that a certain person obtained by his explanation of an affair last year at Doncaster.

ter. The act of selling a horse under such circumstances to a duke would have a been culpable one ; but what must be thought of 'the merry sport' of placing him in the hands of a *kill-keeper* ?*

One of the principal evils is the betting of trainers and jockies. We may be asked, is there any harm in a trainer betting a few pounds on a horse he has in his stable, and which he thinks has a fair chance to win ? Certainly not ; and the old, and the only proper, way of doing this was, to ask the owner of the horse to let him stand some part of his engagements,—a request that was never known to be refused. But *then* no trainer had a person betting for him by commission, and, *perhaps*, against the very horses he himself was bringing to the post—reducing such bets to a certainty ! The evil of trainers becoming bettors has no bounds, for when once they enter upon it, it is in vain to say to what extent the pursuit may lead them. Look to the case of Lord Exeter's trainer, examined a short time since before the Jockey Club. He admitted having betted 300*l*. against one of his master's horses. Was there any harm in that individual bet ? None: because he had previously betted largely that the horse would *win*, and he had recourse to the usual, indeed to the only, means of securing himself from loss, on finding that he was going wrong. But we maintain, that he had no right, as Lord Exeter's trainer and servant, to bet to an amount requiring such steps to be taken. Again ; who betted the 300*l*. hedging money for him ? Let those who *inquired* into the affairs answer that ! Now what security had Lord Exeter that *all* the money had not been laid out *against* his horse, and then, we may ask, where was his chance to win ? Moreover, if trainers subject themselves to such heavy losses—for this man, it seems, had a large sum depending on this event—there is too much reason to fear they may be recovered at their master's expense.

The heavy betting of jockies is still more fatal to the best interests of the turf, and generally, we may add, to themselves. Why did the late king dismiss Robinson, the second best, if not, as in some people's opinions, the best—in every one's opinion the most successful—jockey in England ? Not because he had done wrong by the king's horses, but solely because his majesty heard he was worth a large sum of money. What has the great jockey of the north got by his heavy betting ? Money, no doubt ; but dismissal from the principal stud of the north. In fact, no gentleman can feel himself secure in the hands of either a trainer or jockey who bets ; but of the two, the system may be most destructive with the jockey, as no one besides himself need be in the secret. If he bet *against* his horse, the event is of course under his control ; and such is the superiority of modern jockeyship, that a race can almost always be thrown away without detection. On the other hand, if he back his horse heavily *to win*, he becomes, from nervous trepidation, unfit to ride him, as has frequently been witnessed at Doncaster—we need not mention names.

The first admission we have on record of a jockey betting against himself, is in 'Genius Genuine,' page 106, where the author, the late Samuel Chifney, (1784,) rides Lord Grosvenor's Fortitude at York, against Faith and Recovery, backing Faith against Recovery, *one win, or no bet*, and Faith won. He adds, that he did not think he was acting improperly in making this bet, because, he says, he *knew* Fortitude was unfit to run. Now, as he has given his opinion on the case, we will give ours. Let us suppose that Lord Grosvenor—thinking, perhaps, that his

* The racing world remember Mr. Watt's honorable conduct on this point, when offered a large price for Beloni, a great favourite for the St. Leger. "No," said he, "my horse is at present the property of the public."

horse was fit to run—had backed him heavily to win, and that his jockey had backed (as he admits he did) Faith to win. Fortitude and Faith come to a neck and neck race; and what, may we ask, would be the result? Why we really have not faith enough to believe that Fortitude would have won. Indeed, we can fancy we hear the jockey's conversation with the inner man. 'The money is nothing to my Lord,' he might say, 'but a great deal to me,' so one pull makes it safe; and a few pricks of the spur, after he has past the winning post, serve to lull suspicion. To speak seriously—a jockey's betting at all is bad enough, but his betting on any other horse in the race save his own, is contrary to every principle, and fatal to the honour of the turf.

We have already alluded to one system of turf plunder, that of *getting up favourites*, as the term is, by false trials and lies, for the sake of having them backed to win in the market, well knowing that all the money betted upon them must be lost. This is villainous; but what can be said to the poisoning system—the nouseating ball—we have reason to fear an every-day occurrence, when a horse is placed under the *master-key*. This is a practice of some standing on the turf, (see Chifney's account of Creeper and Walnut, 1791.) and was successfully carried on in the stables of the late Lord Foley, very early in the present century, when one of the party was hanged for the offence. But people know better now, and the disgrace of the halter is avoided; no *post mortem* examination—no solution of arsenic. A little opiate ball given over-night, is all that is necessary to retard a horse in his pace, but not prevent his starting. *Withers* of races are now not in request. A good favourite is the horse wanting, and there are many ways to prevent his winning—this among the rest.

There is one point more that we must touch on:

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis,

says Æneas to his son, when he advises him not to trust to her wanton smiles for ephemeral and success. It is quite certain that *luck* has very little to do with *pacing*, and the man who trusts to it will find he is leaning on a broken staff. To the owner of a racing stud, who means to act uprightly, nothing but good management can ensure success, and even with this he has fearful odds against him, so many striving for the same prize. His horses must be well-bred, well-reared, well-engaged, well-trained, well-weighted, and well-ridden—nothing else will succeed in the long run. Still less has *luck* to do with *betting*. The speculator on other people's horses can only succeed by the help of one or the other of these expedients—namely, great knowledge of horse-flesh and astute observation of public running—deep calculation—or secret fraud; and that the last-mentioned resource is the base upon which many large fortunes have in our day been built, no man will be bold enough to deny. How many fine domains have been shared amongst those hosts of rapacious sharks, during the last two hundred years! and—unless the system be altered—how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulph! For we lament to say, the evil increases; all heretofore, indeed, has been 'tarts and cheese-cakes,' to the villainous proceedings of the last twenty years, on the English turf. 'Strange! But how is it that exposures are not oftener made?' This question is very easily answered. It is the value of the prize that tempts the pirate; and the extent of the plunder is now so great that secrecy is purchased at any price.

But shutting our eyes to this ill-featured picture, and imagining everything to be honourably conducted, let us just take a glance at the present

system of betting, and setting aside mathematical demonstrations applicable only where chances are equal, state the general method of what is called 'making a book.' The first object of the betting man is to purchase cheaply, and to sell dearly: and, next, to secure himself by hedging, so that he cannot lose, if he do not win. This, however, it is evident, will not satisfy him, and he seeks for an opportunity of making himself a winner, *without the chance of being a loser*. This is done by what is called betting round. For example: if twenty horses start in a race, and A bets 10 to 1 *against each*, he must win 9, as he receives 19, and only pays 10; namely—10 to 1 to the winning horse. This, of course, can rarely be done, because it might not occur in a hundred years that all the horses were at such equal odds. Nevertheless, it is quite evident, that if, when a certain number of horses start, A bets against all, taking care that he does not bet a higher sum against any one horse that may win, than would be covered by his winnings by the others which lose, he *must win*. Let us, then, suppose A beginning to make his Derby book, at the commencement of the new year. B bets him (about the usual odds) 20 to 1 against an outsider, when A takes in hundreds, viz. 2000 to 100. The outsider improves; he comes out in the spring, and wins a race, and the odds drop to 10 to 1. A bets 1000 to 100 *against* him. He is now on velvet; he cannot lose, and may win 1000. In fact, he has a thousand pounds in hand to play with, which the alteration of the odds has given him. But mark! he is only playing with it, he may never pocket it, so he acts thus. The outsider—we will call him *Repeater*—comes out again, wins another race, and the odds are only 5 to 1 against him. A bets 500 to 100 more against him, and let us now see how he stands.

If Repeater wins, A receives from B	£2000
He pays to C	£1000
Ditto to D	500
	1500
Balance in A's favour by Repeater <i>winning</i>	£500
If Repeater loses—A receives from C	£100
Ditto from D	100
	200
A pays B £100—Deduct	100
Balance in A's favour by Repeater <i>losing</i>	£100

But is there *no contingency* here? Yes, the colt might have died before A had hedged, and then he must have paid his 100£; but, on the other hand, he would have been out of the field, which might have been worth all the money to him, in his deeper speculations on other horses. But let us suppose our colt to have remained at the original odds, viz. 20 to 1. In that case, A must have betted 2000 to 100 against him, and then no harm would have arisen.

In what is called making a book on a race, it is evident that the bettor must be early in the market, taking and betting the odds for and against each horse: for backing a favourite to win is not his system. His chief object is, to take long odds against such horses as he fancies, and then await the turn of the market, when he sells dearly what he has purchased cheaply. For example, how often does it happen that 12 to 1 is the betting against a horse two months before his race, and before he starts it is only 4 to 1? If

the better has taken 1200 to 100 again the first time, and then bets 400 to 100 the other way, he risks nothing, but has a chance to win 800. It is by this system of betting that it often becomes a matter of indifference to a man which horse wins, his money being so divided amongst them all. In fact, what is called an out-sider is often the best winner for him, as in that case he pockets all the bets he is making against those horses which *gentlemen and their friends have fancied*. There is, however, too often what is called 'the book horse,' in some of the great races, in which more than one party are concerned. What the term 'book-horse' implies, we need not explain further than by saying, that it would signify, little were he really a book, and not a horse; the animal with the best blood in England in his veins, and the best jockey on his back, shall have no more chance to win, if backed heavily to lose, than a jack ass.*

* As we well know that a bush fortune was made in the betting ring, by a certain person now deceased, who could neither read nor write, and that one of the bravest bettors of the present day is in the same state of blessed ignorance, we may safely conclude that if these two persons ever heard of *fractional arithmetic*, they could know no more of it than of the division of logarithms. Nevertheless, the probability of events can only be found by such help, and even then, as far as racing is concerned, although the adept in this part of the mathematician's art may be able to ascertain the precise odds that may be given or received, so as to provide against loss, yet he will find it, to be certain to win, advantages must be taken of all chances more favourable than the precise odds. In fact, it will be by advantageous bets on particular events, that he will have a balance in his favour at the winding up of his book, and it would avail him little to work for no profit. The main point, however, on which it is indispensably necessary to keep the eye in betting, is in a series of diverse events, *the exact odds to be readily had on every individual event, and hence to get a round of these engagements, as opinion fluctuates, opportunities will offer themselves where great advantage may be gained*.

It is on a plurality of events that figures must be resorted to, the course on which must be put to the test of arithmetical solution. As everything on the turf of which man is permitted to know, a few lessons from the school of arithmetic will suffice, and we now give the following simple examples, which are easily understood, and generally applicable. And let us add, that for a betting man, who can add and subtract, the difference of half a point in the precise odds may win or lose a large fortune in the course of a few years.

Examples.—Two horses are about to start. The betting on one is even, or the odds on the other is 6 to 4. What odds must B bet A that he does not lose with the winners? The expression for the former is $\frac{1}{2}$, and for the latter $\frac{3}{5}$, or $\frac{6}{10}$, equal to $\frac{3}{5}$, therefore say—

$$\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{5} = \frac{3}{10}; \text{ and } 10 - 3 = 7;$$

hence the odds is 7 to 3. B, therefore lays A 7 to 3 that he does not win both winners, and then hedge's as follows:—As $\frac{3}{10}$ is the sum to which he has staked his 7, he lays that sum even, that A wins; and on the other event he lays 6 to 4 (the odds in the example) the same way. Now A wins both, and receives of B 7; but B wins $\frac{3}{10}$, on the former by hedging, and 11 on the latter, which is equal to what he has lost to A. It is here obvious, that had B, in hedging, been enabled to have made both bets—for instance, could he have done better than by taking an even $\frac{3}{10}$ on the first event, and had greater odds than 6 to 4 on the latter, he might have won, but could not have lost.

On the same two events, what odds may B lay A that the latter does not lose both? Set down for the former $\frac{1}{2}$, and the latter will now be $\frac{1}{10}$, but $\frac{1}{10}$ is equal to $\frac{2}{20}$;

therefore, it will be—

$$\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{2}{5} = \frac{2}{10}; \text{ and } 10 - 2 = 8;$$

hence the odds is 8 to 2 = 4 to 1.

Proof by hedging—B begins to hedge, by betting an even 11 on the first event, which A winning, he wins. On the subsequent event, B takes the odds, 3 to 2, which A winning, he also wins. Thus he receives 41, which pays the 4 to 1 he betted on A, losing both events.

We now dismiss the subject, with no probability of our ever returning to it. Although the perusal of Xenophon might have made Scipio a hero, we have not the slightest intention of manufacturing jockeys by any effort of our pen; and yet we wish we had touched on these matters sooner. But why so? Is it that we would rather have been Livy, to have written on the grandeur of Rome, than Tacitus, on its ill-fated decline? It may be so; for we are loath to chronicle, in any department, our country's dispraise; but we are not without the reflection, that we might have done something towards *preventing* the evils we have had to deplore, by exposing the manner in which they have accumulated and thrived. That there are objections to racing, we do not deny, as, indeed, there are to most of the *sports* which have been instituted for the amusement of mankind, and few of which can gratify *pure* benevolence; but when honourably conducted, we consider the turf as not more objectionable than most others, and it has one advantage over almost all now in any measure of fashionable repute:—*it diffuses its pleasures for and unto.* The owner of race-horses cannot gratify his passion for the turf, without affording delight to thousands upon thousands of the less fortunate of his countrymen. This is no trivial feature in the case, now that shooting is divided between the lordly *battue* and the prowl of the poacher,—and that fox-hunting is every day becoming more and more a piece of exclusive luxury, instead of furnishing the lord, the squire, and the yeoman, with a common recreation, and promoting mutual good-will among all the inhabitants of the rural district.

Upon two several events, even betting on the one, and 7 to 4 in favour of A on the other; what odds may be lay against A *winning* both? The one, as before, is $\frac{1}{2}$, and the other is represented by $\frac{7}{11}$: thus 13 to 7 is the odds.

$$\text{Then } \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{7}{11} = \frac{7}{22}; \text{ and } 22 - 7 = 15:$$

Proof by hedging.—The sum against which B laid his odds is 7: therefore he begins by laying 7*l.* on the first event; which, as A wins, he wins. On the next event, he lays 14 to 8, or twice 7 to twice 4, as per terms of question, which he also wins; making together 7 and 8 = 15, the odds he had laid with and lost to A.

Upon the same two events, what odds may B bet A, that the latter does not *lose* both? Set down for the former $\frac{1}{2}$, for the latter, $\frac{1}{11}$:

$$\text{Then } \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{11} = \frac{1}{22}; \text{ and } 22 - 4 = 18:$$

therefore, 18 to 4 = 9 to 2 is the odds.

Proof by hedging.—B bets first the sum to which he has laid his odds, namely 2*l.*, which he wins; and then, taking 7 to 4 on the second event, he wins $2 \times 7 = 9$, which pays the 9*l.* he lost to A; and had more favourable odds been offered, B must have been a winner without risk of losing.

When *three* distinct events are pending, on the first of which the betting is even; on the second, 3 to 2 in favour of A, and the third 5 to 4; what odds should B lay A, that the latter does not name all the winners? The first is expressed by $\frac{1}{2}$, the second by $\frac{3}{5}$, and the third $\frac{5}{9}$:

$$\text{Therefore, } \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{5} \times \frac{5}{9} = (\text{by cancelling}) \frac{1}{6}; \text{ and } 6 - 1 = 5:$$

hence the odds is 5 to 1.

Proof by hedging.—B begins to hedge by betting an even 2*l.*, that A wins the first event; he then bets the odds on the next, viz., (3 to 2) $\div 2 = 1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. B also bets the odds on third event, viz. (5 to 4) $\div 2 = 2\frac{1}{2}$. Now A wins all three; therefore, B wins $2 + 1 + 2 = 5*l.*$ which pays what he lost to A. The odds that A did not *lose* these *three* events would be 4 to 4.

THE,
RACING CALENDAR,

FOR
1833.

Racing Calendar.

CALCUTTA RACES

First Day, Monday, the 7th January, 1833

The Tenth Year of the Great Riddleworth Stakes of 100 Gold Mohurs each for the produce of Mares covered in 1828—No produce no forfeit—Colts 8st 7lb—Filles 8st only—Gilbert Mares
Mr Pundit's colt N. Godelphn, 8st 7lb 1
Mr Robert's colt Glumataitch, by Benedict, dam Maid of Avenel, 8st 1lb 2
Time—2m 1½s

The Eighth Year of the Great Calcutta Welter 10 Gold Mohurs each for Arabs
Never won before the day of running 11st 7lb each—Gentlemen Riders R C—Horses that never started before December, 1832, allowed 7lb and the winner of the Welter to carry 11st 3lb
Mr Whitbred's g. h. Godelphn 1
Mr White's g. h. Edwy 2
Mr R. names Mr White's colt b. S. Francis
Mr Ruchabun Paul ditto ditto g. h. Grey Beard
Mr Dale names Mr Rose's colt b. Robin Hood
Mr Rose's colt b. Sam
Mr Pundit's colt b. Robinson
Time—3m 40s

A Sweepstakes of 25 Gold Mohurs each for 50 Arabs, 8st 7lb each—Gilbert Mares—Hurry Scurry and Paul Pry to carry 10lb extra
Mr Grant's colt b. Rodomontade, 8st 7lb 1
Mr White's colt b. Hurry Scurry, 9st 3lb 2
Time—1m 50s

Match for 10 Gold Mohurs R C 8st 7lb each—H F
Mr Arnes's colt b. The Black Swan 1
Shank Jassam's g. h. The Admiral 2
Time—3m 52s

Second Day, Wednesday the 9th January, 1833

A Plate of 40 Gold Mohurs for all Horses bred in this Country Heats R C The winner of the Riddleworth to carry 10lb extra Horses that have never started allowed 7lb Mares, &c 3lb 5 Gold Mohurs entrance
Mr Grant's colt b. The Forsaken, by Vincent, dam Gipsey, 3 years old, 7st 1lb 1
Mr Robert's colt b. Sophy, by Benedict, dam Sophy, 5 years old, 8st 1lb 2

A Sweepstakes of 25 Gold Mohurs each for Arabs that never won before December, 1832, 8st 7lb each R C Horses that never started before December, 1832, allowed 7lb.
Mr Grant names Mr Rodomontade colt b. Sam, 8st 1
Mr White's g. h. Edwy, 8st 7lb 2
Mr Whitbred's g. h. Godelphn, 8st 7lb 3

(No record of the Third Day's running is forthcoming—Ed.)

Fourth Day, Monday, the 14th January, 1833

A Purse of 50 Gold Mohurs for all Arabs 9st each, one three mile heat, Horses that never started before December 1832 allowed 7lb Horses that have won once to carry 5lb twice 10lb, three times or oftener, one stone extra to be entered by 9 m on the Saturday preceding the Race
Mr Grant's colt b. Paul Clifford, 9st 10lb 1
Mr Whitbred's g. h. Godelphn, 9st 5lb 2
Mr White's g. h. Edwy, 9st 5lb 3
Mr White's colt b. Black Swan, 9st, 5lb 4

SECOND RACE.

A Sweepstakes of 25 Gold Mohurs for all Arabs 8st 4lb each Hurry Scurry and Paul Pry to carry 10lb extra—R C—Horses to be entered by 8 A M on the Saturday preceding
Mr Grant's colt b. Rodomontade,

Fifth Day, Wednesday, the 15th January, 1833.

The Little Welter Stakes of 25 Gold Mohurs each, for Arabs that never ran before December, 1832, 10st 7lb each—Gentlemen Riders R C Horses that never started before December, 1832, allowed 7lb and the winner of the Welter to carry 11st 3lb
Mr White's g. h. Edwy, 10st 7lb 1
Mr Whitbred's g. h. Godelphn, 11st 7lb 2
Mr Rose's colt b. Sam, 10st 3
Mr James's g. h. Glenartney 4
Time—3m 1½s some watches 3m 37s.

Sixth Day, Friday, the 18th January, 1833.

The Calcutta Turf Cup value 100 Gold Mohurs, the surplus in Specie to all Arabs one 3 Mile Heat. Horses that never won before the Meeting allowed 7lb and that never started before the Meeting, one stone, 10 Gold Mohurs entrance.
Mr White's g. h. Edwy, 6 years old, 9st 1
Mr Grant's colt b. Rodomontade, 7 years old, 9st 9lb 2
Mr Crickland names Mr Rose's colt b. Sam, 5 years old, 8st 4 lb 3
Time—3m 18s

Match for 25 Gold Mohurs—R C

Mr White's colt b. Jassam, 10st 2lb 1
Mr Grant's colt b. The Forsaken, 3 years old, 8st 4lb 2
Time—3m 40s

Match for 10 Gold Mohurs—One Mile

Mr White's colt b. Sir Francis, 8st 7lb 1
Mr Grant's g. h. The Major, 8st 2
Time—2m 54

Monday after the Meeting, 21st January, 1833.

A Plate of 40 Gold Mohurs for all horses Heats R C Arabs to carry 8st, Country breeds 9st, Cape horses 9st 7lb English imported horses, 10st 7lb—Winners once to carry 5lb twice 10lb, three times or oftener 21lb 5 Gold Mohurs entrance
Mr Whitbred's g. h. Godelphn, 8st 7lb 1
Mr Viller's colt b. The Embury, 11st 2
Mr White's g. h. Greybeard, 8st 3
Time—3m 15s—Time—3m 31s

(Seventh and Eighth Days not on record—Ed.)

Ninth Day, Friday, 25th January, 1833

Match for 25 Gold Mohurs—R C and a Distance.
Mr White's colt b. Edwy, 9st 1
Mr Whitbred's g. h. Godelphn, 8st 7lb 2
Time 3m 52s R C 3m 34s

Match for 25 Gold Mohurs—R C.

Mr White's colt b. Jassam, 10st 2lb 1
Mr Robert's colt b. Sophy, 8st 4lb 2
Time—3m 35s.

Monday, 14th February 1833

The 1st year of the Renewal of the old Riddles worth Stake of 100 Gold Mohurs each, 1st and only 1st, declared the Saturday preceding the Calcutta December Meeting. Sc & Colts 8st 7lb Fillies 8st 4lb Last Mile
 Mr Whitbread s c Cyly Ghumud ditch, 8st 1lb 1
 Mr Pundit's chf of Napoleon, 1st 7lb. 2
 Time—1m 50s.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 Gold Mohurs each, R C and a distance
 Mr White s g Ah Edway, 9st 8lb 1
 Mr Whitbread s c Ah Th Goff, 8st 2
 Mr Crafty s b Ah Paul Clifford, 8st 7lb 3
 Mr James s g Ah Ghumud ditch, 8st 7lb dr.
 Time—3m 51s R C 3m 38s.

CAWNPORE RACES

1st RACE—1st DAY

A Purse of 500 Rupees for all horses bred in India and the Cape—heats R C—weight for age—Horses that never started allowed 7lb—entrance 5 Gold Mohurs
 Mr Hughes' C C B Shazadee walked over.

2d RACE

A Match for 50 Gold Mohurs—P P—2 Mile
 Mr. Christie's C A Brian Borou, 8st 12lb 1
 Mr Williams' C G Vagabond, 8st 2

3d RACE

Purse of 500 Rupees for maiden Arabs 8st 4lb each—heats R C—entrance 5 Gold Mohurs
 Mr Hadley's C A Badmager, 2 1 1
 Mr Christie's B C Paragon, 1 2 2
 Mr. Hughes' C A Little Touch, 3 3 3
 time first heat 4 15
 2nd 4 10.
 3rd 4 10.

4th RACE

Sweepstakes of 10 Gold Mohurs each for all horses (English and Cape excepted) R C and a distance Gentlemen Riders 10st each—Arabs to receive 7lb to close the 1st of December
 Mr Christie's C A Brian Borou, 9st 7lb 1
 Mr Vernon's C A Mahomet, 9st 7lb. 2
 Mr Williams' C G Vagabond, 10st. — 3

5th RACE

Purse of 250 Rupees for Ponies, weight for inches 13 hands 8st—heats—1½ Mile—maiden allowed 5lb—entrance 5 Gold Mohurs
 Mr Christie's B P Starzaker, 1
 Mr. Vernon's B P Banker, 2 distanced
 Time 2. 40

2d DAY—1st RACE

Purse of 500 Rupees for all Arabs 9st each—heats R C and a distance—maiden allowed 5lb—entrance 5 Gold Mohurs
 Mr. Christie's Brian Borou, walked over.

2d RACE

Welter Stakes of 400 Rupees for all horses—Arabs 11st. Country bred 11st 7lb—R C and a distance, horses that never won allowed 4lb—entrance 5 Gold Mohurs
 Mr. Hughes' C C B Shazadee, walked over.

3d RACE

Purse of 300 Rupees give and take for all horses 14 hands 8st 7lb—heats R C—entrance 5 Gold Mohurs
 Capt Clifford's Savadab, 8st. 44lbs 1 1
 Mr. Hadley's Sir David, 8st. 5lbs. 3 2
 Mr. Christie's Brian Borou, 9st 8lbs 2
 Time 1st heat 4 15. 2d heat 4 13.

1st RACE

A Match for 50 Gold Mohurs—H F—1 Mile
 Mr. Christie's B P Starzaker, 8st 2lbs 1
 Mr. Vernon's B P Banker, 8st 8lb 2
 Time 1st 1 mile 5 ½. 2d 4 mile 1 4½
 Total 2 2

2nd RACE

A Match for 50 Gold Mohurs—H F 3 miles—8st 7lb
 Mr. Christie's B A Footpad 1
 Mr. Bere C A Gallipade, 2
 Time 6 10

3d DAY—1st RACE

A Purse of 300 Rupees for all country bred and Cape horse 9st each R C and a distance—entrance 5 Gold Mohurs
 Mr Hughes' C C B Shazadee, walked over.

2d RACE

A Cup value 1000 Rupees given by the officers of the 16th Lancers for maiden Arabs 8st 7lb each heats R C and a distance—winners once only. Twice or often 7lb extra—4 horses to start for no race—entrance 10 Gold Mohurs
 Mr. Vernon's B A Infidel, 8st 7lb 1 1
 Mr. Christie's C A Gmuckack, 8st 7lb 2 1
 Mr. Hadley's C A Badmager, 9st 3 2
 Mr. Hughes' C A Little Touch 4 dr

3d RACE

Purse of 300 Rupees—for all Galloways weight for inches 14 hands 8st. 7lb—heats 1½ mile—entrance 5 Gold Mohurs.
 Capt Clifford's G A. Savadab, 8st 5lb 1 1
 Mr. Vernon's B P Banker, 6st 7lbs 3 2
 Mr. Hadley's B A Sir David 8st 5lb 2 3
 Mr. Christie's B A Paragon, 8st. dr.

4th RACE

Match for 25 Gold Mohurs P P—R C.
 Mr. Christie's Simbol, 10st. 2 off by con.
 Mr. Vernon's Sir Edward, 9st. sent.

4th DAY—1st RACE

Purse of 400 Rupees for all Arabs weight for age—6 years old 8st 12lb—maiden allowed 5lb.
 Mr. Vernon's B A Infidel, 1
 Mr. Christie's C A Brian Borou, 2 dr.
 Mr. Hadley's C A. Badmager, 3 dr.

2d RACE

A Cup given by the Camp of his Excellency the Commander in Chief for all horses; winners twice during the meeting to carry 7lb and of the Lancer Cup—4lb extra—Arabs allowed 4lb. 1 mile heats.
 Mr. Hughes' C C B Shazadee, 1
 Mr. Vernon's B A. Infidel, 2 dr.
 Time 2. 2.

imported English horses excluded. Horses that never started before the day of running allowed 7lb. Horses that have started but never won, 4lb. To close at 1 o'clock the day before the meeting.

hands inches.
Mr Bacon's grey Arab Quack . . . 13 2 1
Mr Hugh's grey Arab Selua . . . 13 2 1
Selua paid forfeit
Mr Parry's grey Paul Clifford, 8st 5lb.
Mr Christie's c Brian Boru 8 12
Paul Clifford walked over

Third Day, Thursday, 14th December, 1832.

The Muttra purse of 25 Gold mohurs, to be added to a subscription of 250 Rs each P.P. for maiden Arabs, heats 2 miles 8st 7lb each, to close on 10th November, 1832. The winner of the Agra Purse to carry 3lb extra.

Mr Evelyn's grey Arab The General . . . 8 7 1 1
Mr Bacon's grey Arab The Babe . . . 8 7 2 2
The Moss Trooper's grey Jack o' Hazen 8 10 5 dr
Won easy 1st heat 4m 13 1/2, 2d heat 4m 11 1/2

SECOND RACE

Craven Stakes of 20 Gold mohurs each h f with 20 Gold mohurs added from the fund, for all country bred horses, maidens allowed 3lb. Winner of the maiden purse 1st day not entitled to this allowance. To close at 1 o'clock the day before the meeting. New market Craven weight and a distance.

Mr Hugh's bay mare Begum, 8st 13lb . . . 1
Mr Evelyn's ch mare Blue Bell, 8st 13lb . . . 2
Time 2m 32s

THIRD RACE

Purse of 300 Rs for all galloways, 14 hands, carrying 8st 7lb each R.C. maidens allowed 4lb. Entrance 50 Rs.

Mr Bacon's g A Quack, 7st 13lb 2oz . . . 1 1
The Moss Trooper's b A Teapot, 8st 2m 1oz . . . 2 2
Time 1st heat 1 1/2 2d heat 1 1/2

The Taj Stakes of 25 Gold mohurs each h f with 20 Gold mohurs added from the fund, for all Arabs, distance 1 mile, weight 5 stone, to close on the 11th November, 1832, by stated nominations to be sent to the Secretary, and open the day before the race. Forfeit of 10 Gold mohurs only if declared the day before the meeting.

Mr Bacon's grey Arab Clem walked over
The Moss Trooper's chestnut A Chester § drawn.

Mr East's grey Arab Candidate, . . . § drawn.
Sweepstakes of 25 Gold mohurs each, 10st 2 miles
Mr Bacon's bay Arab Volunteer, 1
Mr Hugh's grey Arab The Baron, 2
Mr Evelyn's grey Arab Agonists, drawn

Won easy, time 1m 21s

Match for 25 G M R C
Mr North East's chestnut Arab Gil Blas 8st . . . 1
Mr Hugh's bay Cape mare Grenada, 8st 7lb . . . 2
Won easy, time 3m 14s

Fourth Day, Saturday, 15th December 1832.

FIRST RACE.

Silver Cup, value 500 Rs given by native gentlemen for all horses, weight for age as for the subscription cup, Arabs allowed 5lb maidens 4lb. Imported English horses excluded. Winner of subscription cup to carry 3lb extra, of any purse 3lb, of two purses 5lb of the cup and one or more purses 7lb Entrance 100 Rs 2 1/2 heats

Mr Bacon's grey Arab Clem 9st 11lb . . . 1 1
Mr North East's bay Cape mare Nora . . . 2 2
Clem won
Mr East's grey Arab Candidate, drawn
Won easy.

1st Heat 5m 20s round the Course 2m 5 1/2s
2d Heat 5m 21s Do. Do. 2m 5 1/2s.

SECOND RACE

A purse of 100 Rs for all Arabs 8st 10lb each R.C. Maidens allowed 4lb Winner of the cup to carry 5lb extra Entrance 100 Rs

st lb
Mr East's grey Arab Candidate 8 10 5 1 1
Mr Bacon's R Arab Volunteer 8 10 2 2 2
Mr Evelyn's grey Arab General 8 6 1 1 dr
Time 1st heat 2m 5 1/2s 2d heat 2m 5 1/2s 3d heat 2m 5 1/2s

THIRD RACE

A Purse of 500 for all English, Cape and country bred

Mr Hughes bay Cape mare Begum . . . 1 1
Mr Knox's bay Cape mare Sarah, 11lb . . . 2 dr

Time 4m 10s

FOURTH RACE

A Purse of 100 Rs for all horses 1 1/2 mile, to be handicapped by the Stewards.

st lb
Mr North East's chestnut Arab Gil Blas 8 7 1
Mr Bacon's bay Cape mare Mouse trap 8 12 2
Mr — — — — — Lay Arab Pithora 7 4 3
Mr Knox's bay Cape mare Sarah, 11lb 8 1 dr
The Moss Trooper's bay Arab Teapot 7 9 dr
The winner was declared

Time 3m 31s

FIFTH RACE

The Hack Stakes for all untrained horses 11 1/2 7lb 0 Rs each half mile heats, the winner to be sold for 300 Rs, 11 Subscribers, Gentlemen riders.

Mr Foddy's Peggy 1 2 1
Mr Foddy's Paddy 2 1 distanced
Mr North East's Rumma
Mr Hugh's Fan
Mr Garrett's Loderer
Mr Knox's Trotter
Mr Fowler's Deacony Moler

1st Heat time 10 seconds.

No time given for the other two heats

Fifth Day, Tuesday, 18th December, 1832.

The Cool Stakes of 500 rupees each P.P. with 500 rupees added from the fund, for maiden Arabs, 8st 4lb each 3 miles, winner of the Agra or Muttra purse to carry 1lb extra, of both 7lb To close on the 12th November 1832.

Mr Bacon's g A h The Babe, 8 4 1
Mr Evelyn's g A h The General, 8 8 2
Moss Trooper's g A h Jack o' Hazen dr

SECOND

Hack Stakes of 50 rupees each with 200 rupees added from the fund, for all horses, Gentlemen Riders, 10st 7lb R.C. and a distance, the winner to be sold, if demanded, for 300 rupees

The Moss Trooper's b C in Picture 1
Mr Gee's roan C in Peggy, 2
Won very easy.

3d—Purse of 500 rupees for all horses that have won public money during the meeting—R.C.—and a distance, to be handicapped by the Stewards, entrance 100 rupees, and 3 G M forfeit for all horses that do not stand the handicap

st lb
Mr Francis's c A h Gil Blas, 8 6 1
Mr Bacon's b A h Volunteer, 8 4 2
Mr East's g A h Candidate, 9 0 3
Mr Evelyn's g A h The General, 8 1 dr
Time 3m 12s

4th—Beaten purse of 100 rupees, with 50 rupees entrance R.C. and a distance, to be handicapped by the Stewards, Post entrance 100 rupees

Setting day—the last day of the meeting

st lb
Mr Bacon's b in Mouse Trap, 8 8 1
Mr Evelyn's Ch Filly Blue Bell, 7 12 0
Moss Trooper's b A Teapot, 6 12 0
Mr North East's b c Nora Crenea, 1 4 dr
Time 3m 18s. Won very easy.

RESARES RACE MEETING.

First Day, Tuesday, 5th January.

Purse of 20 Gold mohurs for all maiden Arabs, 880 lbs R C and a distance. Entrance 2 Gold mohurs.

Mr Bowser's Arab Richmond,	1	1
„ Hamilton's Arab Cratty,	2	2
„ Watters's Arab The Earl,	both	4 and out.

Sweepstakes of 2 Gold mohurs with 20 added for all horses bred in India and the Cape, weight for age. Heats R C.

Mr O'Keefe's Arab Kandy aged 8st 10lbs.	1	1
„ Watters's Arab Marquis 8st 9lbs.	2	2

Purse of 10 Gold mohurs for all horses, 8st 7lbs R C and a distance. The winner to be sold for 200 Rs. Entrance 2 Gold mohurs.

Mr O'Keefe's Arab Rhoda walked over.

Second Day, Tuesday, 10th January.

Purse of 20 Gold mohurs for all Arabs, 8st 7lbs each. Two mile race. Entrance 5 Gold mohurs. Maiden and yearlings, the winner to be sold for 200 Rs.

Mr Taunton's Arab Grilberg	1
„ O'Keefe's Arab Quarantine	2
„ Hamilton's Arab Cratty	3
„ Bowser's Arab Richmond	4

Purse of 10 Gold mohurs for all ponies, weight for inches, 14 hands carrying 8st 10lb R C. Entrance 3 Gold mohurs.

Mr Bowser's Arab Master Henry, 12 hands 3 inches, 7st 7lbs.	1	1
„ Hamilton's Arab Sam, 12 hands 2 inches 7st,	2	2
„ Gray's Arab Rubens 12 hands 2½ inches 7st 8oz	3	3

Bobby's Stakes for all horses, 10st 7lbs each—Gentlemen up R C and a distance. The first horse to pay the entrance of the second. Entrance 1 Gold mohur, with 100 Rs from the Fund.

The winner to be sold for 200 Rs

Capt Patch's Arab Puckle	1
Mr Bowser's Arab Starazer	2
„ Hamilton's Arab Rob Roy	3

• Third Day, Saturday 12th January.

Welter Stakes, for all horses 11st 7lbs each—Arabs allowed 10st Gentlemen riders R C and a distance. Entrance 5 Gold mohurs, with 20 added.

Mr Taunton's Arab Grilberg, 10st 11lbs.	1
„ O'Keefe's Arab Rhoda, 11st 11lbs.	2
„ Hamilton's Arab Cratty 10st 11lbs.	3

Purse of 15 Gold mohurs for all Galloways—weight for inches, 14 hands carrying 8st 7lbs. Heats R C. Entrance 3 Gold mohurs.

Mr O'Keefe's Arab Quarantine 8st 7lbs.	1	1
„ Bowser's Arab Rentyoglio, (late Gazelle) 7st 11lbs.	2	3

Mr Gray's Arab Pluck 8st 11lbs 10oz.	3	2
„ Hamilton's Arab Cratty, 8st 3lbs 8oz	4	4

Sweepstakes of 2 Gold mohurs each P P with 5 added for all horses. 1st each. Gentlemen riders. Heats R C. The winner to be sold for 200 Rs.

Mr O'Keefe's Arab Rhoda	1	1
„ Hamilton's Arab Rob Roy	2	2

Fourth Day, Tuesday, 17th January.

Handicap of 20 Gold mohurs R C and a distance, for all the winner 1 mile, pony. Entrance 5 Gold mohurs, weight 2 Gold mohurs.

Mr Taunton's Arab Grilberg 9st	1
„ O'Keefe's Arab Quarantine 8st 7lb	2
„ Bowser's Arab Richmond, 7st 14lbs	3
„ O'Keefe's Arab Rhoda, 8st 11lbs	4

Purse of 10 Gold mohurs for all ponies, each to be ridden by a native. Entrance 1 Gold mohur, the winner of the pony race 2d day horse 1.

Mr Taunton's Arab Mr O'Keefe's Arab Jack	1
„ Hamilton's Arab Sam	2
„ Gray's Arab Rubens	3
„ Bowser's Arab Rob Roy	4

Purse of 10 Gold mohurs for all horses that have started for an international pony to be ridden by the Stewards. Heats R C Entrance 1 Gold mohur.

Mr Gray's Arab Pluck 8st 5lb	1	2	1
„ Watters's Arab Marquis 8st 2lb	2	1	2

Fifth Day, Tuesday, 17th January.

Match P P—R C

Mr Watters's Arab Marquis 8st 2lb	1
„ Hamilton's Arab Cratty 8st 6lbs.	2

Match H E R C and a Dist.

Mr Taunton's Arab Grilberg 9st 9lbs	1
„ Gray's Arab Pluck 8st 2lbs.	2

Purse of 60 Rs by subscription with 10 Rs for the 2d horse, for all ponies belonging to natives and ridden by them R C.

Mr Ming's Arab Raghun Fannudas	1
„ Thant's Arab Naulbund	2
„ Ram Gouda's Arab Dollydaams	3
„ Colman's Arab Poudaashy	4

The following started but the judge only placed the first.

Mr Asudhi's Arab Blow me Tight	
„ Mudabax's Arab Cock a Wren	
„ Nanda's Arab Ne plus Ultra	
„ Baboo's Arab Red Tail	
„ Rosalia's Arab Scorpion	

A Sweepstakes for ponies belonging to natives: Gentlemen up to be ridden by natives, R C.

Mr Taunton's Arab Blow me Tight	1
„ Plunkett's Arab Raghun Fannudas	2
„ Hamilton's Arab Padli Whack	3
„ Appulys's Arab Naulbund	} not placed
„ Watters's Arab Poudaashy	
„ Polton's Arab Zigzag	

MEERUT RACES.

First Day, Saturday, 12th January.

A purse of 60 Gold mohurs for all mule-horses bred in India and the Cape heats R C Entrance 10 G M 2 years old carrying 5st 11bs 3 years old 7st 2lbs 4 years 8st 5lbs 5 years 8st 12lbs to end aged 9st 2lbs

Nominations received 11th January 1833.

Mr Night's b c b Sarah Bella, 4 years old (Ross),	8 2 1 1
The Moss Trooper's b c b Filly Flora, 4 years old,	8 7 2 2

1st Heat.—Time 3m 5½s

2d Ditto.—Time 3m 15s

A purse of 20 Gold mohurs for all horses seven and take 11 hands to carry 9st Heats round the course, Entrance 5 Gold mohurs The winner to be sold for 1200 Rs

Nominations received 11th January 1833

Mr George's b c b Volunteer, 14h 11 inches (Ross),	9 10 5 1 1
Mr Hughes' g a h The Baron, 14h 6½m,	9 1 12 2 2
Mr Devons' c a h Devaux, 14h 3½m,	8 13 2 3 3

1st Heat.—Time 3m 10s

2d Ditto.—Time 3m 15½s

Sweepstakes of 20 Gold mohurs each h f with 20 Gold mohurs added from the fund for maiden Arab, 8st 7lbs each 2 miles Subscription to close on 1st December 1832

Subscriptions received on 1st December 1832

Mr George's g a h The Babe,	8 12 1
„ Evelyn's g a h Onoph,	8 7 2

The Moss Trooper declared half forfeit.
Time 4m 17½s.

Second Day, Tuesday, the 15th January 1833.

A bona fide Gold Cup given by the Civilians, for all Arabs that never started for plate, match or sweepstakes, before the day of naming, horses to be named to the Secretary, on or before the 1st December 1832 Entrance 25 Gold mohurs and a forfeit of 5 G mseach for all horses that do not start, to be declared the day before the meeting, weight 8st 7lbs each, heats 2 miles, ten horses entered, 8 drawn.

Nominations received 1st December 1832.

Mr Evelyn's g a h The General	1 1 Shannon
„ George's g a h The Babe	2 2

1st Heat.—Time 4m 14s

2d Ditto.—Time 4m 13s

Sweepstakes of 25 G M each for all Countrybred horses, h f with 20 G M added from the fund, two miles To close on 1st January 1833, 3 years old 7st 4 years old 8st 5 years old 8st 7lbs 6 and aged 9st 2lbs

Nominations received 14th January 1833.

The Moss Trooper's b c b Filly, Flora, Paunchoo 1
Mr Hughes' b c b Filly, Sarah Peila

Col Newton's b c b Filly, Noora Cereena, . . . 3

Time 4m 18s

Purse of 15 G M for all Galloways, weight for miles 11 hands 9st, to its own mile entrance 7 G M

Nominations received 11th January 1833

Mr George's g c b Galloway Quack,	1 1
„ Evelyn's b c b Galloway Amulet,	2 2

Third Day, Thursday 17th January, 1833

Purse of 30 G M for maiden Arab, h f R C 1st each Entrance 10 Gold mohurs To name the day before the meeting

Mr Evelyn's g a h The General, 14st 11bs
„ George's g a h Gossamer, 9 c b

Two promised to be the upstart race but at the last minute from home, Gossamer did not come up to the General who was to define suddenly fell upon his head and rolled over his head Gossamer being much injured, was drawn

Purse of 25 Gold mohurs for all horses, 8st 7lbs each, to its own and quarter mile Entrance Gold mohurs Arabs allowed 5lbs

The Moss Trooper's c a h Chester, 8st 2lbs	1 1
Mr George's c a h Quack, 8st 2lbs,	2 2

Purse of 15 Gold mohurs for all ponies, heads one and quarter mile weight for miles 11 hands carrying 8st, country ponies allowed 4lbs Entrance 4 Gold mohurs

Col Newton's g p p Frontal,	2 1 1
The Moss Trooper's g p The Capt on 12h 0	3 3 2

8m 1st 11bs 8oz	
Zooliker An Khan's g p Four Thumb, 12h 3½m 7st 11bs 6oz	1 2 3

Mr Reynolds' c p Bottle, 14h 2½m 7st 2lbs 10oz	1 1 1
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Match for 50 Gold mohurs p p 19st each 2 miles	
Mr Evelyn's g a h Agomistes,	1
„ George's g a h Dancer	2

Time, 4 13½

Fourth Day, Saturday 19th January, 1833

A Gold cup value 1,900 rupees given by her Highness, the Begum Sumroo, for all Arab Galloways that have never started for plate, purse, private match, or Sweepstakes before the day of the Race; weight for miles, 11 hands, carrying 9st heads R C Nominations to be received by the Secretary on or before 1st January 1833 Entrance 10 Gold mohurs with a forfeit of 5 Gold mohurs for all horses that do not start, to be declared by 12 o'clock on the day before the Race.

Nominations received 1st January 1833.

Mr George's b a g Repeater, 13h 4m 8st 9lbs 10oz	1 1
„ Cornwall's b a g Hollyhock, 14h 9st	2 2
„ Devons' b a g Reveler, 13h 2 4m 8st 3lbs 8oz bolted and dist	
„ Knight's g a g Sumroo, 13h 3 18m 8st 10lbs 8oz	
„ George's g a g Claret, (forfeit declared), 13h 3m 8st 7lbs	

1st Heat.—Time, 3m 23s

2d Heat.—Time, 3m 20s.

A Plate of 100 Rs for Maiden Arabs weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 9st, one mile and a half. Horses that may have started before Dec. 1832 to put up 10lb, entrance 5 G Ms

Mr Wellfield's g a Chieftain, 13h 3½in 8st 7lb 14oz, walked over

Match for 25 G Ms R C

Mr Arratoon's b c m Fleur-de-Las late May 9st 1
 „ Wellfield's b a Tautivy 9st 10lb . . . 2

Match for 25 G Ms h f a mile

Mr Gilbert's b c h Qui Vive, (T W Wyb) . . . 1
 „ Arratoon's g a h Crumshanks (Mr Gilbert) . . . 2

FOURTH DAY

The Cup value 1200 Rs by eight subscribers of 10 G Ms each for Arabs that never started before December 1832, 10st 7lb each two miles Genlemen Riders

Mr Grey's g a Firehoof, . . . 1
 „ Goupon's g a Pelham, . . . 2
 „ Grantham's c h a Reform, . . . 3
 „ Wellfield's g a Chieftain, . . . 4
 „ Hazare's b a Parliament } dr
 „ Green named Mr Wellfield's br a Tautivy }
 Time 1m 26s

A Handicap Plate of 300 Rs for all horses. Two mile entrance 5 G Ms and one G M forfeit for not standing the Handicap

Mr Grey's g a h Bustle, 10st walked over

The following did not accept.

„ Grey's g a Penultimate, 9st 9lb.
 „ — b a Victim, 9st 3lb
 „ Green's g a Pet, 9st 5
 „ Johnson's a h Bandy, 8st 7lb
 „ Wellfield's g a Chieftain, 8st 12lb
 „ — br a Tautivy, 8st 7lb

Match for 20 G Ms one mile 9st each

Mr Green's g a h Pet, . . . 1
 „ Arratoon's b c m Fleur-de-Las . . . 2

A Sweepstakes of 2 G Ms each for all untrained horses (English excepted) half a mile catch weights. Mr Arratoon's g a h c m Meg Merobis (T W Wyb) 1

„ Haslar's g a h Blue Beard, (Edoo), . . . 2

The Cheeroot Stakes of 5 G Ms each R C Catch weights was won by Mr Pritchard's b c h Pigtail beating 1 others two of whom were distanced

FIFTH DAY

A Plate of 300 Rs for all horses—weight for inches—horses that never won allowed 7lb one mile and a half entrance 5 Gold mohurs

Mr Grey's g a h Penultimate 11h 18 9st . . . 1
 „ Wellfield's g a h Chieftain, 11hbs 3½in 8st 14oz . . . 2
 Time 3m 9s

Match for 25 Gold mohurs—h f a half mile

Mr Wellfield's a h Tautivy, 8st 10lb (San Chobny)
 „ Grantham's g a h Oakleaf 8st 7lb . . . 2
 Time 58 seconds

A Sweepstakes of 10 G Ms each h f with 250 Rs added from the Friends for Arabs that never won before December 18 2, 9st each one mile and a half, the winner of the first maiden Plate to put up 10lb extra

Mr Grey's g a Penultimate 9 10lb walked over

SIXTH DAY AND LAST

A Handicap Plate of 300 Rs for all horses one mile and a half heats—entrance 5 G ms and one forfeit for not standing the Handicap
 Mr Green's g a h Pet, 9st 5lb walked over

The following did not accept

„ Grey's g a h Penultimate 9st 12lb
 „ Arratoon's b c m Lily of the Lake, 9st 12lb,
 „ — b c m Fleur-de-Las 9st
 „ Wellfield's g a h Chieftain, 8st 12lb
 „ Johnson's g a h Bandy, 8st 10lb

A Division subscription Purse added to a Sweepstakes of 100 Rs a h f for Arabs that never started before the meeting 2st each R C winner during the meeting to put up 3lb for every race (matches excepted)

Mr Wellfield's br a Tautivy, 9st received.

Match for 25 Gold mohurs—h f one mile.

Mr Grantham's c h a Reform, 9st received forfeit,
 „ Wellfield's br a Tautivy, 8st 9lb

BOMBAY RACES, 1833.

First Day, Tuesday, January 29.

FIRST RACE

The Bombay Cup value 100£, the surplus in specie by a subscription of not less than 10 Rupees each, for all Arab Horses bonafide property of subscribers that have never started for Plate, Purse, match or Sweepstakes, weight 8st 10lb two miles, entrance 100 Rs to be closed on the 1st of May 1832, 12 o'clock noon.

Capt Andrews' m h Selim 8st 4lbs, . . . 1
 Capt Mansfield's g a h Sir Peter 8st 1lbs, . . . 2
 Capt Morris's b a h Sea Gull 8st 1lbs, . . . 3
 Time 1 14

SECOND RACE

A Sweepstakes of Rupees 500 each subscriber P. P. for all maiden Arab Horses, that have never

started upon any Course for Plate, Cup, Purse, Match or Sweepstakes, bonafide property of subscribers, 8st 7lb two miles, to be closed on the 15th October 1832

Capt Andrews' g a h Napoleon 8st 7lbs . . . 1
 Capt Mansfield's g a h Count Robt 8st 7lbs . . . 2
 Mr Bacon's g a h Morris Dancer 8st 7lbs . . . 3
 „ Di Vito's b a h Jacopo 8st 7lbs . . . 4
 Time 4 9

THIRD RACE.

A match (Rupees 2000 II F) Captain Morris's g a h Professor 9st against Mr Bacon's g a h Pyramus 8st 7lb 2 miles

Capt Morris's g a h Professor, . . . 1
 Mr Bacon's g a h Pyramus, . . . 2
 Time 4 7.

Fourth Race

A Sweepstakes of Rupees 200 P.P for all Arab Galloways 13 3, and under that have never started for Prince Place Match Cup on Sweepstakes 1½ miles Heats weight for inches, to be closed on the 1st October 1832

Capt. S. L. on s. g. a. h. Fox Eastace 7st 12lbs 1oz 1 1
Mr. Wilton s. g. a. h. 7st 4 Sibs 12oz 2 2
Mr. Bacon s. g. a. h. May Moon 7st 8lbs 12oz dr
Capt. Morris names Mr. Charleston s. g. a. h. Little Moses 7st 8lbs 12oz distanced, being short of weight

Second Day Friday, February 1

FIRST RACE

A Plate of Rupees 100 from the Fund, and 10 Gold mohurs each Subscriber for all Arab Horses 11 hands, carrying 8st 2lbs Heats 1½ mile and a day's time

Capt. Morris s. g. a. h. Echo 8st 3lbs 8oz 1 1 P
Capt. Andrew s. g. a. h. Lion 8st 12oz 2 2
Mr. Bacon s. g. a. h. Monzie 7st 8lbs 12oz 3 2
Mr. Charleston s. g. a. h. Paris 8st 4lbs 6oz 4 3
Time 1st Heat 1 22
2d do 3 2
4th do 4 20

SECOND RACE

A Colts Plate of Rupees 100 from the Fund, and Rs. 100 each Subscriber for all Arab Colts having a Colt's tooth in their head on the 19th October 1832 weight for age Heats 3½ miles
Captain Morris s. g. a. h. Seaway did not come off

Third Day, Tuesday, February 2

FIRST RACE

The Bombay Sweepstake on Plate of £100 from the Fund, and Rupees 100 each Subscriber for all Arab Horses weight for age Heats 2 miles
Capt. Morris s. g. a. h. Goshia Grey 9st 1 1
Capt. Andrew s. g. a. h. Napoleon 9st 2 2
Time 1st Heat Half mile 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
2d do 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
Time 2d Heat Half mile 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1
1 0 7 1 0 6 Total

SECOND RACE

A Plate of Rupees 100 from the Fund and 5 Gold Mohurs each Subscriber for all Arab Horses weight for age and Inches 11 hands and aged, carrying 9 Stone 2 miles heats

Mr. Charleston's s. g. a. h. Paris 8st 12lbs 11oz 2 1 1
Capt. Morris s. g. a. h. Echo 8st 12lbs 1oz 1 2 2
Mr. Williams s. g. a. h. Fitz Lastace 8st 12lbs 1 3 dr
Captain Andrew's s. g. a. h. Seiche 9st 0 0 3 3 3
Time 1st Heat Half mile 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1
1 0 Total 1 5
Time 2d Heat Half mile 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1
1 2 Total 1 0 1
Time 3d Heat Half mile 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1
1 3 Total 4 14

Fourth Day, Friday, February 3

FIRST RACE

The Forbes Stakes of £100 from the Fund, and 10 Gold mohurs each Subscriber, for all Arab Horses, carrying 9 stone, English Horses 12 lbs Extra 3 miles

Capt. Morris s. g. a. h. Goshia Grey 9st 1
Capt. Andrew s. g. a. h. Magic 9st 2
Time 1st half mile 1 4 0 1 5 1 1 1 2
1 1 Total 6 12
Won by about two lengths

SECOND RACE

A Plate of Beaten maidens that have never started before the 1st December 1832, of Rupees 400

from the Fund, and 10 Gold Mohurs each Subscriber, 1½ miles Heats, 8 stone

Mr. De Vette s. g. a. h. Juniper 8st 1
Mr. Bacon s. g. a. h. Morris Dancer 8st 2
Capt. Mansfield s. g. a. h. Count Robert 8st 3

Time 1st heat to 3 4

2d heat 3 5

Fifth Day, Tuesday, February 12, 1833.

FIRST RACE

The Baccala Stakes of Rupees 100 from the Fund, and 10 Gold mohurs each Subscriber, for all Arab Horses 8st 7lbs Heats 1 mile The winner of one race to carry 5lbs Extra, of two 5lbs, of more 9 stones

Capt. Andrew s. g. a. h. Marie 8st 7lbs 1
Capt. Morris s. g. a. h. Goshia Grey 8st 12lbs 2
Time 3 50

SECOND RACE

A Gold Cup value 200 Guineas presented by W. Nicholson Esquire on the following conditions for all Arab Horses, carrying 900 guineas each 3 miles to be Handicapped by the Stewards The Cup to be the property of the gentleman who may win it for two successive meetings

Capt. Andrew s. g. a. h. Napoleon 8st 10lbs 1
Capt. Boy, on James Capt. Morris s. g. a. h. Protea 2
8st 9st 9lbs
Mr. Charleston's s. g. a. h. Tresco 8st 2 2
Time 4 20

THIRD RACE

A Plate of rupees 200 from the Fund, and 3 Gold mohurs each Subscriber for all Arab Galloways 13 3 and under weight for inches, Heats 1½ mile
Capt. Morris s. g. a. h. Mahover 7st 11bs 1oz 1 1 1
Mr. Charleston's s. g. a. h. Little Moses 7st 8lbs 12oz 3 3 dist
Williams s. g. a. h. Fitz Eastace 7st 2 dist
11bs 1oz
Bacon s. g. a. h. Abizzo 7st 8lbs 12oz 1 2 2
Time 3 14

FOURTH RACE

A Pony Plate of Rupees 100 from the Fund, and 3 Gold mohurs each Subscriber, for all Ponies, 12 3 and under, once round the course

Capt. Morris's s. g. a. h. Cupper 1
Mr. Bacon's Game Cock 2

Sixth and Last Day, Friday, February 15, 1833.

FIRST RACE

The Bombay Turf Cup value 100 Guineas according to its conditions Horses carrying 9st Heats 2 mils N B The Cup has been only challenged, Capt. Morris's s. g. a. h. Goshia Grey 9st 1 1
Capt. Moore names Capt. Andrew s. g. a. h. Magic 9st 2 dr
Time 1 10

SECOND RACE

The Males stakes of £100 from the Fund, and 10 Gold mohurs each Subscriber for all Arab Horses to be Handicapped by the Stewards 3 miles
Capt. Morris s. g. a. h. Protea 9st 1
Capt. Andrew s. g. a. h. Napoleon 8st 10lbs 2
Mr. Charleston's s. g. a. h. Paris 8st 7lbs 3
Time 6 9

THIRD RACE

A Plate for the beaten Horses of the season for Public Plates who have saved their distance in any Public Race of Rs. 400 from the Fund, and 3 Gold mohurs each Subscriber, Heats 2 miles, to be Handicapped by the Stewards
Capt. Andrew's s. g. a. h. John 3st 11bs
Capt. Morris s. g. a. h. Protea 9st
John walked over.

MADRAS SPRING MEETING—1833

First Day, Tuesday, 22d January, 1833

FIRST MAIDEN

A Maiden Subscription Purse of 700 Rupees each P. P. with 700 Rupees from the Fund for all Arab Horses that never started for Plate, Purse, match or Sweepstakes. Heats 3 Miles, carrying 8st 7lbs.

Mr Fox's . . . g a h Ball o'Fire 8 7. (Hall) 1 1
 „ Andrew's . . . g a h Paul Jones 8 7. . . . 2 2
 „ Robert's . . . g a h Improver 8 7. . . . 3 drn
 Time—1st Heat 6m 29s
 2d do 6m 32s

SECOND MAIDEN

A Maiden Subscription Purse of 500 Rupees each P. P. with 500 Rupees from the Fund for all Arab Horses that never won Plate, Purse, Match or Sweepstakes, before 1st January 1833. Heats 2 miles, carrying 8st 7lbs. Horses that have never started allowed 3lbs.

Mr G Smith's . . . g a h Strap . . . 8 7 G Smith 1 1
 „ Fox's . . . g a h Brown . . . 8 4 . . . 2 2
 „ Andrew's . . . (Nomination)
 Captain Horne's . . . g a h Facinator 8 4, distanced 0
 Time—1st Heat 4m 2s
 2d do 4m 5s

Match for 30 Gold Mohurs P. P. one and a half mile, carrying 8st 7lbs.

Captain West's . . . g a h Spinnello 8 7 . . . 1
 Mr Blake's . . . g a h Mustard 8 7 . . . 2
 Time—3m 10s

Second Day, Friday, 25th January

His Highness the Nabob's Cup, value £100, for all Arab Horses, carrying 9st. Heats 3 miles, Challenge Stakes 200 Rupees, a bona fide start with not less than two bona fide Horses, or no Race.

Captain Horne's . . . g a h Warlock . . . 9 0 1 1
 Mr Fox's . . . g a h Mervin . . . 9 0 . . . 2 2
 Time—1st Heat 6m 35s

THIRD MAIDEN

A Maiden Subscription Purse of 100 Rupees each P. P. with 100 Rupees from the Fund for all Arab Horses that never won Plate, Purse, Match or Sweepstakes, carrying 8st 10lbs, one and a half mile heats.

Mr Fox's . . . g a h Bravo . . . 8 10 (Hall) 1 1
 „ G Smith's . . . g a h Second . . . 8 10 . . . 2 2
 „ Andrew's . . . g a h Paul Jones 8 10 . . . 3 3
 Time—1st Heat 5m 2s
 2d do 5m 1s

Third Day, Tuesday, 29th January.

The Abercromby Cup on its terms. One 3 mile Heat, carrying 9st 7lbs Challenge Stakes 350 Rs.

Mr Fox's . . . g a h Salonica . . . 9 7 (Hall) 1 1
 „ Frederick's . . . g a h Petronica . . . 9 7 . . . 2 2
 „ Somerset's . . . w a h Dreadnought 9 7 . . . 3 3
 Captain Horne's . . . g a h Fascinator . . . 9 7 . . . Dist
 Time—1st half mile, 1m 1s
 2d . . . 1m 1s
 3d . . . 0m 59s
 4th . . . 1m 2s
 5th . . . 1m 1s
 6th . . . 1m 0s
 7th . . . 6m 5s

A Galloway Plate of 600 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rupees each Subscription P. P. to be added for all Arab and Country Horses, 13 hands 2 inches and under, carrying 8st. Winners to carry 3lbs extra. Heats once round the Course and a distance.

Mr Frederick's . . . g a h Sir Lancelot Gobble . . . 8 3 (Hall) 1 1
 „ Andrew's . . . g a h Hunter . . . 8 0 . . . 2 2
 „ Chaf's . . . w a h Esmer . . . 8 3 . . . 3 dr
 Time—1st Heat 3m 22s
 2d do 3m 30s

Fourth Day, Thursday, 31st January

The Ladies Purse of 100 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rupees each Subscription for all Arab Horses, weight for colours, 11 hands, carrying 8st 7lbs.

Heats 2 miles. Venns to carry 3lbs extra.
 Mr Frederick's . . . g a h Sir Lancelot Gobble . . . 8 3 (Hall) 1 1
 „ Grant's . . . g a h Strap . . . 8 3 11 . . . 2 2
 Time—1st Heat—1st half mile 0m 0s
 2d do . . . 0m 0s
 3d do . . . 0m 0s
 4th do . . . 1m 0s
 5th do . . . 1m 0s
 6th do . . . 1m 0s
 7th do . . . 1m 0s
 8th do . . . 1m 0s
 9th do . . . 1m 0s
 10th do . . . 1m 0s
 11th do . . . 1m 0s
 12th do . . . 1m 0s
 13th do . . . 1m 0s
 14th do . . . 1m 0s
 15th do . . . 1m 0s
 16th do . . . 1m 0s
 17th do . . . 1m 0s
 18th do . . . 1m 0s
 19th do . . . 1m 0s
 20th do . . . 1m 0s
 21st do . . . 1m 0s
 22nd do . . . 1m 0s
 23rd do . . . 1m 0s
 24th do . . . 1m 0s
 25th do . . . 1m 0s
 26th do . . . 1m 0s
 27th do . . . 1m 0s
 28th do . . . 1m 0s
 29th do . . . 1m 0s
 30th do . . . 1m 0s
 31st do . . . 1m 0s
 32nd do . . . 1m 0s
 33rd do . . . 1m 0s
 34th do . . . 1m 0s
 35th do . . . 1m 0s
 36th do . . . 1m 0s
 37th do . . . 1m 0s
 38th do . . . 1m 0s
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 40th do . . . 1m 0s
 41st do . . . 1m 0s
 42nd do . . . 1m 0s
 43rd do . . . 1m 0s
 44th do . . . 1m 0s
 45th do . . . 1m 0s
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 51st do . . . 1m 0s
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 65th do . . . 1m 0s
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 89th do . . . 1m 0s
 90th do . . . 1m 0s
 91st do . . . 1m 0s
 92nd do . . . 1m 0s
 93rd do . . . 1m 0s
 94th do . . . 1m 0s
 95th do . . . 1m 0s
 96th do . . . 1m 0s
 97th do . . . 1m 0s
 98th do . . . 1m 0s
 99th do . . . 1m 0s
 100th do . . . 1m 0s

2d Heat—1st half mile 0m 0s
 2d do . . . 0m 0s
 3d do . . . 0m 0s
 4th do . . . 0m 0s
 5th do . . . 0m 0s
 6th do . . . 0m 0s
 7th do . . . 0m 0s
 8th do . . . 0m 0s
 9th do . . . 0m 0s
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 22nd do . . . 0m 0s
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 92nd do . . . 0m 0s
 93rd do . . . 0m 0s
 94th do . . . 0m 0s
 95th do . . . 0m 0s
 96th do . . . 0m 0s
 97th do . . . 0m 0s
 98th do . . . 0m 0s
 99th do . . . 0m 0s
 100th do . . . 0m 0s

A Purse of 700 Rupees from the Fund with 100 Rupees each Subscription P. P. for all Arab Horses, weight for age. Heats 2 miles.

Mr Fox's . . . g a h Nightshade 9 0 0 (Hall)
 Captain Horne's . . . g a h Warlock . . . 9 0 0
 Mr Frederick's . . . g a h Petronica . . . 9 0 0 Drawn

Fifth Day, Saturday, 2d February

The Madras Union Welter, Twenty five Gold mohurs each Subscription, P. P. for Arab Horses that never won before 1st January 1833. One mile and a half, and a distance. Gentlemen up—carrying 11 stone.

Mr Fox's . . . (Nomination)

A Plate of 700 Rupees from the Fund, for the beaten Arab and country Horses of the meeting to be handicapped by a committee selected for the occasion. Heats once round the Course.

Mr Frederick's . . . g a h Petronica 8 11 (Hall) 1 carried over.
 „ Sulter's . . . g a h Dreadnought 8 4 . . . 2 drn.
 Time, first Heat 3m 0s.

A Plate of 200 Rupees from the Fund for Ponies 13 hands, and under, catch weights. Once round the Course.

Mr Fox's . . . g a h Merhin, } Feather 1
 Capt Arthur's . . . g a h Patrick, } Feather 2
 Time 3m 20s

Sweepstakes for all untrained Horses, carrying 10st 7lbs Heats once round the Course. Entrance one Gold mohur P. P. with gentlemen up.

Four Entrances. Won easy by Mr Strength's . . . g a h Bone in 3m 20s.

BARODA RACES, 1832.

1st Day, 4th December.

The first Maiden Sweepstakes of 150 Rupees each, H. P. with 100 from the Fund, 50 7lbs. heats 1½ mile.

Mr Wynham's g. h. Grasshopper, 1 1
Mr O'Kelly's g. h. Messenger, 2 2

Time, 1st heat 2nd heat.

1 2 1 3
1 5 1 11
1 10 1 5

Total 3 20 5 22

The Weir Plate of 300 Rupees from the Fund, and 50 each from the Fund.

Mr Wynham's g. h. Cobweb, 1
Mr Cam's g. h. Copper, 2

Time 2 11

2d Day, 5th December.

The 2nd Maiden Sweepstakes of 100 Rupees from the Fund and 50 each from the Fund, 50 7lbs. heats 2 miles.

Mr Benward's g. h. Byword, 1 1
Mr Stock's g. h. St. Giles, 2 2

The Claret Stakes of 200 Rupees from the Fund and 50 Rupees each, which we ride. Heats 1½ miles.

Mr Stock's g. h. Grasshopper, 1 1
Mr Wynham's g. h. Cobweb, 2 2
Mr Benward's g. h. Cocktail, 3 3
Mr O'Kelly's g. h. Messenger, 4 4

Time, 1st heat 3 11 2nd heat 1 1½
1 1½ 1 1½
1 1 1 1
3 9

3d Day, 8th December.

The Ladies' Purse of 200 Rupees from the Fund and 50 Rupees each. Weight for 10 lbs. Heats 1 mile.

Mr Wynham's g. h. Cobweb, 3 1 1
Mr Stock's g. h. Grasshopper, 1 2 2
Mr Benward's g. h. Cocktail, 2 3 dr

Time, 1st heat, 2nd heat, 3rd heat
1 8 1 8 1 8
1 1½ 1 6½
2 1½ 2 1½ 2 1

The Untrained Plate of 100 Rupees from the Fund, and 50 each. 10st 7lbs.—Heats 1 mile.

Mr Benward's g. h. Byword, 1 1
Mr Morris's g. h. Cocktail, 2 dr

The Pony Plate of 150 Rupees from the Fund, and 15 Rupees each. Heats 12 3 and under. Catch weights. Heats ½ mile.

Mr O'Kelly's g. h. Young Clinker, 3 1 1
Mr Pur's g. h. Cup, 2 2 2
Mr Benward's g. h. Cup, 4 3 3
Mr Wynham's g. h. Cup, 1 3 dr

Time, 1st heat 1 27. 2nd 1 38

4th Day, 11th December.

The Hack's Plate of 100 Rupees from the Fund and 15 each. 13 5lbs. 10st 7lbs. Winner takes all for 300 Rs. &c. &c.

Mr Cam's g. h. Firefly, 1
Mr Benward's g. h. Byword, 2

Time 3 21

The 2d Race was the Baroda Plate of 300 Rupees from the Fund and 10 each. Heats 2 miles. 5st 7lb.

Mr Wynham's g. h. Cobweb, 1 1
Mr Stock's g. h. Copper, 2 2
Mr O'Kelly's g. h. Messenger, 3 3

1st heat 4 19 2nd heat 4 12.

5th Day, 13th December.

The Galloway Plate for horses 14 and under 200 Rupees from the Fund and 30 each. Weight for 10 lbs. Heats 1½ miles.

Mr Stock's g. h. Grasshopper walked over.
2d Race was the Hunter's Plate of 200 Rupees from the Fund and 30 each. 10st 7lbs. 11 3lb. 1 mile.
Mr Benward's g. h. Cocktail, walked over.

To compensate for this lamentable want of competitors, a Sweepstakes of 500 Gold Mohurs each was set up for the following:—One mile.

Mr O'Kelly's g. h. Young Clinker, 9 1½ 1
Mr Pur's g. h. Cup, 8 8 2
Mr Wynham's g. h. Cup, 8 10 3

Time 1 6½
1 9
2 15½

6th Day, 15th December.

A Third Handicap of 200 Rupees from the Fund and 50 each, for which 12 horses that have won a race during the meeting have sent in except the winners of the Untrained, Pony, Hack, Galloway and Hunter's Plate—One Heat of 2 miles.

Mr Wynham's g. h. Cobweb, 8 4 1
Mr Stock's g. h. Grasshopper, 7 12 2

Time 584
1 4
1 5
1 4

Total 1 11½

A match of 10 G. M.

Mr Benward's g. h. Cocktail, 1
Mr Hunter's g. h. Redoubtable, 2

Time—1 minute

A Handicap of 50 G. M. each, ½ mile.

Mr Stock's g. h. St. Giles, 9 1
Mr Benward's g. h. Byword, 9 7 2
Mr Wynham's g. h. Cup, 9 1

Time, 1 2.

THIRD GUZERAT MEETING—1933.

HELD AT AHMEDABAD

First Day, Tuesday, 5th February

FIRST RACE—A Sweepstakes of Rs 300 P P and Rs 500 from the Fund, for all Arabs that have never started in Purse, Plate, &c. 8st 7lb. One two miles each. 1st Nov. 1832.

Mr Vibart's b a h Burlesque, 1
 Captain Fawcett's a a The Corporal, 2
 Mr Bury, Pool
 Mr Henry, Paid

Time, 1 29.

SECOND RACE—The General Grand War Stakes, of Rs 200 P P and Rs 500 from the Fund, free for all Arabs that have never won at non-Rider. 11st R C, closed Nov. 1st 1832.

Mr Vibart's a a h Laurel, 1
 Mr Bury's w a h Fairy, 2
 Mr Fawcett's g a h Blue Devil (late Koshun), 3

Time, 3 19.

THIRD RACE—A Post Match between Mr Vibart and Mr Bury for Rs 1 000 P P 8st 7lb. One 2 miles.

Mr Bury's g a h Mania, 1
 Mr Vibart's g a h Postboy, 2

Time, 1 1½

Second Day, Thursday, 7th February

FIRST RACE—A Sweepstakes of Rs 300 H P each Subscriber and Rs 500 from the Fund for all Horses that have never won. Weight for age, Hts 2 miles, closed 1st Nov. 4 Subscribers.

Mr Bury's g a h Picaroon, 1 1
 Mr Fawcett's g a h Methodist, 2 2

Time, 1st heat 4 11

,, 2d ,, 4 17½

SECOND RACE—The Cloud Stakes of Rs 200 P P and Rs 600 from the Fund, free for all Arabs, Weight for age and inches, 11hds and aged 9st, closed 1st Nov. 1832, heats 1½ mile.

Mr Vibart's g a h Ringleader, 8st 7½lb walked over.
THIRD RACE—A Handicap Rs 250 each, 1 mile.
 Mr Fawcett's g a h Blue Devil, 7st 10lb 1
 Mr Eastwick's a a h Cameroun, 8st 8lb 2
 Mr Vibart's b a h Burlesque, 8st 8lb 3

Time 1st half mile, 58s

,, 2d ,, Not taken.

Third Day, Saturday, 9th February

FIRST RACE—The Give and Take of Rs 400 from the Fund, and Rs 75 each Subscriber free for all Arabs. Weight for miles, 14hds, 8st 7lb, Hts 1½ miles.

Mr Vibart's g a h Ringleader, 8st 7lb. 1 1
 Mr Bury's g a h Picaroon, 8st 8lb. 2 2

Time, 1st heat 3 8

,, 2nd ,, 3 1½

SECOND RACE—A Plate of Rs 600 from the Fund and Rs 150 each for all Arabs, 8st 4lb, One 3 miles.
 Mr Vibart's g a h Post-boy, 1
 Mr Bury's a a h Lunatic, 2

Time, 5 8.

This Race is worthy of description. Both owners declared 2lbs over weight. Postboy got the start by 2 lengths, but in the first half mile Lunatic took the lead inside, and maintained it for 4 of a mile when Postboy came forward and passed the stand

two lengths ahead of his opponent (betting 2 to 1 on Postboy). In this position they ran nearly a mile, when Lunatic again took the lead by a length or more. At the distance post both Horses were brought to the whip. Postboy winning by a length.

THIRD RACE—A Hack Plate of Rs 400 from the Fund, and Rs 50 each Subscriber 10st 7lbs Hts R C 1½ winner to be sold for 600 if demanded, 8st 8lb.

Mr Fawcett's g a h Blue Devil, 1 1

Mr Bury's w a h Zany, 2 2

Mr Eastwick's g a h Colbach, dr.

Time, 1st heat 4 17

2d 3 20

Fourth Day, 12th Feb

FIRST RACE—A Plate of Rupees 800 from the Fund, for all Arabs, closed 1st Nov. 2 miles.
 Mr Vibart's a a h Ringleader, 1 1
 ,, Bury's a a h Postboy, 2 2

Rider to be sent by 2 lengths

A castle was cast and Lunatic.

Time, 1 1½

SECOND RACE—The Champion Stakes of Rs 150 each Subscriber, and Rs 500 from the Fund, free for all Arabs, closed for age one 2½ miles.

Mr Vibart's a a h Postboy, 1
 ,, Bury's a a h Mania, 2

R. 5 17

1st 2 miles—4m 4s

THIRD RACE—A Hunter's Plate of Rs 400 from the Fund, and Rs 50 each Subscriber 10st 7lbs Hts 2 miles. The winner to be sold for Rs 1600 if demanded 8st 8lb.

Mr Vibart's g a h Laurel, 1 1

Mr Eastwick's g a h Master Henry, 2 2

Time, 1st heat, 1m 20s—2d heat 1m 22s

Fifth Day, Thursday, 14th February

FIRST RACE—The Ahmedabad Plate of Rs 800 from the Fund, and Rs 100 each Subscriber, 9st Madras of the season allowed 10lbs, heats 2 miles.
 Mr Vibart's g a h Ringleader, 1 1
 Mr Bury's a a h Lunatic, 2 2

Time, 1st heat, 4 5—2d heat, 4 6

SECOND RACE—A Plate of Rs 400 from the Fund and Rs 100 each Subscriber, free for all Arabs, 8st 7lb, heats one mile.

Mr Bury's g a h Mania, 1 1

Mr Eastwick's a a h Feversham, 2 2

Time 1st heat, 1 58—2d heat 1 56.

THIRD RACE—A match 1½ miles 8st 7lbs.
 Mr Vibart's b a h Burlesque, 1
 Mr Fawcett's b a h Corporal, 2

Time, 3 10.

FOURTH RACE—A match 1 mile.
 Mr Eastwick's a a h Cameroun, 8st 7lb. 1
 Mr Fawcett's g a h Blue Devil, 7st 12lb. 2

Time, 2 1.

Sixth Day, Saturday, 16th February.

FIRST RACE—The Winner's Plate of Rs 300 from the Fund and Rs 300 H P for which all winners except on the Hacks and Hunters must enter, 8st 4lbs, 3lbs extra for each race won during the meeting. One two mile.

Mr Vibart's g a h Postboy, 8st 10lb, 1
 " " g a h Rutchader, 8st 2lb 11 F
 " " b a h bursique, 8st 7lb 11 F
 " " c a h Lancel, 8st 10lb, 11 F
 Mr Bury's g a h Minnie, 8st 7lb, 2
 " " g a h Pricaton, 8st 7lb, 11 F

Time 1m 1½

SECOND RACE.—The Beaten Plate of Rs 300 from the Fund and Rs 75 each Subscriber to be handicapped by the Stewards, heats R C.

Mr Buiv's g a h Conrad (late Master Henry) 8st 10lb, 1
 Mr Fawcett's b a h the Corporal, 8st, 2

Time 1st heat 1m 1½—2d heat 3m 14s

THIRD RACE.—A Sweepstake of Rs 70b 1½ miles.
 Mr Easton's g a h Cameronian, 1
 Mr Fawcett's g a h Blue Devil, 2
 Mr Fawcett's b a h Burt's son, 3

Time 3m 2½.

W J BELL, Sec Genl Turf.

LOODFANAH RACES FOR 1833.

First Day, 16th February.

FIRST RACE.

A purse of 10 G M for 6 Maiden Arabs, 11 stone each, Heats 1½ mile. The Winner to be sold for 1000 Rupees and manded within an hour after the Race. Entrance two Gold Mohurs.
 Mr Wynne's b a h Hagdiyer, worked over.

SECOND RACE.

A purse of 10 G M for 4 Country bred Horses 11 stone each. Heats 1½ mile. Entrance two Gold Mohurs.
 Mr Wynne's b a h Aspasia by Slenker Billy out of Dappier by Osiris, 1
 Mr Fawcett's b a h Hobbler by young Boudet, out of Mary Ann, 2

Won easily.

THIRD RACE.

Match 5 G M P P ½ mile. 10st 7lb each.
 Mr Fawcett's b a h Polyphemus, 1
 Mr Brummagem's b a h Sergeant Major, 2

Time 1m 6s.

FOURTH RACE.

Match for 10 G M ¼ mile.
 Mr O'Toole's g a h Begonia, 1
 Mr Stansby's g a h Gay, Poly, 2

Won easily by the Begonia in 33 seconds.

Second Day, 17th February.

FIRST RACE.

A purse of 100 Rupees for all horses, five and take, 11 hands carrying 9st 4 lb. Entrance 20 Rupees.

Mr Wynne's b a h Aspasia 11 stone, 1
 Mr Fawcett's b a h Hobbler, 11st 3lb, 2
 Mr Wynne's b a h Hagdiyer, 10st, dr

Time 3m 7s.

SECOND RACE.

A Sweepstake of 1 G M each with 5 G M from the Fund for 14 Ponies, catch weights. Heats ½ mile. 10th January 1833.
 Mr Fawcett's g a h Pony Cigar, 12 hands 2 mches, 10st, 1
 Mr Brummagem's G Pony Brummagem, 13h 2 mches, 2

First heat, 1m 14s.

Second heat 1m 17½s.

THIRD RACE.

Match for 10 G M ¼ mile.
 Mr Fawcett's b a h Bankrupt, 1
 Mr O'Toole's g a h Begonia, 2

Time 30s.

FOURTH RACE.

A Sweepstake of 5 G M each 10st 7lbs each ½ mile and 40 yards.
 Mr Wynne's b a h Trout Tack, 1
 Mr Fawcett's b a h Polyphemus, 2
 Mr Brummagem's b a h Sergeant Major, 3

Time 34s.

F FRENCH,

Secretary.

AGRA RACES FOR 1833.

First Day, 16th February.

A Purse of 25 G M for 4 Maiden Horses, Calcutta weight for age, heats two miles, entrance 5 G M. Arabs allowed 7lbs.
 Mr Francis's b Filly Brenda, by Mr Edward, claim by Pindaree, out of Gay Lass by Uncle Toby, 3 years old 7st 11b, 2 1 1
 Mr East's Filly Munster Lass by Prince A out of Brenda, 4 years old, 8st 11b, 1 2 dis
 Mr North East's b mare Buttercup, by Sampson out of Maria, 5 years old, 8st 10lb, 3 4 2

Time 1st heat 1 22
 2d do 4 30
 3d do. 4 34

A Purse of 300 Rupees for Maiden Arabs that have never started. In 4 rounds the course, 8st 7lbs each, the winner to be sold for 700 Rupees, it demanded within 10 minutes, entrance 5 G M.
 Mr North East's g a Senator, 1 1
 Mr Francis's g a Sam, 2 2

Time 1st heat 1—20
 2d do 4—34 won easy

Writer Stakes 10 G M Mohurs each, added to 20 Gold Mohurs from the Fund for 10 Ponies, Arabs 10st 7lbs country bred, 11st R C and a distance, heats, gentlemen riders, imported English Horses excluded, to close on the 1st of February 1832.

Mr North East's c c b g Bob Riddle by Benedict out of Lutchmee 10st 11lb

Mr East's b c b in Symmetry by Gazelle out of Gift by Ours 10st 11lb

Symmetry 1 1
Bob Riddle 2 dr.

Time 3—28

A Match between Mr Sweetman's g a h Seyvadeh and Mr Christie's c a h Brien Boron, 8st 4lb each one and a half mile, 50 Gold Mohurs P P

Mr Sweetman's g a h Seyvadeh, 1 1
Mr Christie's c a h Brien Boron, 2

Second Day, 19th February.

Ladies Purse for all Horses (imported English Horses excepted) Calcutta weight, for age two and a half mile heats, Arabs allowed 7½s, winners once to carry 3lb, twice 5lb 1 times 5lb extra, entrance 5 Gold Mohurs

The Moss Trooper's c a h Chester, 9st 5lb 1 1
Mr Bacon's g a h Lancer, 9st 7lbs 2 2
Mr Francis's c a h Gil Blas, 9st 5lb 3 3
Mr East's g a h Candidate, 9st 5lb, 4 4
Won easily.

A Pony Purse 100 Rupees weight for inches 13 hands to carry 8 stone winners to carry 3lbs, twice 5lbs, Extra entrance 3 Gold Mohurs, heats one mile

Mr Christie's b Pony Star Gazer, 7st 12lb 8oz. 1 1
Mr Bantfield's g Pony Faintail, 7st 11lb 8oz. 2 2
Mr East's b Pony Imp 7st 6lb 8oz. 3 3

Agra Stakes 20 Gold Mohurs each (half forfeit) with 20 Gold Mohurs added from the fund for all country bred Horses, Calcutta weight for age, Maidens allowed 3lbs, the winner of the maiden purse 1st day not entitled to this allowance, to close the day before the meeting, 2 mile heats

The Moss Trooper's b c b in Flora, 4 years old 8st 1lb 1 1
Mr North East nominates Mr Sweetman's b c b mare Symmetry 6 years old, 8 stone 10lbs, 2 2
Time 1—21½—1—22

A Match between Mr Sweetman's g a h Seyvadeh and Mr Christie's c a h Quack, one mile, 25 G M P P.

Won by Quack in 2m 5s.

Third Day, 21st February.

A Purse of 25 Gold Mohurs for all horses, give and take, weight for Age and inches, 14 hands and aged to carry 9st heats round the course, entrance 5 Gold Mohurs

Mr Christie's a h Quack, 1
Mr Francis's b c b Filly Brenda, 2
Mr Francis's c a h Gil Blas, dr

A Purse of 300 Rupees with an entrance of 3 Gold Mohurs for all horses that have started for Public money and that have not won but have saved their distance, heats round the course to be handicapped by the Stewards

Mr Sweetman's g a h Candidate, 1 1
Mr George's g a Lancer, 2 2
Mr Francis's c a h Gil Blas, 3 3
Time—1st heat 3 m
2d do 3 9

Hack Stakes of 5 Gold Mohurs each, added to 10 Gold Mohurs from the fund for all Horses Gentlemen 10 lrs, to carry 10st each R C and distance heats The winner to be sold, if demanded within 20 minutes, for 500 Rupees

Mr Hodgson's c a Galloway Sham Abraham, 1 1
Mr North East's bay mare Earl, 2 2
Mr Christie's c a h Vagabond, 3 dr

A match between Mr Sweetman's g a h Seyvadeh, and Mr Christie's c a h Brien Boron, 8st 4lb each, 1 mile 50 G M P P

Won by Seyvadeh, in 2—4

Fourth Day, 23d February

Skylark Stakes of 5 G M each with 10 added from the Fund, for all Horses untrained before the 1st February 1833, R C 8st 7lb The winner to be sold for 500 Rupees if demanded

Mr Francis's g a h Eldorado, 1
Mr North East's b c b mare Hunt, 2
Mr Todd's b c b mare Felina, 3
Time 1—19

A Sweepstakes of 10 Gold Mohurs each P P with 10 Gold Mohurs from the Fund, for all Horses that were Maidens on the 15th February 1833, 8st 7lb each, one round the course, the Winner to be sold for 800 Rs. if demanded within 15 minutes, to close the day before the meeting

Mr East's b c in Symmetry, 1
Mr Sale's b c b in Munster Lass, 2
Mr North East's g a h Senator, 3
Mr Francis's g a h Sam, 4
Time 1—36½

A match between Mr Sweetman's Seyvadeh and Mr Christie's g a h Quack, weight for inches 11 hands 8st 7lb one and a half mile, for 25 G M P P

Won by Seyvadeh in 3 1½

A Sweepstakes of 25 G M H F two miles, to be handicapped by the Stewards

Mr Francis's c a h Gil Blas, 8st 1 1
Mr East nominates Mr Sweetman's g a Candidate 8st 7lb 2
The Moss Trooper's b c b m Flora, 8st 8lb 8oz. dr

Time 1—26.

Course 59 yards short of 1½ miles.

BARRACKPORE RACES.

Monday, February 4, 1833.

The Races were begun and ended on the Calcutta Course this morning

The renewal of the Breeder's Stakes was run for by the following 3 years old

Mr Robert's Glumdalelight, 8st 4lb, 1
Mr Pundit's Napoleon, 8st 7½lb, 2

A beautiful mile Race. Time in 57s Napoleon had beaten the filly in the Calcutta Riddlesworth this year, and 3 to 2 went a legging in favour of the colt, but the filly had trained on and won the race, leading from end to end.

A Sweepstakes was run afterwards that afforded the greatest interest R C and a distance.

Mr White's g a h Edwy, 9st 8lb, 1
Mr Whitebread's g a h Gril 7st, 2
—'s b a h Paul Clifford 8st 7lb, 3

The horses for the mile and a distance were neck and neck, one peeping out a nose and then another. Never was a better handicap made, but the blood, the bottom, and the training of Edwy was too much for the others, and he won the race in 3m 52s, Gril pushing him to the winning post, and leaving Paul some lengths behind.

AGRA RACES, 1837.

The following account of the races which appears on page 13.

First Day, Saturday, 10th February

A Purse of 25 G M for all maiden Horses. Calcutta weight for age, 2 heats two miles—Entrance 5 G M At 11 o'clock 7 lbs.

Mr East's son Master, by Prince A out of Brenda 4 years old Sst 1lb 2 1
2d Mr Francis's son Brenda by Master Forward, dam by Pontre out of Gayless by Uncle Toby 4 years 7st 1lb 2 1 2
Mr North East's son Buttercup by Symphony out of Maria 5 years old Sst 10lbs 3 3 3
A good race. 1st heat 1 24 2d heat 1 39 3d heat 1 31½

Second Race—A Purse of Rs 100 for maiden Arab, that have never started. heats 3 P Sst 7 lbs each, the winner to be sold for Rs 750 if demanded within 15 minutes, entrance 5 G M

Mr North East's son Sst 10 1 1
Mr East's son Sst 2 2 2

Won easy 1st heat 1 19½

Third Race—Welter Stake, 10 G M each, sold for 20 G M from the Fund for all Horses gentle nature, 10st 7lbs each, 1st R C and a distance, the winner to be sold for Rs 750 if demanded, within 20 minutes for 500 Rupees

Mr East's son by Symmetry by Gazelle out of Gilt by Osiris 1st 1lb 1 1
Mr North East's son by Boh Riddah by Boudier out of Dutchman 10st 10lbs 2 2 2

Won in a trice in 5 28

Fourth Race—Match for 20 G M P P one mile Sst 4lbs each

Mr Sweetman's son Savadth 1 1
Mr Christie's son Biron Biron 2 2
Time 3 13

Second Day, Tuesday, 19th February

Ladies Purse for all Horses, support 1 lb 15 lbs Horses excepted. Calcutta weight for age, 2½ mile heats, 2½ lbs allowed 7 lbs, winner once to carry 5 lbs, two 4 lbs, 3 times 7 lbs extra—Entrance 5 G M

1st lbs
The Moss Trooper's son by Chester 9 5 1 1
Mr George's son by Lancer 9 5 2 2
Mr East's son by Candida 9 5 3 3
Mr Francis's son by Gilt Blas 9 5 4 4

A good race, Candida made a fine display the 2d heat to the last ½ mile—leading at a most tremendous pace, when Lancer and Chester collared, a sharp struggle in and won cleverly by a length

Second Race—A Pony Purse Rs 100 weight for mares 13 hands to carry Sst winners once to carry 4 lbs, twice 5 lbs extra—Entrance 3 G M heats one mile

Mr Christie's son by Starazer 1 1
Mr Birkfield's son by Panta 2 2
Mr East's son by Imp 3 3

Won easy

Agia Stakes 20 G M each 1 lb with 20 G M added from the Fund for all country bred Horses, Calcutta weight for age, maidens allowed 3 lbs the winner of the maiden Purse first day and entitled to this allowance, to close the day before the meeting, 2 miles heats

The Moss Trooper's son by Flora 4 years old Sst 1lb 1 1

Mr North East's son by Sweetman's son by Symmetry 6 years old Sst 10lbs 2 2

First heat a good race won by ½ a length—2d heat easy

Fourth Race—Match for 25 G M P P one mile, Sst 4lbs each

Mr Christie's son by Quack 1 1
Mr Sweetman's son by Savadth 2 2

A good and severe race, won by Quack by ½ of a length.

Third Day, Thursday, 21st February

A Purse of 25 G M for all Horses give and take weight for age and inches 11 hands and aged to carry 9 a lbs R C and once at 5 G M

Mr Christie's son by Quack 1 1
Mr Francis's son by Brenda's distance, under 1 lb, each Gilt Blas drawn

Second Race—A Purse of Rs 100 with an entrance of 1 G M for all Horses that have started for Purse money and have not won but have saved the race distance 15 R C to be handicapped by the stewards

Mr Sweetman's son by Candida 1 1
Mr George's son by Lancer 2 2
Mr Francis's son by Gilt Blas 3 3

Won easy in 6 and 24

Third Race—Hack Stake, 20 G M each sold for 10 G M from the Fund for all Horses gentle nature, 10st 7lbs each R C and a distance at 5 G M. The winner to be sold for Rs 750 if demanded, within 20 minutes for 500 Rupees

Mr Hobbs's son by Shamabrahm 1 1
Mr North East's son by Lancer 2 2
Mr Christie's son by Gilt Blas 3 3

Fourth Race—Match for 50 G M P P one mile Sst 4 lbs each

Mr Sweetman's son by Savadth 1 1
Mr Christie's son by Biron Biron 2 2

A first rate contest, both at the wind post, the 1st race won when the rider of Savadth took a pull and that of Biron from the winning post, when he made a rush and won by a neck

Fourth Day, Saturday, 23d February

Stakes of 5 G M each with 10 a lbs from the Fund for all Horses entered before the 1st February 1837 R C Sst 7 lbs each. The winner to be sold for Rs 500 if demanded

Mr Francis's son by Gilt Blas 1 1
Mr Todd's son by Lancer 2 2
Mr North East's son by Lancer 3 3

Mr Christie's son by Savadth a distance

Second Race—A Sweepstake of 10 G M each P P with 10 G M from the Fund for all Horses that were maidens on the 1st February 1837 Sst 7 lbs each R C the winner to be sold for Rs 500 if demanded within 15 minutes, to close for day before the meeting

Mr East's son by Symmetry 1 1
Mr Silver's son by Winstler Lass 2 2
Mr North East's son by Symmetry 3 3

Mr Francis's son by Biron 1 1

Third Race—Match for 25 G M P P 1½ mile weight for mares 11 hands to carry Sst 7 lbs

Mr Sweetman's son by Savadth 1 1
Mr Christie's son by Quack 2 2

A good race, Savadth held to Quack after a capital start when at the distance post he let out, winning very easy by 3 lengths

Time 3 14

Fourth Race—Sweepstake of 25 G M each 1½ 2 miles to be handicapped by the Stewards

Mr Francis's son by Gilt Blas 1 1

Mr East's son by Sweetman's son by Symmetry 2 2

The Moss Trooper's son by Flora Sst 4 lbs Sst 4 lbs

Time 4 26

Candidate's Maria ale broke at the mile, when he ran away with his rider, consequently his chance was out.

MHOW RACE MEETING.

First Day, Thursday 7th February, 1833

FIRST RACE—The Midway Turf Cup valued at Rs 1000 for all Arab Horses, that have never started for Cup, Purse, Plate, Match or Sweepstakes, entrance 10 G M, weight 8st 7lbs, heats 2 miles, two Horses to start or no race.

Mr Charles's	g a h Ecarté	1	1
Patton's	g a h King of Hearts		
Perry's	g a h Poco Prieto	3	4
Retorm's	g a h St Peter	4	3
Clinton's	g a h Monkey	5	5
Time first heat 1 21 Second heat 1 22			
Both heats won easy			

SECOND RACE—A Purse of Rs 150 from the Fund for all Ponies 13 hands and under weight 6½ inches, 13 hands to carry 8st, entrance 2 G M, winner of more than one race to carry 4lbs extra. Country Ponies allowed 3lbs, heats one mile.

Fonies allowed 5 lbs, heats one mile.		st lbs oz	
Mr Macshane's	c p Murphy	7	9 1 1
" Reform's	b p Jocky	7	3 10 2 3
" Dundas' . . .	b o Will of the Whisk 6	9 1 3 2	
" Handlatty's	g p Gent George . . .	7	7 1 4 4
" Clinton's	b p Vermont	6	5 6 5 dr.
Time first heat 2 2½		Second heat 2 20	

THIRD RACE—A Welter Sweepstakes of 5 G M each with Rs 490 from the Fund for all Horses, heats R C weight 11st gentlemen riders, winner of one Welter race to carry 3lbs extra.

Mr Moore's	b a h m Julia	2	1	1
Clinton's	g a h Marmon	1	2	2
Perry's	b a h Curcio	3	3	dr.
Time first heat 3 24½				
second do 3 25				
third do time not taken				

Second Day, 9th February

FIRST RACE—His Highness Mulraj Rao Hukar's Purse Rs 1000 for all Horses carrying 8st 7lbs, heats 2½ miles, entrance 10 G M, Horses that have never won before the day of meeting allowed 3lbs.

Mr Charles's	g a h Ecarté	1	1
Clinton's	g a h Marmon	2	2
Moore's	b c h m Julia	3	dist.
Perry's	g a h Sallpêtre	4	3
Dundas's	g a h Bundela	5	4
Time first heat 5 21 Second heat 5 23			

SECOND RACE—A Purse of Rs 300 from the Fund for all Galloways 14 hands and under weight for inches 14 hands to carry 8st 7lbs heats R C entrance 50 Rupees

Mr Clinton's	c a h The Doctor	1	1
Perry's	g a h Poco Prieto	2	dr.
Time first heat 3 21			

Third Day, Tuesday, 12th February

FIRST RACE—The Resident's Purse for maiden Arabs 8st 7lbs each, the winner of the Cup to carry 5lbs extra, Horses that have never started before the day of running allowed 3lbs, heats R C and a distance, entrance 5 G M.

Mr Charles's	c a h Ecarté	1	1
Clinton's	g a h May Fly	2	2
Time first heat 3 46 Second heat time not taken.			

Won in a Canter

SECOND RACE—The Slack Plate of Rs 150 from the Fund for all untrained Horses, heats ½ mile, weight 11st gentlemen riders, entrance 2 G M.

Mr Clinton's	br c b g ONI Port		
Clinton's	c a h The Doctor		
	blk a h Black Prince.		

THIRD RACE—The Mhow Turf Plate of Rs 300 from the Fund to be handiapped for all Horses one 3 mile heat, entrance 5 G M.

Mr Dundas's	g a h Bundela	8	6	1
Clinton's	g a h Marmon	8	12	2
Perry's	g a h Sallpêtre	8	8	3
Moore's	b c h m Julia	8	7	4
Patkinson's	g a h King of Hearts	8	1	dist
Time 6 20				

Fourth Day, Thursday, 14th February

FIRST RACE—The Resident's Plate of Rs 500 for all Horses save and take 11 limits 6½ miles 8st 7lbs heats R C entrance 5 G M

Mr Dundas's	g a h Bundela	1	1
Clinton's	g a h Marmon	2	dr.

Time first heat 3 44

W a y

SECOND RACE—A Purse of Rs 300 from the Fund for all Horses that have never started for Purse, Cup, Plate, Match or Sweepstakes before the 7th February, 1833, heats R C entrance 5 G M weight for age, 2 years old to carry 7st 6lbs, 3 years 7st 2lb, 4 years 8st 5lb, 5 years 8st 12lb, 6 aged 9st—20h

A pair of plated dishes presented by Messrs. Pestonjee and Co for untrained Horses, heats 1 mile, gentlemen riders weight 11st, entrance 2 G M.

Mr Clinton's	br c b g ONI Port		
	c a h The Doctor		
Tiff's	g a h Jeff		

A very good race for the two last heats

Time first heat 2 8

second do 2 9

third do 2 10

Fifth Day, Saturday

FIRST RACE—The Cheroot Stakes of 3000 Mudda Cheroots for all untrained Horses (bona fide the property of the riders) the winner to be sold for Rs 500 if claimed half an hour after the race, entrance 2 G M, gentlemen riders, weight 11 stone, heats R C Each rider to start with a lighted Cheroot in his mouth, and to keep the same alight during the race, and to have it alight at the weighing start or to be considered distanced

Mr Jeff's	g a h Jeff	1	
Horkey Walker's	c p Bulter	2	
	c a h Cupid	3	

A good race between Jeff and the Boiler

SECOND RACE—A Handicap Purse of Rs 400 from the Fund for all Horses that have started during the meeting (excepting for the Hicks Plate and Cheroot Stakes) for which all the winning Horses must enter, and for which it is optional for the beaten Horses, entrance 5 G M ½ forfeit if declared half an hour after the handicap, heats 1½ miles.

Mr Moore's	b c h m Julia	8	4—3	1	1
Clinton's	c a h Ecarté	8	9—1	4	3
Perry's	g a h Sallpêtre	8	2—4	2	2
Dundas's	g a h Bundela	8	9—2	3	dist.
Time first heat 3 41					
second do 3 41½					
third do 3 47					

A beautiful race for the first heat between Ecarté and Bundela.

Course 1½ mile and 77 yards.

W. M. Secretary.

RACING CALENDAR.

BALARY RACES.

FIRST DAY--TUESDAY, 6TH AUGUST.

First Race.

A Maiden Subscription Purse of 200 Rupees P. P. with 400 Rupees from the Fund, for all Arab Horses that have never started for Plate, Purse, Match, or Sweepstakes, Heats 2 miles carrying 8st. 7lbs. Three Subscribers or no race--a horse walking over the course only to receive half the public money.

	1st Heat.	2d Heat.
Mr. Henry's, c. A. H. Reprobate.....	1	1
Mr. Muhiad's, c. A. H. Zohrab.....	2	2
Mr. Wynn's, c. A. H. Fudly.....	drawn.	
Time 1st Heat 1' 38" 2d Heat 1' 12"		

This race created a good deal of interest and speculation as each horse had its backers. Fudly however was rather the favorite, and won the first heat in gallant style, but in consequence of a postle having been proved against his rider, he was declared distanced, and Reprobate the second horse the winner of the heat.

Second Race.

A Galloway Plate of 500 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rupees each Subscription, P. P. for all Arab and Country Horses 13 hands 3 inches and under--Heats mile and a half, carrying 8st. 4lbs. A horse walking over the course only to receive half the public money.

	1st. Heat.	2d Heat.
Mr. Henry's.....c. A. G. Wild Oats.....	1	1
Mr. Kirkpatrick's.....c. A. G. Clinker.....	2	drawn
Time--3' 16".		

This was a close and interesting race, but won by little Wild Oats, Clinker's rider being short of the weight, he declared.

SECOND DAY--THURSDAY, 8TH AUGUST.

First Race.

A Maiden Subscription Purse of 100 Rupees each P. P. with 800 Rupees from the Fund for all Arab Horses that have never won Plate, Purse, Match, or Sweepstakes--Heat mile and a half and a distance carrying 8st. 10lbs. Terms the same as the First Maiden.

	1st. Heat.	2d. Heat.
Mr. Muhiad's.....c. A. H. Zohrab.....	1	1
Mr. Henry's.....w. A. H. Intriguer.....	2	drawn.
Mr. Scott's.....c. A. H. Gold-dust.....	drawn.	

This was by no means a good race, as Zohrab had it in a canter, Intriguer being dead lame.

Second Race.

A Ladies' Purse for all Arab and Country Horses, weight for inches 14 hands, carrying 8st. 3lbs. 150 Rupees each Subscription P. P. with 300 Rupees from the Fund--Heats mile and half. A Horse that has won once during this meeting to carry 7lbs. extra. A horse walking over the course to receive only half the public money.

	st. lbs.	1st ht.	2d. 3d.
Mr. Henry's.....c. A. G. Wild Oats..	7 8	dead ht.	1 1
Mr. Kirkpatrick's c. A. H. Ruby.....	8 4	dead ht.	2 2
Mr. Wynn's.....n. A. H. The Wolf..	8 11		3 3 3

Time 1st heat 3' 14--2d heat 3' 17--3d heat 3' 16".

The first heat of this Race was most excellent. Ruby and Wild Oats being nose and nose as they passed the winning post, however notwithstanding the 7lbs. extra, little Wild Oats carried for being the winner of the Galloway Plate, he won the Race most gallantly.

THIRD DAY—SATURDAY, 10TH AUGUST.

First Race.

Match 20 Gold Mohurs, H. P.—Mr. Mehrad's c. a. n. Sir Mist and Mr. Wynn's c. a. n. Firefly, one two mile-heat, carrying out 7 lbs.

In consequence of Sir Mist paying forfeit, the sporting men were much disappointed, as a handily contested run was anticipated for this race.

Second Race.

A Rough and Ready Plate for all Arab and Country Horses, 2 Gold Mohurs, each Subscription P. P. with 100 Rupees from the Fund—Heats one mile and a half, carrying 10st 10lbs.—Gentlemen Riders.

The winner, if claimed by any of his competitors within half an hour after the race, to be sold for 100 Rupees.

	1st Heat.	2d Heat.
Mr. Wynn's c. a. n. The Wolf.....	1	1
Mr. Henry's c. a. n. Reprobance.....	2	2

Time—1st Heat, 3 20—2d Heat, 3 25.

Third Race.

A Pony Plate of 1 Gold Mohur each Subscription, P. P. with 100 Rupees from the Fund. Once round the course, Catch weights.

Mr. Bale's..... c. a. n. Billy Button.....	1
Mr. Wynn's..... c. a. n. Ginger.....	2
Mr. Henry's..... c. a. n. Paddy-whack.....	distanced

Time—3 26

This was a remarkably interesting race between Ginger and Billy Button, who rated it from post to post; Billy Button winning by about half a neck, owing to his carrying much less weight than Ginger; poor Paddy-whack was fairly whacked in the first mile, and has not been heard of since.

Fourth Race.

Match 25 Gold Mohurs, P. P.—Mr. Henry's c. a. n. Priana, and Mr. West's c. a. n. Nimrod, one mile and a half, heats carrying 11 st 13.

This was a pretty contested race for the first mile, and bets were freely offered on either horse; however, when coming near home, Priana took the lead, and kept it, Nimrod having burst a blood vessel.

FOURTH DAY, TUESDAY, 13TH AUGUST.

First Race.

A Beaten Plate for all Horses that have never won during the meeting, 100 Rupees, each Subscription, P. P. with 200 Rupees from the Fund—to be handicapped by the Committee.

Mr. Kirkpatrick's c. a. n. Ruby cantered over.

It is a curious circumstance that there should have been only one horse entitled to start for this race.

Second Race.

Match 2 Gold Mohurs P. P.

Mr. Wynn's c. a. n. Fire-fly, and Mr. Mehrad's c. a. n. Zohrab. Heats 2 miles, carrying 10st 4lb.

	1st Heat.	2d Heat.
Mr. Wynn's c. a. n. Fire fly.....	1	1
Mr. Mehrad's c. a. n. Zohrab.....	distanced.	

Time—1st Heat 4 12.

From Zohrab's having won the second Match, and Firefly's having run so well for the first, this race was the cause of much speculation. Both horses were freely backed, Firefly being the favorite. The horse went off at a rattling pace, and kept well together for the first half mile, when Firefly shook off his antagonist, and gradually increased his distance from him, winning in hand—we are much mistaken if Firefly is not a first-rate horse.

Third Race.

Cheroot Stakes, entrance 1 Gold Mohur, once round the course, Gentlemen riders, Catch weights, three horses to start or no race.

Mr. Henry's	A. H. Cigar	1
Mr. Kirkpatrick's	B. A. H. Pigot	2
Mr. Bird's	A. H. Smoke	3
Mr. Mohrad's	A. H. Bubble	drawn.

FIFTH AND LAST DAY *Thursday, 15th August.*

First Race.

Hunter's Plate—Hunter's Plate of Rupees 100 from the Fund, and 2 Gold Medals each Subscription to be added two for a 1. Arab and Country Horses, carrying 11st. One three-miles heat over six leaps, four 3three feet, and two 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet. Three Subscribers or race.

Mr. Forte one's	G. A. H. Tony Botheiem	1
Mr. James's	B. A. H. Rough and Ready	2
Mr. Peacock's	C. A. H. Go-along	3
Mr. Hem's	C. A. H. Vroom	drawn
Mr. Howard's	G. A. H. Top-thorn	distance 1.
Mr. Johnson's	B. A. H. George	distance 2.

This race afforded much sport, five horses started, and kept well together till they came to the first leap, where Rough and Ready, who was the favorite for this race, bolted, and never returned his ground, Tony Botheiem and Go-along ran side by side, and cleared their leaps in gallant style, within a few yards of the last leap; Go-along was ahead, and for well on his quarter, on coming to the leap Go-along said No-Go, Tom however, took the leap cleverly, and won this race to the admiration of the by-standers.

Second Race.

Subscription Sweepstakes between Firefly, Ruby, and Reprobate, one hundred Rupees each Subscription, with 250 Rupees from the Fund. To be handicapped by the Committee. Heats nine and a half, and a distance.

	st	lbs	1st	Ht.	2d	Ht.
Mr. Wynn's	C. A. H. Firefly	8	3	1	1	
Mr. Henry's	G. A. H. Reprobate	8	0	2	2	det.
Mr. Kirkpatrick's	C. A. H. Ruby	8	3	3	2	

Time, 1st heat 3 22--2d heat 3 28.

Firefly won the race with ease, though he was lame when he started, and has proved himself to be an honest and good little horse.

The Course was very heavy, and much cut up by the rain, which together with a nasty hill for the last quarter of a mile in, make the time not so good as was anticipated.

J. S. FRESHFIELD, CORNET 1st L. C. *Stewart.*

BELIARY, August 23, 1832.

* We suspect from this account of the running that Rough and Ready has been placed wrong—should not he be 3d?—Ed

BANGALORE SEPTEMBER MEETING 1832.

First Day, Thursday, September 5th

THIRD MAIDEN.—A Maiden Subscription Purse of 300 Rupees each P. P. with 300 Rupees from the Fund for all Arab Horses that never won Plate, Purse, Match or Sweepstakes—Heats 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles carrying 9 stone (3 Subscribers or no race.)

Major Looney's	C. A. H. Saddock	9st. 1	1 (G. Smith)
Mr. Stanley's	G. A. H. Tip-toe	9st. 2	2
Mr. Frederic's	C. A. H. Tum O'Shanter	9st. 3	Drawn.

Time 1st Heat 3 12--2d Heat 3 13.

The Subscriptions for the 1st and 2d Maidens not having been filled up, the Bangalore Races commenced this Morning with the 3d Maiden, and even in this, few were sanguine enough to anticipate a well contested struggle—If however there be any duty presiding over the Turf, he was propitiated by the sight of such a galaxy of beauty beaming from the Stand, as has seldom graced our Indian Race Course, and a delightful morning gave a favourable augury, of good Sport.

For the Third Maiden, Mr. Stanley's C. A. H. "Tip-toe" encountered Major Looney's "Saddock" and Mr. Frederic's Tum O'Shanter—They started beautifully together, but Hall on "Tip-toe" pulled back directly; while "Tom" took Saddock away at a rating pace for the 1st $\frac{1}{2}$ mile—Hall then came up, and the three ran well together to the Mile Post where "Tom" tailed off, "Saddock" and "Tip-toe" main-

tained a close struggle, and were both brought to the whip coming up the distance, where "*Saddock*" took a decided lead, and won by a length in 3 12.

Second Heat—*Tip-toe* went off at a canter, and kept a tremendous pace to the first $\frac{1}{2}$ mile—*Saddock* waiting on his quarter, both Horses then indulged in a pull, and rated a steady pace to the mile where Hall called on his Horse—But *Saddock* would not be shaken off, and kept his place on *Tip-toe's* quarter—At the distance both horses were at the whip, *Saddock* gradually creeping up and both doing their best—George however continued within the last ten strides to resume a bit in hand, and threw his horse in at the post with a tremendous rush winning "*by a nose*"—One of the best contested races ever seen, and both Jockeys affording an admirable specimen of riding, in the exhibition of every manœuvre of jockeyship and science.

A Galloway Plate of Rupees 400 from the Fund, with 100 Rupees each Subscription to be added free for all Arab Horses, 13 hands 3 inches, and under carrying 8 stone 4lbs.—Horses under 13 hands $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, allowed 4lbs., Winner to carry 3lbs. extra—Heats 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles and a distance

Mr. Courtenay's G. A. G. *Bedoum*, 8st. 5lb. 21 cantered over (Green.)

Mr. Frederick's G. A. G. *Don Pecho* 8st. 3lb. 12 drawn.

Time 1st Heat 3 41—2d Heat 3 30—3d Heat Cantered over.

For the Galloway Plate, the little Bombay Horse *Bedoum* came out of Mr. Courtenay's stable against Mr. Frederick's G. A. G. *Don Pecho*. Both horses started at a canter. Green on *Bedoum* wishing to nurse his horse and wait upon the *Don*—who kept a very lady like pace to the half mile, where his owner galloped up to him and ordered his jockey (a young hand) to gallop. The little horse on being let loose, with a tremendous bound flew away from *Bedoum* who was never able to recover his surprise at such an unexpected desertion, and after every endeavour was beaten by a length in 3 minutes 41 seconds.

Second Heat.—The *Don*, with a good start, appeared to prefer the swifter in mode and gave the lead to *Bedoum*, who went away at a pace well calculated to traverse his native desert.—They kept their places for about three quarters of a Mile, when the *Grey* came up and challenged; the two ran together to the turning when Green slipped away from his opponent, and gained more than a length by superior riding—this enabled him safely to take a pull on his Horse and collect him for the last struggle, by allowing "*The Don*" to head him to the distance, here they came again together. "*The Iron*" at his best, and *Green* working his Horse, till about fifteen lengths from home, where he called on him in good earnest and went in a clear winner by nearly a length and a little to spare—Time 3 50.

A Match of 25 Gold Mohurs each P. P. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Mr. Courtenay's G. A. H. *Saldanah*, 9st. 10lb. (Green) 1

Mr. Frederick's B. A. H. *Melmoth*, 9st. 5lb. 2

Time 1st $\frac{1}{2}$ Mile 59—2d do 1 3—3d do 1 4

Great interest was now excited by a match made on the preceding day.—Mr. Courtenay's G. A. H. *Saldanah*, 9st. 10lb. against Mr. Frederick's B. A. H. *Melmoth*, 9st. 5lb. one and half miles, *Saldanah*, tho' a winner in a good style at Madras, did not hold that place in general estimation, to which his gallant feats should entitle him, from the simple fact of his having legs—in which detracting or envy might fancy some defect—we beg to remind our readers that "*The line of beauty is a curve*" and why not in the leg of a Race Horse. Some dark rumour of "*boiling*" &c. floated around, but we suspect if any kettles were used that his sporting owner borrowed the Cauldron of Macbeth's witches, and thence added new vigour to the fame of his gallant Horse—*Melmoth's* powers were not unknown here, and his friends backed him with greater confidence from the well known science of his owner, who appeared mounted on him. *Saldanah* after a preliminary canter of a mile came forward under Green's pilotage.—A good start and *Melmoth* instantly went away at an awful rate, doing the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile in 59—*Saldanah* well up to the girths of his opponent, *Melmoth* kept the lead to the mile, whence he was accompanied by *Saldanah* neck and neck to the distance,—his rush here was splendid, and the challenge instantly accepted by *Saldanah* while each rider made every exertion to gain a decided advantage; after a severe struggle, the high blood of *Saldanah* fired at the punishment administered to him, and he spunged the last stroke of the whip, about seven lengths from home with the most undiminished honesty, winning by half a length in 3 minutes, 6 seconds—Even his greatest enemies must accord some admiration to the little Horse 14 hands and a half an inch doing 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles with 9st. 11lb. weight actually carried in 3 minutes 6 seconds, when generally declared by all who saw him as unfit to gallop.

Bangalore, 5th Sept. 1839.

EDWARD BRICE, Steward.

BANGALORE SEPTEMBER MEETINGS, 1883.

SECOND DAY, SATURDAY, 7TH SEPTEMBER.

A Cup presented to the Bangalore Centre in 1855 by the officers of H. M. 18th Light Deagon Cavalry, 5000 Rupees for all Arab horses, two miles heats. Horses that never won to carry 8st. 11bs., & winner once to carry 8st. 11bs., a winner twice to carry 9st. Ten Gold Mohurs each in addition, to go to the fund (a horse to take of 3 horses or no race.)

Mr. Fox's a. v. n. *Brook*, 8st. 11bs.

• No other entries.

The Ladies' Purse of 500 Rupees from the fund with 150 Rupees each subscription to be added, free for all Arab horses, weight for miles 14 hands carry v. 8st. 7 lbs. winners carry 9 lbs. offener 7 lbs. & a. H. & 2 miles.

Mr. Fox's a. v. n. *Chapel*, 8st. 11bs. entered over

The great numerical superiority of Mr. Fox's stable, enabled him to enter *Brook* and *Chapel* for the Deagon Cup and Ladies' Purse without interfering with his engagements for the Madras Spring Meeting, while unfortunately no competitors were ready to meet him on the terms of the races. Great fears were entertained that the second day would be altogether blank, but the sporting spirit of the Bangalore Club was aroused, and three meetings made up on the preceding evening.

A Match for 50 Gold Mohurs each P. P. with 300 Rupees from the Fund—Heats 1 mile.

Major Young's a. v. n. *Star*, 8st. 2lb. 2 1 1 (G. Smith).

Mr. Frederick's a. v. n. *Helmoth*, 9st. 2lb. 1 2 3 owner.

Time 1st Heat 4 14—2d Heat 4 16—3d Heat 4 24

1st Heat.—*Helmoth* started at a good pace with *Selin* on his quarters, they kept close and races the first mile and a half, when *Selin* chafon, ed and made a good canter for the lead; he could not however obtain it, and was beaten by nearly a length in 4 14.

2d Heat.—The horses started in the same style, and ran well down the mile—*Selin* waiting on *Helmoth's* goths; both horses took a strong pull at the third half mile, and continued nearly to the turning, where they let loose, and a good struggle at the distance post was ended by *Selin* winning with nothing to spare in 4 16.

3d Heat.—*Helmoth* off at score, and the spurs came into play the first half mile, in the hopes of choking his more powerful antagonist. The course however being unusually heavy, *Helmoth* was unable to go the pace of the preceding day, when *Selin's* strength enabled him to struggle through it. Both riders pulled at the back of the Coues to collect their Horses for a push, which *Helmoth* again made at the turning, but found it was no go, and after answering honestly every endeavour of his rider was beaten in 4 24.

A Match for 50 Gold Mohurs each, P. P. Heats 1 mile.

Mr. Courtenay's a. v. n. *Redoubt*, 8st. 11b. 1 1 Green.

Mr. Frederick's a. v. n. *Dor Pedro*, 8st. 10b. 2 2

1st 1 mile 58 1s—2d pm. 3d 1 4—Total 1st Heat 3 2—2d Heat 3 2.

Notwithstanding *Dor Pedro's* defeat on the preceding day, he was again matched against *Redoubt*, and the confidence of his party was so great that he was freely backed to win.—The 1st Heat he went off at a tremendous rate, and took *Redoubt* the 1st half mile in 58—Green keeping a steady pull on the latter without allowing the *Dor* to get quite away; at the mile he came up a little to reconnoitre, and finding matters tolerably safe, drew gently back again and waited patiently, till half way up the distance, where Green brought his horse out and won cleverly in 3 2.

2d Heat.—The *Dor's* party rather surprized at the end of the 1st heat, determined to make assurance doubly sure and laying their misfortune to the inexperience of the younger who piloted the *Dor* the 1st heat, accepted the services of Hall, who took the little *Redoubt* away at a terrible pace and endeavoured to catch Green napping, and take away the inside.—*Redoubt* however, with his rider wide awake, maintained his favorite place on the *Dor's* quarter, tried foot with him about half a mile from home and then persevered at a jobbing pace up the distance—Hall accompanied him quietly to the ropes and then set to work, making every exertion of whip and spur to sustain the reputation of his magical powers in getting out of

a horse more than there is in him.¹ Green was hard at work within a few lengths from home, but a few whip-cord hints and his own sterling honesty, sent *Bedouin* in a clear winner by $\frac{1}{2}$ of a length in 3. 3.

A Match of 25 Gold Mohurs each, P. P. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ with bad untrained horses afforded much sport, and the knowing ones were grievously taken in by the winner, Curreen Khan, just out of a lot, carrying 9st. in 3. 2 2.

THIRD DAY, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

The Bangalore Purse of 500 Rupees from the Fund with 150 Rupees each Subscription to be added, free for all Arab Horses carrying 8st. 4lbs. Winners more than once 3lbs. extra. Heats 2 miles.

Mr. Frederic's, G. A. G. *Bravo* 8st. 4lb. 1 cantered over.

Major Looney's, W. A. G. *Surprise* 8st. 7lb. 2 drawn.

Mr. Courtenay's, C. A. H. *Saldanah* 8st. 7lb. 3 drawn.

Time 1st Heat, 4m 15s 2d Heat, cantered over.

For the Bangalore Purse the redoubted *Bravo* was entered by his new master who surprised his friends by purchasing him from Mr. Fox. It was well known that a number of subscribers to *Saldanah* had any chance of the race but as there had been a great deal of chaffing between the two, a match was agreed upon for the first heat of the race. The *Bravo* started at a furious pace and led by 3 or 4 lengths past the stand, and down the hill, the others lying well together; at the back of the course the three were together at a steady pace which they continued to the turning. George now called on *Surprise*, and *Saldanah* was requested to accompany him in the pace, but was shaken off after an honest struggle. Still keeping a steady pull on *Bravo*, gammoned *Surprise* into some hopes of the whole race, and he made a desperate push at the post. But however he had calculated his horses' stride too accurately to out-manoeuvre himself and won by a head, hard held, in 1m. 15s.

The Bangalore Union Welter of Rupees 300 from the fund with 12 Gold Mohurs each subscription to be added for all Arab Horses that have never won before 1st August 1833. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles and a distance carrying 10st. 7lbs. Gentlemen up

Mr. Frederic's, G. A. H. *Tam O'Shanter* 10st. 7lbs. 1. (Mr. J.)

Mr. Courtenay's G. A. H. *Saladin* late *Cock-tail* 10st. 7lbs. 2.

Time, 3. 45.

Saladin and *Tam O'Shanter* at Welter weights, gave a promise of a good race and with a good start came well past the stand at a fair pace; immediately after the turn *Saladin* dropped to the rear, and there kept back nearly a distance till they past the mile, giving evident proof that something was amiss. His rider worked him into a gallop coming up the ropes but without a shadow of chance; either the straw operated, or the energies of the infidel monarch were absorbed in the consideration of becoming a Christian, but his owner having yet faith in him, has matched him against *Tam* for the next day of the meeting in the hope of regaining his tarnished laurels.

A Cup presented (to the Bangalore Course in 1832) by the officers of H. M. 13th Light Dragoons value 1,500 Rupees, 150 Rupees each subscription.—Heats 2 Miles.

No entrances having been made on its original terms, the donors left it at the entire disposal of the Committee to make any arrangement that would ensure sport and from which resulted the following race:—

Major Looney's, G. A. H. *Selim* 8st. 10lbs. 1-1. G. Smith.

Mr. Courtenay's, C. A. G. *Bedouin* 8st. 8lbs. 3-3.

Mr. Frederic's, G. A. G. *Don Pedro* 7st. 10lbs. 2-3.

Time, 1st heat 4 10—2d heat 4 11.

The Officers of H. M. 13th Lt. Dragoons having seen with regret that the superiority of Mr. Fox's Stable had for two years prevented any competitors entering for their Cup on its original terms, and actuated by the desire of promoting good sport and sportsmen-like rivalry on the Bangalore Turf, addressed a letter to the Committee empowering them to alter the terms of the Cup in any way that might be judged by them most calculated to ensure a good race, and the Horses, *Selim*, *Don Pedro*, and *Bedouin* were offered for a free handicap and appeared at the post the following morning—*Selim* rather the favourite.

1st Heat, *Selim* took the lead from the starting post with the *Don* on his quarter and *Bedouin* waiting on the *Don*; they ran thus with little variation the whole *Drag* and retained their places in the last struggle although the intervals were then increased to lengths.

2d Heat. After a good start, Bedouin took a decided lead at the first turn and went at a thundering rate down the hill.—Selim came up at the back of the course, the Don still waiting; they ran thus to the top of the hill where the Don was evidently obliged to wait or rather fall out of the coach altogether; immediately afterwards Bedouin appeared to drop off and though he recovered himself enough to make a struggle till the distance, it was evident something had happened. When he pulled up after exerting himself without flinching in a spirited rally, he travelled to the weighing yard dead lame; on examination his sudden falling off was forcibly accounted for by the presence of a sharp stone in the cleft of his frog with which he had run the last $\frac{1}{2}$ m'le. So much for blood!! But for this untoward event Selim might have been obliged to foot it at a better pace, or perhaps travel an additional two miles in hope of putting the Dragon Cup on the table of his successful owner.

FOURTH DAY, SATURDAY, 13th SEPTEMBER.

A Handicap for all Horses that have won during the Meeting, 200 Rupees each, with 500 Rupees from the fund—Heats 2½ Mles.

Major Looney's G. A. H. *Selim*, ... 8st. 11lbs. 1 1 (G. Smith.)

Mr. Frederic's G. A. H. *Bravo*, ... 8st. 11lbs. 2 2

Time, 1st Heat 5 7—2d Heat 5 7.

The general accompaniment of all Handicaps was not wanting in the weights adjudged by the Committee to the winning horses of the Meeting—the owner of *Selim* receiving 3lbs. from *Bravo*, declared himself unable to contest the race, consequently Mr. Frederic alone entered for the Plate at the prescribed hour. The grumbling dissatisfaction of both parties, added to the general regret that another plate should be walked over for, induced Major Looney to offer the loan of his horse to any one who chose to back him, and subsequently to enter himself at 8st. 11lbs. against the *Bravo*, while both parties vied in disclaiming any chance of the race. In the full confidence of losing not only a certain walk over, but the race to boot, Mr. Frederic with the most sporting feeling allowed the subsequent entrance of *Selim*, sacrificing his own judgment to the indulgence of the public, who were persuaded that *Bravo* must win, and backed him in some instances at 3 to 1.

1st Heat.—Both horses started at a tremendous pace, and continued it for the first mile and a half, which was done in 3 minutes; they slackened their pace up the hill, as if by mutual consent, and then sprang well round the turning, Hall hurrying in reserve on *Selim's* quarter. It was evident, however, that the heavy course had told upon the larger horse, while the shorter strides of *Selim*, and his compact *milieu* in *parvo* (comparatively) enabled him to pitter the rough and the mud without distress, and at the finish to win easily by two or three lengths in 5 7.

2d Heat.—Hall waited with great patience for the first two miles some lengths in rear of *Selim*, who maintained a galling pace throughout; at the turn he brought his horse up and set at him to take the lead about two distances from home. Although severe punishment brought his horse within a length of *Selim* at the winning post, George had it in his power to have stepped much faster away from him.

The real powers of *Selim* are as yet unknown, at least to the public, for he has never been pushed to the utmost, but our Madras friends had better prepare to receive a downright clipper, if not a second *Sackcloth* from Major Looney's stable.

A Plate of 350 Rupees from the fund, with 100 Rupees each subscription to be added for the Beaten Arab and Country Horses of the Meeting, to be handicapped by a Committee.—Heats 1½ Mles.

Mr. Frederic's G. A. G. *Don Pedro*, ... 8st. 1 Cantered over. (Johnny.)

Major Looney's W. A. N. *Surprise*, ... 8st. 2 drawn

Time, 1st Heat 3 minutes—2d Heat cantered over.

For the beaten Plate the old horse *Surprise* appeared to give 1st. to *Don Pedro*, who looked all the better for a day or two's rest. They started at a furious rate, the Don keeping the lead to the mile, where Johnny pulled a very little, just enough to collect his horse, and then dashed round the turning and came in a very easy winner by two or three lengths, in 3 minutes. Time, we believe, unprecedented by any little fellow, (under 13 hands 2 inches and a half) in this Presidency over a very heavy muddy course, and affording a specimen of both riding and training from Mr. Frederic's stable. *Surprise*, unwilling to encounter a second defeat, did not make his appearance for the second heat.

A Subaltern's Plate of 250 Rupees from the fund, with 50 Rupees each subscription to be added, free for all Horses carrying 11st. 7lbs.—Heads 1½ miles, and a distance—Arab Horses allowed 7lbs. The winner to be sold for 500 Rupees if challenged by a competitor within half an hour after the race—Gentlemen up—Horses to be bonâ fide the property of Subalterns.

Mr. Courtenay's c. a. h. *Saladin*, . . . 11st. 1 1 Lt. B.

Mr. Frederic's c. a. h. *Tam O'Shanter*, 11st. 2 2

Time, 1st Heat 3 35—2d Heat 3 13.

For the Subaltern's Plate *Saladin* and *Tam O'Shanter* made their second appearance in a duet, the former determined to retrieve his lost character, and the latter in the confidence of his former victory, and well backed by the knowing hands. *Saladin's* party were not less sanguine, and a series of heavy betting was kept up to the very last moment with great spirit, at the close *Tam* had the call.

They started at a great pace, and *Saladin* immediately endeavoured to play his old tricks, but his rider, warned by experience, set to work with him in the first turn, and gave him a hint, which he remembered all the way round. Both went quietly at the back of the course, and did not commence business till the turning. At the distance *Saladin* was again brought to the whip, but won easy by two lengths in 3 35.

2d Heat.—*Saladin* played the same game, and met the same reward at the first quarter of a mile, whence he galloped off, and was never headed, winning in a canter in 3 43.

FIFTH DAY, TUESDAY, 17TH SEPTEMBER.

A Steeple Chase 4 miles across the Country, 2 Gold Mohurs each subscription, with 200 Rupees from the fund for all Horses carrying 11st. 5lbs. Arab Horses allowed 7lbs.—The winner to be sold for 500 Rupees, if challenged by a competitor within half an hour after the race—Gentlemen up, 10st. 12lbs.

Mr. Kirkpatrick's c. a. h. *Saladin*, 10 12

Mr. Courtenay's c. a. h. *Ringlet*, 10 12

Mr. O's c. a. h. *Daft Jimmy*, 10 12

Mr. Portescue's c. a. h. *Tom Bother'em*, 10 12

Mr. J's c. a. h. *Jock*, 10 12

Mr. S's n. a. n. *Hunchback*, 10 12

Mr. M's c. a. h. *Laird of Cockpen*, 10 12 drawn

The indefatigable exertions of the sporting elite had selected and marked out a splendid line of country for the Steeple Chase, the horses starting from a hill at the back of the Stand, and coming in by a crescent-shaped course to the distance post. *Tom Bother'em* and *Daft Jimmy*, the public favourites at high odds, while *Ringlet's* party were not unwilling to back their horse quietly. When the horses were drawn up for the start, the *Laird of Cockpen* was reported absent, and, on enquiry, ascertained to have gone to the Race Stand in search of a wife. *Ringlet* took the lead at a good pace, followed by *Daft Jimmy* and *Tom*, then *Hunchback*, with *Saladin* and *Jock* bringing up the rear. *Saladin* refused the second leap but was whipped over, while the others were all ganging it merrily through awfully deep ground. In about 1½ miles Mr. Frederic on *Tom* took a different line round an impassable ravine, and the four leading horses came together again at the brow of the hill in a direct line with the winning post—they rushed well down this, taking a ditch half down, and then plunging into a deep morass through which *Ringlet*, *Tom* and *Jimmy* kept their pace well together, but *Hunchback* stuck in the mud, which played the Devil with his rider's jacket. The three horses were now crying bellows to mend, but there was no time to spare, and they were pushed up a piece of fair ground at a rattling pace, where a mallah awaited them. *Ringlet* attacked it first, but swerved. *Tom* followed, and made his charge with unabated pluck, but the wind was all quite gone out of his statted frame, and he went into it, while the momentary pause had given *Ringlet* breath, and he went over gallantly, followed at a respectable distance by *Jimmy* and *Saladin*. He was, however, too far a head to have any fears, and gently cantering over the last leap by the distance, came in a winner in about 13 minutes, over ground of the very worst description.

A Plate of 100 Rupees from the fund for Ponies 13 hands and under, catch weights, once round the course.

Mr. Hall's c. a. h. *Merlin*, 1

Johnny's c. a. h. *Smack*, 2

Won easy by *Merlin*.

RACING CALENDAR.

The Bangalore Meeting has thus closed to the great mortification of sundry professed cricketers, who anticipated nothing but bad sport and bad feeling, instead of the solemly contested races, and the sportsmanlike good fellowship which has so thoroughly cultivated the Meeting. We can only hope, and we have a right to anticipate the fulfilment of such hopes, that the amusement of this year, as it has exceeded the best days of the most sanguine admirers of the turf, may be the herald of another, and if possible, a better Meeting; and that even the few personally uninterested in the pleasure of the turf will yet imbibe such a store of philanthropy as will open their hearts and voices more to contribute to the most universal gratification of the country at Bangalore, and even if this plea be unavailing, I could call upon their gallantry to contribute to an amusement to which the happy presence of unvalued beauty added new lustre, and proved that the matchless excellence of a gallant racer afforded interest and delight, not only to veterans of the turf, but to those who are the ornament of Bangalore.

EDWARD BRICE, Steward.

Bangalore, September 18, 1833.

LOODIANAH RACES.

THIRD DAY, TUESDAY, 19th FEBRUARY, 1833.

First Race.—A purse of 10 gold-mohurs for all Horses, 11 stones each, one and half a mile, owners riding. Entrance 2 gold-mohurs. Three entrances or no race.

Mr. Wynell's B. A. G. *H. fillyer*, walked over.

Mr. Wynell's B. C. B. Mare, *Aspasia*, drawn.

Mr. Wynell's B. C. B. H. *Saptax*, drawn.

Mr. Elwall's C. C. B. Mare, *Idale*, drawn.

Second Race.—Match on 10 gold-mohurs per half a mile, owners riding.

Mr. Wynell's B. C. B. Mare, *Aspasia*, 1

Mr. Elwall's C. C. B. Mare, *Idale*, 2

A capital start, both were neck and neck for the first quarter mile, after which *Aspasia* headed, and won easily by three or four lengths. Time 50 seconds.

Third Race.—A purse of 5 gold-mohurs for all Galloways weight for inches, 14 hands, carrying 11st. Heads one mile. Entrance 1 gold-mohur, the winner to be sold for 50 Rs.

Mr. Gatty's B. A. G. *Bankrupt*, 10st. 7lbs. 1 1

Mr. Wynell's C. C. A. *Praver Tack*, 10st. 7lbs. 2 drawn

Won in a canter, the *Parson* being intrained, had no chance after the first quarter of a mile.

Fourth Race.—A match for 25 gold-mohurs, one mile, owners riding.

Mr. Pan'em'along's B. C. B. H. *Shrapnel*, 1

Mr. Elwall's C. C. B. Mare, *Idale*, 2

Shrapnel took the lead at starting by several lengths, the Mare gradually recovering her distance at the half a mile from home was ahead, but could not keep it, the horse again passing her, and winning easily.

No time taken.

FOURTH DAY, FRIDAY, 22d FEBRUARY, 1833.

First Race.—A Hunter's Stakes of 10 gold-mohurs for all horses, 11st. each, B. C. with four leaps, three and half feet high, to be placed at the discretion of the Stewards. Entrance 1 gold-mohur.

Mr. Pan'em'along's B. C. B. H. *Shrapnel*, 1.

Mr. Elwall's C. C. B. Mare, *Idale*, dist.

Mr. Wynell's B. A. H. *Hippogr*, dist.

Mr. Wynell's B. C. H. *Aspasia*, dist.

All the Horses refused the first leap, except *Shrapnel*, who consequently led it his own way.

Second Race.—A purse of 5 gold-mohurs for all hacks, 11st. each. Beats one mile. The winner to be sold for 300 Rs. Entrance 1 gold-mohur.

Mr. Elwall's ch. c. s. Horse,	<i>Polyphemus</i> ,.....	1	1
Mr. Twist's b. A. Horse,	<i>Pioneer</i> ,.....	2	2

Both together until the last quarter, when, *Pioneer* gave in, and left his antagonist an easy winner. Time 1st heat 2. 12—2d 2. 15.

Third Race.—Match 5 gold-mohurs, half a mile.

Mr. Stein's	<i>Toby</i> ,	1
Mr. Brunmager's,	<i>Brunmager</i> ,.....	2

A capital race throughout and won by half a length in 1m. 2sec.

Fourth Race.—Match for 10 gold-mohurs, v. v. three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Elwall's ch. c. v. Mare	<i>Idalia</i> , 12st	1
Mr. Taffy's v. A. Horse	<i>Bankrupt</i> , 10st.....	2

The Mare was too much for the little horse from the beginning, winning in hand. Time 1. 40.

Round the course is two miles and a distance.

(Signed)

JOHN FRENCH, *Secretary*

HAILEPORE RACE MEETING, 1893.

1st DAY, NOVEMBER 13.

Plate of 20 G. M. for Maiden Stakes, heats 1st and 2nd 7lbs. each. Entrance 5 s. M. To this plate is joined a sweepstakes of 20 G. M. h. 1 or 5 G. M. if declared by the Secretaries by the 1st Oct. by subscribers in Nov. 1893. If the plate is won by a non-subscriber of 2 heats, the preference of the horse for the 2nd stakes is decided by the place he gets in the 2nd heat. If at 3 heats by the horse that beats the others two out of three times. — A subscriber paying forfeit does not pay the 5 G. M. to the plate until he enters as in ordinary cases. — 3 Subscribers.

Mr O'Keefe's c. a. n. *Whetstone* 1 1

Mr. Hill names Mr Johnston's c. a. n. *Proctor* 2 3

Mr. Charles's c. a. n. *The Grift* 3 2

The Grift made play in both heats, and all three ran well together until the last quarter of a mile, when he and *Proctor* were beat off, and *Whetstone* came out and won both heats easy. — 1st heat 39 s. — 2nd heat 40 s.

Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. h. 1 or 5 if declared by the 1st Oct. to close 1st Sept. for all maiden bred horses, 14 mile — 2 years old a feather, 3 yrs. old 7st., 4 years old 8st., 5 years old 9st., 6 yrs. old 9st. 11lb., aged 9st. The owner of the 2nd horse who such subscriber in Nov. 1892, to receive the 5 G. M. forfeits, the horse of such subscriber shall in default of such payment, a horse not being the property of a subscriber in Nov. 1892. If there be no 2d horse sent in, and the winner be a subscriber in Nov. 1892, he is to receive the 5 G. M. forfeits, and he walks over, otherwise the 5 G. M. go to the rider of the 3 Subscribers.

Mr O'Keefe's c. a. n. *Supper*, by *Benedict*, 5 yrs. old, Manger's 1

Mr. Grey's c. a. n. *Red*, by *M. de Edward*, dam by *Pro-*

duce, out of *Star Line* 2

Supper took the lead, was never headed, and won easy in 3m. 9s.

Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. h. 1 or 5 G. M. if declared on or before the 1st of Oct. 1893, for all Andalus weight for miles. 14 hands to carry 9st. 2 miles, to close by Dec. 3 Subscribers.

Mr O'Keefe's w. a. n. *Bonservant*, by *2nd St. Haz* Manger's 1

Mr. Frederick's c. a. n. *Baby*, by *1st St* 2

Bonservant took the lead at a sloping pace, and was never headed. At the distance both were off the whip, and told well to go, but the weight proved too much for *Baby*, and *Bonservant* won by a length — 1m 35 s. 10 s. — The course very heavy, with half a mile left to go.

Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. with 20 added by the Fund, 15 G. M. forfeit, or 5 if declared by the 1st Oct. to close 1st Sept. for all maiden covary bred horses, 14 mile — 2 years old a feather, 3 years old 7st., 4 yrs. old, 8st., 5 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb., 6 yrs. old 8st., 11lb., aged 9st. The owner of the 2d horse who shall subscribe in Nov. 1892, to receive the 5 G. M. forfeits. If there be no 2d horse entered, the 5 G. M. forfeits to go to the Fund. If there be one or more subscribers in Nov. the full 20 G. M. will be given, if walked over by a horse of such subscriber, but no public money will be given to a horse walked over, the owner of which did not subscribe to the stakes in Nov. 1892. — 5 Subscribers.

Mr. Grey's c. a. n. *Honourable*, by *Holy Baby*, dam *Haverty*,

by *Mahona*, 3 years old 7st. Collins' 1

Mr. Hill's c. a. n. *Edinburgh*, by *Warwick*, dam by *Bona*, 7 11 2

Mr O'Keefe's c. a. n. *Barister*, by *Benedict*, 5 years old 3

A good start, *Honourable* making strong running, *Edinburgh* waiting 2 or 3 lengths in the rear. At the mile and quarter a strong plea for the lead, which the colt mounted, and he came out an easy winner in 4m. 9s. This colt is the first of *Holy Baby's* produce that has yet started, and take him all in all, he is a splendid "little big one," his make and freedom of action really beautiful.

Welter Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each h. 1, for all Andalus 10st. 7lb. each, Maidens allowed 7lb. The winner of a Great Chertea Welter to carry 10lbs. extra 1 s. — 3 Subscribers.

Mr Robert's c. a. n. *Gridley* Mr Hill 1

Mr. Frederick's c. a. n. *Sun* 2

Mr O'Keefe's c. a. n. *Lockman* declared forfeit

The game old Horse *Gridley* took the lead, which he maintained throughout, winning in 3m. 45s. Such a bad second, the weight appeared too much for him.

RACING CALENDAR.

HADJIPORE RACES.

2D DAY, 22D NOVEMBER, 1855.

Plate of 20 G. M. for all country bred and Arab horses, 11 hands to carry 8-7, give and take, maidens allowed 7 lbs.; heats 1½ mile. Entrance 3 G. M. To this plate is joined a sweepstakes of 20 G. M. upon the same terms as that to the maiden Arab Plate the 1st day.

	st.	lbs.	oz.	
Mr. Grey's g. colt <i>Hoomayoon</i> , 13-3½	6	6	6	1 1 Edoo.
Mr. O'Keefe's w. A. h. <i>Bannett</i> , 13-2½	8	0	14	2 2

Hoomayoon took the lead in both heats, and won very easy in 3-8 and 3-10. *Bannett* was beat from the post, and there is no doubt the horse was ungs before he started—20 to 10 on *Bannett*.

Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse for all country bred and Arab horses, 1½ mile. Entrance 5 G. M. Arabs allowed 7 lbs. The winner of either the 30 G. M. or 25 G. M. stakes to carry 3 lbs. extra, of both 5 lbs. 2 years old, 1 feather, 3 years old 7-4, 1 years old 8-4, 2 years old, 8-11, 6 years old, 9-1, aged 9-3.

	st.	lbs.	
Mr. O'Keefe's g. m. <i>Sapphire</i> , 6 years	9	1	1 Mungo.
Mr. Grey's en. c. <i>Red Rover</i> , 1 years old	8	4	2
Mr. Frederick's ch. A. h. <i>Nam</i> , 6 years old	8	8	3
Mr. Charles's g. A. h. <i>Godolphin</i>	8	10	4

A beautiful start, and each apparently afraid to make the running. At the back of the course, and until within half a mile of home, they might have been covered with a sheet. When *Sapphire* came out, led up the hill, and won easy. *Red Rover*, a good second. Time 3 47. The last half mile in 54.

Match ½ mile—20 G. M.

Mr. Guy's b. m. *Brenda* beat Mr. Hill's grey mare. *Flickergina*, 7-11 each in 57½—a good race.

Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. h. f., or 5, if declared by the 1st Oct. to close 1st Sept. for all Arabs 8-10 each 1½ mile. Maidens allowed 7 lbs. The 5 G. M. forfeits subject to the same terms as the 30 G. M. stakes on the 1st day.

Mr. Grey names Mr. Roberts's g. A. h. <i>Guldring</i>	1	Barnett.
Mr. Frederick's g. A. h. <i>Edwy</i>	2	
Mr. O'Keefe's g. A. h. <i>Melodist</i>	3	
Mr. Charles's g. A. h. <i>Godolphin</i>	4	

A good start, all making running and endeavouring to do their best. At the last half mile from home *Godolphin* dropped a length; the other three all abreast, when an interesting struggle took place. *Guldring* won by half a neck; *Edwy* close on his quarter; *Melodist*, a good third, with *Godolphin* on his quarter. Time 3m. 36½s, which may be considered capital going when the heavy course and half a mile hill to face are taken into consideration.

Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. h. f. with 15 G. M. added 1 mile for all colts and fillies, purchased of the Honorable Company between 1st June, 1832 and 1st Nov. 1832, to be certified by a Stud Officer. Not exceeding 14 hands at the time of purchase 7-2, not exceeding 14-1—8-2 above 14-11 8-7. To close the day before the Meeting. 3 Subscribers.

Mr. Hill's g. m. *Flickergina* by Warwick, walked over.

3^d DAY, 25th Nov., 1833.

Plate of 40 G. M. for all country-bred and Arab horses, heats 1½ mile. Maidens allowed 5 lbs., Arabs 7lbs. A winner during the meeting not entitled to the 5lbs.—2 years old, a feather; 3 years old, 7-5; 4 years old, 8-9; 5 years old, 9-3; 6 years old, 9-7; aged 9-10. The winner with his engagements to be sold for 1500 Rs., if demanded, &c

Mr. Charles's g. A. h. <i>Godolphin</i> , 9st. 3lbs.									
carried 9st. 8lbs. 8oz.	5	4	3	1	1	Mr. Hill.			
Mr. O'Keefe's g. m. <i>Sapphire</i> , 9st. 4lbs.	2	3	1	2	dr.				
Mr. Frederick's ch. A. h. <i>Sam</i> , 9st.	1	0	3	2					
Mr. Grey's c. colt <i>Red Rover</i> , 4 years									
old, st. lbs	3	0	4	5	0				
Mr. Johnson's g. A. h. <i>Hadj Baba</i> , 9-3	4	5	5	4	0				

1st heat, 5-45; 2d heat, 3-45; 3d heat, 3-43; 4th heat, 3-47; 5th heat, 3-55. The course dreadfully heavy.

The first heat Godolphin and Hadji made strong running. At ¾ of a mile they were joined by Red Rover. At the mile, Sam and Sapphire came up. Godolphin and Hadji dropped a little, and in this position they ran until within the distance when Sam and Sapphire tried their best. Sam winning by half a length, 3-45.

2d Heat.—Much the same style of running when at the quarter of a mile from home. Sam, Red Rover and Sapphire came out, when it terminated in a dead heat between the two former. Sapphire on Sam's quarter. Time 3-45.

The third heat Godolphin and Hadji with Red Rover made the play. Sapphire waiting on Sam, at the bottom of the hill, they were altogether, and the race excited much interest. At the quarter of a mile from home, Sapphire shewed, got away handsomely and won the heat by a couple of lengths, easy in 3-43.

4th Heat.—Red Rover, Godolphin and Hadji cut out the work; the latter leading to the mile when Sapphire and Sam joined the party, and in this manner they ran until within a quarter of a mile from home, when Sapphire challenged which was answered by Godolphin; the former shot away from her gallant opponent, and at the distance post looked well to win when unfortunately she broke down, and even in this state, she was only beaten by half a length by Godolphin.

5th Heat.—Godolphin made all the running; winning the heat from Sam in 3-55.

These heats were the finest ever seen, but had not poor Sapphire met with such an accident, the race must have been her's. The blood after running heats and being challenged by every horse in the race, gives us a strong proof that she is a better mare than her own sister Francisca. Godolphin has indeed shewed himself to be more than good—in fact the name of every horse deserves to be recorded.

Match R. C.—25 G. M.

Mr. O'Keefe's g. A. h. <i>Quarantine</i>	8	7	1	(Mango.)
Mr. Grey's g. A. h. <i>Goonakur</i>	8	0	2	

This race was expected to be something fine, but unfortunately Goonakur did not start when "off" was given which rendered Quarantine an easy winner.

A Sweepstakes of 1 G. M. each—11st. ½ Mile.

Mr. Thomas's g. A. h. <i>Hentigvolio</i>	0	1	(Mr. Hill.)
Beating some 12 other Chippers, in 1m. 2s.			

Plate of 25 G. M. for all Arabs 8-7 each; Maidens allowed 7lbs. 3 miles. To close the day before the meeting.—Entrance 10 G. M. h. f.

Mr. Roberts's g. A. h. <i>Grildrig</i>	1	(Barnett)
Mr. O'Keefe's g. A. h. <i>Melodist</i>	2	
Mr. Frederick's g. A. h. <i>Edwy</i>	3	

A good start, Edwy making play, and Melodist following a length in the rear. After running in this fashion for 1½ mile, Melodist challenged but had not sufficient

foot to rate with Grilding. At the mile from home all right have been covered with a sheet, and in this manner they continued till the end of the race. Grilding won the race handsomely. Melodist on his quarter and Edwy about a length behind. The whole time incorrectly taken 6-36". The last $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile taken correctly 3-7.

Plate of 10 G. M. for all ponies $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile give and take 13 hands to carry 8st. entrance 3 G. M. Maidens allowed 50s.

Mr. Shortreed's ch. p. 8st. 5lb. 1oz. Fiddler walked over.

Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. with 15 added 10 G. M. forfeit or 5 if declared by the 1st October to close 1st Sept. For maidens out of mares attached to the Central Stud, whether purchased of the Company or their assignees $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile 2 years old, a felter, 3 years old, 7-7, 4 years old, 8-4, 5 years old, 8-11, 6 years old 9st. undersized at the time of purchase from the Company allowed 7lbs. to be certified by a Stud Officer. The 5 G. M. forfeits and the 15 G. M. added, subject to the same terms as the 25 G. M. stakes the 1st day 5 Subscribers.

Mr. Hill's g. m. *Flickergina*, by Warwick 8 1 1 Humut Khan.

Mr. Grey's b. c. *Leander* " " " " " " 8 4 2

Leander plunged a good deal at starting, Flickergina took the advantage by making strong running and won easy in 2 12.

4TH DAY Nov. 27th.

A cup given by His Highness Rujah Muterjuf Sing, value 1000 rupees for all Arab and man leu country-bred horses, weight for miles 13 hands to carry 8-7, horses that have never started before the meeting, allowed 5lbs., but winners, during the meeting, not entitled to this allowance. Heats 1. Entrance 10 G. M.

	st.	lbs.	oz.	
Mr. Grey's g. c. <i>Hammam</i> 3 yrs. 13 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	4	6	1 1 Barnett
Mr. Charles' g. a. <i>Guth</i> 11-1	8	7	11	2 2
Mr. Hill nominates Mr. Johnson's b. a.				
<i>Promia</i> 14-1	8	12	8	4 3
Mr. Burgess's c. A. h. <i>Leander</i> 13-7	8	0	4	3 4
Mr. Frederick's c. A. h. <i>Puffin</i> 13-2 $\frac{1}{2}$	7	8	12	di

Hammam had it all his own way, and neither Arab had any chance with him; for he could either make play or not. He won both heats very easy indeed, in 2-20 and 3-11. This colt is very superior, and next year he will prove a sure customer for Give and Take plates.

Match 25 G. M.— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile 10st

Mr. Duncan's b. b. *Comrad* " " " " " " 0 1 Mr. Hawkins

Mr. Thomas's g. A. *Bontroie* " " " " " " 0 2

First heat, 58; 2d heat, 1 1. Two well-contested races, and neatly ridden.

Match 25 G. M.— $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile

Mr. Campbell's g. h. *Ziffle* beat Mr. Hawkins's b. h. *Cock Robin* in 29.

Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. h. f. and 5 if declared on or before the 1st Octr. for all maiden Arab, bona-fide the property of subscribers or their confederates, two miles 8-7 each to close 1st Dec. 6 subscribers.

Mr. O'Keefe's g. A. h. *Melodist* walked over.

Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. P. P. for all Arabs bona-fide the property of subscribers 9st. each, maidens allowed 7lbs. two miles to close 1st Sept. 2 subscribers.

Mr. Grey's g. A. h. *Bastard* walked over.

Plate of 20 G. M. for all horses that have started during the meeting and have not won $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, heats to be handicapped by the rewards.—Gentlemen who come for this plate to pay 1 G. M. for each horse, with 2 G. M. for the horse they start.

Mr. Frederick's ch. A. h. *Sam* walked over.

Sweepstakes 20 G. M. each for all Arabs 9st. each Maidens allowed 7lbs. 2 miles, 3 subscribers.

Mr. O'Keefe's g. A. h. *Melodist* " " " " " " 3 7 1 Mungo.

Mr. Frederick's g. A. h. *Edwy* " " " " " " 9 0 2

A good start Melodist making play. At the $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile he took the lead which he maintained. At $\frac{1}{4}$ from home Edwy made a beautiful rush which brought him

within a length of Melodist, when both were brought to the whip, a beautiful struggle ensued which terminated a length in favor of Melodist. Time 4-7 R. C. 3-30.

Match 25 G. M.—R. C. and a distance.

Mr. O'Keefe's g. A. h. *Quarantine*, 8 7 1 Mungo.
Mr. Grey's g. A. h. *Goonakur*, 8 0 2

After a little trouble Goonakur started, and they both determined to try their best. The race was beautiful neck and neck. At the $\frac{1}{2}$ from home, Quarantine shot a little a head and at the distance both were brought to the whip, Quarantine winning only by a couple of lengths 3-47—R. C. 3-30.

Match 25 G. M.—h. P.—R. C.

Mr. O'Keefe's bay mare Rhoda received forfeit from Mr. Robert's g. A. h. Grildrig. Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. P. P. for all Arabs bona fide the property of subscribers, 2 miles give and take, 14 hands to carry 9st. to close 1st Sept. the owner of the 2nd horse, who shall subscribe in Novr. 1832 to receive 15 G. M. if there be no 2nd horse so entitled the winner to receive all the money.

Mr. O'Keefe's g. A. h. *Quarantine*, 8st. 10lb. walked over.

CAWNPORE RACES. 1833.

1st Day, Tuesday, 3d^d December, 1833.

1ST RACE.

Craven Stakes of 10 G. M. each; with 25 G. M. from the fund, for all Maiden Horses, bred in India, and the Cape. Craven distance, heats: weight for age, 2 years old 6st. 3 years old 7st. 4 years old 8st. 5 years old 8st. 10lbs. 6 and aged 9st. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs.

Capt Clifford's B. c. B. h. *Prison*, 5 years old 8st. 10lbs. by Merry go Round, out of Orvillhana.

Mr. Phillipse's c. c. B. *Filly Xarifa*, 3 years old 6st. 11lbs. by Benedict, out of Maid of Avenel.

Both heats won easy by *Prison*.

2ND RACE.

Purse of 500 Rupees for Maiden Arabs, 8st¹⁰ 4lbs. each, heats, R. C. entrance 10 G. M.

Captain Clifford's G. A. H. *Leveret*,—did not start.

Mr. Phillipse's G. A. H. *Sinbad*,—(Robert X)

Mr. Key's B. A. H. *Crabfish*,—(Wetland.)

Mr. Bere's G. A. H. *Count Robert*,—(Gastle)

Both heats won easy by *Count Robert*—running very bad.

3RD RACE.

Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each; with 100 Rupees from the Fund for Ponies that never started before the meeting, for purse, plate, match, or sweepstakes, weight for inches, 13 hands, 8st. 1 mile. To close 1st December.

Captain Clifford's B. P. *The Don*.

Mr. Phillipse's W. P. G. *Tom*.

Won easy by the *Don*.

4TH RACE.

Champaign Stakes of 25^d G. M. each h. f. for all Arabs, 1 Mile 8st. 7lbs. To close and name to the Secretary on the 1st December next 1833.

Mr. Phillipse's G. A. H. *Clem*.

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EPISTLE DEDICATORY TO NIM EAST.

I give thee all, I can no more
Though poor the offering be,
MAGA, with her thousand faults,
I dedicate to thee.

Adapted of Popular Ministry.

MY DEAR NIM,—This day MAGA completes the first year of her existence. If there be any “equity stirring”—if all the soft words which constitute our Alpha and Omega of nine tenths of the contributions be not absolute *gammmon*,—then do I opine that Nos. 1 to 10 will, by the judicious many, be straightway collected into a single octavo and elegantly bound, and lettered, thus:—

BENGAL
SPORTING
MAGAZINE
1833.
Vol. I.

Perhaps you think it will not come “to that complexion”—that I am too gullible—too vain—too sanguine. Be it so, I am all these and much more if you like, but trust me, A VOLUME, it will be:—MAGA’s Bombay (later, reposes in calf and morocco here in Bengal, and why should not the Eastern Nimrods cherish their own *protégée*, and trick her out in something braver, than her sad-colored robe? “Well, well,” you say; “a volume it *may be*, and what of it?” What!—why simply this. A hat, says Distaffina, can do no harm without a head,—nor can a volume do any good without a dedication. “Oh, that’s it.” Yes, sir, that’s it—I have therefore determined to write a dedication “to the most worthy,” and after casting my eye through the long list of friends, gratitude and respect, have arrested it at the name of “NIM.” “What!” you exclaim again, “Nim!” Yes, most noble!—yes, my tulip—yes, my trump!—to you I consecrate the hantling; with your name shall she in all time be *bound up*. If I begot her,—if I boast the honored title of FATHER, you may fairly claim the scarcely less respected names of NURSE and TUTOR. If her parent clothes her and regulates her conduct,—if Mofussilites feed her and furnish her with toys and *bon-bonneri*—you have dandled, fostered, and encouraged her; you have guided her first steps, taught her young idea “how to shoot” (and how to hunt),—you have sounded her fame, palliated her vices and exalted her virtues. Can she then be offered up to one more worthy to receive so trifling a mark of homage? “No!” the rocks, the dells, ravines and towering mountains echo “No!”—O.K. Robin Hood, Vista, The Stager, Tarquin, “and the rest,” yell out the negative!—and every babul bush rustles,—every cane field crackles,—every palm leaf waves from the reverberation of the cry. Favour, then, dear Nim, and may good luck attend you both.

From the Club, December 1st, 1833.

THE EDITOR.

CLOSE OF THE SESSION FOR 1833.

MAJ, by Commission, to her Supporters.

MY COVES AND KIDDIES,--The period having arrived for bringing the proceedings of the present session to a close, I have received the commands of her Majesty, the Queen, to assure you of the high opinion she entertains of your loyalty and affection, as manifested during the first year of her reign now nearly past, and to thank you most cordially for the many proofs of devotion to her interests displayed in your contributions and subscriptions.

When her Majesty came to the throne on the 1st March last, after an *inter-regnum* of two months, she found distraction pervading her councils, distrusts affecting her people, and poverty characterising her treasury. By a vigorous system of administration, however, supported by the patience and energies of her subjects, the domestic features of the sporting kingdom have been essentially changed, and a prospect is now before the Royal eyes not less fertile, nor less smiling, than the modern Arcadia,—Indepollian *Bundlcound*.

Her Majesty will call you together again on the 1st January next, by which time, under her gracious directions, the *locale* in which you are now addressed will have undergone an essential, and it is hoped, an advantageous change. It is her anxious and royal wish to attend to your minutest comforts, and she desires nothing in return, but a continuance of your love and fealty.

GENTLEMEN CONTRIBUTORS.--It is needless to expatiate on the advantages of a *premier pas* to men as illustrious for their learning, as they are distinguished by their cognizance of *trap*. You will therefore spare me, on her Majesty's behalf, the necessity for entreating you to muster in great strength by 1st January next. She will receive the congregation of your favors on that occasion as an earnest of your regard, and a propitious dawning of the New Year.

For the great services rendered during the past year, Her Majesty cherishes towards you, gentlemen, a deep feeling of gratitude, and I have her Royal commands to specify—which from the good feeling obtaining in a sporting realm will not appear invidious—those individuals from whose generous assistance she has experienced the most signal advantage. Her Majesty would chiefly direct her acknowledgements to the OLD STAGER, who though no sportsman, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, has written much upon subjects congenial to the sportsman's taste, and has introduced a style of composition far above the ordinary level of Sporting Magazine contributions. May his shadow never diminish!

To the renowned O. K. Her Majesty is scarcely less thankful. While the accession of his name has excited the jealousy of surrounding nations, tho

soundness of his judgment and extent of his information have imparted a vigor to the Royal councils and confidence to the subjects of the sporting realm.

TO PILGRIM, PICKLE, TARQUIN, ROBIN HOOD, VISTA, TALLYHO, P. jolly OLD BOOTS and glorious SKY SCRAPER, her Majesty holds herself bound by obligations of no common order. Their support has been frank, uniform and consistent, and has tended in its combined form to give strength and solidity to the constitution.

To the rest of the contributors, Her Majesty makes her best curtesy and proffers her sweetest smile.

GENTLEMEN SUBSCRIBERS.—Your supplies during the past year have enriched the Royal pocket, and gladdened the Royal heart. Her Majesty thanks you. At the same time I am commanded to request, that you will take into your immediate consideration the “ways and means” for the ensuing year, and *shell out the dibs* with providential expedition. Your experience may not have told you, and I therefore am desired to supply the deficiency, that the springs of no government can be kept in motion without sundry pecuniary appliances. Her Majesty had hoped, after her repeated remonstrances and continual applications that the Budget for the past year would have been *unanimously* agreed to, but she grieves to find, that a considerable minority still marks out the existence of disloyalty and treachery, and the Royal mind is seriously occupied with reflections regarding the propriety of procuring the removal of those who thus clog instead of accelerating the state machinery.

Gentlemen—The session is at end.

By Command,

THE EDITOR.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is a remarkable fact that at this present writing we have not one single communication lying on our table ! The uninitiated would derive most unfavorable inferences from this fact—and, drawing up their cravat, would snuff the air with a sly compliment to their own early predictions. But we—we are up to snuff. The cause is to us as palpable, as is the existence of sport itself. All our friends are on the wing, or too deeply engaged to write. PRINGLE and VISTA are at Harjeeapore, shewing the world “how to win”. O K. is up to his ears in *business*,—OLD MOOTS, TALLYHO, *cum pluris alius*, are marching from Meerutt to Muttra and Muttra to Meerut,—TARQUIN is on the pad to Cawnpore; PILGRIM is “saddling White Surrey for the field”—NIM EAST gives his valuable time to the kennel, throwing “physic to the dogs” in anticipation of sundry splendid runs from the 10th instant onwards. In short, “the busy hum of preparation” may be heard with the most ridiculous distinctness if any one will lay his ear to the ground at 2 in the morning.

“When all the world is sleeping,
And the sage is his star watch keeping.”

It is the sowing time—we shall generate anon, and then—will there not be reaping, and gleanings, and gathering, and merry-making? Ay, ay—don't ride over the wheat, gentlemen!—don't trample down the corn!—but let us give nature and sport a fair and generous chance, and we shall reap the jollier harvest, depend upon it. And when the sheaves are gathered in, and the ears are ground, and the straw stacked, will there be nothing in the *stubble*? Tut—there is a world of sport before us “for ever and a day”—so take your time, gentlemen—use all gently, and MAGA will be all the better for your thrift.

CHOWRINGHEE THEATRE.

There have been two performances here since our last. On the first occasion the amateurs played *The Falls of Clyde* and *Animal Magnetism*, and on the second *The Sleeping Draught* and *Monsieur Tonson*. There was much to praise and something to condemn in both performances. The melo drama was deficient in scenic effect, and the music was poor, but the acting was tolerably good, and the *tableaux* were successfully managed. On the second occasion there was an inefficient cast and a lack of novelty. Still the audience went away amused, and reproached for their apathy the absent *bon vivans* who preferred regaling the inward man at the Bishop's expense, to feeding the intellectual part of the system at their own.

Another play it is said is on the tapis, but we fear that we shall still have to regret the absence of the *Proteus* of Chowringhee.

DACCA AQUATICS.

A friend has informed us that the account of these aquatics published in a previous number is apocryphal, and that our innocent simplicity has been cruelly trifled with by some anonymous wag. We love a joke as well as any men in existence, but we confess we do not like to be made, unknown to ourselves, the medium for hoaxing our subscribers. We must therefore beg of our Dacca correspondent to be particular for the future in attaching his real name to his favors—not for publication, but for our own particular guidance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

As in the ranks of the Subscribers to *MAGA* there may be a few "sticklers for their money's worth," who would feel inclined to demur to the closing of a year's subscription with the *tenth* number of the publication, we deem it right to explain that the *first* number published on the *first of March* last, embraced *all* the intelligence, both sporting and miscellaneous, of the *two* previous months, and consequently was, to all intents and purposes, an equivalent to subscribers for the absence of a *February* number. There is still, however, one number due to make up the twelve, to which those who have paid in *advance* are entitled. We cannot make new months, though we can manufacture new numbers. It was therefore our purpose to have furnished two *liens* on the present occasion, in order that we might start fair with a new series on 1st January. A friend, however, suggested to us sometime since, that such a course would entail a double charge of postage on Mofussil subscribers, and that it would therefore be better to include in *single* numbers as much extra matter as would compensate for the absence of the twelfth publication. This we have done. We formerly stipulated with our subscribers for 40 pages of original matter:—for two months successively we have given nearly 100! In our present number we give 60 pages, besides voluminous lists of subscribers, indices, selections, &c. &c. Let us hope, therefore, that our share of the contract will be considered as performed, and that we shall be held, on the 1st proximo, free from all obligations to subscribers who have paid up to this day only, excepting that pleasing obligation which it will always be our pride to recognise, and our endeavor to fulfil—the obligation to labor, without ceasing, to render *MAGA* an acceptable monthly visitor to all who honor her with their patronage.

☞ If this explanation should prove insufficient in the opinion of some few, we shall be happy to refund as much as they may think themselves entitled to for the two missing numbers.

Englishman Office, December 1.

ENGLISH SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Will some of our manifold correspondents and friends in the Mofussil give us from time to time intimation of the extent of the circulation of the *English Sporting Magazines* in the interior, as far as it can be guessed? The plan of our work, as is well known, embraces selected as well as original matter, but we have some difficulty in choosing the former from an apprehension that we are serving up a second edition of stale entertainment to many of our readers. If we could be assured that by giving the best articles of a general character, from the *English Magazines* we should be furnishing something new, or saving expence to our supporters, our selections should take a wider range than they do at present.

Perhaps, the desired information will be forwarded in the letters which are to contain communications of the wishes of our friends for the coming year.

BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Notice is hereby given, that from and after the 31st December, 1833, the undersigned will cease to publish the *SPORTING MAGAZINE*, or to have any interest therein.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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All subscribers to that work from the commencement, who have not already done so, are requested, to pay the amount of the first five numbers to the undersigned—also to the end of the present year for all copies which have been supplied through their establishment.

SAMUEL SMITH AND CO.

Calcutta, 1st December, 1833.

Subscribers to the *Sporting Magazine* are requested, for the future, to address their communications to Mr. WILLIAM RUSHFORD, Printer and Publisher of *The Englishman*, and to make payments to the Proprietor of *The Englishman* Press, or his order.

BENGAL MONTHLY REGISTER.

As the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine* is continually receiving letters, begging that the above branch of the Magazine may be continued, it is hereby notified that it will still form an appendage to the work, unless specific directions are given to the contrary by Mofussil residents. Those who wish to dispense with the Register, are requested to intimate their desire before the 20th December, in order that it may not be included in their copies.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

The pressure of matter has compelled us to leave these out in the present number of the Magazine, but they will be brought up in the next number.

Nos. 1 to 8.

Every copy of these numbers has been disposed of—a few copies of No. 9 only remain on hand.

